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FIRST SCREEN MAGAZINE—FOUNDED 1911

MOTION PICTURE

Motion picture [illegible]

AUGUST

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION
MOTION PICTURE
10¢

GARY COOPER
Starred in
"Beau Geste"

READ

CONDEMNED WOMEN—INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S MISUNDERSTOOD WIVES

N1443
Ms

Thrilling JUNGLE SHADES...Thrilling "PERMA-COLOR" INDELIBILITY...Thrilling New LUSTER...Thrilling New SMOOTHNESS

HER lips, alive with savage redness; radiant with temptation...seductive...oh! so seductive—and well able to keep their promise of...*a new thrill for two!* The shades of this sensational new lipstick are savagely fascinating...utterly irresistible ... and their indelibility is nothing less than miraculous. SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK, thanks to its secret *"perma-color"* principle, does not vanish with each caress. Once applied, it is YOURS—TRULY yours, to thrill you both! And what a value! SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK is THE SIZE AND QUALITY USUALLY SOLD FOR A DOLLAR, yet the price is only 25c! Certainly, you'll want several shades—several of these thrilling SAVAGE reds! Choose from six.

TANGERINE...FLAME...NATURAL...BLUSH...JUNGLE...ORCHID (NEW *purplish shade*)

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Hooded robe in terry cloth with cord belt, multi-colored stripes on sleeves and hem.

Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A BOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—*see your dentist at once!* It may mean nothing serious. Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

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Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JUN 29 1939

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Motion Picture

Incorporating
Movie Classic

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVIII. No. 1 AUGUST, 1939 Twenty-eighth Year

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GORDON FAWCETT
Hollywood Manager

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

IS JEANETTE OUTGROWING HOLLYWOOD?

With Jeanette MacDonald off on a concert tour—with rumors that she is seriously considering taking up a grand opera career—the idea suggests that she might be outgrowing Hollywood, to seek operatic fame. You will find the answer in the September issue of MOTION PICTURE—which also will feature scintillating stories about Brian Aherne, who created such a sensation in "Juarez," Greer Garson, new discovery of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," and other old and new favorites. And you'll want to read "Who's Eligible Now?"—with so many stars out of circulation thru being married. Don't forget that MOTION PICTURE has the liveliest gossip of any screen magazine. Order now from your newsdealer

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Lady Esther asks—

"Where's the girl who wants to be LUCKY in LOVE?"

If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is *Lucky For You!*

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely *thinks* the powder she is using is *really right*—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to *know*. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them *right on your own skin* you may never find the one shade that makes you a *lovelier* and a *luckier* you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse...made them look older...that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked *close*.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you *most*.

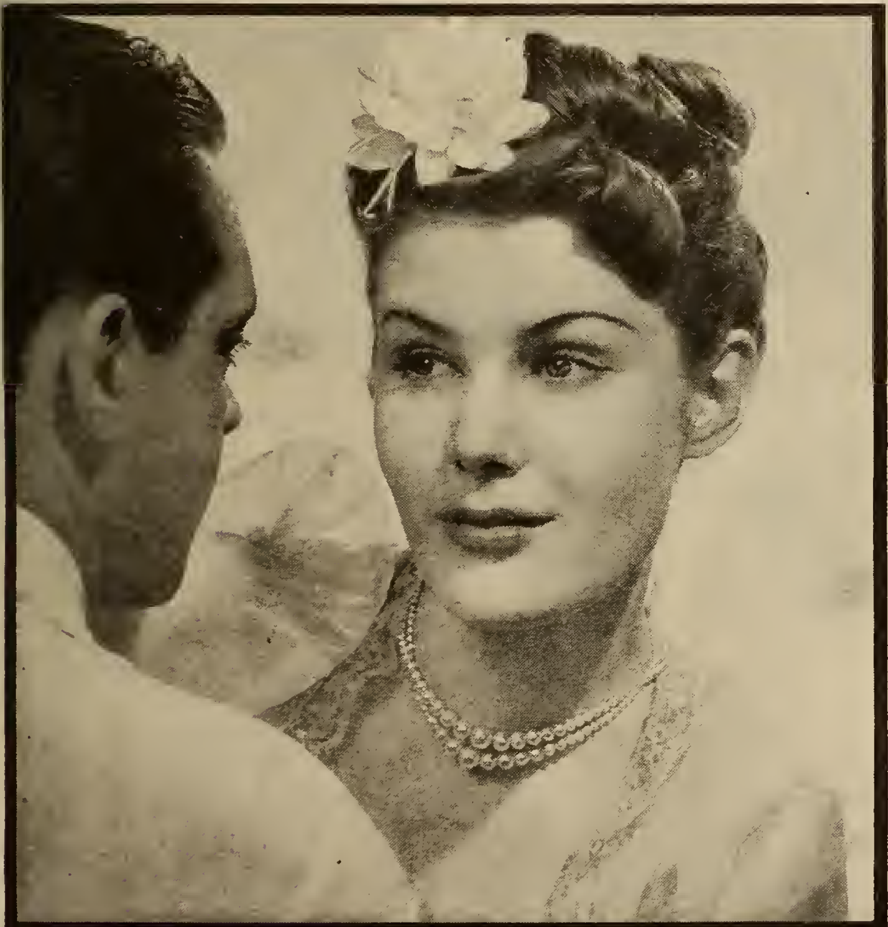
Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you *free*. Try *all* ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really *right* shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger...and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

59

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty *always*—help you win more luck in life and love.



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"I'm glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (45)

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7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City__________________State________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

DUNNE UP BEAUTIFULLY

BY DENISE CAINE

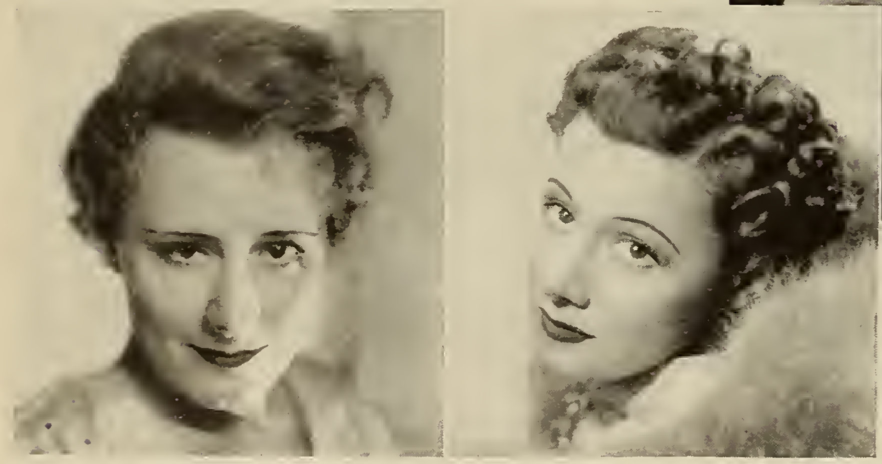
IRENE DUNNE WAS CHANGED INTO A MODERN CINDERELLA NOT BY A FAIRY GODMOTHER WITH A MAGIC WAND BUT WITH THE ART OF MAKE-UP

IF YOU don't think that the proper use of cosmetics can make you a beauty, look closely at these pictures of Irene Dunne. One was taken years ago when she first went to Hollywood, the other two during the filming of RKO's *Love Affair*. In the old one we dug out of our files, she is attractive and intelligent looking—but in the current pictures she is glamorous and beautiful. And all because she learned how to use make-up to bring out her best features, tone down the poorer ones. She looks younger and lovelier today than she did nine years ago—and that's an achievement any woman can be proud of!

Let's analyze the pictures to discover just how Miss Dunne has brought about this transformation. And let's notice and remember that the shape of her face is good, her lashes are long, her eyes lovely, and her forehead is high and wide. But her jawline is firm almost to the point of being too strong and her lips are narrow.

The first change I notice is in the eyes. Those straight, plucked eyebrows Irene used to wear were all wrong for her face. They gave her a frowning look and they made her eyes look smaller, narrower. Because the brows were straightened out so near to the eyes themselves, Irene couldn't use eyeshadow to accent the eyes and make them sparkle. Back in 1929, Irene used mascara—but she didn't separate the lashes with a brush afterwards. The lashes stuck together, and looked scanty. And please take a lesson from this "before" picture—don't use an eyeshadow pencil heavily along the lower eyelids. It makes Irene's eyes look tired and dark circled—and I shouldn't be surprised if it made you look hard as well.

After giving you *Invitation to Happiness* Irene Dunne becomes a *Modern Cinderella*



Far over, Irene Dunne as she looked when she first arrived in Hollywood nine years ago. Left, the new Irene Dunne of *Love Affair*, a glamorous and beautiful woman

What a change in Irene's lovely eyes today. The brows have been arched slightly by plucking from below instead of above. They have been allowed to follow their natural line at the corners—and that slight down dip defines the eye area, gives Irene plenty of room to play around with eyeshadow. She concentrates most of the shadow at the outer corners, with a bit more near the nose, and uses a colorless cream to highlight the lid in the center. Her mascara technique has improved a hundredfold—brushing the lashes, to separate them, while the mascara is still moist, makes them look twice as long and luxuriant as before.

She's stopped using an eye pencil along the lower lid, too. Today she pencils the outer corners of the eyes a tiny bit to accent and elongate them slightly. Notice, if you please, how this correct eye make-up enlarges the eyes, makes them look larger, more brilliant—and less tired—than before.

If your eyebrows are scanty and light in color, do by all means try using mascara on them. There's always a faint line of fuzz along the brow line—and with care you [*Continued on page 62*]

Do you know the correct make-up and hairstyle for *your* type of face? Denise Caine will be glad to send you an analysis if you will send your photograph or a description to her today. Write her about your other beauty problems, too. The only charge for her advice is a stamped (U. S. postage, please) self-addressed envelope enclosed with your letter. The address: Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Twice IN A LIFETIME

A Motion Picture Like This . . .

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became *your* world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became *your* feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters."

. . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD
CLAUDE RAINS · JEFFREY LYNN
FAY BAINTER · DONALD CRISP
MAY ROBSON · FRANK McHUGH · DICK FORAN
and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"
PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

PREVIEWED BY WALTER WINCHELL:
"'Daughters Courageous' is superior to 'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by
Julius J. and Phillip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture
Presented by
WARNER BROS.

TEA UP

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Above, tall glasses of tinkling tea to take the thirst right out of your throat. Tea is not only refreshing, it's stimulating

A punchbowl of delicious tea, right, makes a smart buffet beverage. And tea is easy to make and easy to take

SUMMERTIME IS FITTED TO A TEA —IT BEING ONE OF THE MOST THIRST-QUENCHING BEVERAGES. IT'S INEXPENSIVE, TOO, SO TEA UP IF YOU EXPECT TWO OR TWENTY

HOT or cold, tea is one of the most thirst-quenching of all beverages. It is also stimulating, and one of the quickest "pick-ups" that one can take; on the other hand, its pale amber brew is delightfully adaptable as the main refreshment drink at the summer dining table, on the afternoon tray of cold drinks, or equally, in the elaborate evening party punch bowl. Tea has what it takes, and when next you're thirsty—try tea!

Iced tea is tops as the favorite hot weather drink because it is so easily made, so adaptable, so neutral and delicious in flavor. And least but never last to the practical hostess, tea is inexpensive. Just one teaspoon of tea leaves and a cup of boiling water, and there's your tea in a jiffy. Use it hot when you come home even on a hot summer's day and experience one of those odd "shivering feelings" which so frequently occur after motoring or particularly if folks have been playing at some summer sport and then sit down with the mistaken idea of "cooling off." A pot of quickly made hot tea will ward off any possible chill.

Plan to make a big jug of iced tea when you think you may expect guests to drop in of a hot afternoon. Make up a good strong fresh brew or infusion in the morning and let it cool in a glass pitcher. Add sugar and some lemon, strain, and set in refrigerator to use straight, or combined with fruit juices, charged water, ice, and appropriate garnishes as the tall tinkling glass which is guaranteed to take the thirst right out of the throat.

Here's a grand recipe for just such a purpose, and friends will acclaim any hostess who serves this. We call it "Refreshment Iced Tea" and the following measurements will make about ten or twelve glasses. [*Continued on page* 81]

Wide World

Doug, Jr., and his bride, the former Mrs. Mary Lee Hartford of New York City, say it with smiles as they leave the church after their surprise wedding ceremony

CUPID'S COUPLET:

When will Hal Thompson and pretty Rochelle
Hudson the list of married folks swell?

■

OH, YEAH—will you gals get a kick out of the fact that Tyrone Power is now a papa! Anyway, a step-papa. Uh huh; Annabella has a daughter by a previous marriage. Child is with her grandparents in Paris, but will come to Hollywood to live with mama and her new papa.

■

NEWEST heart-throb in the life of hippity-hop-hearted Loretta Young seems to be NOT David Niven, with whom she goes out every now and then but who's "just one of the family," but Jean Sablon, a newcome French singer who's slaying the crooner-admiring femmes.

■

MRS. WALLY BEERY gets her divorce and quicker than THAT she marries again—and Wally himself, after a half-week of moping all alone around the nightspots, finally shrugs his shoulders and in a burst of wot-to-hell-ism, is seen nite-clubbing with, of ALL people, a night-club honey who has been making the Hollywood stags do flip-flops with her beauty and appeal. Wally's showing the town—not to mention his ex-wife—that he's still quite a hand with the ladies!

■

THESE Hollywood newlyweds are just like newlyweds the world over. For they can't spend an extra half-hour away from the Object of their Affections if they can help it—

And so, the new Mrs. Doug Fairbanks Junior has a studio gate card so she can call for Doug Junior the very minute he's through work; Charlie Chaplin has one so he can call for Paulette when she's done for the day; and Hedy Lamarr, after working all day in *Lady of the Tropics*, hurries into her car and calls for Hubby Gene Markey!

■

LONG-DISTANCE phone collections in Hollywood must be stupendous. Current phone-company-payer-offers include Cary Grant, who talks to Phyllis Brooks in London every day, and John Beal, who just can't get enough telephoning to far-away Helen Craig.

■

NOW that Nan Grey is finally married to Jockey Jack Westrope (who looks SOOOO much like Charlie McCarthy!) she'll have to wear low heels more'n ever, on account of if she doesn't, she's so much taller than her hubbie.

■

RUDY VALLEE is easily Hollywood's champion taker-outer-of-lovely-gals. He's got Cesar Romero backed 'way off the boards. Count that night lost which doesn't see Rudy with at least one, sometimes TWO, of filmland's lovelies at this nitery or that.

So far, he's done so well that pretty soon he'll run out of gals—and he'll probably have to start on Jane Withers and Shirley Temple and May Robson!

■

ANN SHERIDAN'S OOMPH, whatever that is, isn't only press-agents' synthesis. It MUST be real—what with such heart-wreckers as Cesar Romero, Richard Carlson and Gilbert Roland (really!) falling all over each other, trying to get the inside track in Ann's love-life.

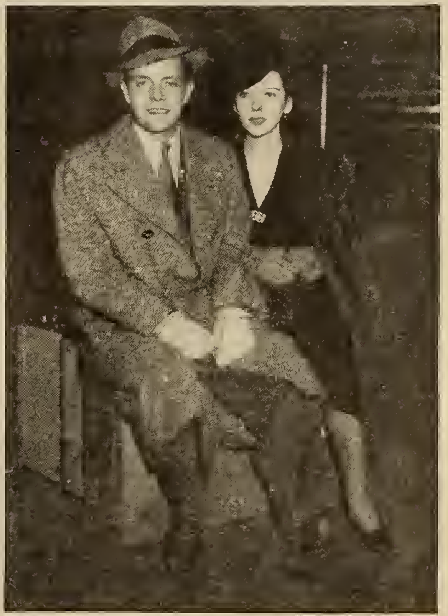
This Gilbert Roland is really stepping out as the No. 1 ladykiller of town, again. Despite Carlson's and Romero's hottest efforts, not to mention other lads', Gilbert seems to be doing right well with inflammatory Sheridan.

■

DON'T be AMAZED—if Joan Fontaine is Mrs. Conrad Nagel by the time you read this.

But don't be amazed, either, if she ISN'T . . . !

[*Continued on page* 12]



Louis Hayward and bride, Ida Lupino, take belated honeymoon after recent wedding. They're in NY for shows and Fair

This "FINGERNAIL" gives you the ONLY SURE WAY to BUY Nail Polish

This Patented Cap Shows Actual Color You'll Get
DURA-GLOSS by Lorr
GYPSY RED
10c

Dura-Gloss, the new and better nail polish, takes guess-work and disappointment out of nail-polish buying! FINGERNAIL-CAP on each bottle is colored with the polish itself — AND is same **size, shape** and **contour** as your own fingernail! What a revelation to CHOOSE YOUR COLORS BY THE PATENT FINGERNAIL! Do it today. Hold Dura-Gloss Fingernail beside **your** finger. World's best way to buy nail polish, and get the color you want! You'll never use ordinary polish, once you've tried Dura-Gloss — it "goes on" so much better, and wears so much longer—get it today, 10c. Also a 25c Professional package.

Lorr LABORATORIES
PATERSON, N.J.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 11]

The very busy Lane sisters, Priscilla and Rosemary, (Lola, too) no sooner complete one picture than they begin work in another. Next is *Daughters Courageous*

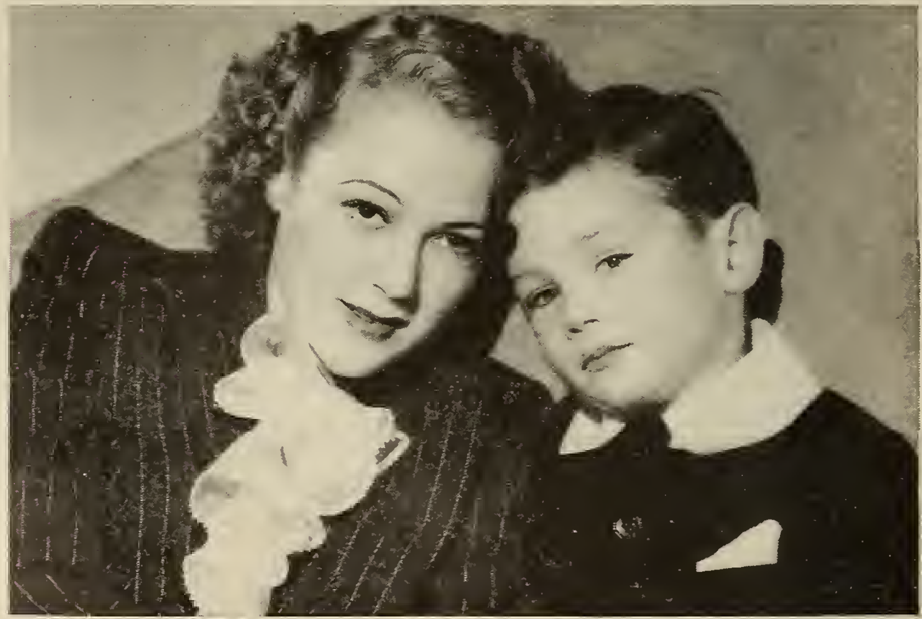
HERE'S why Movie Moguls shiver and toss in their sleep when their heart-throb stars go hippity-hop to the marriage license bureau:

In Ty Power's house, just after he married Annabella, the phone rang. Mama Patia Power answered it. It was a long-distance call, from a California coast city. A gal's voice:

"Mrs. Power?"

"Yes," said Mama.

[*Continued on page* 14]



Sally Eilers, wife of Producer Harry Joe Brown, gives you close-up with son, Harry Joe, Jr. The youngster, making screen debut, supports ma in *They Made Her a Spy*

PRIZE LETTERS

HOW READERS RATE THEM!

CO-OPERATION

$15 Prize Letter

ANY person who has enjoyed the fame and popularity which Greta Garbo has should be more co-operative. Her desire "to be alone" has always seemed rather crude—merely a protection—a protection against what? Her public? This doesn't seem quite fair since it has been her public which has elevated her to her present auspicious position. Greater actresses than Greta Garbo have conscientiously considered their duty to their public and endeavored to display a more friendly, co-operative attitude, regardless of their own personal desires.—*Mrs. P. W. Heis, Harrison & Louisville Pk., Cheviot, Ohio.*

Greta Garbo

NEW DEAL

$10 Prize Letter

I WAS pleased to learn from recent reports that Charles Chaplin will produce a picture, *The Dictator.* With American films barred in many foreign countries it has become clear that film export is a decidedly hazardous business. Freed from shackles of business necessity movie producers are now in a position to make pictures which heretofore, were impossible. I am hopeful that this will be the beginning of a movement which in due time will elevate the quality of movies for domestic consumption. A great many people are thoroughly fed up with the boy-meet-girl, musical and fluffy things which have been served up to them since time immemorial. Most of the historical epics are so misconstrued that they become silly even to those of only average intelligence. We are living in a terrific age—an age rife with drama—and to ignore it is to adopt an ostrich-like attitude.—*Erich L. Schuessler, 1301 Buffalo St., Franklin, Pa.*

ADMIRABLE BUT—

$5 Prize Letter

Basil Rathbone

BASIL RATHBONE is regarded as one of Hollywood's outstanding actors and rightly so. Didn't he prove his acting ability in *If I Were King* in which he did an admirable job as *Louis XI*? But, and this is what I would like to discuss briefly, though his acting was good—very good, as a matter of fact—you could, however, tell he was acting. Contrast, if you will, the acting of Basil Rathbone in *If I Were King* with that of Charles Laughton's in *Henry VIII*—you will then see what I mean. Charles Laughton WAS *Henry VIII.* Basil Rathbone, on the other hand, was NOT *Louis XI*—in a strictly recreative sense. For, watching the picture, you felt you were not looking at *Louis XI* but at Basil Rathbone—acting admirably, but still acting. Which is all the difference in the world, I think, between an outstanding actor, Basil Rathbone, and a great actor, Charles Laughton.—*H. O. Leary, 8 Worthingston St., Cambridge, Mass.*

DISAPPOINTMENT

$1 Prize Letter

MY NOMINATION for the most disappointing movie of the year is *Ice Follies of 1939.* Crawford doesn't skate, her singing is mediocrity personified and she looks positively hungry. M-G-M spoiled this picture by broadcasting almost the whole show over the radio. Practically all there was left to see after one reached the theatre were the skating acts which, of course, were wonderful. I went to the picture because I wanted to see Bess Erhardt but they were careful not to let the camera linger on her long enough for anyone to get a good look at her. When a star has to co-star with a famous skating troop and three popular actors in order to draw people to the box-office, it's a sorry state. Producers should develop new talent and keep abreast of the times.—*Patricia Cavanaugh, 2018 West Superior St., Duluth, Minnesota.*

SUPER-COLOSSAL

$1 Prize Letter

IN THEIR efforts to produce something super-super the producers ruin many a film by cramming it with too many stars. When they start filming an extravaganza they make it as star-studded as possible—and the result? A complete mess. Few colossal pictures have ever been big successes in recent years; it's been the simple, unpretentious films which have become smash hits. Stars mean nothing unless there is a story and it is well-told. When many stars are used in a single picture each must have the spotlight and this often spoils the continuity of the story. To show what I mean, I point to a recent success—Charles Laughton and wife in *The Beachcomber.* Just two stars carry the story and you've got uninterrupted interest in the drama. Give us just the stars *necessary* for the story's telling and you've got real audience-interest.—*Nat R. Rives, Cheaney Hotel, San Antonio, Texas.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10, and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed — are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

FONDER OF FONDA

$1 Prize Letter

WE OF the deep South appreciate more and more the excellent work of Henry Fonda. Whether he was born in the South or elsewhere matters little, for Hank has that unusual quality other actors lack—the quality to portray accurately the kind of people we come in contact with daily. He's typically Southern—from his natural drawl to his easy-going home-folksy personality. In *Spawn of the North* he confirmed my faith in him as an actor . . . in *The Mad Miss Manton* he proved his ability to play leading roles well . . . and in *Jesse James* he exhibited, through his simple, human, lazy but lively and lovable role, his technique in stealing the show. People who crowded into the theatres to see Tyrone Power came away raving over Henry Fonda. It looks like the South is growing fonder of Fonda with each picture.—*Mrs. Pike Jones, 16 White St., Carrallton, Ga.*

Henry Fonda

WHOOPS

$1 Prize Letter

S'FUNNY how thoughtless Hollywood can be. I used to love to attend the movies but, of late, I'm sick and tired of seeing sissified men parade across the screen. Why must make-up men make actors look made up? Is it their way of showing their handicraft? I don't mind if a man has scars, etcetera, that need "touching up," but when a man (in this instance an actor), really is handsome why does he have to be decorated with lipstick and eyebrow pencil? I think it's time to tell Hollywood to watch out. Since the beginning of time women have wanted a man to be all man. A symbol of strength and power. But Hollywood is not giving the fair sex a brawny man but a man advertising cosmetics. How about it Hollywood, will you let men be men? Leave the rouge and powder to those they were intended for, women.—*Virginia Hughes, 188 West 102 St., New York City.*

NONSPI CREAM

Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks *both* perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.
2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.
3. May be used directly after shaving.
4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.
5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

After romance of more than a year, 17-year-old Nan Grey, one of the *Three Smart Girls,* and Jackie Westrope, 22, famous jockey, were married recently in Phoenix

"Well, never mind my name; I'm speaking for a group of high school girls here. We just want to tell you that the news of Tyrone's wedding positively FLOORED us! It's the biggest tragedy since the Chicago fire!!"

As typical of the 4th as anything Hollywood had to offer is this photo of Dorothy Arnold, who will wed Joe DiMaggio

Ty, head-over-heels in love with Bride Annabella, thinks that's merely funny. And meantime, the Hollywood wonderer-why'ers are wondering why Ty, after withstanding the wiles of such man-slayers as Henie and Young and Gaynor, should have gone to the altar-walk with the quiet, unspectacular (but oh how pretty!) Annabella.

Incidentally, when they married, Annabella didn't vow to "obey" Ty—and did you know—or do you care?—that there's a gadget in their honeymoon home so that simply by pushing a button or a valve, Ty or Annabella can have any scent they want in the shower bath?

—except scallions.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jeffrey Lynn and Doris Carson—
Might be a job for a handy parson.

■

NEVER mind making any wise cracks, plizz, about the fact that, just as Ty Power marries somebody else, Sonja Henie starts a picture called *Second Fiddle* . . .

On account of Sonja isn't carrying any torch. Sonja's too busy—with two items. One item is her skating, which is always tops

[*Continued on page* 16]

SMOOTH FRAGRANT SKIN WINS HEARTS
MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET—IT'S THE MOST APPEALING CHARM OF ALL
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LUX SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN REALLY SWEET, DELICATELY FRAGRANT
A LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO PROTECT THIS CHARM
YOU'LL LOVE THIS LUXURIOUS BEAUTY BATH. TRY IT!
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "Man about Town"
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

THIS lovely star tells you a beauty secret! When you make fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're *sure* of daintiness. The ACTIVE lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

Strange
BEAUTY CUSTOMS

Greek Maidens Bathed in Dew

To make themselves more fascinating girls and women of ancient Greece rose before the sun and bathed their bodies in drops of dew.

Modern Maids Use DJER-KISS

Girls of today accent their charm with the magic, exciting fragrance of Djer-Kiss talc...for rare loveliness and allure.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin... you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Imported talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 14]

Arline Judge and son, Wesley Ruggles, Jr., share sunshine, surf and pineapple juice at Waikiki. A summer vacation

in her life. But the other item is Addison Randall, who does these western hossoprys as Jack Randall. Randall, who gets around, is giving Sonja quite the rush—and keep your eye on that romance!!

■

HO-HUM item—Movita married Jack Doyle. In Mexico. Really, this time.

■

MOST irritating fact in all Hollywood, as far as the gossip-mongers go, is the fact that Alice Faye and Tony Martin are STILL mrandmrs, despite all the prophecies of "it can't last." And Alice and Tony are always confusing the bust-up-rumorers. They're still making flying trips across the continent, every so often, to spend time with each other.

[*Continued on page* 22]

Dorothy Lamour becomes fugitive from sarong long enough to deck herself out in a smart, snug-fitting crew-neck sweater

FOR BROWN-EYED GIRLS LIKE ETHEL MERMAN

There's *Glamour* in Marvelous Matched Makeup!

A star of
"STARS IN
YOUR EYES"

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

LOIS: Explain yourself, Judy! You say you chose this makeup by the color of your *eyes?*

JUDY: Yes! It's Marvelous Matched Makeup—the most flattering powder, rouge and lipstick I've ever used, Lois! It's amazing what a harmonized makeup can do for a girl!

LOIS: It's *perfect* on *you*, Judy! But *your* eyes are *brown!* What about *me*, with *blue* eyes?

JUDY: Whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—

LOIS: And they found *eye* color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

JUDY: Lois, they found it's the *only* true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*

JUDY: And Marvelous Matched Makeup gives you so much *more* than becoming shades, Lois! Take the face powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!

JUDY: I'm *devoted* to Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick—and you will be, too! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!

JUDY: With Marvelous, you look as you *want* to look! You can get the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

(65¢ in Canada)

55¢ EACH

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City. FW-839

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________ State________

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

—*Dick Brugiere*

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., with Sonny Whitney at Fefe's Monte Carlo

COMING AND GOING: Virginia Field hit the Hollywood trail after being partied by Universal at "21" Club, ogled with considerable interest by our most expert beauty oglers and wondering whether to do another picture, or Europe . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband, Edward Lindsey Bogg, departed for London . . . the Irish lass clicked big with the locals, who remember her pleasantly from the Mercury Theatre's *Heartbreak House* . . . The Spencer Tracys got back from Europe . . . yes, they made it! . . . also Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan . . . Alice Faye had to go to Pittsburgh to meet her Tony, since he couldn't cancel his theatre bookings . . . Gene Raymond rejoined Jeanette MacDonald in Tacoma, Washington . . . they're considering a picture together . . . Jeanette is featuring one of Gene's song compositions on her concert program . . . Evelyn Venable was rushed to the Coast seriously ill after arriving in town for the *Union Pacific* premiere . . . Edna Best stepped off the boat and went straight for a west-bound train, headed for the M-G-M lot . . . which should clear up the status of the Herbert Marshall-Lee Russell romance . . . Eddie Albert, closely followed by George (he married an Angel) Balanchine and Zorina, headed for Burbank and the brothers Warner for a musical *On Your Toes*. George is to the Eastern hand-kissing fraternity what Ivan Lebedeff is to Hollywood. Eddie is writing regularly to his Gracie, so ignore those dreamed-up newspaper twosomes . . . Mary Brian got in town just in time to see handsome Ronald Braham take over Eddie's role in *The Boys From Syracuse* . . . and was she proud! Ronald tells me this is *very* serious . . . but Mary has been contrary for so many years . . . Muriel Angelus, of the same show, did Paramount proud (at their expense) by entraining with two dogs, two maids and her singing teacher . . . she'll trill in *The Life of Victor Herbert*. Muriel, the newest British importation, has already taken out her first citizenship papers, adores America, put finis to a serious love affair, brought over her younger brother, and wants a little house with lots of seclusion . . . Hollywood real estaters please note. . . .

—*Dick Brugiere*

Virginia Field and Herbert Plotz only had eyes for each other when they visited N. Y.'s gay spot, the Monte Carlo

MY ERROR: Well, anyway they *were* a devoted couple. John and Elaine, of course. It was touching while it lasted . . . really . . . John's swell professional comeback . . . Elaine's wifely gestures. But the determination of the Mrs. Barrymore for a career and personal glory has been the serpent in their Eden from the first. Not that John wouldn't be trying to the most doting of wives! He insists there is no chance of a reconciliation and may bring *My Dear Children* to Manhattan before the fall season, so well does he judge its chances . . . The show continues to prosper on the road despite Elaine's absence from the cast. *She* has gone right ahead with her divorce suit, hinting (through her lawyer) of a get together. Her papa is telling his friends that his son-in-law wants her back.

HOSPITAL NOTE: Franchot Tone is laid up at the New York Hospital . . . too sick to keep a date with Metro . . . Poor Franchot (I don't know why everyone around town calls him "poor Franchot" . . . maybe it's that frustrated look) may have to undergo an operation. Despite his evident relief at pulling up stakes in the movie city only a few months ago, disposing of his household belongings, and pledging renewed allegiance to the Group Theatre, Franchot looked forward to his Coast return to make two pictures almost eagerly. Sylvia Sidney is spending most of her time on her farm . . . she's "expecting" in a couple of months.

SUCCESS STORY: If fame has come too easily for her, there was a poverty-fighting childhood to balance the ledger. Broadway likes to remember her as a happy-go-lucky chorine. Still so young, her career is threatened by an unhappy weakness for alcohol. On a recent trip East she was the center of gossip and surprised comment. Why doesn't one of her Hollywood advisers take her in hand and try to help her? So many stars have wrecked themselves just so . . . such a swell girl, too.

THE HOT SPOTS: That was George Raft at the Monte Carlo with two blondes, neither of them Virginia Peine . . . that was still Georgie later at the Cotton Club "cutting up touches" . . . the La Conga may come and the rhumba may go, but Raft is still true to his old Guinan Club routine . . . and he'll perform his snake-hips act with just a little coaxing. Unless George gets his divorce . . . and his wife is as adamant as ever . . . Virginia insists this final parting will take. Also at Fefe's popular place: Connie Bennett with Joe Schenck . . . in the Doug Fairbanks party. Connie had planned to accompany Doug and his Sylvia on their European jaunt, but a call from Gilbert Roland sent her hurrying back to Hollywood with that certain light in her eyes . . . Gracie Allen and George Burns whisper excitedly on discovering Robert Morley at a nearby table . . . Robert Morley equally awed upon recognizing the famous comedy team . . . Gracie is looking mighty purty these nights . . . La Conga: Joan Bennett with darkened tresses, enjoying her new glamor girl role . . . With sister Connie in town for odious comparison, everyone admits that Joan finally outshines the elder Bennett . . . such a long way from the drab little girl I first met when she was working for papa Bennett in *Jarnagan* and actually supporting her child on her meager salary. Woolworth Donohue with Joan on this and almost every other occasion during her visit . . . which looks serious only if you never heard of Woolie's mama, who bust up his engagement to Wendy Barrie . . . or Producer Walter Wanger Or is that cold?

AT SARDI'S: Frank Morgan and Bill Gargan drop in during the intermission of Katharine Hepburn's play . . . chuckling over a great joke they had pulled on their wives . . . Only it grew less amusing to them as they get well into their story. After a merry Hollywood evening they found themselves at an airport, on a plane and presto, chango, in New York. Minus baggage. Such goings on. Forty-eight hours later they started for home and . . . ?!? Actors are the "cwaziest people." The Stork: Spencer Tracy leaves the bar only long enough to pry Alice Faye from her lonely corner for a dance . . . A nice-looking lad does what Billy Livingstone and the other society lads about cafes are too timid to do . . . captures the star for another dance. All he did was to walk up to her table and ask her! The way he used to ask the local belles in his home town in Ohio. The next night Alice went to a musical comedy. Smiling out at her was her dance partner, third from the left, in the chorus! Alice beamed right back, and waved. The boy? Bob Howard. He admits Alice isn't quite as pretty as her screen self . . . but, boy, she's regular.

On their way to South America, Henry Fonda and the missus stopped off at New Yerk and stepped out at Fefe's

AT THE MARGUERY: Freddie March and Florence Eldridge at Ruth Weston's party . . . There's talk of the Marches' kindness to an extra girl in *The American Way* whose mother had died. They filled her dressing-room with flowers and consoled her with their warm sympathy and friendliness. There are over two hundred people in the cast of the show, and even the least of them adore Freddie.

AT THE WALDORF: Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, calling it a honeymoon. I don't like the new color of Ida's hair, but Louis does, which is sufficient for any radiant young bride . . . Eleanor Powell is one of those gals who gives all for her art, so her short visit in town was just one show after another at Loew's State . . . a painful injury to her foot while doing a barefoot Hula number further restricted her local doings . . . It's Maine and summer stock for Fay Wray . . . Beryl Scott, Johnny Weissmuller's fiancee, is coming on to see Johnny at the Fair. His swimming feats with Eleanor Holm lessened my somewhat violent feelings about the *Tarzan* boy . . . Now, if he'd only get a hair-cut.

Does Body-odor give you INFERIORITY COMPLEX?

Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then you'll decide to bathe in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love!

A MAN'S love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you think he's yours, something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor!

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢ *Wherever finer soaps are sold*

The Briefer the Better for Summer

LADY LOOMTEX BRIEF 25¢

A Fruit of the Loom Product

A mere wisp of a pantie for hot, humid weather—at a price that permits you to buy them by the dozen. Made of finely knit ribbed rayon that carries a FRUIT OF THE LOOM Money-Back Guarantee of satisfaction! Grand traveling companions as they launder like your stockings. No ironing necessary. Cellophane wrapped. 25¢! Tea Rose or White. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large.

AT J. J. NEWBERRY, NEISNER BROS. AND H. L. GREEN CHAIN STORES

If unavailable locally use coupon below

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Please find enclosed $............ for .... pairs of Lady Loomtex Briefs. Size............, Color....................
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ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

James Whale directs Warren William in "how to die" for the next scene in *The Man in the Iron Mask.* Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward might seem rather callous about the whole thing, but they are merely rehearsing their part in the wedding scene

EMBARRASSING experience for Spencer Tracy and Walter Brennan!—it came during a scene they were doing for *Stanley and Livingstone.* Onto the set, in the middle of the take, walked a group of six beautiful girls—enrollees in the studio's dramatic school. They'd been sent over to the set to watch Tracy, recognized as one of Hollywood's finest actors, do his stuff, and learn how to act . . . Fussed, Tracy became super-conscious that his every move and his every word was being absorbed. He lost his nerve and blew up in his lines, and his acting became wooden. Brennan followed suit. Tracy got red, so did Brennan. The girls giggled; Director Henry King began ribbing Tracy—"My, my, my—and YOU'RE an Academy Award winner, and this is how you ACT!"—Spence pulled himself together. He grinned, said: "Aw, nuts—I was just showing 'em how NOT to act!" The gals guffawed . . . Then, the tension relieved, Tracy and Brennan went through the scene perfectly. . . . On *The Women* set, with most of M-G-M's biggest gal stars vying for top honors, almost anything might happen. This did: For a gag, Director George Cukor insisted that inasmuch as the cast is all feminine, he should carry the idea to the limit. So in a scene where Norma Shearer and Virginia Weidler go riding, he ordered mares—and several little female dogs to follow them. It was a good gag—until two of the, ahem, she-dogs began fighting and spoiled the scene . . . Cukor still wonders, after a week of quiet on the all-women set, whether or not there was anything ominous about it . . . Cukor and Director Edmund Goulding have a bond of sympathy, these days. Cukor has his all-female cast. And over at his studio, Goulding is directing *The Old Maid*—and having to use his softest soap to keep all quiet on the set as Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis fight for camera angles and to steal scenes from each other, with every artifice and wile known to an expert trouper.

GAGGERY on the set: It's at Warner Brothers, where they're shooting prison riot scenes for *Each Dawn I Die.* The action is so noisy that Director Bill Keighley uses a pistol, fires blanks into the air to give his directorial commands . . . But the tenseness bursts into violent laughter as, after Keighley fires two signal shots, two dead ducks fall onto the stage into the middle of the set . . . ! Uh huh—just clowning! Jimmy Cagney and George Raft had sneaked over to the studio commissary, borrowed the ducks for the gag . . . On the 20th-Fox set for *The Rains Came,* Director Clarence Brown isn't satisfied with the look of hatred that's supposed to be on Myrna Loy's face as she has it out with George Brent. She's calling him "a beast," and she's supposed to look mean and nasty and fierce and mad—and she doesn't come down to the depths Brown wants . . . So he calls time out, and huddles with Brent. They grin. Brown calls for another take . . . Then, as the cameras turn, and just before Myrna is to speak her vitriolic lines, Brent manages to step close to her, bring his heel down viciously on her toe . . . ! The Loy, perfect trouper, doesn't spoil the scene by wincing or screaming—but the look of intense resentment on her face is just what Brown was looking for. This time, she says "you beast" with her eyes as well as her lips, as she glares at Brent . . . After the scene, it's Brown who helps Brent apologize . . . "I told him to do it," said the director; "we had to make you mad."

THE script calls for a quiet scene in *It's a Wonderful World,* as Jimmy Stewart is supposed to speak some lines. Director Woody Van Dyke calls for silence—and there's not a sound—except for a crackling sizzling and sputtering from offstage somewhere . . . Van Dyke gets mad. He yells to an assistant: "I called for quiet. Find out who's making that noise, and throw him off the set!" . . . The assistant leaves, then comes back redfaced . . . "Mr. Van Dyke," he says; "it's Claudette Colbert making that noise. She's got a portable stove out here, and she's frying hamburgers for the crew." . . . Van Dyke doesn't have her thrown off. He calls time, instead—and everybody eats hamburgers . . . History is remade—on the *Music School* set. Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea are impatiently waiting to begin a take. But they can't, because Gene Reynolds, who has to be in the scene, can't be found. Director Archie Mayo's bulk quivers with rage as he screams: "Gene! Gene Reynolds!! Where the hell are you?" Gene appears, from behind some scenery . . . "Where you been?" demands Mayo . . . "Fiddling," says Gene, his violin under his arm. "Fiddling—while *MAYO* burns . . . !"

SUPERSTITION ran up production costs on Sonja Henie's first take in *Second Fiddle* . . . Four times, during the one skating number, she has to stop the scene, delay shooting, and go into a retake—because the laces in her high, tight-tied white skating shoes have snapped . . . Reason: Sonja's superstition is never to begin a picture wearing new shoe laces.

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

CULOTTES **for dressy** daytime wear! How do you like *that* startling bit of fashion news dished out by Chic? . . . Like it or not, it's what you're going to be seeing this summer season, and sponsored by none other than the man who designs most of Bette Davis' clothes—Milo Anderson . . . As soon as these old ears caught the gossip I dashed out to Warners', cornered Milo, and had him tell me all about his latest brain-child . . . After seeing the culottes he designed for Gloria Holden, it isn't going to be any time till I get myself a pair. And what a relief that's going to be for street-car-climbing on windy days! . . . Gloria's culottes are made of a gaily printed floral crepe—quite full and a good sixteen inches from the floor. (Which of course you know, is the latest street length for dresses.) . . . The blouse, of finely shirred white voile, follows the currently popular trend of "baby" clothes with its row of tiny pearl buttons down the back and its soft little round collar. To bring the outfit quite up to the minute, Milo has designed a divided petticoat of white handkerchief linen to be worn with it . . .

BUT **culottes** aren't the only type of sports wear that is being brought indoors and adapted to the more dressy hours of the day . . . Just that day, after leaving the studio I dropped into the Derby for lunch, and found Joan Blondell, Barbara Stanwyck and several other Hollywood gals talking about "dinner slacks"! Of course I put in my two-bits' worth and wanted to know what made slacks eligible for dinner, so Barbara explained it to me . . . Seems a lot of the gals have found slacks for sports, gardening and just loafing so darned comfortable that they have adapted them in material and design so that they may be worn for informal entertaining and dinner at home . . . Barbara admits the real reason that makes her so enthusiastic about them is that they give her such a swell chance to indulge her love of violent colors. Her favorite suit is made of emerald green jersey accented with silver and amethyst costume jewelry, and for a color contrast (as if it needed any!) she carries a yellow chiffon hanky . . . Joan said to be sure and warn you that these aren't just any old slacks. As a matter of fact, unless you are fashion-wise and know the cut of clothes, you could never guess that the dinner slacks were not full-flowing skirts . . . There was a lot more to this discussion, but I had to leave because I had spied Virginia Bruce across the room in the most refreshing ensemble I had seen for a long time.

I DON'T **know** what it is, but in all this sea of Hollywood fashions and fads, there is nothing that will make me pause quite as often for a second look as a navy blue and crisp white outfit on a hot day . . . I found that Virginia shares this same liking for the combination. In fact she likes it so well that she has had the afternoon dress *exactly* copied for evening . . . Of navy sheer, the dress had a loosely pleated skirt topped by a tight fitting bodice. The lapel front of the bodice was faced with white pique. A navy straw sailor trimmed with a pique bow and white accessories completed the outfit . . . For her evening dress, which is exactly the same except it is evening length, Virginia told me she wears a vari-colored flower turban, elbow-length gloves of navy net, and navy blue slippers in an openwork net design . . . Lunching with Virginia. was Rosalind Russell, decked out in the most dramatically different combination of colors I have seen in many a moon . . . Reading from top to bottom Roz wore a black jersey bodice fitted into an extra wide chartreuse corsalet from which flared a very full violet jersey skirt! . . . It looks just as violent as it sounds, and let me warn you, it is only the Rosalind Russells (and there are darn *few* of *them*) who would dare wear it . . . It takes a gal as tall as Rosalind to wear the hat which completed her outfit, too. It was one of those extra-large cartwheel things made of shiny black straw and trimmed with a huge cluster of chartreuse colored flowers.

I LEFT **the Derby** cursing the vitamins or whatever they were that stopped me somewhere around the five foot two mark, and bumped right into Geraldine Fitzgerald looking like a little girl on her way to school . . . But she said she was on her way to model at a charity fashion show, where they had asked her to wear her favorite dress . . . And Geraldine had on her favorite dress. A blue *gingham*! . . .

Mlle. Chic

More women use Mum than any other deodorant

MORE WIVES—because Mum is always so easy to use.

MORE SCREEN STARS—for they must always have charm.

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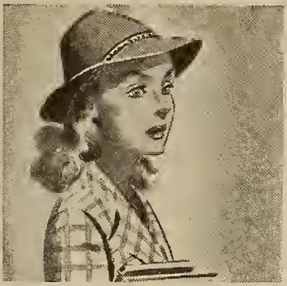


MORE SCHOOL GIRLS—to prevent odor quickly, safely.

Be attractive! Be popular! Make sure of your charm, with MUM

RICH GIRL, poor girl—*every* girl should remember this: You can't be attractive to others unless you're always fresh and sweet—nice to be near!

It's so easy to offend unknowingly—to think your bath can make you safe. But no bath—however perfect—can *prevent* underarm odor. A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*. Mum prevents underarm odor—works in *advance* to keep you sweet. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum keeps you fresh.

You'll like Mum! For Mum is speedy, safe, utterly dependable in guarding your daintiness and charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum under this arm—under that—and you're through, all ready to go!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The seals of the American Institute of Laundering and of Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum doesn't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops the objectionable *odor*. Get Mum at any drugstore today and join the millions of lovely women who have found Mum a "must" for popularity and charm.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM!

Avoid embarrassing odors from this source, too. Mum is gentle, safe . . . fastidious women everywhere make a habit of Mum this second way.

MUM ***takes the odor out of perspiration***

LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"

sits lightly—stays on smoothly!

Don't let a heavily overpowdered face spoil the soft charm of your appearance this summer. Make sure you use Luxor "Feather-cling" —the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly, won't cake or streak. Choice of shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

Also try the New
LUXOR
Foundation Lotion

This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, satiny foundation for a flattering "natural effect" make-up. 55c.

Luxor Ltd., Chicago, Ill.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 16*]

With Fred Astaire out, David Niven moves in to play opposite Ginger Rogers in *Little Mother*, romantic story of shop-girl and her trials with foundling baby

Fay Wray gets a Hollywood tan in the patio of her home before leaving for the East where she'll play summer stock

Latest trip was Alice's. Last time she hopped a train East to see Tony, she'd just finished two hours rehearsing at the studio of—guess!—of *I Get Along Without You Very Well.*

■

CUPID'S COUPLET: Playwright Sid Kingsley and cute Madge Evans—Wherever they are, they make their own heavens!

■

DENIALS OF THE MONTH: Madeleine Carroll swears she's not going to have a baby, and she ought to know!

Eleanor Powell is peeved at all the romance-rumors and swears she's "not interested romantically in anyone."

Norma Shearer and band-leader, Len Keller, say they don't even know each other, much less having a romance.

THE Dorothy Lamour-Herbie Kaye divorce has given a serious case of jitters to the other Hollywood glammer-gals whose hubbies are band-leaders. They worry: if Dorothy and Herb couldn't hit it off, couldn't withstand the long separations that are entailed by the necessity of Mrs. Bandleader staying in Hollywood while hubby takes his baton on tour, what chance have they?

So Mary Pickford, who's still happy with Buddy Rogers, travels with him as much as she can. And Roger Pryor, who is Ann Sothern's hubby, despite all the rumors that they're splitting, cancelled a lot of engagements, to stay in Hollywood to be with her. And after three years of married life, apart, Roger and Ann have bought a home for the first time—and they're honeymoon-cottaging it in Beverly Hills.

■

TIGHT-LIPPED, but not sackclothing, is Dottie Lamour over the divorce. She won't discuss Herbie's sudden and unexpected move in himself getting the divorce, instead of following Hollywood custom and letting Dorothy get it. There are those in Hollywood who insist that Dorothy is still in love with Herbie. On the other hand, there are those who point significantly to the frequency of Dottie's outstepping with Wynn Rocamora, her manager.

Your Ol' Tattler can't help remembering. It was only a short year or so ago. Dorothy, over a plate of spaghetti in a little restaurant just across the street from Paramount, swearing:

"Well, here's one couple Hollywood won't bust up!—it'll never break up Herbie and me."

■

HELPING Tom Brown stand the separation from Natalie Draper is his old flame, Anita Louise. They're hand-holding.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Always someone new for Mary Brian—
This time it's Nino Martini who's tryin' . . .

■

AND so, after all the to-do about whether she'd be allowed to marry Robert Paige or not, Margaret Roach (Hal's daughter) has changed her mind. She gave the ring back to Bob—and she took a month's vacation tour away from Hollywood, to help her forget him.

■

PERSONAL designation by your Tattler for the silliest gag of the month—that romance-ride that Lya Lys took with rich Chicagoan J. Marshall Gunnerson . . . !

Gunnerson, 39 (which is old enough to know better), leaped aboard the train which was pulling out of the Chicago station, carrying Lya back to her Hollywood movie work. Gunnerson has been married and divorced thrice to date—and says he hopes to make Lya his No. 4.

But Lya, although she doesn't deny she likes him an awful lot, says she has no intention whatever of marrying Gunnerson. So what? Or what?

Anyway, Gunnerson got off the train again at Kansas City, still unmarried to Lya.

■

WITH Billy Halop knocking Bonita Granville off her heartbeats, and Huntz Hall making furious headway with lovely Claire James, your Tattler wonders just why they call 'em the dead-end kids.

■

AFTER Joan Crawford divorced Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and married Franchot Tone, the Tones and young Doug continued to be very good friends.

Now Joan has a chance to reciprocate. A few nights after Doug married Mary, they attended a preview—and met Joan in the lobby. Doug introduced his current wife and his ex-wife for the first time, then and there.

As for Joan herself, the romance with Charlie Martin seems to be fading. For a while, there, it looked as if Martin might be Joan's next married name—but recently, la Crawford has been giving considerable of her time and attention NOT to Charlie, but to another Hollywood man-about-town.

Well, maybe Joan meant it when she told a friend, after the Tone breakup, that never again in her hectic life would she confine herself to the attentions of any one man. . . .

[*Continued on page 86*]

Lovely Skin is a "Must"— **for Girls who win Romance!**

READ CHARMING MRS. GREGORY'S BEAUTY ADVICE:

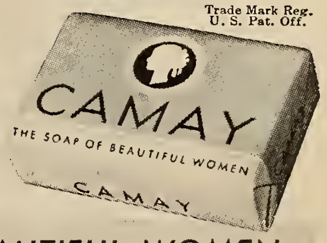
I'm sure nothing does more for a girl's looks than fresh, smooth skin. And that's where Camay comes in! It's one soap that seems to help keep my skin just the way I like it . . . fresh and smooth!

Richmond, Va. *January 25, 1939*
(*Signed*) FRANCES GREGORY
(*Mrs. O. C. Gregory, Jr.*)

IN WINNING the right man the right kind of soap *can* help! For to stay really lovely, complexions must have proper care! "A *gentle* care," so many lovely brides will tell you. "That's why we use Camay regularly every day!"

You'll like Camay's rich, creamy lather—the *thorough* way it cleanses—its mild, soothing touch! Use Camay every day for your complexion—*and* for your *bath of beauty* to help keep back and shoulders lovely. Like thousands of girls, you'll find Camay's luxurious lather an easy aid to all-over loveliness—to daintiness—to fresh good looks! You'll be delighted, too—as *they* are—that Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Use it *regularly*.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

THE NEW
Double-Purpose
CREAM
DEODORANT

stops perspiration | also deodorizes

At last!
a pure, scientific cream that does both. Tested and approved by American Institute of Laundering as *harmless to fabrics*. You will be ever so fresh and safe with DRI-DEW.

WILL NOT DRY UP IN JAR
safe • sure • long lasting
not greasy • non-irritating
instantly effective • odorless

Dri-Dew (cream) 10c, 29c
Instant Dew (liquid) 10c, 25c, 50c

Send for *free* booklet, "Your Key to Personal Loveliness," to Pearson Pharmacal Co., F-8, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

dri-dew
STOPS PERSPIRATION
stops perspiration odor

Clear, Soothe, TIRED EYES* IN SECONDS!

Only TWO DROPS of this eye specialist's formula WASHES, soothes, CLEARS dull, tired eyes. Its special, EXCLUSIVE ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, etc.).

Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is quickly EFFECTIVE in making EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH your eyes with EYE-GENE today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

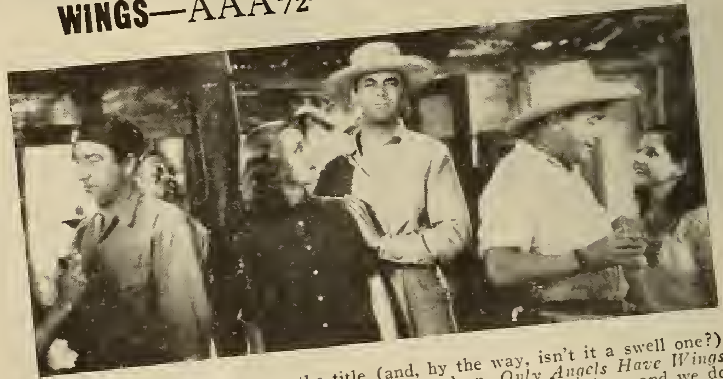
USE
EYE-GENE

PICTURE PARADE

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS —AAAA—

Here again—remember *Pygmalion*?—is an English produced American film that has it all over the domestic product. We can hear you shout reprisals at us for using the word American—knowing how thoroughly British *Pygmalion* was—and *Mr. Chips*, too—but we must give credit where credit is due. After all, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the producers, are essentially American and they are responsible for both these films. And it's due to their cleverness in filming these essentially British pictures on home soil that's responsible for their success. If you read *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* you know what a beautifully human character James Hilton drew for you in his best-seller but when you *see Goodbye, Mr. Chips* you will know and love *Chippie*, the lovable old schoolmaster. It is true Mr. Hilton created this character but it is Robert Donat, a superb artist, who gives it life. There is also Greer Garson who is introduced to you as *Mrs. Chips* but who you will certainly see a lot of in the future. We can't express the qualities of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, they're too tender, but we can feel them and believe us, you will, too.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—AAA½—



From the moment you see the title (and, by the way, isn't it a swell one?) on the screen to the time "The End" is flashed on, *Only Angels Have Wings* will keep you in a lather of suspense. For here is a very exciting—and we do mean exciting—air-adventure story depicting the trials and tribulations of a group of men flying mail from a hell-hole in South America. The photography is thrilling and the air shots, particularly those of the Andes, are the most beautiful these peepers have seen. As to the performances, they are all top-notch, but how could they be otherwise with Cary Grant and Jean Arthur at the head of a cast that includes Richard Barthelmess (and you'll welcome him back), Thomas Mitchell, Sig Rumann, Allyn Joclyn, Rita Hayworth and Noah Beery, Jr.? And let us warn you not to shrug this off as just another air spectacle—we admit they have been common lately—because *Only Angels Have Wings* may be spectacular but it isn't just "another" air picture. It's packed with drama, romance and adventure. But then you'll know what to expect when we tell you that academy-award-winner, Frank Capra, directed it.—*Columbia.*

[*Continued on page* 78]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

PARTY FAD of the Month, in Hollywood, where a gag becomes a rage overnight, is IMITATIONS! . . . Always and naturally, Hollywood parties have been featured by So-and-So giving an imitation of Whoozis. It is only reasonable that in a town where talent is the No. 1 Commodity, party-goers should display their talent. And imitations are always a sure-fire laugh-getter . . . In the old days, imitations were just imitations. Then they became caricatures. And of late, they've become *burlesques*. Often, they've become fiendishly clever burlesques, in many cases, overstepping friendship and becoming bitter. Famous movie muggers, giving party-imitations, picked on their best enemies. Mickey Rooney's burlicue of Wally Beery is a classic . . . Now imitations have gone the ultimate step. Party-Rage of the Moment is to give an imitation of somebody imitating somebody imitating somebody else! . . . Tie it, if you can. Current tops-imitation on the records is supposed to be Vic Fleming's imitation of John Barrymore imitating Charlie Chaplin imitating Leslie Howard, posing as *Hamlet*! . . . And just the other night, when the Joe E. Brown's gave a beeg party to help housewarm their new place, called "Oakmont," in Brentwood Heights, Mrs. Brown—Kathryn to you—even burlesqued one of their guests. She did an imitation of Fanny Brice, doing her famous Baby Snooks number . . . Only a few nights before, Fanny, herself, had "slayed" the yokels by doing the Baby Snooks act herself, at the Charlie Feldmans' party—of which your Hollyparty Hound will tell you more later on . . . But, to get back to this Mania for Imitations, it wouldn't be a surprise at all at all, if, at the very next Hollywood shindig, up should pop Shirley Temple, imitating Tallulah Bankhead giving an imitation of the Dionne Quintuplets imitating Chamberlain without an umbrella, or something.

QUIETEST Birthday Party of the Month was Charlie Chaplin's—it wasn't a riot: Charlie's parties rarely are. As customary in the Chaplin menage, there were only a few intimate friends there—and anyway, it was the same night as the huge 750-guest whoopteedoo that Basil Rathbone and Wifie Ouida Bergere threw, so guests were at a premium . . . To celebrate his own birthday, Charlie bought Paulette a gift. He bought her the rights to the book called *Vallejo Kitty*, which Paulette would like to play on the screen. Paulette's gift to Charlie was a television set—which is a bit odd, because there isn't any full-time television station yet operating on the west coast. Or is there? . . . Most Sentimentalized Birthday Parties of the Month were two in number—running neck and neck for Beeg-Emotion honors . . . One was for Lionel Barrymore, who hit 61. The other was for "Muzzie" May Robson, who's somewhere between Sweet Sixteen and 160 . . . The Lionel party was an All-M-G-M affair; only outsider present was Carole Lombard, and being Mrs. Clark Gable, she's married into the M-G-M family anyway . . . And WHAT a party! Even Lionel, himself, broke out in song. Which inspired Louis B. Mayer, big papa of M-G-M, to break out into a song himself, with of ALL people Norma Shearer as his duet-partner. And what wouldn't you moom-pitcha fans pay to hear the recording of that number? . . .As inescapable at Hollywood parties, there was an Imitation. Mickey Rooney imitated two people at once—Lionel and Clark Gable, in a scene from *Test Pilot*, believe it or not! . . . Of course, there were serious moments. Mayer had one when he gave a speech, saying "in all my 32 years in this business, I've found nothing more inspiring than Lionel Barrymore's brave spirit." Lionel answered, stayed in Hollywood current fashion when he flag-waved with: "I am proudest of all that I live in a country blessed with the freedom where these things are possible—proud, above all, that I am an American!" Studio gift to Barrymore was a ship's clock-and-barometer set.

MAY ROBSON'S birthday party was a studio affair, too—at Warners'—and there was a huge birthday cake to top off the luncheon . . . Like Barrymore, May went worldly in her speech. Maybe it's the mellowing influence of years that makes a person look beyond one's self on big personal occasions. Anyway, where Lionel talked of Americanism, May talked of internationalism. "I wish that peace might encircle the globe," she cried, "and I hope you all join me in my wish!" . . . Then she swung into a laugh. She dragged out a time-yellowed newspaper clipping from a Boston paper of 1915, in which she was quoted. She read her own words on that day—"I think motion pictures are on the decline, and their day is done!" . . . Gift of the party was the diamond ring given her by studio boss Jack Warner . . . Biggest Party of the Month was the Rathbone circus, which dragged 750 Hollywood people out. It was like a diplomatic reception. Formal as all hell! Rathbone parties usually are . . . Biggest-Name Party of the Month was the Charlie Feldmans' surprise party. Names present: Fanny Brice, who did that Baby Snooks number; Marlene Dietrich, who sang three songs; Dick Powell, who crooned no end; William Haines, who did the party-decorations—a magnificent-green-and-white-color scheme; Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins and Hubby Anatol Litvak, giving the k-o to trouble-rumors; Elsa Maxwell, Darryl Zanuck, the Barthelmesses, Peggy Fears.

MOST Persistent Party of the Month—was what was to have been just a simple little cocktail party at the Bill Gargans, in Beverly Hills. So what? So somebody discovered that next day was the birthday of Dennis Green, one of the guests. As a result, the party reconvened next day at Palm Springs, 150 miles away, with all the original revellers except Leslie Howard, who had to work . . . So they celebrated all day at Palm Springs. And then, they discovered that Richard Greene, another of the partiers, had an engagement to have his tonsils yanked, and they decided to celebrate that. By that time, they'd have celebrated anything. So for the third day, they celebrated Dick Greene's tonsils' coming-out . . . After that, Dick HAD to go to the hospital, one fancies . . . Kid-Party of the Month (no Hollywood month is complete without one!) was the seventh-birthday celebration of Miriam Hopkins' young Michael . . .It was an airplane party. Nobody went up in a plane, but airplanes were the motif and scheme of the affair. The place cards were miniature airplanes; gifts of the event were miniature airplanes that really flew . . . Miriam's chauffeur, Len Linden, is a licensed pilot, too—and he arrived in full uniform, with flier's helmet and an airmail bag, from which he dispensed goggles and helmets to the little guests . . . All movieland's stars'-kiddies were present.

"I had only myself to blame . . . ."

"THERE, making love to another woman, was the man I had been seeing steadily for two years . . . the man I had hoped to marry. It was the heart-breaking climax to weeks of growing indifference, which I could not understand and which put us further apart each day. This was the end. At thirty, I had lost the one man for whom I cared. Looking back now, I know that I had only myself to blame. I attributed his indifference to every cause but the right one* . . . a condition that every woman should ever be on guard against."

Suspect Yourself

There is nothing that kills a romance or nips a friendship so quickly as a case of *halitosis (unpleasant breath).

The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom suspect its presence. Others do, however, but never mention it. The subject is too delicate.

So Easy—So Pleasant

Why risk offending, when there is such an effective, pleasant, and easy precaution against halitosis?

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of breath odors and then overcomes the odors themselves. Immediately after its use as a mouth rinse or gargle, the breath, indeed the entire mouth, becomes fresher, sweeter.

Be Agreeable to Others

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social engagements. It is your best safeguard against offending others needlessly. Keep a bottle handy at home and office; tuck one in your handbag when you travel. It's the one thing you can't afford to be without.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!

Sonja HENIE

. . . radiant in her greatest role!

Tyrone POWER

. . . gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in

Irving Berlin's
SECOND FIDDLE

with

RUDY VALLEE

EDNA MAY OLIVER

Irving Berlin's six new song hits . . . "the best he's ever written!"

"I'm Sorry For Myself"

"An Old Fashioned Tune Always Is New"

"Song of the Metronome"

"When Winter Comes"

"I Poured My Heart Into A Song"

and the new ballroom dance craze . .

"Back To Back"

MARY HEALY

LYLE TALBOT

ALAN DINEHART

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Associate Producer Gene Markey

Screen Play by Harry Tugend

Based on a story by George Bradshaw

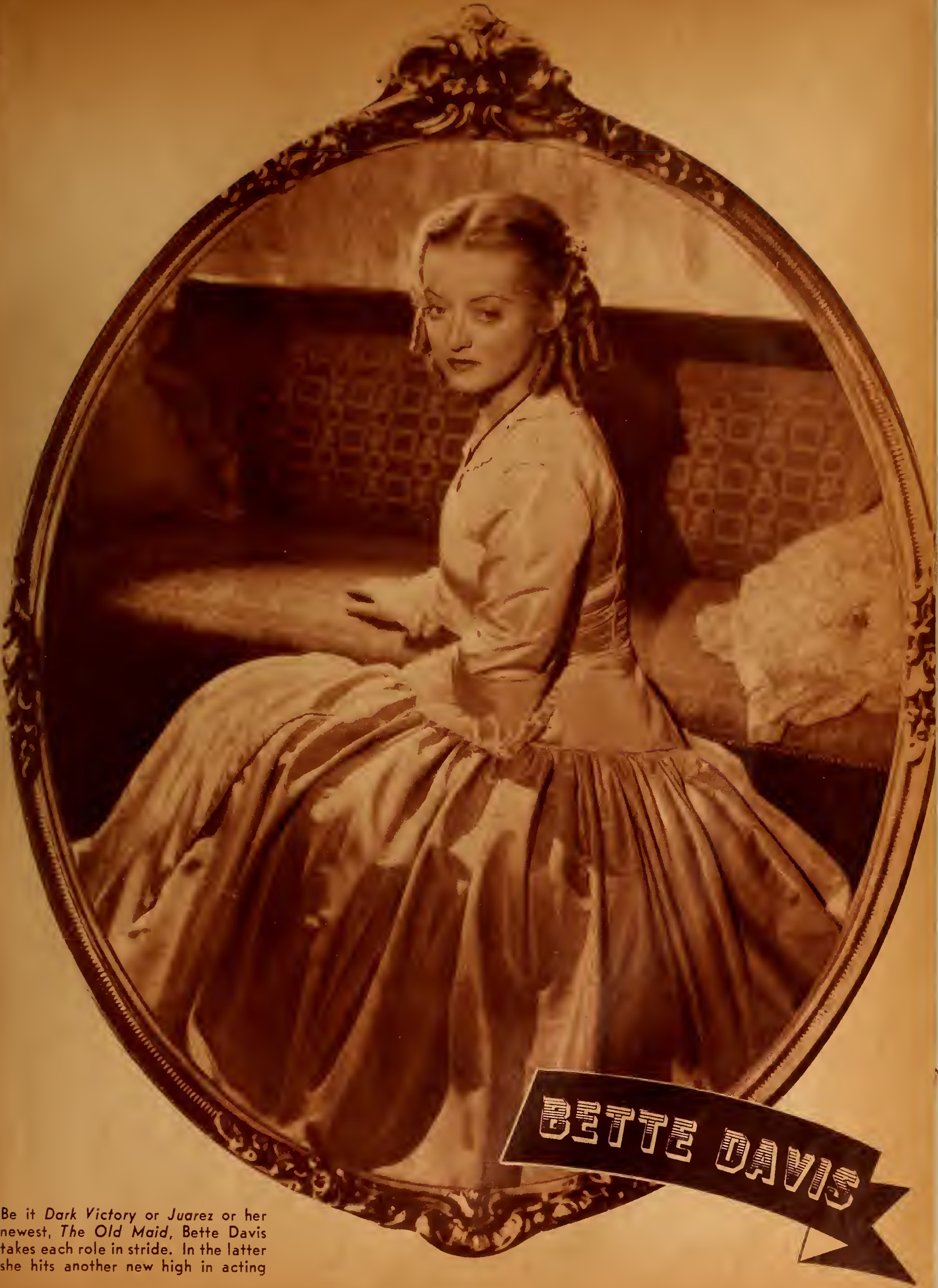
•

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

In Charge of Production

Sonja skating her sensational tango with a partner for the first time on the screen!



Be it *Dark Victory* or *Juarez* or her newest, *The Old Maid*, Bette Davis takes each role in stride. In the latter she hits another new high in acting

In naming the best actor one usually says—"Mr. Tracy, I presume." In finding the doctor in *Stanley and Livingstone* we presume he'll triumph again

SPENCER TRACY

WILL THE "OOMPH" TITLE HURT HER?

NOT SINCE CLARA BOW BOUNDED TO FAME AS THE "IT" GIRL HAS AN ACTRESS PROJECTED SUCH SUPER-SEX APPEAL AS ANN SHERIDAN. THAT'S WHY SHE IS NOW CALLED "THE OOMPH GIRL"

By KATHARINE HARTLEY FRINGS

ANN SHERIDAN is known right now, in every four corners where newspapers and radio penetrate, as "The Oomph Girl." Before, she was known here and there as just Annie Sheridan, one of those new and blooming beauties at Warner Brothers, and it was rumored that her studio had great plans for her, to make her another star overnight. But overnight, Annie claimed for herself a title, and that title—slangy and somewhat foolish as it may be (indicating as it does, super-super sex appeal)—has made her one of the most talked-about girls in the country.

Every manufacturer knows that when a product is put on a market the most valuable asset for its promotion is a slogan behind it, something that clicks and spreads quickly. The same principle holds in marketing stars. For a long time Annie was a product without a selling slogan. But now that "The Oomph Girl" title has caught on, she's well established in the mental pantry of millions of households.

The odd thing about it is that this title was not "thought up" by somebody in the Warner publicity department. No Warner executive said, "Here, Annie, from now on you are going to be 'The Oomph Girl.'" Annie, herself, didn't even know that there was to be such a person until one evening when she was having dinner with David Niven. It's rather strange how it all came about, and the creation of Annie as "The Oomph Girl" is, of itself, an interesting story.

"I'll have you [*Continued on page 74*]

CONDEMNED WOMEN

INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S MISUNDERSTOOD WIVES!

Gladys Robinson and Edward G.

Mrs. Warren William and Mr. W.

Bella Muni and her Paul

Barbara S. Morris and Wayne

Sandra Shaw Cooper and Gary

Florence March and Fredric

By NANCY MERRILL

OUT of a clear sky and at a time no one expected it, the curtain has been pulled back on one of the darkest shadows of Hollywood's life. A shadow that stands exposed in all its ugliness, to be discussed openly for the first time. Its name? Its name is Gossip, cruel relentless gossip deliberately directed at Hollywood wives.

The curtain was drawn by the hand of an attractive and brilliant visitor in our midst who sat amongst well-known women of Hollywood at a recent luncheon party and said: "I wouldn't marry a Hollywood star if he were Clark Gable and Tyrone Power combined. No," she hurried on, "it isn't sour grapes either for I know one I could snatch if I just put my mind to it and went in for a new little girl haircut. Furthermore, I think, as a group (and they're safer in groups) movie stars are the most fascinating men I've ever met in my travels hither and yon. But, marry one? Never. And I has my reasons, I has."

In the midst of the silence that followed a hullaballoo of excited feminine voices, the visitor made this observation that should forever bind married women everywhere in sympathetic accord with Hollywood wives.

"I wouldn't marry a popular star," she said, "because I've been too strictly brought up ever to become the 'other woman' in any man's life; even my husband's."

And Hollywood knew what she meant. For there exists in Hollywood this condition so amazing, when one stops to think about it, that it scarcely seems possible in this modern world of broad thinking. And yet it's true as many bewildered, courageous women can testify.

For in Hollywood, like the world in the Looking-Glass, things are reversed and it's the wife who finds herself that strange "other woman" in her husband's life. Put there, kept there by envious women the world over. The "other woman," who faithfully walks the back streets of her man's life, while the women who covet him, who bask in his limelight, mentally step in as legitimate wives. At times his very children come in for frowns of disapproval. "Of course he's tied with *those* children," is a common remark among the mental wives of men stars. "And as for that woman he married—"

Hollywood wives are never judged so much as misjudged and never understood so much as misunderstood, by other women.

"A wife's duties in this community," the lovely Mrs. Edward G. Robinson once told me, in speaking of this very condition, "go a step farther than looking after her husband's comfort and welfare. It becomes necessary to protect him against the many scheming women who flatter him for their selfish aims, and those who threaten the very foundations of homes and happiness through covetousness, whether it be a physical or mental gesture. One can be as destructive as another."

A WEEK or so later, I was reminded of Mrs. Robinson's remark when a woman, apparently satisfied with her own possessions and happiness, said, out of a clear sky: "Clever of Gladys Robinson to have given Eddie a son. Now she knows she'll hold him."

If you mothers and home-makers elsewhere experience the quick stab to the heart induced by such biting cruelty, how much more keenly do those of us who know of the love and happiness in the Robinson family, feel the dart. And yet I boldly declare and feel every Hollywood wife will back me up in the statement that there is scarcely a wife of a cinema great who has not experienced such undeserved barbs of criticism—usually directed toward the unprofessional women who have married professional actors.

Among the group we find Mrs. Leslie Howard, Mrs. Gary Cooper, the ex-Mrs. Gable, Mrs. Warren William, Mrs. Wallace Beery and so many, many others.

It's Mrs. Howard, however, who [*Continued on page* 64]

"WOMEN ARE CATS!"

SAYS ROSALIND RUSSELL TO GLADYS HALL

THE FAIR SEX, SAYS ROZ, CONSISTS OF WOMEN, LADIES AND FEMALES (THE CAT-WOMEN). SHE GIVES YOU THE CAT-WOMEN. BY THEIR GOSSIP YE SHALL KNOW THEM

"MEOW!" said Rosalind . . .

"Meow!" sez I . . .

(We had just polished off a tasty dish of gossip . . . and don't you wish you knew???)

"Gossip," Roz was saying, "has always been the major pastime of women. In days gone by, it was dished over the back-fences or at church socials. Now it's dished over an old-fashioned or two at the "Club 21" in New York, the El Morocco, at the races, at the resorts . . . fact that we've emancipated women can't take their gossip away from them . . . which leads me to the cat-women . . . . . for women *are* cats," concluded Roz

"You tell 'em!" sez I . . .

"It would be terrible if women weren't cats," said Rosalind. "dull if we were all sweet and generous, constant Pollyannas. I don't hate the catty in women, I love it. It's a good show. . . ."

"Are we all felines?" I asked, "I only seek exact information. . . ."

"No," said Roz, "oh, no. To my way of thinking our fair, unfeeble sex comes under three headings or classifications. They are (a) a Woman (b) a Lady and (c) a Female. The females are the cat-women. . . ."

[*Continued on page* 68]

WHAT MAKES BOB MONTGOMERY CLICK?

By DAN CAMP

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF TWADDLE WRITTEN ABOUT BOB. HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU'LL MEET THE REAL BOB—A CRUSADER WHO FIGHTS BATTLES OF THE UNDERDOG

ABOUT this Bob Montgomery, now! It's all in the point of view: Take, for example, two such points. Take Washington, D. C., for one. And take good old Hollywood for the other.

Washington, by now, is pretty well fed up on socially-conscious individuals who come to give their interminable testimony before Congressional committees on labor problems. Washington doesn't get the least bit excited any more about Whoozis and Whatsisname coming from Wherezit to testify at a labor hearing. But Washington has a fit of excitement when Bob Montgomery comes to testify at a labor hearing. NOT because he's a sociologist at a labor hearing, but because to Washington, he's a movie star. So they mob him for autographs and all that.

But back in his Hollywood, where you have to kick actors out from under your feet so you can have room to move around, and where movie stars get in your hair, you'd fancy they wouldn't pay any attention to Bob Montgomery, simply because he's just another movie star. Yet, even in Hollywood, they get quite excited all the time about Bob Montgomery—NOT because he's a movie star, but because he's Hollywood's No. 1 self-appointed union-card-carrier!

It's all quite confusing, isn't it? In Hollywood, he's not a movie star, but a labor man; and in Washington, he's not a labor man, but a movie star. Seems utterly bewildering. Yet that's quite apropos—because Bob Montgomery himself is utterly bewildering! For one thing, he's the last individual in the world you'd pick for a social fussbudget. . . .

He was born with a silver spoon and silk stockings and all that sort of thing—educated abroad, sent to snooty private schools, and so on. If anybody had the early makings of a snob, it was certainly Bob Montgomery. And on top of that, he was so [*Continued on page* 59]

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED!

BY JAMES REID

FOR three years, people outside Hollywood had wondered if Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck ever would be Mr. and Mrs. For two years, insiders-who-knew-both-of-them had wondered *when* they would be Mr. and Mrs. Bob and Barbara wouldn't tell.

Outsiders half-expected their marriage. Insiders fully expected it. But nobody—and I do mean nobody—anticipated the time or the place of the wedding. They took even their best friends by surprise.

This is the confidential story of how they did it.

The crux of the story is that Bob and Barbara both have a sense of humor. They simply played a quiet little joke on all the people who had claimed, from the beginning, an intimate knowledge of the state of their emotions and had made predictions accordingly. By having a wedding whose date and site no one predicted, they got across the point that, after all, they were the only ones who really knew their inner thoughts.

On top of this, they had an idea that it might be a good omen if they could begin married life with a little privacy. Which is supposed to be difficult for movie stars to have.

Some people suspect that Bob and Barbara surprised even themselves by marrying when they did. These suspicious souls wonder if the Gable-Lombard wedding, quickly followed by the Power-Annabella wedding, didn't hasten the Taylor-Stanwyck wedding.

To back up their theory, these people declaim, "With his principal rivals stepping off, Bob didn't have to worry any longer about the effect of marriage on *his* career." This sounds logical. But it isn't logical.

If Bob had been postponing marriage because of the great god Box-Office, if he had been that career-minded—he would have had more reason than ever to stay single, with his principal rivals removed from competition as romantic bachelors.

The theorizing Thomases do the [*Continued on page* 66]

IN THE MARRIAGE OF ROBERT TAYLOR AND BARBARA STANWYCK, BOB GIVES HIS SIDE OF THE STORY EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOTION PICTURE. WHILE NOT TOLD IN THE FIRST PERSON, IT IS NEVERTHELESS, HIS STORY—THE ONLY ONE HE HAS AUTHORIZED

At left, the newlyweds turn on happy smiles for press in compensation for keeping them in the dark about marriage

Bob is 27, Barbara, 30. Bob is selling his home as couple will live at her ranch (below), in San Fernando Valley

Bob and Barbara became romantically interested in each other when appearing in *His Brother's Wife* in 1936

NANCY KELLY

The Kellys will have you know they're that proud of their eighteen-year-old Nancy. And you'll be agreein' with them after *Stanley and Livingstone*

A romantic actor —one who plays character as well—Donat—6 ft., 165 lbs.—is liked by men, adored by women, children

ONE MAN TO REMEMBER

By
GENE SCHROTT

Generations come and go in classrooms presided over by Robert Donat as the school-teacher in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.* A great portrait rich in humanity, charm

Donat will tug at the heart-strings through the authority and sympathy he gives the role of the kindly school-teacher. He grows old in the service, never forgets his boys

ROBERT DONAT HAS GLAMOR AND ACTING ABILITY—QUALITIES NOT USUALLY FOUND AMONG THE HOLLYWOOD BOYS. YOU'LL NOT ONLY LOVE HIM FOR HIS *MR. CHIPS*—YOU'LL ALSO REMEMBER HIM

JUST when you've given up hope of ever seeing him again on the screen and are wondering why he remains buried in his quiet, comfortable home on the other side of the Atlantic when all America is clamoring for him—just when you're beginning to wonder whether he has already rendered his "swan song"—suddenly comes the reviving announcement that Robert Donat is again enhancing the screen with his personality and acting skill.

There is something about this young Briton that is infectious. The more you see of his devastating youthful appeal and sparkling verve, the more of him you want to see. He isn't a pretty boy who takes a narcissine delight in his good looks. On the contrary, he's the kind of man you'd like to have with you on a fishing trip or when you go roughing it in the country. In short, Robert Donat is a man's man—but the kind women, the world over, adore.

When you're in his company, you feel like meeting those snooty friends of yours who always snub you, because you know in his presence they'd lose their haughty manners and actually beg for an introduction.

Yet there is something almost indefinable about Donat's appeal. Most good-looking men make you feel conscious of their looks. Not so with him. He doesn't come

[*Continued on page* 76]

THE WIZARD

A memorable fantasy of childhood, *The Wizard of Oz*, which Montgomery & Stone made into a musical extravaganza many years ago, is now a Technicolor picture. Among odd characters met by heroine *Dorothy* (Judy Garland) in her fantastic trip to the *Land of Oz* are *The Scarecrow* (Ray Bolger) who wants a brain, *The Wizard* himself (Frank Morgan), *The Cowardly Lion* (Bert Lahr) who seeks courage, *The Tin Woodman* (Jack Haley)

OF
Oz

LOOKING IN ON THE

Louis Hayward, next seen in *The Man in the Iron Mask*, takes his bride, Ida Lupino, to the roof of their neat snuggery. And Ida, who has slipped, is grabbed by hubby to avoid a tumble

Brides in love with their hubbies don't permit narsty flies to ruin their dispositions. When a fly annoys Lou, Ida, registering a killing mood, swats

Having knocked off a spot of tea, the newlyweds, like all love-birds the world over, enjoy a book together. Scene is typical of the Haywards' design for living

Like all newlyweds happily in love, Louis and Ida enjoy each other's company. And being English, they enjoy a spot of tea

Supper over, The Man in the Iron Mask and his Ida play backgammon. Ida, having beaten Lou, taunts him on being a lousy player. He can take it!

LOUIS HAYWARDS

Now it's Lou's turn to help Ida. As flies and cinders don't belong in pattern of love, he removes cinder from Ida's eye

Oh I say, there's been a bit of a joke, eh what? When a wife laughs at her husband's jokes (or vice-versa) you can make up your mind that they are newlyweds and ver' ver' much in love

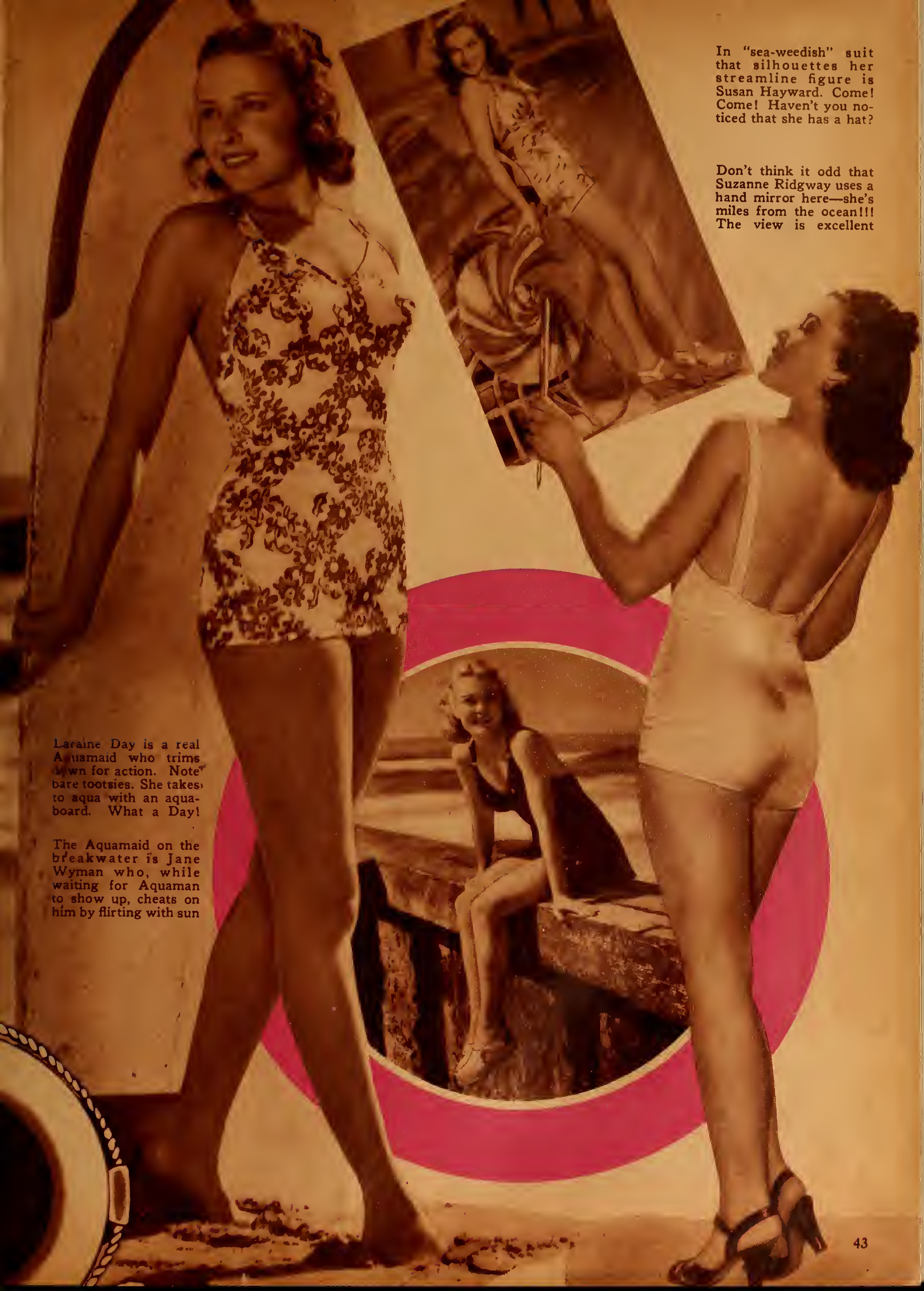
With the Iron Mask Man and bride at dinner they have eyes only for each other. Ida tells Lou she has a tasty surprise for him. "Carry on," he says

And now before they hit the hay, Ida rehearses hubby in scenes from *The Man in the Iron Mask.* She tells him—"Oh, darling, you're just perfect"

Aquamaid Claire James, left, wins our aqualade. Even the tide will turn around for second look at her scrumptuous figure encased in sweet-and-low one-piece suit. Aquamaid Helen Parrish sports crocheted suit by ye olde swimming hole

If Diana (what a figure!) Lewis' arms were missing you'd probably call her Venus. But Venus or Diana, she'd make Apollo come back to life

AQUAMAIDS

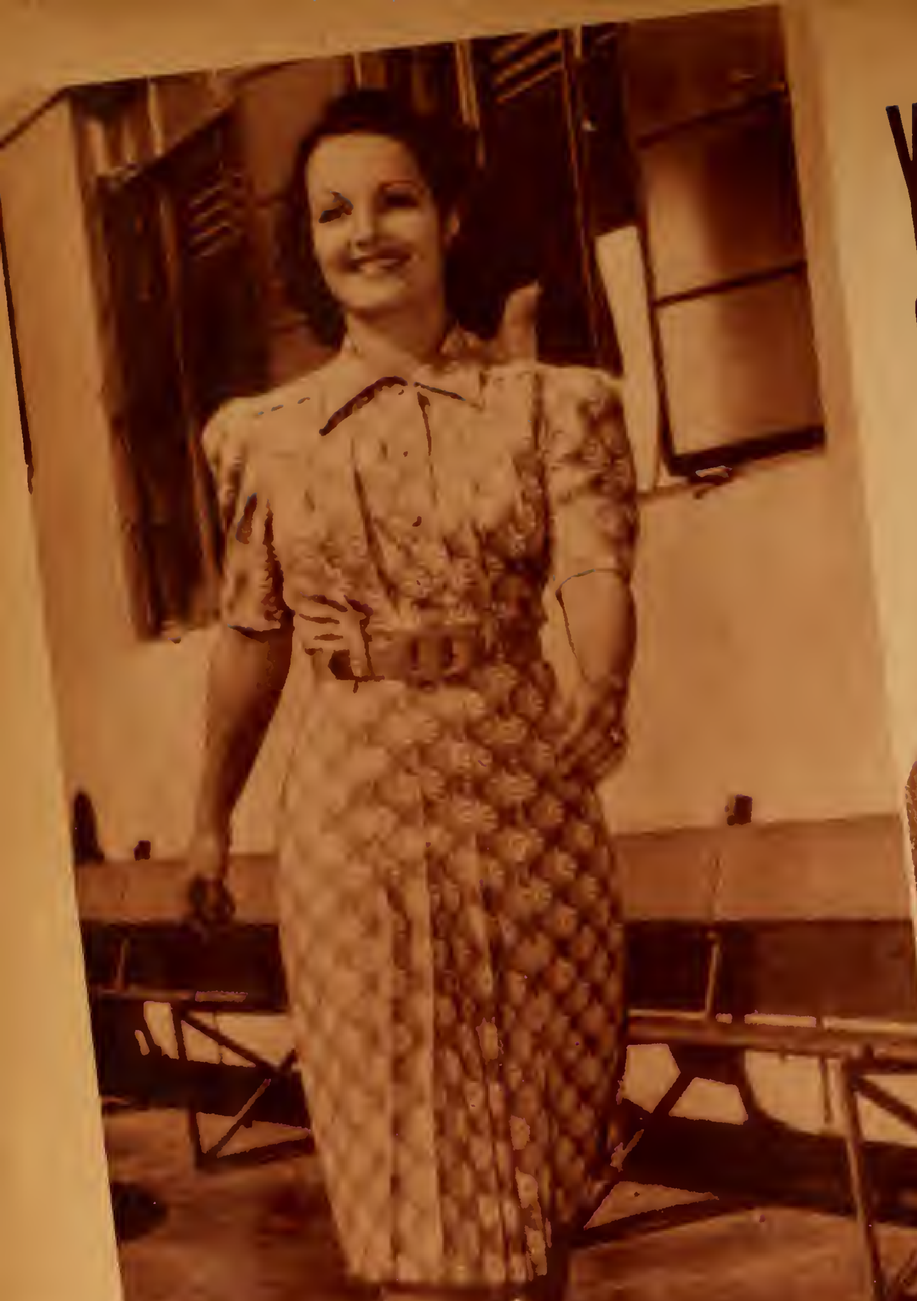


In "sea-weedish" suit that silhouettes her streamline figure is Susan Hayward. Come! Come! Haven't you noticed that she has a hat?

Don't think it odd that Suzanne Ridgway uses a hand mirror here—she's miles from the ocean!!! The view is excellent

Laraine Day is a real Aquamaid who trims down for action. Note bare tootsies. She takes to aqua with an aquaboard. What a Day!

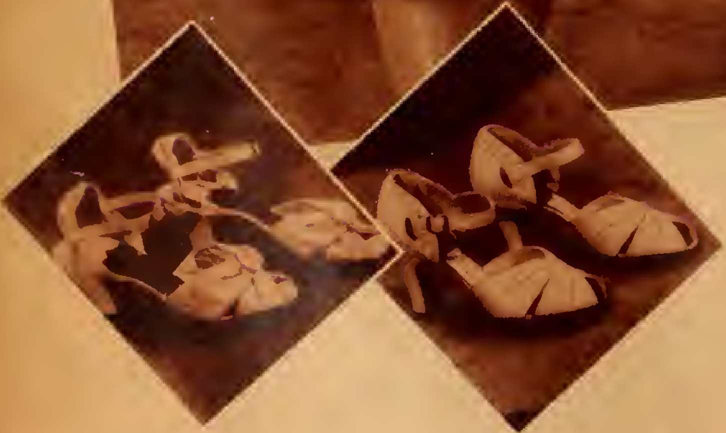
The Aquamaid on the breakwater is Jane Wyman who, while waiting for Aquaman to show up, cheats on him by flirting with sun



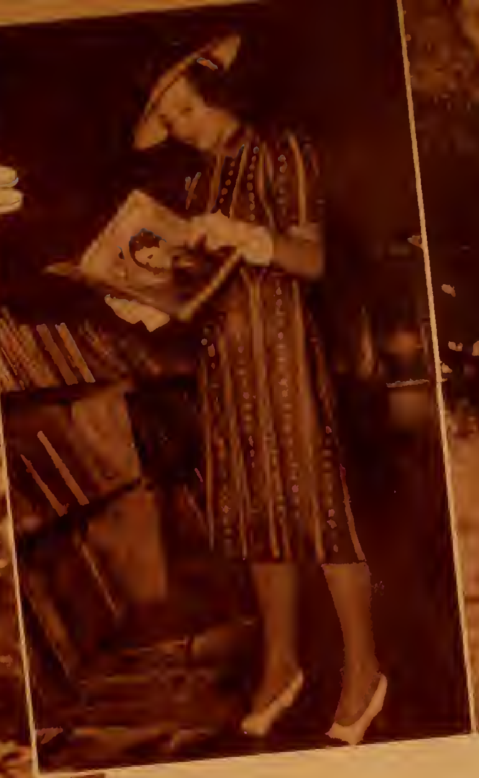
YOURS COOLLY

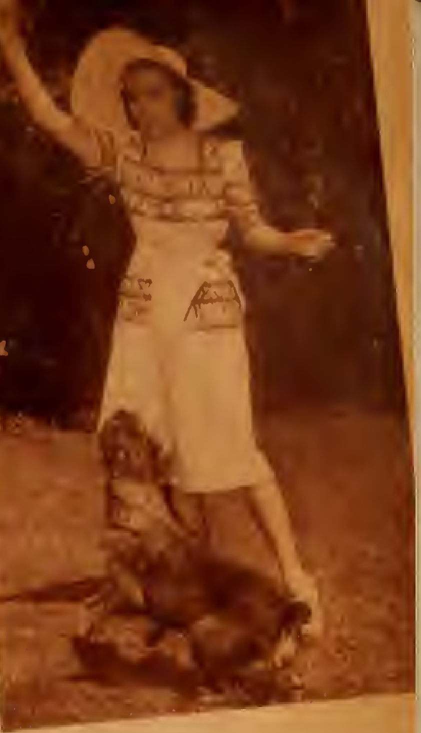
By CANDIDA

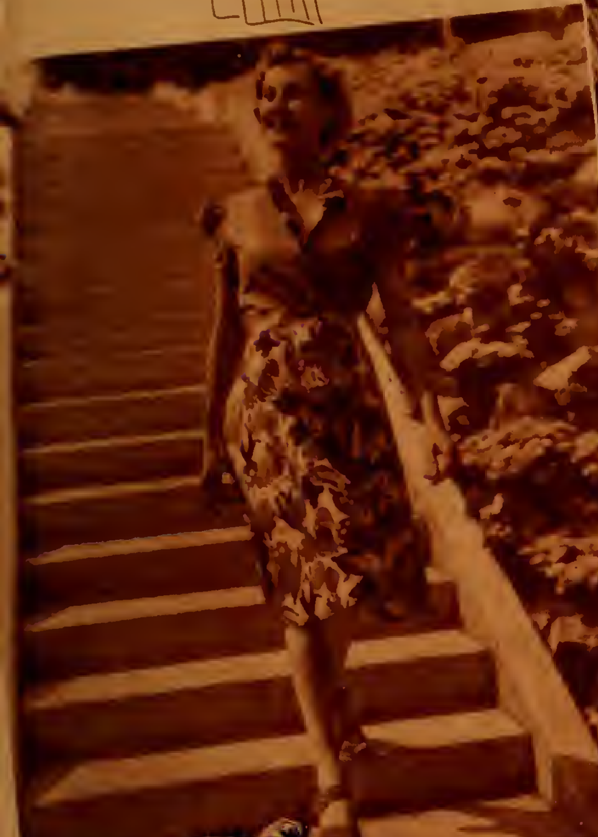
Add two more bulls-eyes to your score, Brenda Joyce: your lead role in *The Rains Came* and that Irene M. Bury dress in sturdy suavalona



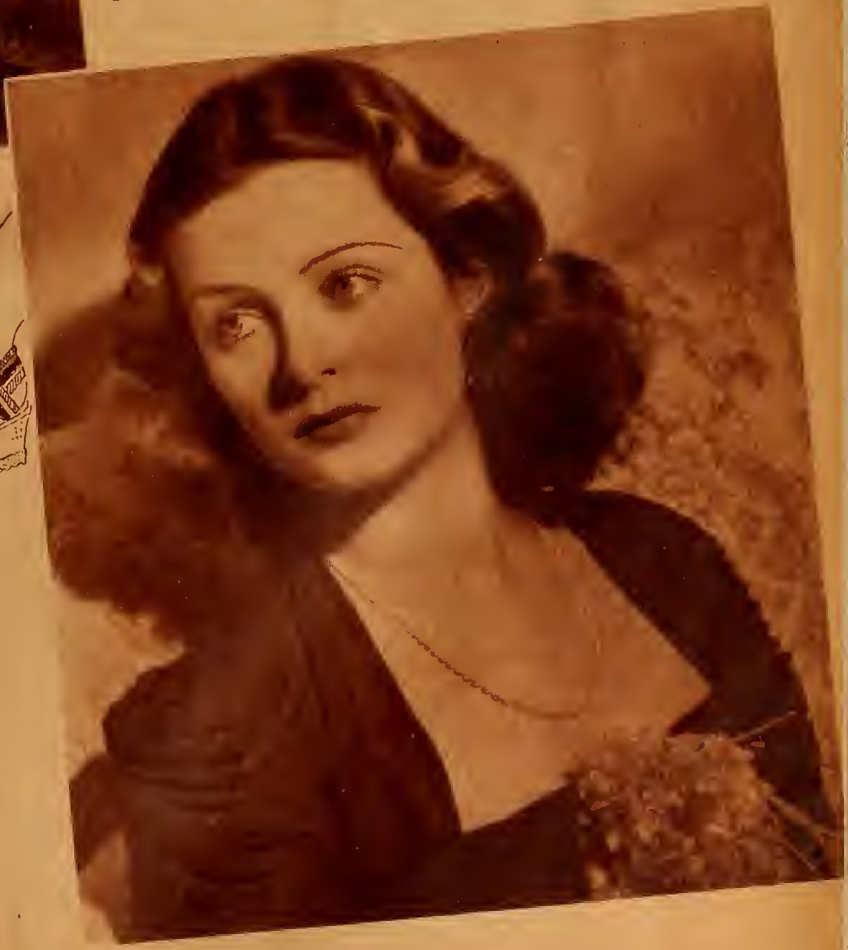
Cool as a cucumber and pretty as a posie is Rochelle Hudson, above, in her Barbette dress of "Raratan," a spun rayon fabric by Arnotex. It's two-piece, in luscious shades of blue and rose. With it, Rochelle wears white linen toe-less Jolene sandals, inset above right. For more dress-up occasions, she chooses the open-toe, open-heel Jolene sandals in white kid. Both are styled in Hollywood. Right, Joan Woodbury's new spouse, Henry Wilcoxon, approves her rhumba technique and cool, printed pique bolero gown. It's a "Starlight Fashion" frock







After working in *Each Dawn I Die*, Jane Bryan, above, catches up on her reading in an air-cooled Joyce Hubrite dress. It's navy voile with lacy embroidered stripes in white and has stitched pleats for slimth. Merry Hull designed Jane's "Finger-Free" comfy and cool white pique gloves (sketched upper left). Studio Styles is responsible for the jaunty summer sailor. Above, right, Dolores Del Rio teases Liebchen with a ball and teases the eyes in her Louella Ballerino action dress



Dressed for comfort, action, style is Anita Louise, top, in her three-piece play suit of Indian Head fabric printed in a riotious "Pan-Ameri-Go" design by Arnotex. The shorts and shirt are blue, the skirt many-hued. Anita's white chenille snood is from Ben-Hur Products, Inc., and so are the "Blinkers" (sketched above). The hinged ear-pieces insure perfect fit. On her feet are U. S. Rubber Strollers (also sketched) of multi-colored rick-rack braid. Right, Joan Bennett prefers a string of Heller Cultured Pearls with her simple black chiffon dinner dress. Look for all these items in your department stores or write to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City, for information, enclosing return postage, please

THEY GOT THERE ON THEIR LEGS

BY JACK HOLLAND

SOME STARS GOT THERE ON POOR UNDERPINNINGS, BUT MOST OF THEM CLIMBED TO THE TOP ON A GOOD PAIR OF LEGS—AND SO HAVE WON HALF THE BATTLE

WANTED! One pair of nice legs and a good figure to go with them! Such is Hollywood's perpetual cry, and such is the furore raised by the press agents out here. Why? Simply because the big stars won't show their legs anymore unless it's absolutely necessary. They think it cheap.

But, believe it or not, half of your cinema favorites would never be flickering on the screen if it weren't for the simple reason that they had shapely underpinnings to begin with. Yes sir, they had themselves a pair of legs, and the battle was half won.

Recently, to exemplify the fact that any producer can be made to look twice at a girl if her legs have that certain streamlined effect, a girl put on a stunt that caught the nation's attention. She was Janet Gaynor's stand-in and a former cigarette girl at the Trocadero. Since Janet was making fewer pictures, and since the Troc took a nose dive, she found time weighing heavily on her hands. So she became a lone picket in front of Paramount Studios.

One day, the natives on the lot were surprised to see this girl parading up and down in front of the main entrance in shorts. In her hands, she held a placard which read, "I have good legs. See! But I can act, too." The "execs" were so intrigued by this stunt that the girl was given a contract. She'd never have been asked to sign on the dotted line if her legs hadn't shaped up well. Now, her future and her place in the cinema heavens is up to her.

Another famous case in Hollywood history is that of a young lady who had a delightful pair of limbs. She had shown them to everyone but Mickey Mouse, and still all she could get was occasional art in magazines. No picture contracts were forthcoming.

Carole Lombard started in Mack Sennett comedies—all because of swell supports

Alice Faye's legs are famous. They give her fine support, currently, in Rose of Washington Square

Discouraged, she decided to pour great quantities of iodine all over her legs. Her idea was to destroy the beauty of them, a beauty that apparently handicapped her career. She was rushed to the hospital in time and her legs were saved from any serious after-effects. Her rather tragic act did land her a much desired picture contract. But her story didn't have the usual happy ending. After appearing in numerous westerns, she faded out of the picture. She lacked the divine spark, and even her beautiful legs couldn't help her then.

There are many such cases in Hollywood history. Stories of girls who were content with being a leg show but never took the time to learn to act. Plenty of good "leggers" made bit appearances in pictures, but all they ever got out of their chances was enough leg art in magazines to sink a ship.

This, then, is a story of the "names" of today who were once leg cuties but who worked hard and diligently to become renowned actresses.

Whenever legs are mentioned, there is always one name that immediately comes to mind. That is Marlene Dietrich. Certainly few stars have achieved such prominence because of a pair of shapely legs. Everyone has heard her described as "Legs" Dietrich at one time or another.

Her amazing career, one that is more or less at a standstill now, was brought about as a result of her appearance some years ago in *Blue Angel*. In this picture, as many will remember, La Dietrich wore black silk

[*Continued on page*]

Tired of giving a leg show, Joan Blondell hid 'em for a time. They're on display now in *Good Girls Go to Paris*

In standing pose on opposite page is Joan Crawford whose famous legs started her on the high road to stardom

You know what Dietrich's legs did for her. No legs were more publicized. She was even known as "Legs"

No star has prettier legs than Claudette Colbert. She doesn't show 'em often, but oh boy, did you get a gander at Zaza?

THE STAR AMERICANS DON'T KNOW

BY CAROL CRAIG

HOLLYWOOD HAS CAPTURED ANNA NEAGLE, ENGLAND'S NO. 1 STAR. AMERICANS SHOULD BECOME NEAGLE-CONSCIOUS AFTER SEEING "NURSE EDITH CAVELL"

AT THE thirteenth hour of her thirteenth day in Hollywood—which was May 13th—she began *Nurse Edith Cavell.* The first scene that she did was the thirteenth in the script.

Thirteen is Anna Neagle's lucky number. At least, up to now, it has been. And she prays that it won't let her down now. *Nurse Edith Cavell* is her thirteenth picture.

It is the first she has made in America. But, if her luck holds, it will be the first of many.

And why shouldn't it hold?

She isn't just another pretty newcomer from abroad, who may, after Hollywood gives her the works, turn out to have the makings of a star. She isn't an unknown, whose achievements in her native land were mediocre, and whose possibilities weren't appreciated there.

The English like no living actress better. She is England's Star No. 1. Her last picture played to more Britons than any other picture ever made, except *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.*

That picture was *Queen of Destiny,* the story of "the sixty glorious years" of the reign of Queen Victoria. Americans haven't seen it yet. Nor will they see it till after *Nurse Edith Cavell.* When they will be more Neagle-conscious.

Her native England hasn't failed to appreciate her. But America has. Herbert Wilcox, her producer, says whimsically, "Her pictures earn millions in England. Over here, they earn cents." It was to acquaint Americans with her that he brought her to Hollywood for this new picture—which, from a technical standpoint, could have been made just as well in England.

He adds, "Frankly, we believe we can entertain Americans. But Americans simply don't go to see any picture, no matter how good it may be, if they don't know its star. We have had to face that fact—and the fact that they don't know Anna Neagle, though she is England's top star. They expect their movie news from Hollywood, not from any other place. So"—he smiles disarmingly—"we have come over to try to be Hollywood news. It is a pioneering venture. This is the first British picture to be made in America. If it goes over as we hope, we shall make a picture here for every one we make in England."

The name, Anna Neagle, isn't totally new to Americans. They have seen it in theatre ads and on theatre marquees. But it hasn't meant much to them. She has been a stranger. A stranger suspected of

[*Continued on page* 82]

Silhouetted against the hot Arabian sky, three soldiers of the French Foreign Legion keep watch from the crest of a lofty sand dune against the Arabs. Thus, Ray Milland, Gary Cooper and Robert Preston fight for the tri-color in the new *Beau Geste*

THE THREE LEGIONNAIRES

GOODBYE, HIGH

HIGH-PRICED STARS ARE MEETING COMPETITION FROM SMALL-SALARIED PLAYERS. HOLLYWOOD IS BALANCING ITS BUDGET IN ITS BARGAIN-HUNT FOR TALENT

Hedy Lamarr

Susan Hayward

Arleen Whelan

SALARIES!

BY FREED THORNTON

IS HOLLYWOOD hard up for talent? Is that why so many minor movie names are suddenly being pushed into major roles? Is that why Hollywood is suddenly giving unheard-of breaks to unheard-of people?

You have a right to ask, with so many new faces popping out at you from the screen. And you have a right to an answer.

The answer is "No." The people who have been popular for a long time are still around, as presentable as ever, and as capable. They aren't on strike. They crave work. The only trouble is—they also crave big money, because they're big names. And studios are economizing. Drastically.

What Hollywood is hard up for is cash.

Between dictators and war scares abroad, Hollywood's foreign market has been shot to you-know-what. In the good old days, if the American public didn't quite pay the cost of a picture, a producer could rely on moviegoers abroad to finish the job and give him a tidy profit. But no more. Now he has to try to make his profits, if any, begin at home. This he can't possibly do, unless he cuts production costs.

That's why you are seeing so many minor players, these days, in major roles. That's why you are seeing so many totally new faces. Lesser-knowns and unknowns don't get high salaries.

The last time Greta Garbo made a picture, she received $472,499. At least, Uncle Sam says that was her salary for 1937, and she made only one picture in 1937—*Conquest*. No other star has ever received such a salary for a single picture. And no star, including Garbo, is ever likely to receive that much again. Some theatres charge more, and some charge less, but the average admission price to a movie is 22 cents. (I'm quoting statistics now.) The producer receives half that, or 11 cents for every person who sees his picture. The total cost of *Conquest* was approximately $3,000,000. Divide that sum by 11 cents, and you discover that nearly thirty million people—nearly one-fourth of all the moviegoers in the world—had to see the picture before the producer could break even.

It isn't easy, in hard times, to lure as many as 4,300,000 people to see any one picture. That many had to see *Conquest* before the producer could get back what he had paid his feminine star alone.

He didn't come anywhere near making a profit. He took a terrific beating.

He had to make a number of B pictures to recoup what he lost on *Conquest,* which was an epic. A B picture is the opposite of an epic. It's unpretentious entertainment, made according to a formula, quickly and cheaply. It costs no more than $200,000, including players' salaries. Only two million people have to see it before it starts showing a profit.

Studios have to make something besides cheap pictures, however, to keep the public entertained. And what happens? With the foreign market shattered, expensive pictures are steadily losing large chunks of money. Chunks so big that even Hollywood is gasping. Something has to be done to cut down the losses on A's, to make sure that the profits on B's will outbalance them. Either that or goodbye, studios.

The quickest way to cut losses is to cut costs. And, since nothing shoots up the budget quite so fast as high-priced stars, the quickest way to bring the budget down is to try to find actors and actresses whose possibilities

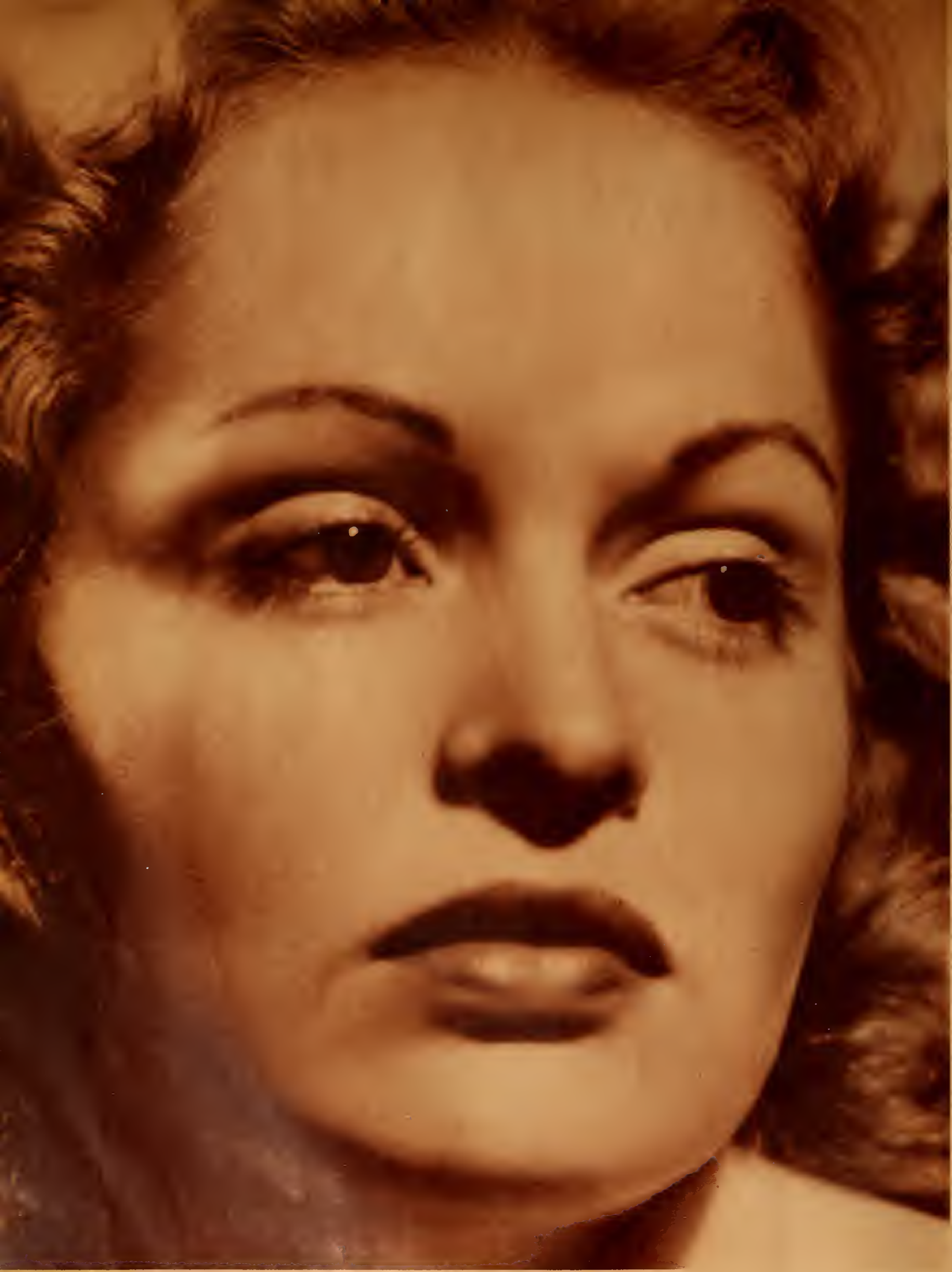
[*Continued on page* 65]

Richard Greene

Greer Garson

Jeffrey Lynn

John Garfield



MARY HEALY

A new starlet zooms out of the Hollywood skies. No one can deny she's beautiful—not even Rudy Vallee who goes for her offscreen as much as he does in *Second Fiddle*

CONFESSIONS OF A NEW AMERICAN

NEWCOMER LYA LYS, THE RUSSIAN PEACH NOW BLOOMING IN THE HOLLYWOOD ORCHARD, SHOUTS THE BATTLE-CRY OF AMERICAN FREEDOM. SHE WOULDN'T TRADE THE COUNTRY FOR ALL OF EUROPE

By

IDA ZEITLIN

LYA LYS didn't kick up a fuss when they cut her big scene from *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*.

"We're sorry," they told her, "but it's either that or else cutting footage that would weaken the picture's central theme."

Said Lya: **"You do not ask me, you tell me. I know. But I want *you* to know this. Even if you asked me, I would say it is all right. I was in Paris and saw those poor people coming from Germany. They had been mocked and starved and stones were thrown at them and worse, much worse. They look at you with the same eyes as a cattle who is going to be slaughtered. To play in a picture which goes against such things, I consider it an honor. If to cut me out makes that picture stronger, then I gladly do my part by being cut out."**

In the picture you catch only a few glimpses of her as Paul Lukas' girl friend—glimpses that leave you with a taste for more because hers is one of the most alluring faces in screen history. You won't be kept waiting long to see more of it. Warners have bright plans for the lady. Right now she is working with Joel McCrea and Ann Sheridan in *Career Man*.

Certain European imports have left us a little bored with the product. We've grown weary of exotics and mystery women, behind whose beautiful masks lies emptiness. Don't let any such prejudice scare you away from Lya Lys. In addition to good looks, she has good sense, good manners, good brains and a good circulation. The last-named is more important than it sounds, since it makes for vitality instead of languor. She has honesty and humor. She has a heart. She comes to us with the reputation of an actress, established in foreign fields. You'll like her on the basis of all these facts and none the less by reason of a delicious figure, a mop of bronze curls, a pair of variable blue-gray eyes and a smile that can be seductive or pleasantly frank as suits the occasion.

She was born Natalia Lyecht, in Berlin, of Russian parents. Berlin was an accident. Her father, now dead, was a banker whose business took him here and there. Her mother had taken her medical degree in Germany just before she married.

Natalia's school years were spent in France, and her great dream was to be a criminal lawyer. She doted on the vision of her future self making an impassioned plea before judge and jury. She feels now that it was the actress in her coming out. The thought of acting, itself, would never have entered her head unbidden. She had been brought up in the formal Russian tradition. You never, for instance, addressed your stately grandmother until she had first addressed you. You never came late for a meal and if you did, by so much as two minutes, the dining-room door was closed to you.

[*Continued on page* 60]

Katharine Aldridge, who has modeled for leading advertisers and photographers, makes debut in 20th-Fox's *Hotel for Women*

Patricia Morison of the gorgeous figure is only 21. Grabbed from NY stage for *Persons in Hiding* and *Magnificent Fraud.* Stay, Pat!

This Is Hollywood

■ Pet pastime in Hollywood is trying to think up a new smart-crack about Hollywood. Latest think-up is Ken Murray's. He says:

"Hollywood is a place where you spend more than you make on things you don't need to impress people you don't like."

Should Count Sheep

■ "H-M!" Note:

Gene Markey, who just married Hedy Lamarr, complains that he doesn't sleep well, nights.

Hi Yo Silva!

■ Bet you a hundred to one that by the time you see Elisabeth Bergner's new film, *Stolen Life*, they will have eliminated the scene wherein she flees from her lover, while he pursues her, tragically calling her screen-name—"Silva, Silva . . . !"

—because every time it's been shown so far, the audience, as practically one man, rises and yells:

"Silva, Silva, HI YO SILVA . . . ! ! !"

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

The "Oomph" girl, Ann Sheridan, and Richard Carlson, have romantic roles in *Winter Carnival.* With Bob, Doug, Ty out of circulation, movie gals pursue Dick

Lana Turner, than whom there is no whomer when it comes to displaying nifty figures, sets off an evening gown as only Lana can. She's being groomed for leads

Joan Puts on a Show

■ When you go to a movie, and Joan Crawford's in the *audience*, you get double your money's worth. That's always been axiomatic in Hollywood; it's doubly so since Joan is a free woman in circulation again. Don't know why it is, but single-ness always seems to intensify the more—hum—exhibitionistic traits in the Crawford make-up—

Anyway, when she goes to a movie, Joan just *can't* keep still. She's always ad-libbing, out loud, words of warning and advice to the characters on the screen. Just the other night, at the preview of *The Hardy's Ride High*, Joan out-drama-ed the movie itself, stole the show! "No, no! DON'T burn them!" she shrieked as *Judge Hardy* was about to destroy the pa-a-a-apers. And when he changed his mind, and didn't burn them, she sighed deeply and almost howled: "Oh, I'm SOOOOOO relieved!"

Also at non-previews, Joan gives a show. At a neighborhood movie, she yelled at Ty Power's screen shadow, as he was about [*Continued on page 72*]

Score a come-back for Steffi Duna, who, in ***The Magnificent Fraud***, goes into her dance. The former ***La Cucaracha*** girl steals the show

Joe Di Maggio, Yank's star outfielder, is as clever in capturing goodlookers as he is in capturing flies. Her name's Dorothy Arnold

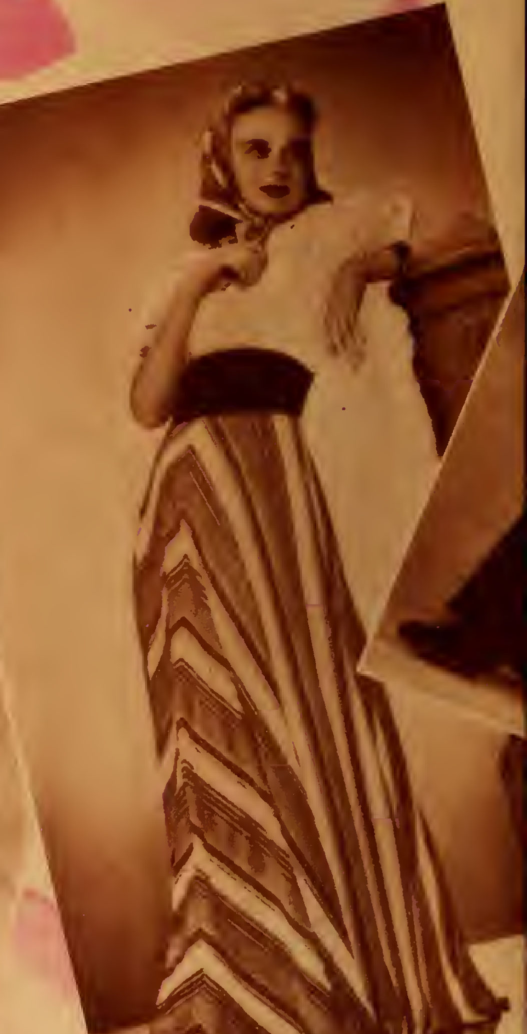
HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

All of Bill Powell's friends (they are legion) are happy to see him recovering his health and looking so well. With buddy, Dick Barthelmess, he watches a ball game

And when it comes to figures don't overlook Lucille Ball, who also is headed for stardom. She has made seven pictures in a row—the last being *Five Came Back*

Love Match



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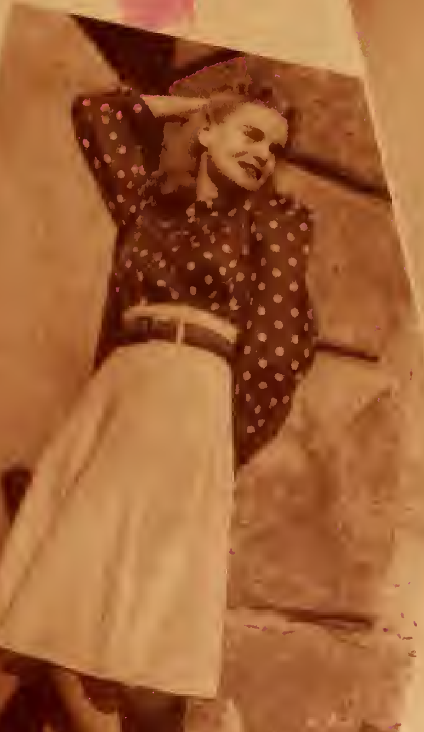

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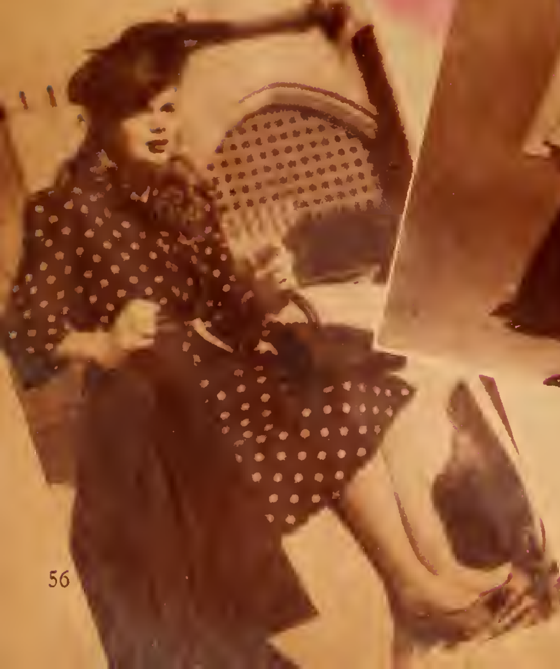
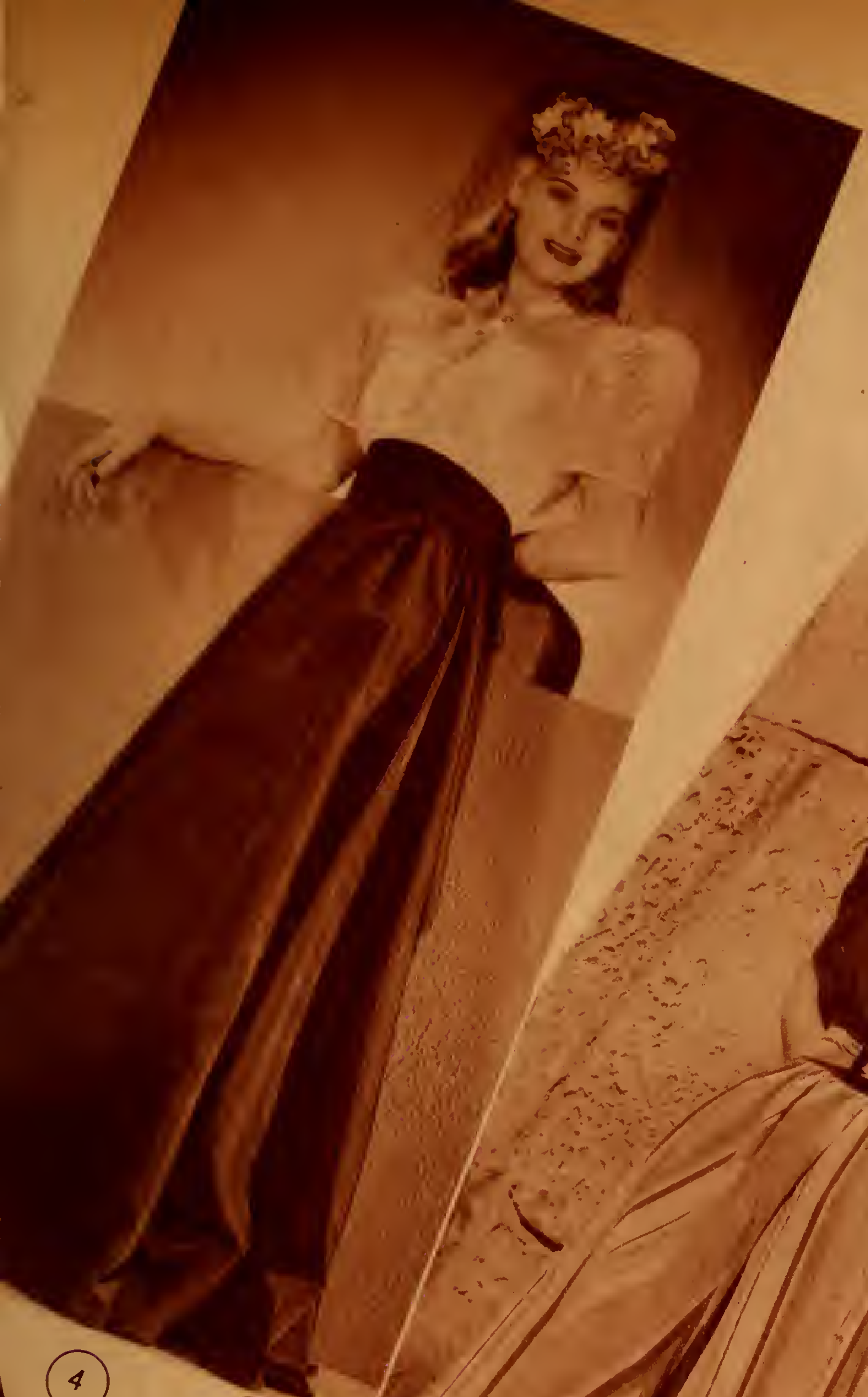


1

You'll be seeing lots of dots before your eyes this summer—like Marie Wilson's redingote of brown and white polka dots (1). A love match is Marie's shirtwaist dress (2). Blouse of navy and white polka dots—high-waisted, gored skirt of natural linen. The night is particularly conducive to love matches. Marie's dinner dress (3) has a white jersey top and red, white and black diagonally striped jersey, forms the skirt

Another after dark love match is Marie's dinner dress (4). White embroidered organdie tops a full black taffeta skirt. Marie's skirt and blouse dress (5) seem made for each other. The top is navy blue linen, the gathered-on skirt is of yellow, white, tangerine, French blue and black striped seersucker. Soft pink taffeta with splashes of rose, yellow and black fashions Marie's evening dress (6). The bouffant skirt, basque waist meet at the natural waistline. *Waterfront* is Marie's next



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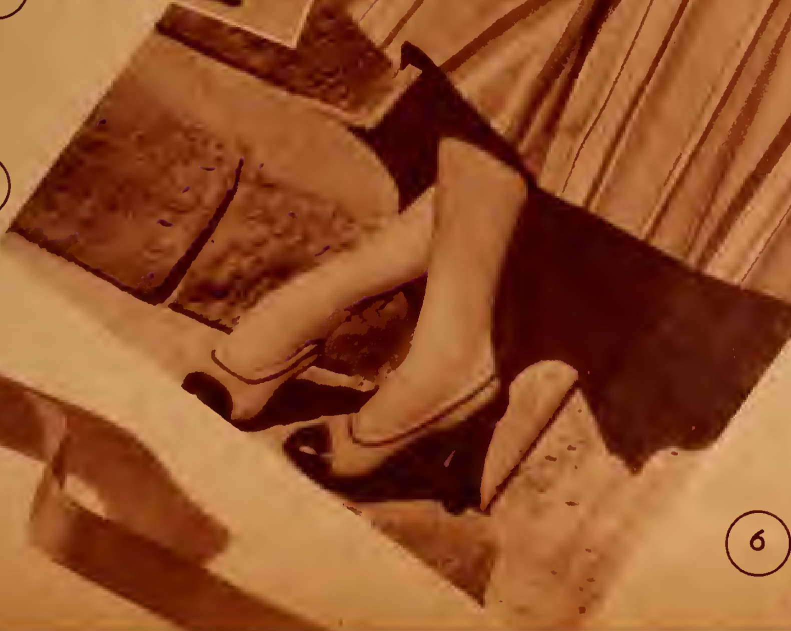

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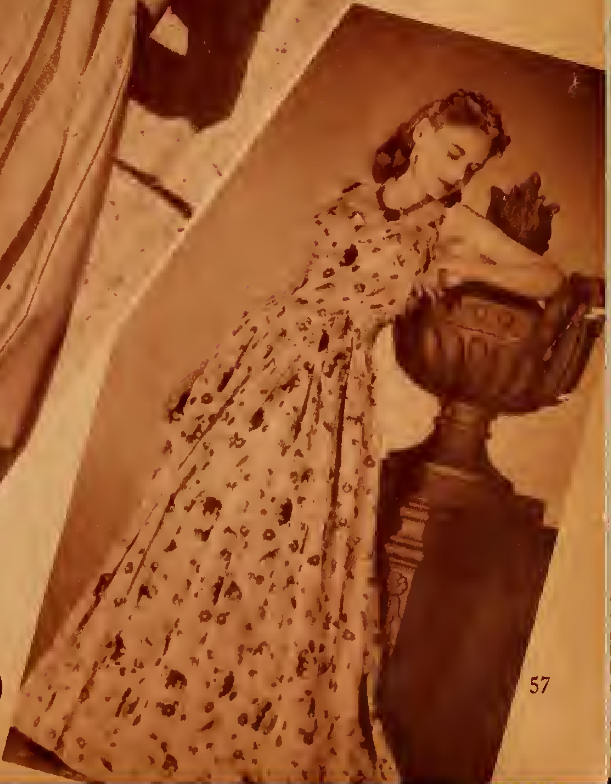


⑥

A STAR BEFORE HE STARTED!

AFTER THE STUDIO TOOK 200 TESTS THE PAST YEAR TO FIND A "GOLDEN BOY" THEY GRABBED AMATEUR ACTOR WILLIAM HOLDEN. HE MADE GOOD FROM THE START

By

E. J. SMITHSON

FOR a young man who has but recently been lifted from screen obscurity to screen fame with all the dynamic suddenness of a FLASH! by Walter Winchell, Bill Holden, the South Pasadena choir boy, is certainly cool, calm, and collected as he goes through his acting chores in *Golden Boy*.

We've watched him perform before the cameras since shooting started and we have yet to see him exhibit the slightest trace of nervousness—even in the most difficult of scenes. Usually, when an unknown is spotted in such a costly production as *Golden Boy*, he is as jittery as a rubber-legged "rug cutter" trying to keep up with a swing band. But not the broad-shouldered, black-haired, sharp-eyed, good-humored Bill Holden.

Talking to him you begin to wonder whether or not he realizes what a golden opportunity for fame and fortune this *Golden Boy* role offers. Maybe he'll admit "I'm lucky to get the part," and then again maybe he won't. He's more apt to switch the conversation to boxing, baseball, and track, the three sports at which he is particularly adept.

Maybe this indifference to the importance of his role is a pose. He's no dumb bunny, by any manner of means. Being an all-around athlete who has trained since school days, learning how to keep his nerves under control, no doubt he employs this "off-stage" air of indifference as a means to take everything in stride.

"Bill is as nonchalant," says Adolphe Menjou, who plays the fight manager role in the picture, "as the guy on the high wire in the circus. We've been shooting twelve days, now, and in all that time I haven't been able to steal a scene. There ought to be a law!"

That's high praise, indeed, from an old trouper like Menjou who refuses to count that movie day well done unless he's walked away with a scene or two that [*Continued on page 73*]

What Makes Bob Montgomery Click?

[*Continued from page* 33]

neatly endowed by nature with certain charm and ability that by his own individuality, he quickly achieved movie stardom and all it brings with it—plenty of money, and power, and position; fine homes; the best things in life. And a bank account so healthy that any soap-box orator would point him out as a horrible specimen of Capitalism.

And yet, this very Bob Montgomery who was born in the upper bracket, and who is still there because of his own abilities, is Hollywood's fiercest and most active and most self-sacrificing crusader for the so-called under-dog—what you might call the "Ill-paid, ill-fed one-third of the Hollywood population!"

Now, don't get scared. Don't skip this, just because you think I'm going off into a sociological tirade. Don't hurry and turn to another section in fear that this'll be another of those insufferable screeds about social injustice and all that. It isn't. All that I'm trying to do is to point out what makes Bob Montgomery click. This is a story about Bob Montgomery, and you can't write a story about Bob Montgomery without writing that the most important thing in his life is his social consciousness, and what he does about it.

TRUE, I could write a lot of twaddle about what he eats for breakfast, what kind of clothes he wears, what his pet name for his wife is, why he drives those fancy cars, and whether or not he mixes his own salad-dressing. That's the usual Hollywood star-story. But you can't apply that technique to a Bob Montgomery story—simply because it'd give an utterly inadequate picture of the guy!

As a matter of fact, from the very beginning—even before he was attacked by this social consciousness of his—Bob Montgomery was one of the hardest story-subjects for Hollywood's writers. I haven't exactly got a long, grey beard, but I've been in Hollywood a long time, writing about its people. Bob's been there a long time, too. And I've probably heard more beefs from my fellow-writers about Bob Montgomery than about any other of Hollywood's "difficult" stars.

"I've got to do a Bob Montgomery story," they'd wail, "God help me!"

It wasn't that Bob wasn't co-operative. He always was and still is. He'll receive you at your whim, he'll talk to you, he'll answer your questions, he'll be utterly charming. And when it's all over, you try to put together what you've collected, and dammit, you haven't got a story. . . . !

For one thing, he's always had whims. At the outset, before he became a crusader, he was a clown. Hi-ho, and a jape or two; a wisecrack and a gag, and what kind of cocktail will you have? Always kidding. Kidding so much that you couldn't get beneath all the froth to find out what ran, down below. Other whims— his fancy automobiles. His house-making. His back-east farm (no "ranch" like these western things, but an old-fashioned York-state FARM, up near Beacon, New York where he lived and played his childhood.) His house-and-farm whim got so violent that he used to play with model houses, building and re-building them in his dressing room, figuring out in advance (like a set-builder makes a miniature first) what he'd build on his own property.

Maybe that's why—because he's had so many whims, from time to time—maybe that's why there's such a persistent proportion of doubters, in Hollywood, about Bob Montgomery's social sincerity. Such there are; no denying that. They observe Bob's activities as No. 1 man of the Actors' Guild; they listen to his perorations about how abused the masses of actors and studio employees are; they contemplate his journeys to Washington to do shining battle for The Cause, and they wink a skeptical eye and utter: "Hooey!"

Then they point to his salary. To his houses. To his savings. To his fancy automobiles. To his aristocratic origin and his aristocratic habits and behavior and poise. And they insist, when you discuss it with them, that Bob Montgomery's crusade for the Hollywood underprivileged is just another whim—just a hobby. They point out that he spends a lot of time and money on it, but hasn't he got a lot of time and money to spend? They say that other people have other hobbies—President Roosevelt collects stamps, and Adolphe Menjou collects wardrobes, and Irene Dunne collects perfumes and so on and so on, and Bob Montgomery collects studio employees' beefs!

Mind you, *I'M* not levelling this charge; I'm only objectively reporting, from Hollywood, what certain Hollywood doubters say about Bob Montgomery. You can take it for what you think it's worth. But I'll also point out this, on the other side:

BOB MONTGOMERY'S past hobbies haven't lasted. This one does last. If it's a hobby, it's an intense and apparently permanent one. He works at it; really works at it. He makes speeches, he works hard and long at his official job in the Actors' Guild; and, as you've read, he makes trips to Washington, at his own expense, to carry on the cause. And he keeps his union dues—guild dues, to be exact—paid up to date.

And all the time, he keeps on being one hell of a swell actor! That, in the final analysis, is the outsanding part of it all. That, even more than his social consciousness and all it carries with it, is the distinguishing thing about Robert Montgomery. After all, there are a lot of social workers, who get so dam' busy at their social work that they stop being good at whatever else they've undertaken. But Bob Montgomery, in all the welter and furore of his crusading, remains one of Hollywood's very finest actors.

He's a much better actor than most people who go to movies realize. He showed a flash of it in *Night Must Fall*, about which you certainly know, for even if you haven't ever seen it, you've heard and read about it. Everybody got so excited about Bob Montgomery showing what an actor he was. It was no surprise to any of us who knew the real Bob. He IS an actor—despite some light roles he's had to play.

Bob has always wanted to play heavy, significant, gutsy stuff. He's known, always, that he could do it. We all know he isn't just another comedian wanting to play *Hamlet*. That's why you discovered how good an actor he was in *Night Must Fall*—in which he had a gutsy role. And made the most of it.

Bob is pretty nearly always fighting for Bob Montgomery, as well as for the extras and grips. But, to get back to the idea, despite all this, he stays fundamentally a good actor, a splendid actor. Which is sufficient for the reason why the fans like Bob Montgomery.

But sooner or later when he gets ready to quit the movies it won't be with a sudden, final burst of his social-consciousness. It'll simply be the fulfillment of his scheme of things. For Bob Montgomery has a definite scheme for himself. He plans to work just a few years more—very few, if possible—and then retire on his earnings, to that farm he's fixed up for himself back in New York State.

He'll turn his back on Hollywood. But not on acting. He'll still try hard to get parts, now and then, with Theatre Guild productions, and things like that—roles he can sink his teeth into, regardless of whether they're box-office or not. And for the rest of the time, he'll be the country gentleman, the squire of the manor, with his hounds and his horses and his hired men. He'll be the living personification of everything that a labor crusader isn't. And when that time comes, the Hollywood skeptics will finally learn whether or not Bob Montgomery's crusading is just another whim or whether he means it. Because that'll be the perfect set-up, then and there, for Bob Montgomery to forget that sort of stuff, and become a reactionary as whole-heartedly as he's liberal now.

As for what it'll be—well, you can write your own ticket and make your own guess.

I DO know this: that today, Bob Montgomery is no more the gagging, clowning, ebullient jackanapes he was when he first hit Hollywood. He is sober-sided, quiet, comparatively unsmiling. If you'll observe, you'll notice that rarely do you see any pictures of him now in the old devil-may-care, grin-on-the-puss pictures that used to flood the prints. Instead, you'll see his modern portraits posed in straight-faced solemnity, with maybe a good book on his lap, and a stodgy pipe in his hand.

This is truly indicative of the change there's been in Bob. It's so definite, so obvious, that Hollywood is asking, now and then, "What's the matter with Bob?" And Hollywood, in its usual suspicious fashion, has wondered if he's got some domestic trouble on his mind. And so, since that's the way Hollywood rumors are born, there's come into being a legend that Bob isn't happy at home.

I know for a fact that he adores his babies—Elizabeth, who's nearly 6, and three-year-old Robert Junior. He's essentially a home-body, despite being a Hollywoodian. Maybe he and Betty do have tiffs. What married folk don't? Bob Montgomery is no exception to the rule—either in the direction of being mawkishly over-happy about his home life, or violently unhappy about it. Neither extreme.

And so, when the year comes—certainly within the next four or five—in which Bob Montgomery will say good-bye to Hollywood, it'll most certainly be Betty who'll go with him, back to his New York farm, with the youngsters, and his savings, and his love for the easy things of life and living.

And Bob will settle down. He'll do a bit of acting, and a bit of writing. He'll breed horses and raise potatoes. He'll live a quiet, pleasant, aristocratic sort of life. And will he still put on his shining armor and ride to battle for the underdog against the over-privileged classes and economic royalists? Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe he won't have to bother about it any more, by that time. Maybe, between him and FDR, there won't be any underprivileged underdogs for him to fight for, any more.

Confessions of a New American

[*Continued from page 53*]

If it had ever occurred to Natalia to suggest a theatrical career, her family would doubtless have sent for the doctor.

It must be said, however, that her conventional upbringing affected only the surface of her life. As the only child of a wealthy household, with beauty and charm, she managed to get her way in most things. There were no major clashes, because for a time her way was their way. Her parents didn't mind her going to law school. It afforded an outlet for her exuberant energy. If she was wilful, she was also sweet and affectionate—and a little temperament made a girl interesting. She'd marry early, the pretty dear, and settle down.

WHICH she might have done, if an autograph hunter hadn't taken the same train on which she was returning to Paris from a Monte Carlo vacation. She declares that the whole thing happened "because I was wearing a little cute velvet suit and my hair was all curly on top."

In the dining-car she became aware of voices at the table behind her. "Don't be stupid," a man was saying.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, she is, she is, she is—" the woman's voice rose on a note of fevered insistence.

Eventually a browbeaten husband appeared at her elbow. "Mademoiselle, I beg your pardon. My wife is very fond of collecting the autographs of actresses, and would be charmed to have yours."

"Don't be silly," said the forthright Natalia. "I'm not an actress."

Next moment she was asking herself: "Why shouldn't I be?" It was as if a switch had been turned abruptly, flooding the future with a new radiance which grew more dazzling, the longer she contemplated it.

Never one to lose time in weighing issues, she resolved to stage a preview. Arrived in Paris, she invested in a white backless evening gown with a long train, and wore it to a party. Looking very chic and rather daring, with her blond hair piled atop her head and her skin bronzed by the Riviera sunlight, she maneuvered herself into the way of a film producer. "And who are you, young lady?"

"I'm an actress."

"Nonsense!" Natalia turned to find her mother beside her. "You must excuse the child, monsieur. She likes to dramatize herself. She is *not* an actress." And to her daughter, when the gentleman had melted courteously away, "Go home and go to bed and go to school and don't be silly."

"But I wanted to be silly," says Miss Lys. "So instead of school, I found out next day the best photographer in town, and he made me some pictures. Then I found out the name of the head of a studio. You must understand that a studio head in Paris, even though being difficult to see—well, still it is nothing to compare with trying to see Mr. Warner or Mr. Zanuck or Mr. Mayer. So I went boldly to the office and inquired for him.

"The man said: 'What do you wish to see him for?'

"I said: 'That happens to be not your business.'

"He said: 'You cannot see him.'

"I said: 'I absolutely will see him.'

"He said: 'Go away.'

"Now, no for an answer is something I would not admit, so the argument became violent. On the desk was a pile of pictures and accidentally they fell in the excitement. The man became furious and wished to throw me out. Suddenly a door opens and enters an old man. 'What is all this noise?' he said. 'What is it you want, my child?'

"If there was a thing I despised, it was to be called 'my child.' I said: 'I am not your child and I wish to see Mr.—Nevermind.'

"He said: 'I am Mr. Nevermind. Come in.'"

She explained her errand, and he asked her what experience she'd had.

"None, except I have all that one ought to have to be an actress," she admitted with the superb arrogance of youth. ("Please," she begged as she told the story, "make it understood that I was very young and very, very foolish.")

When the old gentleman asked for her name, she had it all ready. Lyecht lacked glamor, besides she wanted no family rumpus on the subject. So she'd lopped off the last three letters of Natalia, substituting *y* for *i* and added Lys for alliterative effect.

She and Mr. Nevermind parted on pacific terms. He promised that she should hear from him shortly. She marched grandly past her foe in the outer office and went home to tell her family what had happened. "You will not hear from that gentleman again," said her mother, "and very good, too." A month later she received a wire, telling her to report for work.

"'So now I am a star,' I thought, and away I went. The least I expected to find was a private dressing-room with flowers all around, and a private maid and people bowing from all sides. What did I find? An old woman who looked like a witch and said, 'Go in there!' A man who threw grease-paint on my face and a wig on my head and a costume I am supposed to catch with two fingers. I am an extra, I find to my horror, among three hundred others."

She went up to someone who looked like the boss. "This doesn't suit me a bit," she informed him.

He looked her up and down, and turned on his heel with the French equivalent of "take it or leave it."

The fact that she was selected in the course of the morning for a medium shot with the leading man did little too soothe her wounded ego. Luncheon was called. "All extras keep their wigs on. Anyone who removes her wig will be barred from the stage," someone bawled.

THIS was all Lya needed. "*I* happen to have a headache," she bawled back. "I will *not* keep my wig on."

"Then you will not return, mademoiselle, and you will not receive your check."

"The devil take your check!" She tore her wig off and flung it to the ground. "I can buy your whole studio and twenty like it," and off she sailed, the winnah!

Her mother was pleased, though not surprised, to hear that she was forever through with acting. Six months later she was acting again—not as an extra, this time. She'd been summoned by a producer who had seen that medium shot and heard her story.

"Well, young lady, have you lost your violent disposition? Or can you still act?"

"Take a test and find out," she advised him, still unsubdued. He did and gave her a bit in a Duvivier picture, in which Francis Lederer was appearing.

From there she went on to leads, after which Metro brought her to Hollywood for French versions. Back to Paris, then back to America to play in the road show of *Night of January 16th.* **From her viewpoint, the most important thing that happened to her in America was that she fell passionately in love with it, and applied for citizenship. "You who have always lived here," she cries, "you don't know, because you have never lived in a not free country. Here you can breathe, you can talk without whispering, you can walk without looking over your shoulder. To you that is all natural. Myself, I have not known the worst of Europe as it is today, but I know enough so that this is the only country I ever want to live in again."**

She was in Paris last fall when the war clouds gathered. Determined to quit the continent permanently for her adopted country, she was panic-stricken to find she could get no steamer accommodations. Eventually some American friends suggested that she travel north and take a Scandinavian liner. Holland would admit no one who couldn't show a ticket for America. That meant she would have to pass through Germany, and she'd already had her little tilt with Germany. An offer had been made her to appear in Nazi propaganda films. Another actress might have said no and let it go at that. Lya said no with trimmings, expressing herself freely on the subject of "that man and his horrible cause."

BENT on reaching America, she felt herself sufficiently protected by her citizenship papers to take the risk. All went well till she reached Hamburg. There a group of uniformed men escorted her from the train. Her baggage was searched in what she describes as a "rude and ruthless way. They threw around my lingerie, and nothing enrages me more than to have my personal things interfered with. So I told them what I thought."

Eventually the aunt who was traveling with her, managed to get close enough to whisper fiercely: "For God's sake, Lya, shut up, or you'll end in a concentration camp."

Lya subsided. The authorities held her in technical custody for six days on the ground that her visa was not in order. At length she was released and secured passage to New York on a Norwegian freighter.

Warners signed her for the spy picture and gave her a long-term contract on the strength of those scenes which the public will never see. As I said before, though, you can't get Lya to mourn over her face on the cutting-room floor.

"It was an honor to take part, if only for a little minute. Everybody felt the same way. Germans who are against Hitler's regime begged for some tiny bit. We all received threatening letters but nobody cared. They all wanted with all their hearts that the picture should be made. What does it matter, who was in it or not? What matters is only if it will do a little good."

Her mother, well-known as a pediatrician in Paris, remains unreconciled to her profession. Her aunt thinks it's all right.

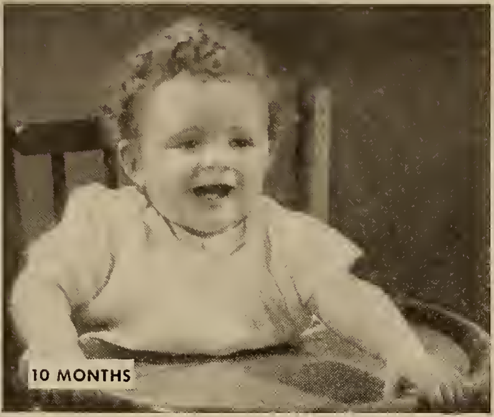
She lives with her aunt in a Hollywood apartment, has been married and divorced, and prefers to talk about neither. Her favorite sport is to climb under a car and tinker with its entrails. She hopes to have enough money in a year or two to build a car in Indianapolis and enter it in the auto races. Meantime she's so happy that it frightens her. Conscious of the world's misery, she feels that nobody's entitled to all she's received.

Diana's record would delight any Mother!

First Year: SPLENDID START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS

"With doctors approving Clapp's so heartily," Diana Dann's mother says, "of course Clapp's Foods were the choice for my baby. And she loved them—right from the first.

"You know, the Clapp people have worked with doctors 18 years. They were first to make baby foods, and they're the only large company that makes nothing else! So they're experts!"



"Diana just growed, like Topsy," Mrs. Dann says. "But oh, *how* she growed! She gained a pound a month regularly, and when this photo was taken, she was starting to walk.

"One look, and you knew she was getting plenty of vitamins and minerals. And for a baby girl, she had the healthiest little appetite you ever saw!"

17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Toddler Years: PICTURE OF HEALTH...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS

"She never had to be coaxed to eat. Not even when the time came for coarser foods—babies often get notional then, but not she!

"We promoted her from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods and she loved them right off. Of course, the flavors were so good and so much like the Strained, that was why. And no lumps or stems, as you're bound to have sometimes in foods cooked at home!"

"There's so much variety in Clapp's! Diana gets 11 kinds of Chopped Foods. And when she has one of those new Junior Dinners that combine meat and vegetables and cereals—why, it's almost a meal in itself.

"Yes, she's really very well-built—she rides a pony and she can swim. She's real proof that if you want to do a perfect job of baby-feeding, it pays to insist on Clapp's!"

11 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup—Vegetable Soup

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Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Dunne Up Beautifully

[*Continued from page 6*]

can make that look like a respectable brow. Use brown mascara if you're a blonde or light brunette, black if your hair is dark. Brush it on with short, quick strokes—that gives the appearance of hairlines even where there is no hair to speak of! It's a good idea, when shaping your brow, to follow the curve your eyelashes make when the eye is wide open—then it fits your face. And be sure, when buying mascara, to choose one that goes on smoothly, evenly, and won't bead the lashes or run.

I'll be glad to give you the name of a mascara I've been using with great success for years. It comes in either cake or cream form, in black, brown, and a lovely blue that is gorgeous for evening wear. It's waterproof and tear-proof, it contains the purest ingredients, and can't harm your eyes even if you do get a speck in them when darkening your lashes. Both the cake and cream types are creamy and smooth, and go on like a dream. The brush is a generous size, and just the right shape for brushing mascara on the lashes, darkening brows, or separating lashes into a sooty fringe for your eyes. A sample size costs 10 cents—want the name?

IF YOUR eyes are of medium size, and spaced like Irene Dunne's, follow her method of applying shadow more heavily at the corners, with a highlight over the center of the eye. Apply shadow more generously at the outer corner for close-set eyes, at the inner corner for too widely spaced ones. If you're troubled by prominent eyes like Bette Davis', use shadow over the entire upper lid to make them appear less protruding, just the opposite if your eyes are deep-set. Shadow over the entire lid would make *them* appear sunken and hollow. Your cue is to apply shadow in a fine line along the rim of the upper lid. A tiny paint brush is grand for this—and so is the blunt end of an orange stick. Then blend this line to an even, faint shadow with your little finger tip, still keeping the shadow close to the rim. That makes your eyes look larger. A bit of transparent eye cream or shadow applied over the rest of the lid will highlight it and give it a sheen.

Eyeshadow should be creamy enough to spread easily, without pulling the tender skin of the eyelid. And you should choose it to harmonize with your eyes (repeating the color of the eye on the eyelid makes your eyes seem larger) or with the gown you're wearing. Blue and violet shadows look especially well on blue-eyed girls. The girl with changeable hazel eyes can switch from blue, to green, to brown—and have her eyes follow color! And of course the dark-eyed beauty will look her best in brown or green shadow.

A favorite shadow of mine is inexpensive enough so that you can afford two or three shades, and vary them with your mood or costume. It's creamy, spreads easily, and makes your eyes reflect its own gleam! It comes in blue, grey, blue-grey, violet, brown and green—and if that's not enough of a color scheme for you, you might do as I did the other day. I was wearing a turquoise suit—and I wanted my eyelids to match, so that my eyes would reflect that gudgeous blue-green. So I mixed a tiny bit of the blue shadow with the green, all in the palm of my hand, then applied this to the lids. Everybody thought the effect was pretty entrancing! Ten cents for each shadow. They come in convenient screw top cases that are mighty easy on long fingernails!

THE next big improvement in Irene's face is her mouth make-up. She used to follow the natural line of that narrow cupid's bow when applying lipstick, which was all wrong, because it made her lips look tight and school-marmish. That firm chin of hers demanded a larger, fuller mouth for balance. If you'll look very closely at the second picture you'll see how Irene now rounds out the curves of her lips with lipstick. She starts with her own bow, in the middle, then carries the color up and out in a wide, sweeping curve, and then ends on a fairly sharp down line at the corner of the mouth. The lipstick is carried just below the natural line in the center of the lower lip, then curved slightly up (the color still going beyond her own lip) till it meets the corners of the upper lip exactly. In that way, the mouth looks larger, more generous, more curved, the corners aren't lost completely as they were before.

Of course it takes a steady hand to remodel a mouth—but you can do it! Experiment first to discover how yours looks best—then stick to it. Don't be old-fashioned about widening out a narrow mouth, filling in new curves, or choosing a dramatic new shade of lipstick. It's smart today to have three or four shades, and to select them just as you would any other accessory—to match or harmonize with your clothes. Try wearing a delicate blue pink shade with pastel colors, and with little girl pinks and blues. Wear a brilliant, flashing red shade to contrast vividly with blacks and navy, or with yellow, chartreuse and cactus greens. Go over on the blue side with a plum-red lipstick when you wear purple, fuchsia or violet shades. And you won't bankrupt yourself, because I'll be glad to tell you of an excellent lipstick, priced at only a dime, that comes in those three fashionable shades. It's of a smooth, creamy quality, but lasting, too. I found it would stay on for hours when I applied it generously, let it dry, then blotted off the excess with tissues. It's sure to be sold in your town, so do write me for the name. It's the best beauty bargain I know about!

EVEN Irene Dunne's skin seems to have improved since that first picture! It looks finer, clearer, smoother. That's partly because she takes such good care of it, and partly because foundation creams and lotions have been so improved in the last years. For instance, there's a fairly new powder base that I discovered last summer. It comes in a wedge-shaped stick that you dab on your cheeks, chin, forehead, nose and throat, just as you'd use a lipstick. You'll find it creamy and easy to blend with your fingertips, even though it has body enough to hide freckles, occasional blemishes, and under-eye circles from the night before. The foundation contains an ingredient that doctors have long used in the care of blemished skin, so you can feel free to use it to hide an unexpected blossom. It comes in four skin shades, and there's a ten-cent size of each. Interested?

I've always been partial to cream rouge because it gives such a natural looking blush and is so permanent. But usually when I mention it my friends pooh-pooh the idea saying they can't learn to apply it and don't like to get their fingers messy. I have the answer for them now. It's a cream type rouge in the same wedge-stick form as the powder base. It is as easy spreading and long lasting as cream rouge—yet it's so simple to apply. I find it easiest to use the stick to draw a light triangle on each cheek, and then blend the edges with a tissue. Remember, if your face is wide, point the tips of the triangles in toward the nose, straight down if your face is oval, and out toward the earlobes if your face is narrow. Smile while blending the rouge—that helps to keep the color on the rounded portion of your cheeks. Three shades for your selection, and a dime buys any one.

And did you notice how much more becoming those two new hairstyles are than the short full bob Irene used to wear? That was chopped off too squarely at the earline—it made her seem all chin. The wisps at the side of the forehead obscured that nice hairline, made her forehead look too narrow for the lower part of her face. And the hair itself looked dry and lustreless. Today Irene has her choice of two attractive hairstyles. For the casual daytime style her hair is waved softly away from her face, leaving her brow exposed. The loose curls of the chin-length bob soften the jawline. For evening, she brushes the hair up at the sides, off the face, and forms it into a mass of ringlets from the temple up. This builds up and widens the top of her head, gives a more oval appearance to her face, and minimizes a strong chin. The baby curls are smart and young looking. What's more, every hair on her head gleams as though it had been polished.

It has been. Irene Dunne, like every movie actress I've ever met, spends long hours brushing her hair. She washes it once a week when she's not at the studio, oftener when she is making a picture.

If you'd like to make your hair as gleaming bright as Miss Dunne's, why not try a shampoo that brings out all the glittering highlights? I can recommend two. The first accents the gold in your hair; the other adds sheen and lustre to auburn hair, brings out the reddish depths in brown hair. Both shampoos are made of the finest castile soap, and can be depended on to cleanse the scalp and hair thoroughly. A package containing two shampoos (they're in powder form, and easy to use) costs a mere dime. Want the name?

Wearing your hair in one of the new baby curl cuts, or the romantic high hair-do? Then you'll be glad to hear of a new curling lacquer that holds curls in place through thick and thin, without giving them a stiff look or feeling. It's grand for keeping scolding locks at the nape of the neck in place and for training soft hair around the temples. Comb the transparent liquid through your hair, then set it in ringlets. If you prefer, you can set the hair first, then spray the liquid on with an atomizer. Another dime buys it.

Write me before August 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products described in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with U. S. Postage, please) for my reply. Send your request to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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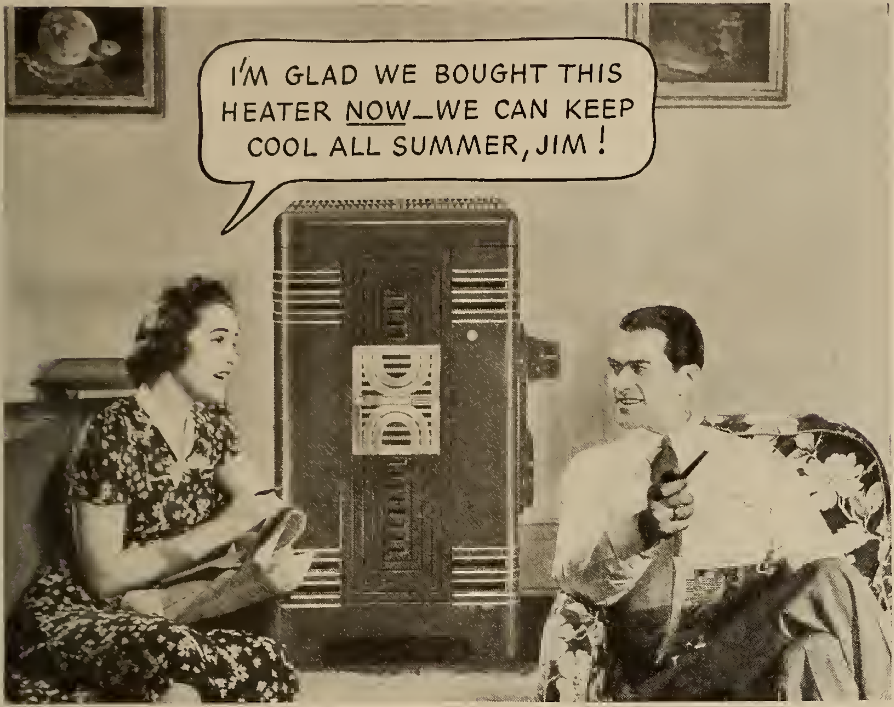
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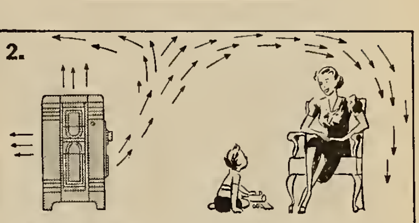
2.



Plenty of heat in the winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air* will drive heat to every corner! No more hot ceilings and cold floors! You get uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort!

IN WINTER, DUO-THERM GIVES "FLOOR-TO-CEILING" COMFORT!

COMPARE THESE RESULTS:

TOO HOT HERE	95°
WARM HERE	79°
COLD HERE	62°

Ordinary heaters—send heat *up*—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)

WARM HERE	80°
WARM HERE	72°
WARM HERE	70°

Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it down—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

Buy now! Pay only 10% down . . . no more till October 1st!

IF YOU'VE been struggling with an old-fashioned heater—why not enjoy the clean, silent, dirt-free, trouble-free heat this new Duo-Therm can give you?

Turn the dial on front! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives *regulated* heat—and *more* of it per gallon of cheap fuel oil! Open the radiant door—and out pours a warming flood of *extra* heat!

This new Duo-Therm does everything an ordinary heater can—and gives you the EXTRA, year-round comfort of the sensational new *POWER-AIR!*

The greatest new development in heaters! On scorching days, Duo-Therm's *Power-Air* pours out a 27-mile-an-hour breeze to circulate comfort and help keep you cool!

And when it's so cold that snow squeaks underfoot, *Power-Air* drives heat into corners—keeps floors warm—circulates heat faster, better all through your house!

More uses for Power-Air! You can direct *Power-Air* up, down, right, left—anywhere! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothes, laundry. Women can dry their hair.

And *Power-Air* costs little to run! It takes no more current than a 60-watt lamp!

Costs no more than other heaters! Even with the amazing new *Power-Air*, you pay no more for a Duo-Therm! Why not enjoy *Power-Air* this summer—now? Your down payment is no more than you'd pay for an electric fan—you pay no more till October—and you'll have greater comfort this winter than a heater ever gave before!

There are many handsome models—designed to heat from 1 to 6 rooms. See them at your dealer's—or tear out the coupon and mail it—today!

*Patent applied for

New "Year-Round"

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. MP-98, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Send me all the facts on the new "year-round" Duo-Therm!

Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________ *County* ____________
State ____________________

Condemned Women

[*Continued from page* 31]

has, perhaps, suffered most in her twenty years as the wife of Leslie Howard. Coming out of a New York theatre where her husband was starring in *Animal Kingdom*, Mrs. Howard found herself in a group of acquaintances for a between-acts chat. Suddenly one of the women, unknown to Ruth Howard, turned to her and sighed:

"Isn't that Leslie Howard the most charming man you've ever laid eyes on? It isn't any wonder women adore him, is it?"

"No, it really isn't," Mrs. Howard agreed.

"But, my dear," went on the stranger, "they say his wife is impossible. A perfectly dreadful woman, take my word for it. Or do you know her?"

"Yes, oh, yes, I know her very well. And she does have her faults, too, I know." Mrs. Howard agreed. "But what has she done now?"

"Oh, everything. Drags her husband away from parties, or keeps him away altogether. She's just impossible."

"You know, I don't agree with you," Mrs. Howard smiled. "She really isn't that sort at all. It's such women as you who condemn and misjudge on hearsay that creates so much unhappiness in the world."

And Mrs. Howard turned and walked off.

A charming, natural, delightful woman, Ruth Howard has endured, through her own fineness and loyalty, years of harsh judgment. When Mr. Howard's name was incorrectly linked with that of a beautiful actress, the attitude of certain women immediately placed this loyal wife and mother in the role of "The Other Woman" in her husband's life.

THE accusations are not made, we admit, without certain circumstances that would seem to back them up. Most men stars hide behind their wives skirts for protection from too demanding a public.

"Get me away from that party early," they'll beg their wives. "I've got to have rest."

And so along about eleven the wife, as instructed, will prepare to leave and although she may be having a good time herself, she'll insist upon going.

"Oh, please don't take your husband away," the hostess will beg. "He is such an attractive person," and no sooner has the door closed on the star and his wife than the tirade begins.

The lovely Mrs. Gary Cooper knows better than any Hollywood wife the meaning of the word "envy." No bride ever experienced such undeserved criticisms as the former Sandra Shaw. From the honeymoon, a time that most women can look back on with grandest memories, Mrs. Cooper can only recall some of the cruelest moments of her life. To the time when, as a happy bride, she and Gary entered a Phoenix hotel after the ceremony only to have reporters leap at her with the question, "Is it true you're walking out on Gary right here and now?"

There are no words to convey the pain in her eyes or the tight-lipped bitterness in Gary's, as they began their life together with that blessing. Nor did the criticism relent one iota.

At their first party together, shortly after their marriage, Sandra stood acknowledging the greetings of the other guests. A man, known well in Hollywood, ambled up:

"Oh, so you're the new Mrs. Cooper," he said. "Gary's wife, eh? Say, they tell me you wear the pants in the family. Boss Gary and make him do tricks, eh? That's what the women folks out here tell me anyway."

Quietly Mrs. Cooper, her eyes blinded with tears, left the room and the party, her first, for home.

It followed them, the barrage of unkindness on their first vacation, when Florida newspapers headlined an interview with Gary in which Mrs. Cooper was painted as an impatient, demanding wife. And Mrs. Cooper had not even been present at that interview. Nor had the interviewer ever met her.

As she entered the hotel with the newsboys still calling out the story, the eyes of the little telephone girl followed Mrs. Cooper.

"Gee," she sighed, "I feel so sorry for Mrs. Cooper. Why can't the world give her just a little break?"

Nor as the years have rolled along with Gary and Sandra still in love, has the unkindness abated. Only recently the world read through newspaper columns the story that grew from mere whispers in Hollywood to printed bombshells all over the United States that Sandra Shaw was said to have boasted how delightfully she and Gary had been entertained by a high Nazi official while in Europe.

I could see, once again, the bewildering pain in Sandra Cooper's eyes, the whiteness of Gary's face, as these lies were magnified and repeated. I could sense, from my corner of Hollywood, their suffering at the deliberate misinformation and could scarcely resist the cry of, "Please no. Turn your barbs elsewhere if you must be unkind, but let these two people who ask only the chance to live happily together, alone for just a little while, at least."

THERE seems to be no forgiving of any small weakness a Hollywood wife may have in a world where all humanity seeks to forgive and forget its own many frailties. The Hollywood wife may have *none*. Is forgiven none. Not even their physical weaknesses, their bodily ailments over which they have the slightest control is forgiven the wife of a picture star.

"Oh, well," a woman shrugged as the announcements of the Wallace Beery divorce was discussed, "Rita was always ill. What can you expect. She was certainly no companion for Wally."

Her bravery in times of illness, her efforts to participate in her husband's affairs, in managing their home together, were completely ignored.

The fault was Rita's and Rita's alone, and must be borne alone.

It's the husbands, the stars themselves, who are the bitterest at the injustice done their wives.

"If we resorted to physical violence, we'd land in the headlines. If we shut ourselves up in our homes we'd only lay ourselves open to more criticism. There doesn't seem to be a darn thing to do but grin and bear it, no matter how it hurts," a star said.

Sometimes it's only a vague, meaningless bit of gossip that is bandied about the heads of these women to be shrugged away, but often it can be a deep, intentional hurt.

Mrs. Warren William once told me of an experience she and her husband underwent at the hands of this latter type of home-wrecker. Mr. William walked into his wife's sitting-room one day and handed her a letter. "My darling Warren, I can't tell you how happy I was to be with you Thursday night, and I am looking forward to our next meeting," the letter began.

"I think, my dear," said Mr. William, "this letter was really meant for you to see. So I'm giving it to you now." The letter was signed with a woman's name unfamiliar to either Warren or his wife.

"You see, if I hadn't, myself, been with Mr. William on his boat that particular Thursday night (for I seldom am on the boat) there may have been planted in my mind a gem of a suspicion that could have eventually destroyed our happiness. For naturally wives are only human and no matter how much they love and trust, suspicions can creep in."

So you see there are deliberate attempts against a man and woman's happiness together as well as destructive gossip.

NO MARRIAGE can be too deeply rooted in happiness to escape bitterness experienced against a wife. Certainly there is no happier couple in all Hollywood than Paul Muni and his wife; a wife who gladly, willingly gave up her own career to care for her husband and their home. And yet if Mrs. Muni, at her husband's insistence, makes a trip to the set to lend encouragement or support or critical judgment to her husband, the clickety-clack of envious tongues begin.

"Poor Paul Muni. Can't get away from his wife a second. Even follows him to the set."

It's the same old story.

This strange condition isn't without its humorous angle we must admit. For example, there's the empty-headed little vixen who had decided on Florence March, wife of the handsome Freddy, as her particular target.

"But what has Florence been doing," a woman asked.

"Well," cried her accuser, "for one thing, she runs after Freddie. Her own husband. You never saw anything like it."

A bride, Mrs. Wayne Morris, seems to be the newest victim.

"Her money has gone to Wayne's head," is the choice tid-bit that even now is being tossed about from group to group. "She'll cramp his boyish appeal. He'll lose out with the fans."

"Poor little Mrs. Morris," the unprofessional wife of a seasoned actor said to me. "I don't know her. Never saw her in fact, but I do pity her with all my heart. I wonder if she knew just what she was in for when she married a Hollywood actor? I wonder if she would have gone through with it if she had dreamed?"

"Would you?" we boldly asked. "Would the others, had they known?"

She looked at me a long moment. "I'd gladly go through it all again, as heartbreaking and as needlessly cruel as it has seemed at times. I'm sure the others would, too. Everyone of them."

So for those gallant women who live a double life of love and hurt, happiness and unkindness through no fault of theirs or their husbands, to these "other women" in their husband's lives, let's give praise and prayers that there may soon come a day when we all remember the golden rule of life. To do unto others as we would that they should do to us.

Goodbye, High Salaries!

[*Continued from page* 51]

are as big as their salaries are small.

Every studio is doing it. They aren't looking for new stars, just for the sake of having new stars. They're looking for bargains.

Consider David Selznick's long search to find an unknown to play *Scarlett O'Hara*.

He could have secured any feminine star in Hollywood. The press-agent of one even went so far as to announce that she had won it. But Selznick didn't want any established star as *Scarlett*. For three reasons:

(1) No star exactly fitted Margaret Mitchell's description of her heroine. This reason, so often cited, doesn't mean so much. Hollywood magicians—make-up men, hairdressers and costumers—could have made almost any star look the part.

(2) Selznick knew that it would take six months to produce *Gone With the Wind*. It would cost so much that it would probably never show a profit. He had to consider how to cut down his losses. The public demanded Clark Gable, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland—all high-priced stars—in three of the top roles. But the public couldn't agree on whom it wanted as *Scarlett*. If he could find an unknown capable of playing the part, people would rush to see her out of curiosity. And, meanwhile, he would save at least $100,000—the difference between her salary and an established star's.

(3) Any unknown, playing the part of *Scarlett*, would automatically become famous—a star. Putting her in other pictures later, he could recoup his losses on *Gone With the Wind*. Later pictures wouldn't cost as much to produce. And he would have a big drawing attraction at a comparatively small salary.

Vivien Leigh didn't get the most-sought-after role in screen history simply because she looked the part—as the press-agents would have you believe. She didn't get it in spite of the fact that she was virtually unknown in America. She got it *because* she was unknown, while having looks and talent. She was a bargain.

Columbia handed the title role *Golden Boy* to someone the public had never heard of before—William Holden. Columbia could have secured any male star in Hollywood for the role. Dozens of them wanted it. But Columbia wanted none of them.

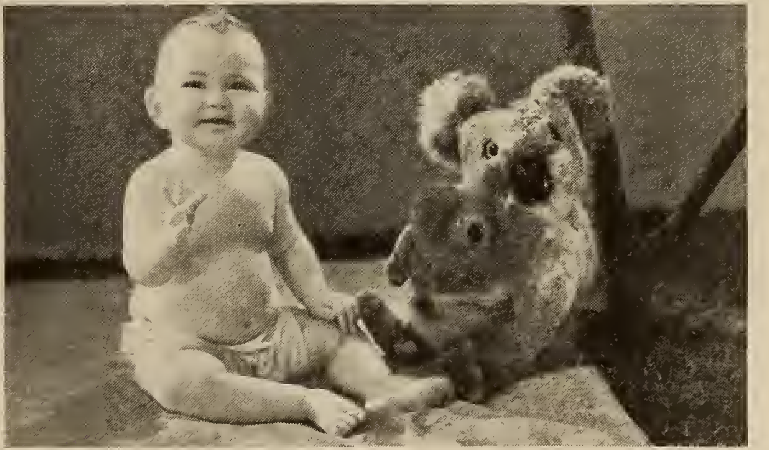
THE movie rights to *Golden Boy* had cost as much as an entire B picture. It demanded a fine cast. Its production costs would be high. Whether or not it ever showed a profit would depend largely on who played the title role. If the studio hired a big name, at a big price, it would be gambling on his popularity to pull the picture out of the red. On the other hand, if it could find an unknown for the part, his salary would be so low in comparison that several million fewer people would have to see the picture before it showed a profit. Columbia thought this was a better gamble. Especially since the role would automatically make an unknown famous—a star. His future pictures should be highly profitable. He would be a big attraction at a cost of only a few hundred dollars a week. Whereas most stars cost thousands.

Hedy Lamarr still is a bargain. Walter Wanger got her for $500 a week for *Algiers*. She lured millions of people to the picture,

[*Continued on page* 67]

"It's all very queer, Mrs. Koala. I thought your baby was going to be the hardest worker in your family—hitching up trees like a house a-fire to gather bark for dinner. And now all he does is sit and whimper! What ails him?"

"H'm-m. So he's chafed and all over prickly heat . . .Yes, scuffing up and down tree trunks all day in this weather must have its seamy side. Dear—dear—we ought to fix it *some* way, so a fellow can earn his daily bark!"



"But how simple!... Johnson's Baby Powder, of course! Come out of your mother's pocket, pal, and buck up! That soft, smooth, downy powder will cool you off and take you a-sailing over all life's rough spots!"

"I knew you'd like it! Johnson's is made of extra-fine talc—and no orris-root, either. And it's such an inexpensive way to keep a baby cheered up!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

How ONE star was made

"Central casting office calling. Miss La Due to report to Mr. Duane tomorrow at seven."

"I just can't go — at this time of the month! I'd be humiliated to death!"

"Straighten up, Joan — haven't you heard of Holly-Pax? Holly-Pax gives protection internally, invisibly. Many of the stars use it."

"You played that scene marvelously, Miss La Due. I'm sure you'll steal the picture!"

FROM Hollywood, world center of fashion and feminine smartness, comes the truly modern mode of sanitary protection — the *invisible, internal* protection of Holly-Pax.

Developed for screen stars who must be always active, Holly-Pax enables normal women to go through *every day* of the month with her secret her own. Used internally, Holly-Pax banishes pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't betray itself — even in a swim suit! Its comfort is amazing. No chafing, no binding, no secret fear. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind this advantage alone will bring you!

Available at drug, department and ten cent stores — package of four, 10 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

20c for package of ten

HOLLY-PAX F89
Palms Station, Hollywood, California
For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax.
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Address..
City.................. ....State..................

And So They Were Married!

[*Continued from page* 34]

newlyweds an injustice. They underestimate Bob's love for Barbara, and her love for him. They forget that months before either a Gable-Lombard wedding or a Power-Annabella wedding became imminent, Bob and Barbara became engaged. There was the ring, for all the world to see. A tangible symbol of their intention to wed, no matter what anyone else said or did.

It was Barbara, not Bob, who delayed the wedding. If he had had his way, they would have been married long ago.

Barbara was just as sure of her love for Bob, as he was sure of his love for her. But before she could marry him, before she could feel confident that she could make him happy as his wife, she wanted to be sure of two other things. She loved him that much.

She wanted to build up a trust fund for her son, Dion—to be sure that he would always be provided for, no matter what happened. And, lest love cost Bob a great career, she wanted to be sure that his future was secure—sure that marriage wouldn't affect it.

Barbara reached the goal of her trust fund last autumn. And last January, Bob was handed a new contract by his studio. A contract guaranteeing him top roles, at a top salary, for seven straight years. His next option wouldn't fall due until January, 1946.

It was then that Bob persuaded Barbara to say "Yes."

Why didn't they marry then, instead of just becoming engaged? The reason was very simple.

EVER since they had first met, spotlights had pursued them. In spite of the abnormal glare, they had found out that they were two normal people, very much in love. And they wanted to embark on marriage like two normal people. Prove to the world, with an engagement, that they were thoughtful about marriage.

They didn't tell anyone when the wedding would take place. But they planned, at the time, to have it "along about May or June."

When Barbara finished *Union Pacific*, she expected to go right into *Golden Boy*. When Bob finished *Lucky Night*, he expected to start work almost immediately in *Lady of the Tropics*. And they expected to be married as soon as the new pictures were over. If they had anticipated that both pictures would be delayed, and that they would have weeks free at the same time, they would have arranged for their wedding to be then.

As it was, they couldn't make any plans. They might be called to work tomorrow or the next day. Weeks dragged by that way. The suspense became terrific. It was bad enough waiting to know when they would be going to work, without waiting to know when they could have their wedding. And, the longer *Lady of the Tropics* was delayed, the more it looked as if Bob would have no time afterward before he would have to start *Northwest Passage*—on location in Idaho.

They decided to end the suspense. Before they could complete their plans, however, they both were called back to work. But now that they had started to make plans, they were going to have a wedding, even if they were working, and couldn't have a honeymoon for weeks, maybe months.

It didn't look at first as if they could even hope to have an unheralded, strictly private, quiet wedding.

Because they might be kept busy six days a week, the wedding had to be on a week-end. It couldn't be in Yuma, Las Vegas or Mexicali, unless they flew both ways. Thinking of Dion, Barbara didn't want to fly. And, anyway, she and Bob didn't want to be married in any place associated with marriages that were too often temporary, as well as quick. The wedding site had to be some place within easy driving distance of Hollywood. Some place in California. And California has a law requiring a couple to file an intention-to-wed three days before they can get a license. That made it a bit difficult to keep wedding plans secret.

Bob needed some expert advice. He consulted Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's executive secretary—one person he could trust. She had sponsored his M-G-M career, even given him the name "Robert Taylor." Confidentially, (he told her), he and Barbara were on the verge of getting married. But they wanted to do it with as little preliminary fuss and publicity as possible. Did she know of any Hollywood couple who had managed to have a secret wedding within the boundaries of California?

Mrs. Koverman thought of Douglas McPhail and Betty Jaynes, married so quietly in San Diego last year that nobody knew about it for months. She found out how they had done it. Their real names, the ones that appeared on the marriage records, hadn't meant a thing to San Diego reporters. And they hadn't had to appear in person at the Marriage License Bureau. That had been arranged through Thomas Whelan, well-known San Diego lawyer.

The next thing to do was to get in touch with Mr. Whelan. That called for a go-between. Mrs. Koverman called in Larry Barbier, diplomat of the publicity department, and pledged him to secrecy.

He contacted Mr. Whelan. Confidentially, was there any way that Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck could file an intention-to-wed without appearing at the Marriage License Bureau? There was. Mr. Whelan was deputized as a clerk, able to accept marriage license applications after hours. "They will be down late Friday night," Barbier told him, "—if you can guarantee that no one will be expecting them." Mr. Whelan guaranteed that.

Bob trusted his plans to only one person besides Ida Koverman and Larry Barbier. His mother. Barbara trusted the plans to only one person—Buck Mack, her godfather and business manager.

CAME Friday night, May 5, and Bob had had to work overtime. That was bound to happen. He felt it in his bones. That was why he had said they wouldn't plan to get away before 8:30—he and Barbara, and Larry Barbier, Ida Koverman and Buck Mack, all three of whom had insisted on being in on the excitement. They met, like conspirators, at a designated spot, transferred from separate cars to one big car, and headed for San Diego.

Everything went off so smoothly and quietly that they wanted to come back to the Whelan house not only for their license, but their wedding—the next Saturday night.

The Whelans promised that no one would find out, from them, when or where the wedding would occur. They would even keep the judge from knowing in advance whom he would be marrying. But as soon as that intention-to-wed was filed, the news that they had intentions would probably pop

[*Continued on page* 85]

Goodbye, High Salaries!

[Continued from page 65]

earned him more than a million dollars. She was acclaimed a star, Glamor Girl No. 1, "the greatest sensation in years." But she still isn't getting much more than $750 a week. Her studio is insisting on a further test of her popularity before handing her a big raise. When and if she earns a few millions for them, they will up her salary a few thousand. And not until.

Money didn't mean much to John Garfield as a young character actor on the Broadway stage. He didn't get much. That didn't bother John. He liked his work; that was the important thing. Offers of Hollywood gold came his way and for five years he turned them down. When Warners finally got him, they got him for a song—by promising him meaty character roles. They gave him one in *Four Daughters*, never thinking it would make him a star. When it did just that, they found themselves blessed with a major asset for the price of a minor one.

Geraldine Fitzgerald wasn't money-minded, either. The only contract she was interested in was one that would let her go back to the stage six months of every year. She wasn't out to get everything from Hollywood that she could. But Warners had visions immediately of getting a great deal from Geraldine. For a beginning, they cast the little Irisher alongside Bette Davis in *Dark Victory*, then loaned her to Goldwyn for the second feminine lead in *Wuthering Heights*. After those two big pictures, she was well enough known for Warners to hand her the lead in *Give Me a Child*. Next they plan to co-star her with Errol Flynn. Why not? She has everything any feminine star on the screen has—except a salary in the thousands.

ANN SHERIDAN has been around Hollywood for several years, practically unnoticed. Now, suddenly, Warners have discovered that Ann has great possibilities. They have a hunch that she may be another Jean Harlow, and they're playing the hunch for all it's worth. If it pays dividends, the dividends may be colossal. Especially since Ann's present salary is only a fraction of what Jean's used to be.

Errol Flynn was supposed to play the male lead in *Four Daughters*. He declined. To show Errol that they didn't have to look far for a substitute, Warners cast an unknown—Jeffrey Lynn—in the part. And, with the picture's release, they had a new star. Jeffrey didn't have quite Errol's appeal, perhaps. But he wasn't as expensive as Errol, either. . . . When Dick Powell refused to do *Garden of the Moon*, Warners substituted John Payne. That gamble turned another unknown into a star—one with a modest salary.

Eddie Albert didn't cost Warners a fortune as a supporting player in *Brother Rat*. He was, as they hoped, a hit. Now he'll cost them little more as a star in *On Your Toes* . . . Ronald Reagan has built up a following in B's, for a salary of a few hundred dollars a week. Now they're going to pay him his salary to make A's . . . In Stanley Fields, who has been playing heavies for years, they suddenly see a competitor for Wallace Beery. And his salary—for a while, anyway—won't begin to compete with Wally's.

Paramount has never had such a bargain as Ellen Drew. She was getting $50 a week as a stock player when Directors

[Continued on page 71]

Why Can Hair Make a Woman Look So Young?

Halo, a new soapless shampoo, brings youthful sparkle and manageability to even dry hair—*with no scalp irritation!*

IF you long to possess that "little girl" look so evident in all late styles of dress and make-up, then start with your hair!

Because hair that sparkles with highlights—seems to breathe with life and vitality, keys-up your whole appearance with a breathless, expectant note of youth.

Yes, hair can have an electric effect on the rest of your make-up, provided some old-fashioned shampoo is not robbing you of its natural beauty. Because many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, unmanageable and stringy.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

Here at last is the ideal shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair. One shampoo with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all trace of dull film left by those old-style shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for lemon or vinegar rinse. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves even "wild" hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, flaky dandruff is safely removed.

Buy Halo Shampoo from any drug, department or 10c store in the 10c, 50c or $1.00 size and discover how beautiful your hair can be. Halo is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Fine Weather for the Country

If you're the outdoor type—active, athletic—here's a semi-up hair-do for your kind.

High off the face showing hair line and exposing entire ear. Back of hair is long, hugging the neck, forming a soft roll.

HALO SHAMPOO

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

Have Eyes Like the Stars

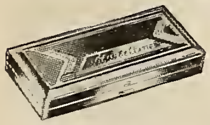
LOLA LANE
star in
"Four Daughters"

Any famous movie personality knows that beautiful eyes are one of her greatest assets. On the screen or off, she'd never risk a garish, too-made-up look. So of course she uses Maybelline—the modern, flattering eye make-up in good taste.

"You never see me without correct eye make-up!" Says Lovely LOLA LANE

You can have eyes like stars this same easy way. A soft blending of Maybelline Eye Shadow over your eyelids does things for your eyes—makes them look larger, wider-set, more luminous. The Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil is perfectly pointed to form graceful, expressive brows. Maybelline Mascara darkens your lashes to long sweeping loveliness, instantly. No trouble to apply. It's harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. And it stays on perfectly—keeps the lashes soft and lustrous.

If you want your eyes to be noticed and admired, insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades, Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline Cream form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. Same shades.

Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous harmonizing shades.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

"Women Are Cats!"

[*Continued from page 32*]

Roz raised her cup of tea, waved her sliver of cinnamon toast as a banner, said: "I give you the CAT-WOMEN!"

As I listened to her, I had a lot of fun checking the points, asking myself: "Does this apply to me . . . does that apply to me?" You can have the same fun yourselves. Get out your pads and pencils, keep your own scores as you go along. If you find that nine out of ten points fit you, just arch your backs, meow and have done with it! You will rate as a Cat-Woman . . . and at the end, Roz will make out her own score and we'll find out how *she* rates!

So . . . "You can find 'em everywhere, these belles," Roz began, "in all the big cities, in most sizeable towns. Even in small towns and villages. In the cities you find them gathered together at the smartest nightclubs, cocktail bars. In the smaller towns and villages you still find them at church socials or gathered together over the back-fences. Point is, they're always *in* things . . . clustered like swarming bees at the honey-pot of gossip. . . .

"By their gossip shall ye know them. Their gossip is habitual. It's routine. They know it's gossip and you know it's gossip and they know that you know it's gossip. But it's gossip, isn't it? That's the thing!

"Another means of identifying them is that they are always being disparaging about everyone else. It's usually sugar-coated, the dirty crack they can't help making, and if it wounds, well, they all wear the same wounds and bear the same scars. They'll say, 'my dear, you look *charming*, too, *too* divine . . . do sit down . . . but tell me, what the devil are you *made up for?*' Or they say, 'poor Bessie . . . she's my dearest friend . . . I'm nuts about her, of course . . . *but* she honestly MUST do something about her HIPS!' They are always very patronizing to the 'poor Bessies.' And each one of them, in turn, takes her turn at *being* 'poor Bessie,' if you know what I mean. They are never, never nice to or about a pretty girl.

"IT'S a little difficult to classify them neatly. They are not Blue Bookers. They would not have belonged to the Four Hundred. They are an admixture, derived from various shelves of the social strata. Now and then a Social Registerite drifts in. There are some Glamor Girls among them. Some of them are married, most of them are not. If they are married, it Doesn't Matter. What I mean is, it doesn't Interfere. Some of them have occasional jobs . . . now and then there's a debutante . . . what to label them?

"I know! I'll coin a word! I'll call them *Clamor* Girls!

"For they are invariably noisy. They make a Circus out of Life and they are their own best Barkers. When they enter a room, they always create a Sensation, wear something that is a Shocker. They must have a note of the sensational in everything they do, say, wear. . . .

"They are brassy. Brassy is the perfect word for them.

"It must always be something New for them. They wear the new hats first. They wear the new skirt lengths first. They introduce all the new gadgets. It may be a lapel clip in the form of a heart-shaped thermometer, a little chain attached. When they meet a new, attractive man they pull the little chain and he is flattered by seeing the thermometer rise. They never wear a new gadget more than two or three times. Then it is scrapped for something still newer . . . gayer . . . more amusing. . . .

"'Newer! Newer! Newer!' . . . that is their battle-cry. They MUST not stagnate. They must circulate . . . circulate . . . circulate . . . from Nassau to Aiken for the riding, to Palm Beach for their suntans . . . they always go to resorts "between seasons" . . . it's so much *smarter*, between seasons!

"They talk all the time," laughed Roz . . . "Great Scott, there's one up for me . . . *I'm* delivering a monologue . . . they talk ALL the time. They never finish a sentence. They are the jitterbugs of conversation. They read ALL the columns. Some of the most talked-about books. All of the news magazines, especially the pictorial ones. If they have homes, their homes are secondary.

"Occasionally, they take odd jobs . . . 'for a lark, darling, a lark, my dear' . . . everything, with them is 'a lark' . . . if they have jobs at all they must be jobs that fit in with their Big Job, which is to be "in" things, always "in" things . . . they may contribute to a column now and then . . . you have to be very much in things to contribute to columns . . . or they may do a little interior decorating . . . or they may take jobs at the Race Tracks where EVERYBODY goes . . . or they may have small parts in a smart play. . . .

"THEY have a Routine, these Brassy Belles . . . it doesn't start until quite late in the morning because it always starts quite late at night. . . .

"Their routine doesn't vary very much . . . I know them best in New York, of course, where they are always to be found at El Morocco, '21' the Stork Club, the Persian Room. . . .

"They spend much time deciding what Fashion Show to go to. When they go, they take their knitting with them. Their knitting is one of their 'gadgets' . . . or they carry 12 yards of hooked-rug with them.

"At the Fashion Shows they pan everything . . . to pan is much smarter than to please . . . they'll say, eyeing a model with the casual, disinterested eye of long practice, 'Good Heavens, has she (meaning the *coutourier*) gone *crazy* . . . of course, the colors *are* rather nice. . . .'

"They sell their democracy all over the place. They are always in a fever about some 'little milliner . . . an *immigrant*, darlings, with an *incredible* number of children . . . we must ALL go to her!' For about three days they all do go to her . . . then it's 'the quaintest little man, my deahs, I'm *mad* for him' . . . he takes care of their riding-boots, bless you, this 'quaintest little man'. . . .

"They'll tell you about dinner under the Brooklyn Bridge . . . 'some little quaint joint . . . so amusing, I ran a *temp*' . . . they go from there to the Persian Room so they can talk about it. . . .

"They are always 'simply *mad*' about something . . . quite, quite Serious about the jai-alai games or about skiing . . . on borax. There is always some 'divine Austrian from the Jungfrau' back of the skiing raves. . . .

"They use the word 'amusing' all the

time, or it's 'too, too gay' . . . 'gay' is very 'in the mode' right now. . . .

"They are always chummy with head-waiters . . . it's Charlie this and Jacques that and God help the poor wretch who comes in and can't call a head-waiter by his first name . . . the shame of it!

"THEY all carry little note-books. . . . When they have their parties or their dates and need another girl, they always select the least attractive gal they know. They're horribly afraid of competition. They can't take a chance of losing their 'Varsity standing!' Of which, more later. . . .

"They always go to one man for their hair . . . 'I've GOT to see Julius!' they wail, 'my poor hair, its a *fright* wig, but *def*-i-nitely! . . . if Julius could see me now, he'd KILL me . . .!' Julius is always going to 'kill' them!

"They keep up on all the new shows. They know everyone who is In the News. They all have their pet *masseuse*. They're always just GOT to toddle along to Yvonne's for their exercises. They've always just GOT to get their pedicures, or *else* . . . They all wear horn-rimmed glasses. You hear them chorusing, 'my deah, I was blind as a *bat* . . . I couldn't see a *thing* . . . so un-gay . . . Mother just *dragged* me to the most *divine* optometrist . . .!' They always stress every other syllable or so of every other word or so. . . .

"*THEY are the New Race of Women. . . .* No fooling," said Rosalind, here, "I mean this . . . is really rather un-funny, too. . . .

"They have reversed the dictionary . . . they have made the Superficial the Important. And the superficials keep them as busy as bees. They actually work much, much harder than us hard-working girls in the movies do. . . .

"They have done the most amazing things to women: *They have killed Age!* In the old days, you could place a woman's age pretty accurately. She was a Young Girl, a Married Woman, a Mother, eventually a Grandmother. There were outward and visible signs of these inward and spiritual graces. You could classify 'em at a glance. Now you can't. Because the Clamor Girls are ageless. For a long period of time, 15 to 20 years, I'd say, *they never change at all.* They wear the same clothes as their daughters, if any. Their mothers wear the same clothes as they do. They see to that.

"*They have destroyed Beauty*: They have destroyed *real* beauty, authentic beauty, pastel beauty, the orchid type of beauty. They are the Storm Troopers of the Sensational. The sensational and the shocking have replaced the satin skin, the flawless features of the Lillian Russells. . . .

"*They have killed Good Manners, Good Taste, as our mothers knew these graces.* They have made fools of women who are beautifully mannered, gracious, soft-spoken. Heaven help the poor little thing with the quiet voice and all that that implies. They have her pushed into the background, drowned out her modest claims with their over-tones of brass.

"*They have killed good taste in clothes* with their gadgets. For whereas Good Taste in clothes was once described as being inconspicuous, for the Clamor Girls the thumb-screw and the rack would be Heaven compared to the horror of being inconspicuous!

"THEY have," conceded Rosalind, "done one or two good things, beneficial things. For an outstanding instance, they have given the unattractive girl the break

His many neglects were due to her ONE NEGLECT*

He never remembers anniversaries . . . Why?

He never pays her compliments . . . *Why?*

He praises other women . . . *Why?*

He's often "kept downtown".. *Why?*

* *She was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene*

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instead of the heartbreak which was her inevitable portion in the pre-Clamor Girl days. They have made, BUT DEF-i-nitely, a definite place in the world for the definitely homely girl. All that Plain Jane has to do today is put on some freakish hat, wear her hair slapped up and she'll make a gossip column. They have abolished Wall-Flowers. All a potential wall-flower has to do now is wear a wall-flower over her sun-tanned nose and she wears orchids!

"They have another advantage . . . they are good shoppers. The heads of all the exclusive specialty shoppes and the big stores know them. Being as they are always just off for Aiken, Palm Beach, Nassau, Honolulu, being as they never wear the same gadget more than once or twice, they must, perforce, keep on buying and so they are *divine* or dee-VUNE for business.

"And they put on a darned good show. . . . They drink very little. They are too shrewd, too smart for that. How do they know but what some important man may be at an adjoining table—some man who could Do Them Some Good . . . put them in a play, for instance . . . 'such a *lark*' or raise that thermometer they are wearing on their sleeves. . . .

"Their morals are not in question. They have no more time for kicking quaint, old morals around than they have for kicking quaint old manners around. Their morals are quite Okay. Takes time they haven't got otherwise. The only real harm they do is when their gossip, perfectly understood and perfectly discounted among themselves, reaches the ears of some uninitiated husband or boy-friend . . . then there may be Trouble and often is.

"Divorces have been known to follow some particularly tasty dish of gossip . . . broken romances . . . broken hearts and homes and hopes . . . not that they mean any harm, my dear, heavens, *no*! . . . they wouldn't pinch a kitten . . . not unless it showed signs of growing up to be a pretty Cat!

"THEY are prepared for everything—except Reality. They coin all the new nifties or lift them from Winchell's column . . . they have all the answers. They're terrific when they meet competition. It's then that you become acutely aware of the solidarity of the Clan. For they are a right little, tight little klub of Kittens. They are organized against competition. And a Hollywood star, for instance, offers competition, all glamorized and simonized as she is. They take care of that by never giving you a 'take.' They simply never *see* you until you are sitting on their laps. . . .

"I've often run into them at '21' or El Morocco or somewhere in New York and they always give me this, 'Oh, hulloa, Roz . . . why, *darling* . . . when did you get *in*? I had no idea. . . .'

"Now, they know perfectly well that I've been 'in' for *days*. They read all the columns and as a homing Hollywoodite is always mentioned in a couple of the columns, at least, they know it only too well . . .

"Then they go right on with their conversation. They cluster round their own, individual, spectacular spotlight, the Hysterical Herd, protecting their own. When they see a serious contender for that spotlight, boy, they go to town on you!

"THEIR routine continues like this: 'Oh, darling, by the way . . . we were just *arg*uing the other day . . . what Company are you with "out there" . . . no, don't tell me, it's amusing to *guess* . . . oh, I've got it . . . Paramount, isn't it?'

"No, M-G-M. (They know darn well it's M-G-M and always has been.)

"'Oh, of *course* . . . M-G-M . . . that's where that funny man Mr. Goldwyn is . . . you don't get *tanned* out there, do you . . . fancy that . . . I always thought you got *tanned* out there . . .' (you think of your four months in a picture, on sun-light-less sound stages to their four months under sun-lamps in the salons of the expensive Park Avenue sun-lampers and you think of juicy ways to commit murder but you say nothing . . .) they go on . . . they *always* go on . . . 'I saw you in a flicker the other night, darling, you were *divine* . . . where was it or do I mean what was it . . . the name of it, I mean . . . oh, yes, Johnny . . . that was it . . . he's the *funniest* man . . . I'm *mad* for him . . . it was at the Plaza, or wasn't it . . . don't tell me . . . I know, it was Gary Cooper . . .!'

"I've never worked with Gary Cooper.

"'Oh, but *really* . . . but tell me, why do they make so many *bad* pictures in Hollywood?' . . . (they *never* miss that one!) . . . from there they go on to tell you, 'I really *must* go down to Hollywood some day . . . (they always speak of "going down" to Hollywood) . . . tell me, do they have pastel Santa Clauses in Hollywood, like the little houses pasted on the sides of the hills?' You tell them that you have never met up with any pastel Santa Clauses, not even, believe it or not, Santa Claus himself. . . .

"They continue with the line, calculated to deflate you, but *utt*-erly, that they always 'stop off' at Hollywood 'on their way' to Honolulu . . . then comes the line about how they were at the Turf Club one day and how some perfectly sweet old thing, who turned out to be 'a pal of Dad's' . . . a producer, you know, told them they simply MUST come over to the studio and have a screen test made . . . and how they went over . . . 'my dear, it was a lark' . . . and how the executives, is that what you call those people, you know, the ones who run things, of course they *are* wonderful . . . anyway, the old lambs *insisted* upon putting them into a picture . . . but, my dear, I had tickets for Europe in twenty minutes. . . .

"But I had to make the test, darling, they wouldn't let me off it . . . of course, I had to tear along and put on a rag of my own, I couldn't think of stepping into those *things* in their Wardrobe . . . and the make-up, my dear, isn't it *fantastic* . . . a lark, all of it, absolutely a *lark*. . . ."

ROZ laid her dark head back and laughed. We both laughed until we were noisier than the Clamor Girls themselves. . . .

I sez, "Well, how do you check up?"

"Well," said Roz, consideringly, "let's see . . . we *both* gossip . . . I don't sugar-coat what I've got to say. If I feel called upon to make a dirty crack I make it to the face, not behind the back. I'm NOT patronizing to 'poor Bessie!' I don't wear 'shockers' . . . well, not often. I like old hats better than new, old friends, old wine, old songs. . . . I don't go to resorts in season *or* between. I talk an awful lot but, contradict me if I'm wrong, I think I finish sentences, anyway! I don't have 'odd' jobs. I have *one* 'odd'—*very* odd—job and I stay with it.

"I seldom go to Fashion Shows and when I do, I don't take my knitting because I do not knit. I don't ski. I'm not chummy with head-waiters. . . . Unfortunately for me, no doubt, I don't have time to get 'well acquainted.' I don't carry a little note book. I don't yell 'I'VE GOT to see Julius!'—I just got to see Doodsie! I don't wear horn-rimmed glasses. . . . Mother hasn't 'dragged' me . . . not yet! . . . and anyway, as I said, wouldn't it be dull if we were all Pollyannas . . . so, how do you think I come out?"

"Meow!" I sez. . . .

I added, "How do you think I come out?"

"Meow!" said the darkly fair Rosalind.

Goodbye, High Salaries!

[*Continued from page 67*]

Wesley Ruggles and Frank Lloyd, practically simultaneously, saw her possibilities. Ruggles cast her as a typical American girl in *Sing You Sinners;* Lloyd cast her as the tragic *Huguette* in *If I Were King.* She made good on both assignments. In *The Lady's from Kentucky,* she was starred. She's getting more than $50 a week now; considerably more. But she's still a bargain.

Robert Preston is practically a star after one picture, *Union Pacific,* because he is new and colorful—but mostly because his salary is small. De Mille wanted to trim down production costs somewhere. He saw his chance by giving the role of *Dick Allen* to a capable unknown. Preston got the role, and Paramount got a new he-man hero.

In England, a year ago, 20th Century-Fox discovered a young English actor who looked like a combination of Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor. To get him, 20th Century-Fox had to pay more than the usual newcomer ever gets—because six other studios were also after him. Even so, Richard Greene was a bargain. For they rushed him immediately into *Four Men and a Prayer,* co-starring him with Loretta Young. He has been a star ever since.

The same studio, discovering Arleen Whelan as a manicurist in a Hollywood barber shop, was able to sign her at something like $75—as a student actress. One year later, they launched her as a star in her first picture, *Kidnapped.* She wasn't quite ready. But they didn't let her go. She wasn't earning so much, by now, that they couldn't afford to use her in smaller roles—while still hoping she might yet be another Janet Gaynor.

Now the studio is getting behind another inexpensive newcomer and pushing. Her name is Brenda Joyce. Over more experienced actresses—and higher-priced ones—she won the role of *Fern* in *The Rains Came.* Which is a big step toward stardom.

BECAUSE Director Sam Wood had economy on his mind before he headed for England to do *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* M-G-M has a new star today. He wondered if the studio might not have some young actress already under contract, unknown to him, who could play *Kathie.* If so, he would save himself the time and expense of a search in England. He looked over some tests. He liked Greer Garson's. He learned that she was English and had been under contract for a year at a small salary, with nothing to do. He gave her the role. She gave a great performance. And M-G-M is giving thanks to Allah for a big find at such small cost.

Studios used to introduce newcomers in small parts. Now they are introducing them in leads. That's tough on the incomes of the established players who would normally play those leads. But it's a boon to studio budgets.

Isa Miranda—who is like Marlene Dietrich, except that she doesn't get $250,000 per picture—blossomed forth as a star in *Hotel Imperial.* Laraine Day made her debut in a feminine lead—in *Sergeant Madden.* So did Constance Moore, in *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man.* So does Patricia Morison, in *The Magnificent Fraud.* And Susan Hayward, in *Beau Geste.* And Betty Field, in *What a Life.* And Gene Tierney, in *Coast Guard.*

Every studio is bargain-hunting for talent. All the symptoms point to the diagnosis: It's goodbye, high salaries.

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Costume Harmonizing Lipsticks!

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 55]

to spur his horse over a cliff: "No, NO!!! DON'T JUMP!"

It's going to be so that movie houses are going to advertise double-feature bills in and about Hollywood:

TY POWER in JESSE JAMES
and
JOAN CRAWFORD in the AUDIENCE!

Will Have To Hire Escorts

■ Talk of Hollywood's unattached gals is the terrific dearth of eligible bachelors, that's hit town . . . ! It's getting so that the glamor gals will have to hire escorts, pretty soon—

Recent casualties in the glamor-boy ranks have been goddoffle!—Clark Gable gone; Ty Power gone; Bob Taylor gone; Cary Grant snagged hook, line and sinker by Phyllis Brooks; Wayne Morris all tied up in matrimony; George Brent sunk by Bette Davis!

True, there do remain eligibles—but they're all old campaigners, and not to be hooked easily. There is, for instance, Cesar Romero, who has successfully resisted all onslaughts; there's lackadaisical Jimmy Stewart, a nice lad but about as hot as a politician's hand; David Niven, who kids romance out of the picture; Richard Greene, who likes to stay home; Rudy Vallee, who's been caught before and isn't having any more. . . .

And of course, the semi-bachelors, like Lew Ayres, and George Raft and Walter Pidgeon. They have wives, but aren't working with them.

Outside of that line-up, what's a big-shot glamor gal gonna do? After all, a biggie can't demean herself by letting herself be escorted by a newcomer, or a second-rater, can she?

Newsboy to Plutocrat

■ SUCCESS STORY in TWO SHORT CHAPTERS:

I

Joel McCrea delivered papers once to Harold Lloyd's beach mansion.

II

Joel McCrea has just leased Harold Lloyd's beach mansion.

In a Big Way

■ Talking of Wayne Morris (as we were, up above, weren't we?) there's a lad that's certainly bounced up in the world. . . .

Less than three years ago, who was he? Nobody. Now who is he?—one of screendom's No. 1 stars; husband of one of the world's richest heiresses; and owner of the gosh-darnedest house in Hollywood, what with its seven-foot square honeymoon bed, which had to be cut in two parts so it could be moved in—and its eight-foot-long couches—six of them—and its "triple-oversized" armchairs!

The Morrises certainly believe in doing things big!

To Christen a Boat

■ Even blase Hollywood felt a bit shocked, the other day, when the word got out that, as a gift on his eighteenth birthday, the parents of young Frankie Thomas had bought him a big bottle of champagne . . .!

But—it was all right. Even the WCTU had to admit it was all right.

On account of the champagne wasn't for Frankie to drink. He smashed it, to christen his new sailboat, the Mona.

Last Season's Style?

■ SOPHISTICATION Note: At a Hollywood kids' party, one little boy asked one little girl whose mother had just remarried:

"How do you like your new daddy?"

"He's nice," said the little girl.

"Yes, isn't he?" said the boy; "We had him last season."

'Taint Natural

■ Talk of Hollywood sporting circles is that it doesn't seem like old times at the fights, any more. You see, there are two ringside seats that were always occupied by Lupe Velez and Hubbie Johnny Weissmuller.

But now—well, they're occupied on alternate fight nites—once by Lupe and her current boy friend; next by Johnny and his fiancee. But even Johnny has left now—to swim at Billy Rose's aquacade at the N. Y. World's Fair.

And Lupe hasn't her old pep. She doesn't get up and cuss the boxers in Spanish, any more.

Why Joan Wears New Hair-Do

■ Joan Crawford (and by the way, don't be surprised if she appears on the Broadway stage, next winter!) is wearing a new hair-do, and it wasn't planned. It was born in a cyclone. The cyclone was Joan's own manufacture—and came when a careless operator in the studio beauty-shop did something wrong—and three inches of Joan's hair came off . . . ! ! !

You've never seen such a tempest in a teapot—I mean, a studio! There was heltopay! Until No. 1 Hair-stylist Sidney Guilaroff (who says he devised the baby-hairdo) was called in as an emergency fixer-upper. Sidney quickly devised a new hair-do for Joan, which took advantage of the suddenly-shortened tresses.

Now Joan appears in a new coiffure, with hair straight atop her head, breaking into a wave that begins at the temples. And even though it was born in error and travail, it'll probably become the newest hair-do craze—for such are the ways of women! Soon as Joan is seen and photographed that way, hundreds and thousands of gals will copy the coiffure.

Ain't Hollywood wunnaful . . .?

Truth Comes Out

■ SCREWIEST film title-change of the month—was the one M-G-M made to satisfy the Hays office, which turned thumbs down on the proposed title:

INFIDELITY

M-G-M just changed it to:

FIDELITY.

[*Continued on page* 80]

A Star Before He Started!

[*Continued from page* 58]

doesn't belong to him. Barbara Stanwyck, who portrays the *Golden Boy's* sweetheart, has nothing but praise for him. "He's perfect for the part," Barbara smiles happily. "I understand that Columbia made more than 200 tests during the course of a year's search without success and then, due to mere luck or accident, the talent scouts, less than three weeks ago, spot Bill in a Paramount stock test and presto, he's IT! *Joe Bonaparte*, the *Golden Boy*! Bill's just swell!"

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN, the director of *Golden Boy*, admits frankly that he leaned on the skeptical side about Bill at first. Not only that, but he was pretty outspoken about the studio's wisdom in selecting an unknown for such a difficult role.

"The picture is going to cost a mint of money," he says. "It is to be one of the best Columbia ever made, and if anything goes haywire I'll be the goat. And besides, I don't like to direct greenies.

"Nobody had to tell me that if I didn't make Bill keep step with such performers as Stanwyck and Menjou, the picture would be a flop and I'd be to blame and not Holden. So, you see, I had my worries piling up. But they all vanished the first day Bill came onto the stage for rehearsal.

"I was smart that time. I picked out a sequence that had a good laugh in it and when Adolphe read it I looked at Bill, Bill looked at me and then we began to laugh. So loud that Adolphe got temperamental, threw down his script, and refused to continue reading his lines because, he said, we were making fun of him! After that it was a cinch. Bill was as relaxed as a deflated tire. The first day's shooting went off like clockwork. He required but two 'takes' for his initial scene. He's okay. You'll like him."

WELL, there you are. Three honest opinions from three honest experts. Bill, of course, was mighty well pleased to know how these top-notchers felt about him right off the bat. It gave him confidence. But he was smart about it, too.

"You're not going to see me trying to pull anyone off the movie ladder of fame purely on the say-so of Miss Stanwyck, Mr. Menjou and Director Mamoulian. It helps a lot to know they think I'm getting along so well, but that doesn't make me a movie star. Not by a jugful! Why, so far as I know, I'm not even a good prospect for stardom! And maybe never will be! And before I decide to keep on I'm going to wait till I see what audiences think of my *Golden Boy* characterization. If they don't like it, I'll go back to my choir-singing on Sunday, my chemistry studies during the week, and my Little Theatre plays at night. I probably won't make as much money doing this, but I'll have a lot of fun."

Bill was signed to a Columbia contract on April 1. Twelve days later he was before the cameras offering competition to Menjou and Barbara Stanwyck. Now twelve measly days is a woefully short time to prepare an unknown for a part as important as *Golden Boy* and the studio was a beehive of industry the moment Bill walked through the gate.

"They certainly gave me the works," he confesses. "First came the test in which I had to do some plain and fancy boxing. Charlie Granucci, the testing troupe's 'prop' man, agreed to put on the gloves with me and, boy, let me tell you, he slapped me around something awful! I've been boxing since I was a kid and thought I knew something about right crosses and left hooks, but apparently Charlie didn't give a hoot about my skill, because he waded right in and gave me a good going over.

"After the boxing test I had to show 'em that I knew how to play the violin. In the plot of *Golden Boy*, you know, a youth has dreams of becoming a great concert artist, but the need of immediate money forces him to give up violin lessons and take up professional fighting. After killing an opponent in the ring he goes back to his music. Well, here's a strange thing. I had studied the violin as a boy, but had given it up when I was fourteen. The day I put the instrument back in its case I vowed that I never would take it out again. The time formerly devoted to scraping my bow across the fiddle strings was spent in boxing lessons.

"And now, here I am, a day or so after

[*Continued on page* 79]

I WANT A MAN!
WHY LIBBIE! WHAT A THING TO SAY!
BUT IT'S TRUE, GRANNIE! I WANT A MAN TO ASK ME TO MARRY HIM--AND NO ONE EVEN GIVES ME A RUSH!
WELL, HONEY, MAYBE I KNOW THE REASON FOR THAT! AND IF YOU'LL TAKE YOUR GRANNIE'S ADVICE, YOU'LL--WELL--YOU'LL GO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
YOU'RE A BOY AFTER MY OWN HEART, TOM--AND I'M MIGHTY GLAD THAT LIBBIE'S MADE UP HER MIND TO MARRY YOU!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

Will the "Oomph" Title Hurt Her?

[*Continued from page 29*]

know I'm getting up in the world," said David. "You know what happened today? Daisy Parsons who handles publicity for the Town House called me and invited me to serve on a jury to select "The Oomph Girl" of America. It's a jury of thirty-five all together . . . men from all different fields, society, stage, radio, pictures . . . and we're to select from twelve girls. She sent me the photos. Say, I just happened to think . . . your picture is among them! Yes, that's right. You're one of the contestants! That puts me in a pickle, doesn't it?" he laughed.

"Oh, I wouldn't take it too seriously, if I were you! I won't hold it agin you if you don't vote for me!" Annie replied. "Those things don't amount to much anyway. Why, they're always having polls like that all over the country . . . colleges run them usually. Princeton boys may decide who they'd most prefer as a companion. on a desert island . . . Hedy Lamarr won that by five lengths I think. Then some other group picks the perfect wife, the perfect date, the perfect pal, the perfect oh you know, and etc."

"That's just it. It seems this Daisy Parsons took the twelve winners of twelve different polls like that, and now this is a poll to end all polls. . . . At last America is to have its Oomph girl. Wait, I have the list here. Here they are . . . your rivals, my dear." And he read them off:

"Zorina, Lana Turner, Dorothy Lamour, Paulette Goddard, Arleen Whelan, Brenda Duff Fraser, Tomonova, (she's the girl from the Monte Carlo Ballet who's the queen of New York musicals now,) Ann Sheridan (that's you), Lucille Ball, Ellen Drew, Alice Faye, and last but not least—"

"Don't tell me, let me guess," laughed Annie. "It couldn't be, could it, it *couldn't* be Hedy Lamarr!"

"Right you are! Why? Do you think she'll get it?"

"She couldn't miss," said Annie, and there was no sarcasm, no envy, in her voice.

"Well, I guess the title does fit her more than it does you."

"Sure. She looks oomphy and *is* oomphy. I only look it—and then only now and then. When I'm unencumbered by my glamor clothes, then I'm just a tomboy. And that reminds me—aren't we going skating as we planned?"

A half-hour later they were at the skating-rink and the oomph contest was completely forgotten.

THE next time Annie heard of it, it was to be told that she had won it. Not by a small margin either. She had received thirteen first-place votes, and twelve seconds. Alice Faye was second choice with five votes. Paulette Goddard and Dorothy Lamour tied for third place with four votes each.

Annie's reaction to the news was typical. She completely overlooked any possible benefit the selection for the title might have on her career and her publicity. Her one and only reaction was "Oh, boy, is that a laugh! Wait till I see Niven!"

But then, during the next day or so Annie was to learn that there was more to this Oomph contest than she had thought. She was to be guest at a banquet at the Town House, when the title would be bestowed upon her formally, and she was also to receive a gold bracelet as an award. When she learned that she and Daisy Parsons were to be the only girls there, and that the rest of the guests were the thirty-five men judges, she literally paled. "I can't do that. I can't go there. No thanks! I'm going to have a headache or something."

By this time, of course, the Warner publicity department had become interested. They recognized it as the luckiest break Annie had ever had, and they had no intention of allowing her to overlook it. They took her firmly by the hand and led her, quaking and nervous, to the dinner party.

If anybody wonders how six years in Hollywood have affected Ann Sheridan, one glance at her as she entered that banquet room would have proved that she hasn't changed at all, that she is still the small town girl from Texas. Oh, her clothes are a little more expensive; she wore a pink satin evening gown, with jewel clips; and she is more beautiful than she once was. But she was just as shy and fearful as the day when she first stepped on a studio lot.

HER worst fears were realized. One member of the jury, who had already had too much to drink, called out, "I didn't vote for you! You haven't got oomph! I object! It must have been a crooked election."

In that moment a disaster could have occurred. Already Rudy Vallee seemed ready to do battle, and Bob Hope, too, looked as though he'd like to roll up his sleeves. Tears threatened in Annie's eyes. Then suddenly the actress which had developed in her during the last six years came to the fore, and carried her through. She laughed quite merrily and said that she agreed, that she also expected that there was something wrong. Another one of the men came to her rescue: he said that while he hadn't voted for her originally, he wanted permission to change his vote now—that she was much more oomphy in person than even her photo had indicated.

The threatened disaster was thus averted, and from then on the evening moved toward a triumphant climax, when the bracelet was presented. The bracelet is gold, and is decorated with the engraved fac-similes of the signatures of every one of the jurors. Inside it bears the inscription, "To Ann Sheridan, elected America's Oomph Girl, by a distinguished jury."

An amusing note occurred later that evening, when Annie was being escorted home. "I hate to bring this up," she said, "but I do wish somebody would tell me exactly what 'oomph' means, so I can try to live up to it!"

She's been asking that question around the lot ever since, and always gets a variety of answers: sort of a modern version of "it"; some say it's a synonym of "zing"; other say it's the new ultra-modern version of glamor. Incidentally, Columbia University in New York highly resented the whole thing. There, the students claimed that the word "oomph" was old-fashioned: They promptly made up another word, "yumph," and set about electing their own "yumph" girl!

At any rate, the point is that Annie is just as baffled about it as we are. She still wears the crown awkwardly and with a rather sheepish grin. She hasn't yet become used to it and we are reminded of the early struggles of Jean Harlow, when she was first designated a sex-appeal girl. Jean, if you can remember back that far, when she first became famous in *Hell's Angels*, was a harum-scarum tomboy, just like Annie is. Under pressure of her new fame, and the urgings of her studio, she began to add the glamor which helped her to live up to the publicity which her studio was giving her. Right now, Annie is finding that she must go through the same thing.

COULD the Oomph Girl of America have continued riding around in an old five-year-old car? She could not. Her new, shiny, sleek coupe of an expensive make is much more fitting. She can no longer be quite so indifferent about clothes either, as she has been in the past. Already you can see that Annie is paying more attention to such matters. She still goes to skating-rinks with Cesar Romero, or Niven, or Freddy Brisson . . . and shouts and screams wildly as she spills, with trousered legs flying . . . and none has as yet said that it's not comely. But mark our words, the day will come. Because an oomph girl belongs in more elegant places, in more elegant poses.

The oomph girl title has already been a publicity aid, but Annie is doomed to find out that it's going to mean certain sacrifices in her private life. In the first place it's going to cost her plenty to live up to this title. Right now she is still making a small salary. Her option is being renewed shortly and at that time she will undoubtedly get an increase in salary, but it's a question whether the increase will mean that much more in her pocket.

As time goes on she's going to find that she has to spend a lot more to live up to her new position. Already the oomph title has brought so much mail, that Annie who used to handle all her fan mail herself, has just now had to take on a secretary.

The most trying thing she's had to put up with so far, is the kidding that she has received around the lot. The *Dead End* boys with whom she worked in *The Battle of City Hall* have been her worst ribbers. Just recently when she came in one morning, she found a sign nailed on her dressing-room door: "On exhibition, the one and only Clara Lou Sheridan, the Oomph Girl! Step right in and have a look. Admission ten cents."

They're always plotting something like that and it just about drives her crazy. (They always call her by her real name, Clara Lou, too.) Once they wheeled her car up onto a parallel, usually used for the camera, as it stood outside one of the sound stages. Then they took the approaches away, and for half an hour they gathered a crowd around while they attempted to sell chances in a raffle. "Step right up, folks, and win the Oomph car! The car owned by none other than Clara Lou Sheridan. Chances, ten cents! Just one dime, folks! The car once driven by the hot-cha wench of America!" And all the while Annie was shaking her fists at them, and daring them to come down off the parallel. "Look at her, folks, isn't she beautiful when she's mad?" Then they waggled fingers at her, admonishingly, "Oomphy! Oomphy!"

At noon in the commissary though, she experiences her worst moments. As everyone knows Annie is a ravenous eater, also an inveterate coffee drinker. Every noon when she comes in she dashes at once for the coffee machine and pours her own cup, because there is no waitress who can get it for her as promptly as she wants it. Then she settles down to ham steak and mashed potatoes, gravy, and two vegetables on the side, topped off with a chocolate sundae—her menu every noon.

"Don't tell me that's Ann Sheridan, the Oomph girl," George Brent remarked loudly to his luncheon companion, one noon from a table near to Annie's. "Delicate little thing, isn't she . . . so dainty and feminine! Especially her appetite!"

"Oh, yes," said his companion, catching on. "She eats like a bird. It's part of her charm, haven't you heard? Why, she just toys with her food; that's real femininity for you!"

Annie, by this time, is chewing her ham steak with a frantic furiousness. And everyone in the room is watching and laughing. But she doesn't give up. She continues with hardy persistence until every last vestige of the steak is gone. Her gargantuan appetite is one characteristic which she will probably never be able to curb—and not even a sexy title can stand in its way.

NO MATTER how advantageous all this oomph excitement has been where publicity is concerned, it must be admitted that it does have certain drawbacks to her career—and these drawbacks make it imperative that her career be handled very carefully from now on. Ann's first claims to fame were made almost entirely in "tough girl" roles.

In so many pictures she has been the "other girl," the female villain of the piece, a modern Theda Bara—except that she has seldom practiced her wiles in glamorous clothes. Her clothes at times have been daring, but seldom have they been an example of what the well-dressed girl will wear. In fact, her behavior, too, on the screen, as in *They Made Me a Criminal*, is something which may shock some doting mothers. But then she was playing character roles. Ann in real life is vivid, vital, happy and healthy just like their own daughters.

Annie's early divorce from Ed Norris didn't exactly endear her to women's clubs either. The truth of the matter is that Ann fought off that divorce for a good long time, because she is basically a home girl and had always looked forward to settling down to permanent domesticity. It's the custom in Texas for girls to select their man and their home early in life; Annie grew up with that idea, and tried to carry it out in Hollywood. But that's where she made her mistake. Hollywood is not a small town in Texas, and the people who inhabit it are greatly different, too. She found that being married to an actor was full of complications on which she had not counted. She gave up her marriage not because she particularly wanted freedom, but because the marriage that she had dreamed of had not materialized.

Although today she goes out on dates she is not the kind of girl who depends on male admiration to feed her ego. Annie is one of the few girls in Hollywood who has just as many women friends, as she has men friends—and most female stars can count their women acquaintances on the fingers of one hand. You'll find her most often with a group of people when she goes out: she is not the type to enjoy just a twosome, parked off in some dim corner of a nightclub. Annie, so full of life and vivacity, always wants to be where the noise and the lights and the the crowds are.

Also, although she has posed for a great deal of sexy art, this is not particularly her idea, but the mutual desire of every photographer who sees her. It is so seldom that they see a girl who can be photographed with such ease, and to such advantage, from every angle. There are few stars who look as beautiful in bathing suits and shorts as they do in evening clothes.

Annie is the exception, and a photographer would rather be permitted to take candid snaps of her on a tennis court, than to take specially prepared poses of Hedy Lamarr in satin and emeralds in a portrait gallery. Not only does her figure never need retouching, but she has a disposition, too, which never requires special handling.

The special handling of the career, however, is already beginning to take place. Just recently Warners did the unexpected of loaning Ann to Walter Wanger productions to play the lead in *Winter Carnival*, with Richard Carlson as her leading man. We say it was the unexpected because they already had so much lined up for Ann on the home lot. Still, they saw great advantage in the role that Wanger offered her. It's the part of an heiress, but not the usual screwy, scapegrace one. The role has dignity and sympathy, and in it Ann will wear numerous smart clothes, all of them in excellent taste, ranging from ski costumes to opera clothes. In fact she has been wearing very chic clothes for some time, particularly in *The Devil on Wheels*.

Wanger plans to present her still as the oomph girl, but with a little more glamor than the slangy "oomph" would indicate.

At any rate the plan is to add elegance to the "oomph," to give it more refinement—and with that accomplished we'll have a new Annie, an Annie of whom everyone, young and old, broad-minded and narrow, can equally approve!

ART MODEL WINS

Gay outdoors girl, she keeps her hair lustrous, glowing—despite swirling dust and sticky summer heat

Miss Jinx Falkenberg
Glamorous
Magazine Cover Girl, Says:

"Since most of my magazine cover pictures are close-ups, I have to keep my hair looking its very best! So I'm really enthusiastic about Drene Shampoo! It reveals the natural beauty of my hair so it's glowing and brilliant when I step before a camera! And can be quickly dressed in any style the photographer wants."

LET your hair blow in the breeze these summer days . . . And yet have it glamorous nights! Like this famous art model, you'll thrill to see how a single Drene shampoo glorifies gummy, matted, summer-dulled hair . . . Reveals all its enchanting, natural highlights and luster. Even leaves hair *feeling* softer and fresher—*thrillingly clean!*

ILLUSTRATES OLD WAY . . . hair dulled by cloudy film

ILLUSTRATES NEW WAY . . . no dull film; hair shining

For Drene does *more* than merely wash away dust, perspiration and loose dandruff. It actually removes that dulling film (bathtub ring) that all soaps leave on hair. Most amazing, Drene leaves no dulling film or greasy, dust-catching film itself . . . Not a soap—not an oil! Yet, instantly foams into rich, mild lather—even in *cool* water. Just one sudsing and thorough rinsing—leaves your hair looking softer, lovelier—radiantly free of dulling film. No lemon or vinegar after-rinse needed.

So many millions of women have already switched over to Drene—it's America's largest-selling shampoo! Made by Procter & Gamble. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping bureau.

No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results. No other shampoo is licensed to use Drene's new, patented *safe* cleansing ingredient—so refuse substitutes. At drug, department or 10¢ stores—*insist* on one of the two kinds of Drene . . . Get the shampoo really suited to your type of hair! And see your hair glorified this summer. *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

drene
Shampoo

SPECIAL DRENE FOR DRY HAIR
drene SHAMPOO SPECIAL FOR DRY HAIR
drene SHAMPOO
REGULAR DRENE FOR OILY HAIR

Mercolized Wax Cream is the complexion lightener that aids, hastens and supplements the natural activity of the skin in flaking off dull, lifeless, over-pigmented superficial skin. You then see revealed the smoother, softer, lovelier true skin—your own natural complexion. Get a jar of Mercolized Wax Cream today and try it.

Choose Saxolite Astringent

A DELIGHTFULLY pleasant and refreshing astringent. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times daily.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

REMOVES unwanted hair from face quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day."

Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

One Man to Remember

[*Continued from page 37*]

at you with the startling glamor of our own domestic batch of heart-throbbers. You can't for the life of you say—I like this or this about him. There just isn't any one thing you can put your finger on and give as your reason. But soon you begin to realize there isn't just one reason. It's a combination of reasons—a combination that includes practically every single thing about him.

For years every Hollywood producer has been holding out glowing promises to this young Britisher. But he steadfastly refused to abandon his hearth a second time. All sorts of tempting offers have been consistently dangled before his eyes. But all these attempts to wrest him from the peace and comfort of his fireside for the greater glory of Hollywood and the picture industry have thus far been in vain.

For years his own family here in America has been urging him to come and join them, but when he did, finally, let himself be persuaded—a few months ago—it was only for a meager week. As soon as he got off the boat, he rushed up to Connecticut and then without even looking around returned to England.

For years every picture company in the country has been urging him to come to Hollywood. For years, he has blandly refused. But finally, seeing that he was one young man who meant what he said and was determined to stick to his word, Metro finally yielded. Instead of bringing him over, they brought the studio to him!

Yet, when *The Citadel* was completed in England and turned out to be the best picture of the year, they hurriedly began to film Donat in a second picture which they hoped would equal his first—*Goodbye, Mr. Chips.* Again, they had the pleasure of finding themselves with a hit—one even bigger and better than *The Citadel*—and one whose story has stayed in the mind of every reader since Alexander Woollcott brought it to the attention of the American public.

SO CONVINCINGLY does he interpret the role of the kindly old English schoolmaster, that one completely forgets all the past parts he has so successfully brought to the screen. On his first visit to America he made a single picture—*The Count of Monte Cristo*—but that was all he needed. From that moment on, his ability was recognized by every producer in the country. Good showmen, they also noticed how he charmed feminine fans.

Yet during that visit, he was forced to change his California residence four times. It seems that even the coastal night birds succumbed to his magnetic charm and to show their feelings, they perched beneath his open windows from dusk to dawn and serenaded him with their choicest repertoire. Though a nature-lover, he is also a very light sleeper. And the dusk to dawn symphonies put sleep entirely out of the question.

When he finally returned to England, he hurried to "Two Gables," his home in Hampstead near London, kissed his wife and children and made a mad dash for his bed to catch up on his much-needed sleep. From then on, whenever another Hollywood producer would try to tempt him with flattering promises and glittering lures, Donat would rush up the stairs, dive into his bed and yell his refusal at the top of his lungs.

In spite of this, every once in a while, rumors reach us that he really is coming to the United States. Should this ever happen, he has worked out a plan that will solve the sleeping situation for him. During the filming of a picture he would be in Hollywood, but as soon as his work is over he would go to Arizona where he would make his permanent home.

For the time being, he is still staying on at his Hampstead home and expects no immediate change in his mode of living. He wants no Hollywood villa with its elaborate swimming-pools or hosts of flunkies to get in his way. He only wants peace and quiet and comfort. Simplicity is the keynote of his existence and no matter what further success may come his way, Donat is determined to safeguard his privacy at all costs.

To date, he has made only eight pictures in his entire career, yet he is acclaimed on two continents as one of the world's finest actors. Six of these pictures have been acclaimed in the highest ranking class by audiences and critics alike—thus establishing a record that has never been equalled. So rapidly did he reach the peak, that today he is one of the privileged few who has the authority to reject any story that fails to meet with his approval.

THROUGHOUT his brief career, he hasn't played the same sort of role twice, which is unusual when you stop to consider how James Cagney has exhausted the tough guy. In the *Private Life of Henry VIII,* his first sizable role, he was the ill-fated *Culpepper,* a tragic but romantic figure. His next characterization in the *Count of Monte Cristo* started him on the road to fame. *The 39 Steps* proved him skillful at light comedy parts while *The Ghost Goes West* gave him his first opportunity to undertake a dual role. And of course, in *The Citadel,* he played the role of a struggling young doctor who is tempted by money, with complete and relentless honesty.

Though Donat thinks he's merely lucky in drawing such prize parts consistently, those who have seen him on the screen disagree. Among the experts there is a unanimous opinion that he gets all these plum parts because of his ability to act with conviction.

But success didn't just come to Robert Donat out of a clear sky. He has gone through all the trying stages and growing pains of the profession. For years, before even dreaming of a career on the stage, he underwent a rigid period of training. He realized the importance of perfecting his speech before attempting to crash the stage. Today, his diction is said to be flawless. If you haven't been aware of it in *The Citadel* just watch how skillfully he handles the "King's English" in *Mr. Chips.*

It was at this stage in his career that Donat started collecting medals and prizes for his excellent diction and thinking seriously of a career on the stage. For a short time he worked as a secretary. Then luck crossed his path in the way of an offer from Sir Frank Benson's Shakespearean Company.

As a result of the training he received there and in several other stock companies, he is now able to boast of having played in practically all of the old favorites of the London stage.

"They say you're not really an actor until you've played in *East Lynne,*" he explains with a twinkle in his deep brown eyes. "Well, I've played not only in *East Lynne,* but in almost every old-fashioned tear-jerker you can mention. Not only has it been great fun, but for a novice as green to the theatre as I was, it was marvelous training."

WHILE he has often been compared with Ronald Colman, he is taller and heavier. Of rugged physique, six feet in height and weighing 165 pounds, he is modest and soft-spoken and possessed of a keen sense of humor. He wears his clothes with the typical studied carelessness of the well-bred Briton. He likes to dance, walk, fence and ride—but until he played in *The Citadel* he never held a golf club in his hands and feels he has plenty of time to adopt the game when he is too old to take part in more active sports.

When you see him for the first time, he impresses you with his frank boyish charm—a quality of cheerfulness that is "catching." Even though an Englishman, he is never formal or aloof. You find that you actually can relax in his presence. And yet, he has his more serious side.

When it comes to reading, just give Robert Donat a blood-curdling detective story and see how quickly he forgets everything around him.

He is rarely seen in the swank London night clubs or at the gala gatherin's of Britain's "Who's Who." He rather delights in the peace and comfort of his home and gets more of a thrill from an impromptu summons to have tea with his young sons and daughter in their nursery than he probably would from an invitation to Buckingham Palace.

Donat still likes to recall the difficulties he had with minor problems while he was here in America . . . the disturbing necessity of driving on the right hand side of the road, the refusal of gasoline attendants to understand him when he asked for petrol and his own forgetfulness to remember it was called gasoline in this part of the world. But what still puzzled him is that a nickel which is twice as large as a dime should only be worth one-half the value. However, his discovery of roast duckling has compensated whatever inconveniences he may have suffered here, for now it is his favorite food.

BORN in Withington near Manchester where his father was engaged in the shipping business, Donat is still on the carefree side of thirty. He is the youngest of four sons and the only one to show any inclination for acting. As early as his seventh year, young Robert wrote and produced a play called *The Hunchback*, and even starred in the leading role of the prince.

"He brought down the house," his father recalls—"or at least the kitchen—which served as the improvised auditorium and stage. During the performance, I missed my cigarette case. But when during the course of the play, the prince nonchalantly produced it and lighted a cigarette as he calmly went on with the acting, I knew that nothing would ever stop him from reaching his goal. From that time on, I gave him every encouragement I possibly could."

At the age of thirteen, Donat's mind was definitely made up and he started taking elocution lessons from a famous professor. "In fact, two professors competed for the privilege of directing the destiny of a pupil who was later to fulfill their joint promises," relates the elder Donat. "When he was barely eighteen, he won the coveted 'L. R. A. M.' (Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music and Elocution), thus becoming Master of Elocution at a single bound. Bob was the only one of seventy-six to pass on that day and he came through with flying colors—the youngest lad in the British Isles ever to achieve that feat. Since then the age limit has been raised to twenty-one, the earliest at which a candidate may enter for these stiff examinations that are given by five examiners—of which one is the English poet laureate."

It was Alexander Korda, Donat's professional godfather, who convinced the actor that he would have to lower his voice when he spoke into a microphone. He managed this by allowing him to shout during one entire scene of *Henry VIII*. Then Korda ran the reel off in a tiny projection room. The star listened for a few seconds, then clapped his hands over his ears and has been crooning into the mike in a much modified voice ever since.

But since then, Robert Donat has gone a long way and has learned a great deal. Though modestly referring to himself as a character actor, thousands of fans persistently continue to hail him not only as one of the finest living actors but as one of the most romantic personalities ever to grace the screen.

Whether he is right in refusing to come to Hollywood is no longer a matter to be discussed. Metro has found him a good enough investment to merit making films in England. The expense involved in making *The Citadel* abroad was trivial compared to the pleasure and satisfaction it gave to the movie audiences. And now again comes the repetition of that same glowing enjoyment with Donat's appearance in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.*

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HERE'S NEWS from the motion picture world . . . a new and original lip make-up creation by Max Factor, Hollywood. It's Tru-Color Lipstick! . . . and it has these four amazing features which every woman wants in the perfect lipstick.

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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*.......FREE. 5-8-53

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light . . . ☐	Blue . . . . . ☐	BLONDE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Fair. . . . . . . ☐	Gray. . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Creamy . . . . ☐	Green . . . . ☐	BRUNETTE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Medium. . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . ☐	REDHEAD Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . ☐	
Freckled . . . ☐	LASHES [*Color*] Light . . . . ☐ Dark. . . . . ☐	
Olive . . . . . . ☐	AGE	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐		

New *Under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
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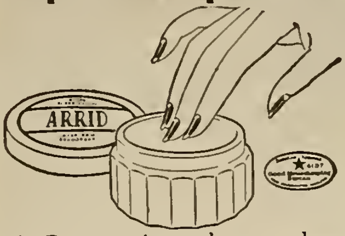

1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
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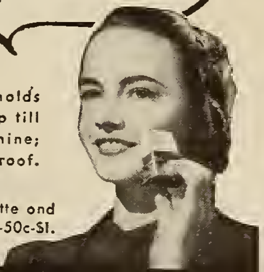


POWD'R-BASE holds powder ond moke-up till removed. No nose shine; non-greasy; woterproof. Velvety, flottering.

Rochelle, Flesh, Brunette ond 3 Rouge Tones. 10c-25c-50c-$1.

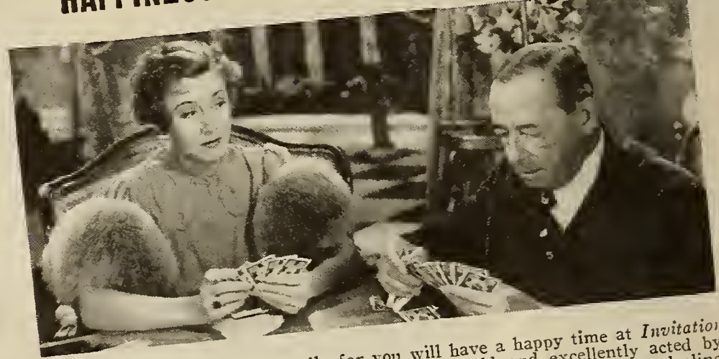
POWD'R-BASE
Fifth Avenue *hampden* New York

PICTURE PARADE

CAPTAIN FURY —AAA—

We guess the Irish were always a fightin' lot for here we find one *Captain Michael Fury*, a political exile from Ireland, fighting for a cause—they had them in those days, too—in far-off Australia. However, unlike the Dublin rebellion of 1917, this isn't for the cause of Ireland but for a group of mixed settlers outside of Sydney who were being dominated and cheated by a greedy land baron, *Arnold Trist* by name. So, if you're the type who likes fighting, shooting and fast riding—in other words, a Western enthusiast—you're going to like *Captain Fury* because it packs plenty of thrills. And you are also going to like *Captain Fury* if you are a Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen fan—and who isn't?—because both these stars feature prominently therein. Brian Aherne has the title role and while he's no "Golden God" here he still has loads of appeal. Vic McLaglen plays *Blackie*, a bully, who joins up with the *Cap'n* after he learns to respect his brawn as well as his brain. There's also June Lang, Virginia Field and Margaret Roach to add feminine charm and romance and Paul Lukas, John Carradine, George Zucco and Douglass Dumbrille to add character.—*Hal Roach-United Artists.*

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—AAA—



You can take this title literally for you will have a happy time at *Invitation to Happiness* which is a love story excellently told and excellently acted by Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray. This is adult entertainment—dealing with marriage and divorce—but the action is lively enough to sustain the interest of the younger set. Supporting Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray are Charlie Ruggles, playing a serious role, William Collier, Sr., and young Billy Cook who does a fine job as the offspring of the union between a socialite and an ambitious contender for the heavyweight championship. Of course, Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray play the last mentioned roles. Their love story starts in 1927 when the blue-blooded socialite meets and marries the gutter-raised prizefighter and runs along, not always happily, for a decade or so when their marriage is climaxed by a divorce. However, the divorce is only a trial for after the fighter's ring hopes die, the family welcome him back for a happy reunion. You needn't have any reservations about accepting *Invitation to Happiness*—we can assure you a good time.—*Paramount.*

A Star Before He Started!

[*Continued from page 73*]

I become of age, cast in a role that requires me to play the fiddle as well as box! Imagine it! The studio ordered me to take violin lessons again so that the movie audience wouldn't think my fiddling is faked! Well, they got me a violin, gave me an instructor, and I had to practice two hours twice a day! They also ordered me to take boxing lessons for two hours a day! But that wasn't all. I had to have voice-coaching, and plenty of it. On top of that came lessons on how to act. The wardrobe designer put me through a lot of tricks. The cameraman got hold of me whenever he could and began experimenting on lighting and angle shots, close-ups and mediums.

WE FOUND that Bill doesn't give a hoot for night-clubs. He hasn't—as yet—any "girl friend." He likes to eat at home, and likes to ride in street cars when he isn't dashing hither and yon in his "open face" second-hand jaloppy. He knows Spanish and German. He's also trying hard to get—and keep—his bearings in this sudden and unexpected rush of good fortune. His most prized possession is an old school paper-clipping wherein it's prophesied that he has a great future as an athlete.

We also discovered that Bill's mother is a descendant of Martha Ball, the mother of George Washington, and that his maternal grandfather, Samuel Ball, was a cousin of President Harding. Which gives Bill the honor of being closely related to two American Presidents. He has blue eyes, brown hair, stands six feet, weighs 170 pounds and was born April 17, 1918, in the town of O'Fallon, Ill. His father is a chemist. One brother, Robert, in college is unimpressed with Bill's movie luck. The other brother, Richard, age 14, now regards Bill as a sort of extra-fine hero and, just in case some other studio decides to grab off another Holden a few years hence, he's taken up violin and boxing.

Bill got his first whiff of California ozone at the age of four. Went through the South Pasadena High School and later enrolled at Pasadena Junior College where he's been studying music, history and physical education.

How Bill became an actor happens to be just one of those things.

"I'd been singing in a church choir in South Pasadena," he says, "but that was the limit of my public appearances. Then, a few months ago, I was selected along with other Pasadena Junior students to take part in an amateur play titled *Manya*, a drama about Mme. Curie. We presented it three times late in February of this year with me cast in the role of Pierre Curie, Sr., a man of 70. Gilmour Brown, managing director of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, saw one performance and invited the cast to continue the play's run at the Playhouse's Playbox Theatre—a small auditorium where spectators sit on all four sides of the actors. *Manya* was performed there eleven times, beginning on March 1. Believe it or not, we got so well-known that we were asked to present radio playlets. In all likelihood I'd be in front of a mike right now taking part in a radio presentation if a talent scout hadn't come along."

THE talent scout—from Paramount—liked Bill's stage behavior so much that after one of the *Manya* performances he suggested a screen test. He made the same offer to two of the girls in the *Manya* cast and the three amateurs went over to the studio the next day and got shot. Nothing happened much. That is, the three prospects, now all ears, failed to catch the slightest sound of excitement from the front office.

And then, Columbia, pretty well fagged out trying to find a *Golden Boy*, decided to go on a hunt for a girl to play his sister and phoned the studios for tests of their stock girls. Seems Columbia wanted an unknown for this role, too. Well, the studios sent over their reels. But no dice. Then along came the Paramount test featuring the *Manya* girls.

Well, it's the truth, so help us! Before the reel was half run off, one executive, sitting there in the projection room, gave a wild shout. "Golden Boy!" he yelled. "Can't you see him! Right there on the screen! That kid! Run that reel over!"

And that's how movie stars are made in Hollywood!

CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.
FLAVOR-TOWN
"WE OUGHT TO TAKE THAT OLD SIGN DOWN AND CHANGE THE NAME TO FLAVOR-TOWN"
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
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BEECH-NUT GUM PEPPERMINT FLAVORED

Seriously, though, Canajoharie, N. Y., can truly be called Flavor-Town. It is famous for the quality and flavor you'll find in Beech-Nut Gum. Try a package today. Your choice of six delicious varieties. Always refreshing and restful.

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One of America's GOOD habits

GOING TO THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR? We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. And if you drive, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

TEETH *hard* TO BRYTEN?

Use Iodent No. 2. It removes most stubborn stains—even brownish smoke stains. Iodent polishes teeth to gleaming luster or money back. Guaranteed *safe*—made by a Dentist; accepted by the American Dental Association. Change to Iodent today!

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Do the entire wash this **new** way!

Your iron fairly glides when you use this wonderful new way to hot starch. You can make a pint or gallons in no time at all. No waste. No cooking. Nothing to add. Gives a lovely soft "finish" and gleaming freshness. Try it.

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 72*]

Could Be

■ If ever they make a screenplay out of *The Philadelphia Story*, in which Katharine Hepburn is starring on the stage, Katie herself will play the leading role in the film version. That's been assured—simply because Millionaire Howard Hughes has bought the entire play, lock stock and barrel, so as to protect Katie's right to play the role . . .!

Some in Hollywood say it's another manifestation of Howard-loves-Katie. Maybe, but the truer index is that the Hughes-Hepburn romance, which was as hectic a piece of publicity as was ever engineered via the heart-throb route, is as real as a DT apparition. They've always been friends—but romance was never in the picture. Hughes is a nice millionaire, but no great shakes as a lover, and Katie is a good actress if you like that kind of actress, but too much in love with Katie to be in love with anybody else very much.

Anyway, that's what Hollywood thinks.

Curtains?

■ Now it's almost certain that Luise Rainer won't ever appear in pictures any more. Just before she left for Europe, she told a friend:

"I have $50,000 in the bank and I can live on that for the rest of my life."

Even Dumb Clucks Would Know

■ It seems that the Sigma Chi chapter at Columbia University has just voted Loretta Young's lips "the most kissable in the world."

And all I can say is: it don't take no collidge ejucashun for to know that!

Good News About Bill Powell

■ FOR BILL POWELL FANS, here's good news:

Bill is working like a fiend, to bring himself back into No. 1 condition, for that screen comeback everybody wants to see him make. Evidently, Bill is getting over any possible touch of self-pity he may have suffered from, or whatever it was. And despite the gruelling mental and physical ordeal he's been up against, he's heroically and intensely undergoing a system of self-discipline and self-conditioning.

He's occupying the Lake Arrowhead forest lodge of his agent, Myron Selznick. Stripped to the waist, he spends all day in the sun outdoors. He's working like a section-hand, cleaning the property, chopping wood.

Now he's as tan as can be, and his muscles ripple, and he's getting back a smiling, laughing, cheerio outlook on life. And if this keeps up, he'll knock 'em dead in his next *Thin Man* picture—for which, three tremendous cheers. There's nothing the screen needs more than a touch of the Old Bill Powell at his Billpowellest.

Battle

■ FEUD OF THE MONTH in Hollywood is the battle between Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, co-starred in *The Old Maid.*

It wasn't originally meant for co-starring. The original billing was to have been:

BETTE DAVIS in *The Old Maid*, with Miriam Hopkins.

But Miriam would have none of that. She held out and won for the change in billing which now makes it:

BETTE DAVIS and MIRIAM HOPKINS in *The Old Maid.*

And on the set, it's all-day-long war, with Bette and Miriam using every trick they know to out-steal scenes from each other. It ought to be a swell picture.

Sotch Fun

■ —at Paramount, somebody found a prop sign which reads:

"MEN'S DORMITORY"

—and hung it on Claudette Colbert's dressing-room door.

Eddy-MacDonald Not Busting Up

■ They say that it's NOT true—that Jeanette MacDonald or Nelson Eddy have slumped at the box-office since making personal appearance concert tours. And each of them has been just as terrifically mobbed by worshippers as ever before. Eddy's concert stages have regularly been inundated by floods of worshipping women—and the tour has been the usual succession of embarrassing incidents (which Eddy doesn't like to discuss for publication, please!) revolving around the ruses of women who try to get close to him—So close!

Jeanette's tour has been a parade of ovations, too. And like a good trouper, Jeanette has played fair with her fans. In Peoria, Illinois, her concert manager tried to save her the ordeal of greeting a mob of thousands who waited for her to arrive at the railroad station. He drove out of town, picked her off the train at a stop ahead of Peoria. But when Jeanette learned why he did it, she insisted on being driven to the station in Peoria, anyway, and signed hundreds of autograph books—so as not to disappoint her public.

Maybe that sort of thing is why M-G-M now realizes that its trial screen separation of Jeanette and Nelson was a mistake. You can practically depend on it—the MacDonald-Eddy screen team will be with you again. . . .

—and again and again and again and again and again. . . .

Human Nature at Work

■ HOW DO YOU RECONCILE—the fact that fan-mail for handsome screen heavies has tripled within the past half year?—and the fact that Ann Sheridan's mail has tripled since they called her the "Oomph Gal." Except that they like their men hard and their women soft . . .?

Something in Common

■ It remained for the London *Sunday Referee* to discover the fact that has made a clipping from that paper one of the most-read pieces of printing Hollywood has recently seen:

"Fifty years ago today, Charlie Chaplin was born. Just four days later, Adolf

[*Continued on page 84*]

Tea Up

[*Continued from page* 8]

REFRESHMENT ICED TEA

4 quarts boiling water
4 heaping teaspoons black tea
3½ cups sugar
½ cup chopped mint leaves
2 cups canned pineapple juice
Juice 4 lemons
Sparkling water
Cracked ice
Mint leaves
Orange slices

Pour 2 quarts boiling water over tea and allow to steep 5 minutes. Pour other 2 quarts water on sugar and boil together 5 minutes, adding mint leaves. Cool. Combine with lemon and pineapple juices, blend and strain. Pour, together with Sparkling water over cracked ice in tall glasses. Garnish with mint and orange slices. (Serves 10-12 glasses.)

ANOTHER suggestion for tea as a refreshment drink is simple, but with a decidedly exotic quality which reveals its tropical origin and which makes it appeal particularly to men. It's called *Cuban Cooler,* and with its added modern touch of melon balls, is as smart a drink to serve smart young people as the gleaming chromium pitcher from which it may be poured. Here is:

CUBAN COOLER

8 balls honeydew melon
¼ cup rum flavoring
4 cups strong black tea infusion
Plain or lemon ice cubes

Shape balls from melon with French ball cutter. Stand in rum flavoring 1 hour. Pour freshly made tea over ice cubes in tall glasses. Garnish each glass with 2 melon balls. (Serves 4.)

Every well-made cup or glass of tea is a full-flavored drink, and yet is so light and neutral that it adapts itself readily to use with every type of summer meal. At the hot weather lunch, for example, what more suitable as well as refreshing to accompany a luncheon blue plate, a seafood or vegetable salad, then a tall cooling glass of good tea, chilled with ice cubes and topped with a colorful wheel of orange, lemon, or lime? Speaking of ice cubes, every clever hostess knows the trick of *making the cubes themselves out of a strong tea infusion.* Then, when added to the glass of tea, and when they melt, they do not weaken or reduce the flavor of the tea as would water ice cubes. Another trick is to make the cubes of fruit flavors, such as lemon, lime, or grape, from softdrink in powder form, and thus provide both flavored and colored cubes to add gayety to each glass.

Fruit juices, of course, harmonize perfectly with flavorful tea. In the following recipe, the strong hot tea infusion is the base, and the fruit juices blend pleasingly with it. This is an ideal recipe for smart drinks, the punchbowl, or used as a buffet beverage. Try this:

BUFFET PUNCH

1 cup sugar
1 cup strong tea infusion
½ cup lemon juice
½ cup orange juice
½ cup pineapple juice
½ cup crushed pineapple
5 cups crushed ice and water

Dissolve sugar and hot tea, and cool. Add fruit juices and pulp, and pour over crushed ice and water. Blend thoroughly. Serve in tall glasses. Make 3-way rosettes of sliced lemon-orange-pineapple and garnish each glass (Serves about 8 glasses.) Or increase quantities and serve in punchbowl with green and pink ice cubes made with soft drink in powder form.

NOW for this all-important point of economy—for unlike some other drinks and many bottled beverages *tea is inexpensive.* One may obtain regularly the whole year through, some 200 cups from a single pound of tea! When "extended," as in summer use, by the addition of ice cubes, cracked ice, charged water, fruit juices, etc., the finished drink may cost but a fraction of a cent. When one considers the whole expense of hospitality, the frequency with which family and guests alike crave and demand "something cool to drink," then tea economy should not be overlooked.

Tea, of course, can be used in preparing dishes other than strictly beverages. Thus a well made tea infusion provides a most refreshing sherbet or frozen ice to offer one's guests of a hot afternoon. Make the tea and fruit mix in the morning, freeze in the refrigerator, packing into paper cups if you wish, and have ready, flavorful, and "ripened" to serve at any time whatever. (The recipe for this, by the way, is one of the many unusual ones included in the special leaflet, "Tea For Ten," which will be sent readers on request.) Tea infusion is delicious, too, for use in jellied summer salads or aspics, to which mixed vegetables or cut fruits are added.

In buying tea for summertime or iced tea use, note the label carefully. Purchase that package which carries the label "special iced tea pack," since the most suitable variety or blend of tea for chilled drinks differs from that preferable for hot tea infusions. And don't fail to make tea right! Allow 1 teaspoon tea leaves for each 1 cup or glass desired. Use a china or pottery teabowl. Have water at a rapid "bubbling boil" at the moment it is poured over the leaves. Steep only 3 minutes in a warm place—no longer. Then pour over the resulting infusion, and try tea whenever you're thirsty!

Mrs. Christine Frederick
c/o MOTION PICTURE
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please send me the free leaflet "Tea for Ten" which includes such unusual recipes as Tea Sherbet, Tea Vegetable Aspic, and Spiced Tea Punch.

(This offer expires Sept. 15th, 1939)

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Street Address ....

Town and State ....

MP-8

Keep
COOL
WITH
Kool-Aid
MOTHER, MAY I BRING JIMMY IN TO HAVE SOME, TOO? WE'VE BEEN PLAYING HARD AND WE'RE WARM.
Makes 10 BIG DELICIOUS Drinks

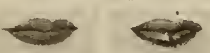
WATCH your youngster's eyes light up with joy . . . when you serve frosty glasses filled to the brim with thirst-quenching Kool-Aid! Grownups enjoy this thrifty, wholesome beverage, too. So keep your family refreshed and cool. Stock up — serve Kool-Aid often. The display below identifies the original. Look for it on your grocer's counter!

7 FLAVORS
KOOL-AID
Soft Drinks 5¢
ORIGINAL
KOOL-AID
5¢

NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK BRINGS NEW ALLURE!

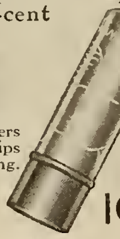
ACTUALLY KEEPS LIPS LOOKING TEMPTINGLY MOIST!

Now the secret of keeping lips looking temptingly moist and lustrous has been solved! A new ingredient, used only in Twin Sisters Dewy-Sheen Lipstick, makes this thrilling effect possible. Try it! See the tender, dewy sheen it imparts—how natural and truly desirable your lips appear. Nothing quite like it! Extra creamy—helps prevent chapped lips. At your nearest ten-cent store, or send coupon.



DULL LIPS DEWY-SHEEN

Men dislike dull lips. Twin Sisters Dewy-Sheen Lipstick keeps lips looking moist, lustrous..tempting.



Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN PAT PENDING LIPSTICK

10c

TANGERINE LIGHT
MEDIUM RASPBERRY
CARDINAL ORCHID

Clark-Millner Co., Dept. 16-H
450 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.
In Canada, address 426 St. Helen St., Montreal
Please send me Twin Sisters Dewy-Sheen Lipstick in the following shades________________
I enclose 10c for each. (15c in Canada)

Name________________________________

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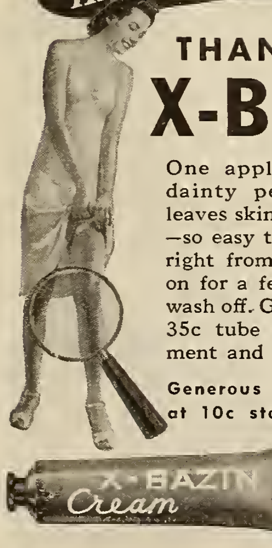
It is amazing the way 1 to 4 tablespoonsful of angostura bitters (aromatic) in an equal amount of water, hot or cold, brings welcome relief from periodic pain and discomfort. Gentle-acting, non-habit-forming and with no unpleasant after-effects. Soothing angostura has been a great boon to women the world over for four generations.

BEAUTIFUL LEGS ARE HAIR FREE LEGS



THANKS TO X-BAZIN

One application of this dainty perfumed cream leaves skin soft and smooth—so easy to use—you apply right from the tube, leave on for a few minutes, then wash off. Giant 50c size and 35c tube at your department and drug stores.

Generous tube at 10c stores.

The Star Americans Don't Know

[Continued from page 48]

being middle-aged, unexciting and unglamorous.

That's because of the picture called *Victoria the Great,* which she made in 1937. When it was released here, critics not only acclaimed it; they added that no actress in existence could possibly have played Victoria better than Anna Neagle. But Americans, as a whole, avoided looking her over. They didn't know who she was, in the first place; and, in the second place, they couldn't think of Queen Victoria except as a stern, little old lady dressed in black. Anna Neagle might be a great actress, but if she looked like that—well, they'd rather go on down the street and see some Hollywood cutie-pie. Any Hollywood cutie-pie.

To TRY to alter this state of affairs, she came over to America at the time. She spent seven weeks here. She appeared in most of the large cities. She spoke to countless women's clubs. She gave innumerable interviews. Wherever she went, she awakened interest. The only trouble was that, in each new city, she had to start all over again. At that rate, it would take her years to become known to the whole United States. That was when she and Wilcox decided that she should make a picture in Hollywood.

They started looking for "the right story." After a long search, they found one they liked. A romantic drama, in which the man's role was made to order for Cary Grant—Cary, who was English, but had a tremendous American following. They tried to get Cary. He was tied up for months to come. They couldn't see anyone else in the part, so they forgot about that story. They decided to make, instead, a picture they had had in mind for several years—*Nurse Edith Cavell.*

Long before the picture is released, Americans will want to know all about her. And they will be told The Story of Anna Neagle. But Motion Picture—again—is first.

SHE is taller than you would expect someone who had played Victoria to be. She is youthfully slender, and shapely. She is somewhere around thirty. She looks younger. She has a schoolgirl complexion, without benefit of rouge. She is undeniably pretty. Her hair is blond. Her eyes are grayish-blue, with a mischievous gleam in them. Like her quick smile and the tilt of her head, they hint of the Irish. She's half-Irish, thanks to her mother. And half-Scotch, thanks to her father.

She was born Marjorie Robertson. Her present name was once her mother's.

"And Edith Cavell and I have one thing, at least, in common," she says, smiling. "Most people mispronounce our last names. When her family gave us permission to film her story, they implored us to pronounce the name correctly. 'People have been miscalling us Ca-*vell* for years,' they told us. The name is pronounced *Cav*-ell, to rhyme with travel. Just so, most people call me Naygle, when the name really rhymes with eagle."

Her accent reveals where she was born and brought up. London. It was the home port of her father, a sea captain for thirty-seven crowded years.

As a young girl, she was chosen with several others in her neighborhood to dance in a tableau on the stage of a theatre. She supposes that was what first gave her the-

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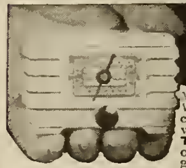

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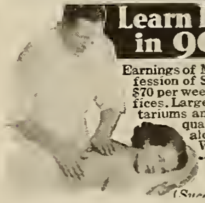

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atrical ambitions. During the performance, there was an air raid. The audience emptied the theatre in a panic. Afterward, she forgot the panic, remembered only the thrill of being in front of the footlights. She decided she wanted to be a dancer.

Her parents wouldn't hear of it. There never had been any theatrical blood in the family, and they—"like so many parents"—intended that there never should be any.

Since she couldn't be a dancer, what was the closest thing to dancing that she *could* do? Her parents didn't object to her becoming a "gym mistress"—which is English for female gymnastics instructor. So, when she finished regular school, she enrolled in a special school that would train her for that career. The course was a long one. She had finished three years of it, in 1924, when her father had a collapse, became an invalid. ("I think he never got over the terrible strain of transporting troops during the War.") She couldn't finish her course. She had to—at least, she wanted to—help pay the rent and buy the provisions. She was sure that she could earn more, sooner, at dancing than at anything else. She pleaded to be allowed to try.

"When nothing else turned up, Mother finally said, 'Why not let her try that? She may be right. It's what she has always wanted to do.' Father reluctantly gave his permission. I enrolled in a dancing school for a short course. Near the end of it, I heard about some tryouts for a London chorus. I entered them with great determination, and I came out of them with great good luck. I had a job in *Charlot's Revue*—in the chorus. That was in 1926."

There is a vast difference between being a chorus girl in a music hall and being a chorus girl in a musical comedy. A difference in pay, and a difference in opportunity. She felt that she was on her way to a bright and shining career. After *Charlot's Revue*, she danced in some Cochran revues and some cabarets. In 1930, she came over to New York in the English hit musical, *Wake Up and Dream*—"still in the chorus."

"When I got back to England, I said to myself, 'I've been a chorus girl for four years. It's time I got on a bit.' I was determined to do something different, even if it were only a two-line part in some road company. There were no jobs to be had.

"THEN, just when everything looked blackest," Anna adds, "I was offered an audition with Jack Buchanan, England's Fred Astaire. He was looking for an ingenue for his new musical comedy. I had been asking for some kind, any kind, of 'bit' part—and here was a chance to do a lead. I prayed for luck and I gave that audition everything I had. My prayer was answered. I got the job. The show was *Stand Up and Sing*, a hit. Herbert Wilcox wanted to do a picture, after that, starring Jack. I was offered a lead in it, 'if I wanted it.' I couldn't think of anything I wanted more.

"I met Jack Buchanan on a 13th, and I started work for Mr. Wilcox on a 13th—the 13th of December, 1931. You can't blame me for thinking of 13 as a lucky number. I didn't learn, for a time, that it was also Mr. Wilcox's. With him, it started during the War. He was about eighteen at the time. He went up to London and, somehow, managed to celebrate. When he awoke the morning after, he asked, 'Where am I?' They said, 'You're in the army.' He had enlisted and been taken out to a camp and assigned a cot in a certain tent. The number of the tent was 13, and there were thirteen cots in it. And in one of those thirteen cots was his brother, whom he hadn't seen in four years."

She hastens to explain, "Neither of us is superstitious about bad luck. Only good luck. We associate the number 13 with good luck. So we do go a bit out of our way to make 13 figure in any new venture. We always start a picture on the 13th, and release it on another 13th."

She is quite, quite sure that if she had signed a contract with any other producer, she would never have had "the great good luck" she has had. "No one else would have thought of letting an ex-chorus girl play every possible type of character—from dancing ingenues to dramatic queens."

She can't explain exactly how she happened to become the world's foremost protrayer of women who have made history. "All I know is that I have always liked history. In school, I was simply a dunce except in that and English."

HER first historical picture was *Peg of Old Drury*, made in 1935. The success of that led to *Nell Gwyn*, which was banned in America by the Hays Office. In its forthright, honest portrayal of a courtesan, it was one of the first victims of the purity campaign. If Edward VIII hadn't abdicated, Anna never would have made *Victoria the Great*. There is an English law that no king or queen may be portrayed in English drama until the reign of his or her fourth successor. Edward's last official act was to announce that, with his abdication, the ban on dramatizations of Victoria's life was lifted.

Wilcox made an overnight decision to do the picture. Three other producers announced similar plans. But Wilcox carried out his without delay. That made all the difference. He did such a magnificent job that the English people didn't want to see anyone but Anna Neagle play Victoria. That they did want to see her, they testified by their response to the sequel, *Queen of Destiny*. Now they are demanding that she play Victoria again, even though the part is only a "bit," in *The Life of Lord Kitchener*. (P. S. And she will do it.)

Because she and Herbert Wilcox have been associated so long and so closely, and are seldom seen in public except together, Hollywood has leaped to the conclusion that they are married. "That is a misimpression," she told me.

She isn't interested in night-clubbing. She saw enough of cabarets in her dancing days to last her a long, long time. She hasn't joined Hollywood's British-colony clique. While she is in America, she wants to meet as many Americans as possible. Weekends, when she isn't swimming or playing tennis, she is out in her car, filling her eyes with California. She is living in a small house with a big garden. She's an outdoor girl.

She has a younger brother, Stuart Robertson, who is a famous concert baritone. She, herself, sang in *Bitter Sweet*. She hasn't kept up her vocal exercises. "They're bad for a dramatic speaking voice, which should be low-pitched, throaty."

Every time she begins a new role, she suffers agonies of nervousness. She's that intense. She wonders, sometimes, if it isn't shortening her life. "Yet I couldn't be happy except as an actress. I'm sure of that. I never want to do anything else. I only hope I can keep on as long as May Robson."

She doesn't believe in dramatic schools. "I think the best way to learn to act is by meeting people, absorbing their personalities, their gestures, their ways of speaking—becoming a composite human being."

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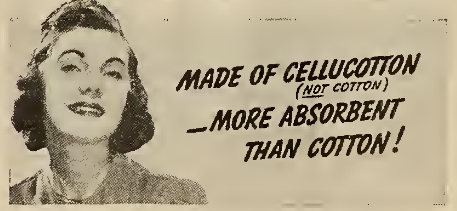
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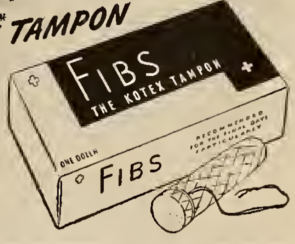

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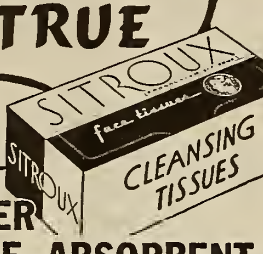

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The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 80]

Hitler arrived in the world. Oddly enough, both of them adopted the same toothbrush moustache as their symbol in life. They are both world-famous—yet that fame and that moustache are the only things they have in common. Astrologists say that that four-day difference in their birthdates is the factor that has made their careers so opposite."

Hollywood Whittlings

■ Geraldine Fitzgerald gets mad if you call her Jerry . . . Bing Crosby's pictures make money in South America only when they don't advertise his name because they don't like crooners there . . . Myrna Loy is sponsoring a studio baseball team called "Loy's Boys" . . . Vivien (*Scarlett*) Leigh has yet to be seen in a Hollywood night club; she doesn't like nitelife . . . Adrian, to do something different, picked the gals to fit the costumes he'd made for the lesser roles in *The Women*, instead of vice-versa . . . Cary Grant, British citizen, doesn't have to worry about British conscription any more because he has just taken out his first U. S. citizenship papers . . . Cliff Edwards spent three weeks learning the several-score choruses of a song he sang for *Maisie Was a Lady* and then the film was finally released with only one chorus! . . . so bad are conditions among Hollywood's underpaid and under-jobbed extra ranks that six girls are occupying one "single" apartment in Hollywood—and sleep in shifts!

Comeback Prophecy

■ Don't be surprised if Ann Harding, who's been off the screen since her marriage to Werner Janssen, makes a screen return soon.

One on Niven

■ Davie Niven, whose English arrogance makes him the most feared wise-cracker in Hollywood, had the tables turned on him by a girl at a radio show the other night. Davie, who never hesitates to pull his own punches when he's talking to people, stepped right into this one. Seems he'd been noticing a girl in his audience laughing. After the broadcast, he singled her out, thanked her for attention, and added:

". . . but I noticed that you were getting a big laugh out of my performance. Mind telling me why?"

"Certainly," grinned the gal; "I suddenly noticed how baggy your trousers are!"

Did Davie blush!

Death Valley, Too?

■ What with riding clubs, hunt clubs, desert clubs, and every other kind of club in and for Hollywood's inner circles, it remained for Alan Mowbray to start the newest. He's getting a crowd together to try to finance purchase of that almost-legendary castle built by "Death Valley" Scotty in the midst of Death Valley's desolate wastes—to be converted into an exclusive winter resort.

Wasn't Fileted

■ QUAINTEST HOSPITALIZATION OF THE MONTH—was Anna Sten's. She had to be rushed to the emergency ward, to have a fish-bone removed from her throat!

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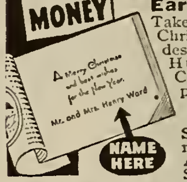

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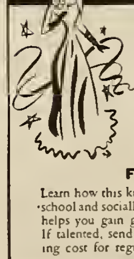

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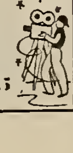

CINEMA PRODUCTIONS COMPANY, Dept. 5
6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California

And So They Were Married!

[*Continued from page 66*]

out—if anybody recognized their real names: Arlington Brugh and Ruby Stevens.

At least, they had been able to apply for a license quietly. That was something. And, with the help of the Whelans, they still stood half a chance of having a quiet wedding. They didn't expect their intentions to remain secret eight more days. That was too much to hope. Their real names were too well-known. But when the news didn't break the next day, or the next, or the day after that, it began to look as if the impossible were happening.

Now all they had to do was to keep the secret, themselves. That became a form of endurance contest. Especially on Friday, when Barbara, as bridesmaid at the wedding of her secretary, Hollis Barnes, heard Holly say the words that she, herself, would be saying the next night. And on Friday Bob did the wedding scene for *Lady of the Tropics* with Hedy Lamarr. When Larry Barbier came on the set in the middle of it, Bob went up in his lines three times running.

ONE columnist, knowing nothing of the wedding plot, but keeping a weather eye open for an elopement, gave Bob a bad moment, asking, "You and Barbara aren't going to elope this Saturday night, are you?" Bob grinned quizzically, as if he wondered how he'd ever be able to have any secrets from the Press. "This Saturday night," said Bob, "we have a date for dinner with the Zeppo Marxes—if that answers your question."

It apparently did. Bob's pulse returned to normal. And he mentally blessed Barbara for having arranged that date, days ago.

Marian Marx is Barbara's closest friend and her partner in the Marwyck Ranch. They constantly have dinner and go to the movies together. How better throw off suspicion than by having a date with the Marxes?

They had dinner at The Barclay Kitchen. Bob and Barbara were dying to Tell All. But what if Marian and Zeppo reacted with a whoop of joy? If the news got out, it would reach San Diego before they could. . . .

When they came out of the restaurant, they hadn't reached any agreement about a movie to see. Bob said, "Let's drive around and look for one."

Near Long Beach, he drew up to a gas station. From a car parked there, a man called, "We were beginning to wonder if anything had happened to you. Miss Koverman will ride down with you. Buck and I will trail you." The man was Larry Barbier.

"What goes on?" demanded Zeppo.

"We're going to be married," chorused Bob and Barbara, "and you're going to be witnesses."

Zeppo and Marian were too surprised to whoop. They were speechless.

As the two cars turned into the Whelans' street, they saw, with dismay, that the whole block was lined with parked cars. Next door, on the lawn was a crowd. "They've found out," said Bob grimly. They made a dash for the Whelans' front door.

SAFELY inside the house, Bob said, "We didn't know the news had got out till we saw the cars and the crowd." Mrs. Whelan looked out. "Oh, that," she laughed. "That's a birthday party next door just breaking up." Her husband said, "I'm sure no one in San Diego knows Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are being married here tonight—do they, Judge Smith?" Judge Philip Smith, flustered at discovering whom he was to marry, was quite sure *no one* had had an inkling.

The ceremony could have begun immediately. But Bob shook his head. "It's still the 13th," he said, with a grin. "There's no use tempting the Fates with an omen like that—when all the other omens are all right. We'll wait till after midnight."

Twenty minutes still to wait. Bob paced the floor impatiently, nervously running one finger, every few moments, around the rim of his collar. Barbara, who was just as tense, was trying not to show it, sitting on the edge of her chair.

During the actual ceremony, the book in the Judge's hands was a bundle of shaking leaves, and he stuttered nervously once or twice. So did Bob and Barbara—who had gone through wedding scenes countless times for the screen without fluffing a word. The only perfect performance was given by Buck Mack, who played a dual role. He gave away the bride and was also best man. He wasn't a second late in producing the ring—a gold band circled with small rubies, which Bob had had for weeks.

Not till the kiss did Bob and Barbara relax. Then they had smiles that wouldn't come off. The first thing they did was to phone Bob's mother. Then Barbara phoned a fellow publicity man in Hollywood the news, told him Bob and Barbara wanted all the newspapers and news services to get an equal break on the story. They felt no need for secrecy now—as they were proving, writing dozens of wires to friends.

They arrived at Marwyck at 6:30 a. m. after a brief stop in Westwood to see Bob's mother. And at 11:30 a. m. Larry Barbier was on the phone, reminding them they had a date with all the news photographers in Hollywood at the Victor Hugo at 1 o'clock. That was to make up to the boys for not telling them about the wedding in advance.

BOB'S ranch is up for sale. They will live at Marwyck, which, besides having a larger house, has a pool and tennis court. "Though we intend to rent a small house in Beverly Hills, as a place to stay when we're in town."

Unexpectedly, Barbara didn't have to work on the Monday and Tuesday after the wedding. Bob wasn't so lucky. He had to be on the set at 9 sharp Monday morning. Contrary to published reports, his first scene was *not* a love scene with Hedy Lamarr.

When he arrived at the studio, he found his dressing-room slightly altered. Bars had been painted on all the windows. Handcuffs, a large ball and chain, and a convict's suit lay about. There was one lone cactus, bearing a card, "Best wishes to the bridegroom." Thus, "the gang" surprising Bob.

Go up to Bob, congratulate him, and hope he'll be happy, and he'll say plaintively, "What's the matter? Don't I look happy now?" He does. Exuberance sticks out all over him.

He's not biting his nails, in dread of the mail he may get because he up and married. "I still say what I've always said. If pictures are good, people will come to see them. And if they aren't good, nothing on God's green earth can get people into theatres."

Pretending to look worried, he asks, "How long, do you suppose, before they'll rumor us rifted? Two weeks more, maybe?" There's a glint in his eyes as he says it that defies anyone to break up this marriage.

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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

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THREE SAFE WAYS

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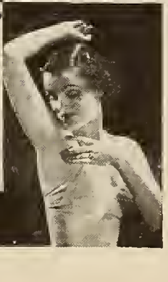
3 Hush POWDER use on sanitary napkins



10¢ SIZES AT 10¢ COUNTERS
25¢, 50¢ AT DRUG, DEPT. STORES

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 23*]

FOR years, Carole Lombard and her old-pal-and-secretary "Fieldsie," who once Macksennetted it together, have been utterly inseparable. What one would do, the other would. It got to be axiomatic in Hollywood that if Carole does so-and-so, Fieldsie would too; and if Fieldsie did this-and-that, so would Carole.

And so, Fieldsie up and got married. She married Director Walter Lang. And it wasn't very long before Carole, true to the record, got married too—to Clark Gable.

Well, now what?—NOW Fieldsie's going to have a baby.

Lang and she have corroborated the report, and they're buying a house that includes a nursery.

That puts it up to Carole and Clark. Don't be surprised.

■

SEEMS your Ol' Tattler just can't keep finding out new little gags about the Doug Junior marriage. He's just discovered that it was almost called off—and all because Doug shaved off his moustache.

Seems he had to shave his upper lip for the first time in seven years for his role in *Rulers of the Sea*. First time Mary saw him without the moustache, she almost swooned.

"Omigod," she screamed, "YOU're not the man I promised to marry . . .!!!"

But she recovered.

■

NEWS OF TWO'S—

—if Richard Carlson is due to marry a certain New York gal, as the report has it, then why's he dating Joan Valerie?—Virginia Langdon and Frank Parker nite-spotting it—Eddie Buzzell and Marjorie Reed aren't freezing—Valerie Whiting and Tony Moreno have resumed after a two weeks interlude—are Don Briggs and Barbara Read nearer the Wedding March than anyone suspects?—Charlie Grayson swapping Nancy Carroll for Kitty Grayson as his nite-spot companion—Eddie Norris and Margaret Lindsay still incandescent—Binnie Barnes and Jimmy Stewart.

■

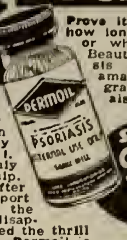
EVEN though Carole Lombard and Annabella skipped the word "obey" in their respective marriage ceremonies, the new Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Junior did NOT. It stayed in—and the new Doug-and-Mary-Fairbanks combine enter matrimony on the "obey" basis.

And the most UNsurprised person in All Hollywood when Doug announced his engagement to Mary was, of ALL people, Virginia Field. Everybody's been believing that Virginia was No. 1 gal in Doug's variegated romance-life. But as a matter of fact, Doug told Virginia about his betrothal to Mary more than two weeks before he told anyone else.

And Virginia kept the secret—right through all the gossip linking her own name with young Doug!

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



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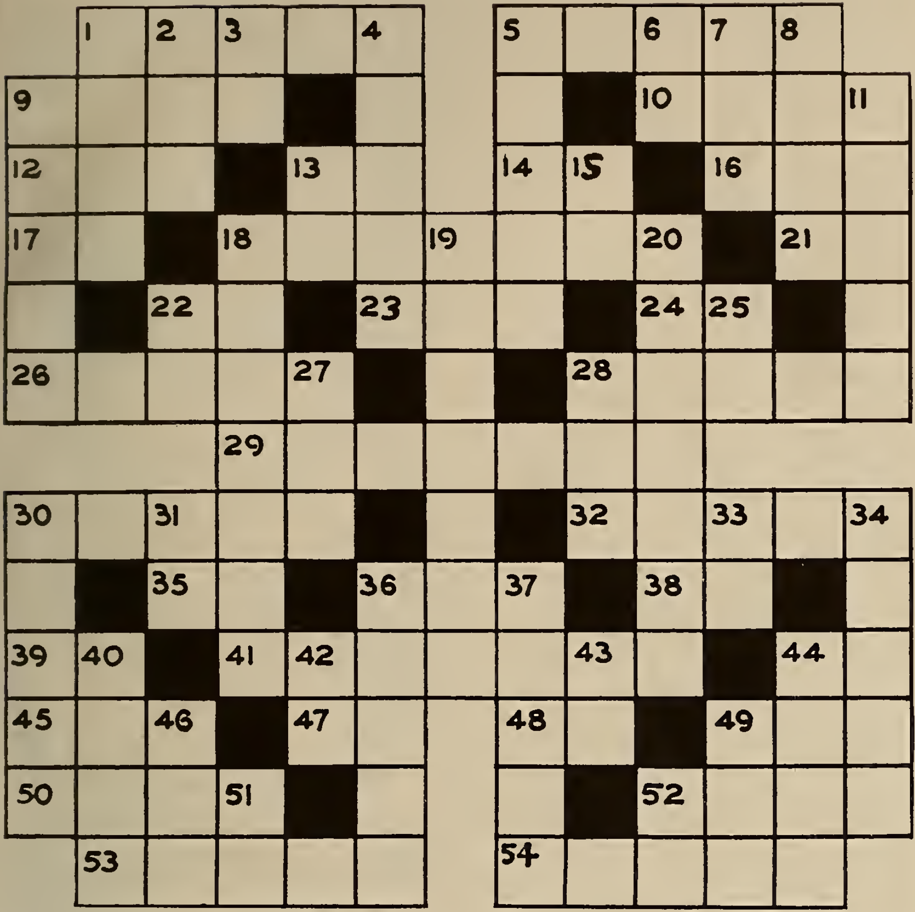
YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!



ACROSS

1. He was *Cutter* in *Gunga Din*
5. A star of *Love Affair*
9. *Blondie* ——*s the Boss*
10. *Trixie Lee* in *Tail Spin*
12. Finis in films
13. —— *Moto's Last Warning*
14. George M. Cohan's birthplace (abbr.)
16. Date in February on which W. C. Fields was born
17. Director Enright's initials
18. Deanna Durbin's screen sister in *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*
21. Initials of Miss Eilers
22. *They Made* —— *a Criminal*
23. —— *My Darling Daughter*
24. ——*Trial*
26. Ventriloquist in *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*
28. Mortimer Snerd is one
29. He is teamed with Marjorie Rambeau in *Sudden Money*
30. Star of *Dramatic School*
32. He was *Dr. Robinson* in *A Man To Remember*
35. *Flight* —— *Fame*
36. The girl in *His Exciting Night*
38. *I* —— *a Criminal*
39. Initials of Louis Hayward's bride
41. She was the matron in *Prison Farm*
44. Claire —— Brey
45. *Hard To* ——
47. Initials of a star of *Idiot's Delight*
48. —— *I Were King*
49. *The Great* —— *Votes*
50. She was *Flo* in *Persons in Hiding*
52. *Virginia* in *Zenobia*
53. He played opposite Gladys Swarthout in *Ambush*
54. First name of Mr. Foxe

DOWN

1. Jeanette MacDonald's husband
2. Color of Myrna Loy's hair
3. *The Headleys* —— *Home*
4. He was *Tiny Tim* in *A Christmas Carol*
5. *Mrs. Arthur* in *I'm from Missouri*
6. Initials of Sally Blane's husband
7. His last name is Pendleton
8. Anita Louise has blue ones
9. A star of *Wuthering Heights*
11. *Whispering* —— (sing.)
13. Miss Astor's initials
15. *My Son* —— *a Criminal*
18. Remember Virginia ——?
19. Whose role was that of *Alec* in *Dark Victory?*
20. He often portrays an inebriate
22. Miss Gombell's initials
25. Bruce Cabot's birthplace (abbr.)
27. Jack La ——
28. Mrs. Joel McCrea
30. She was chosen as *Scarlett O'Hara*
31. *Say* —— *in French*
33. *Burn* —— *Up O'Connor*
34. A star of *Wife, Husband and Friend*
36. *John Dillon* (1937) in *Kentucky*
37. Screen players' remark, which other players are supposed not to hear
40. *Hinge Jackson* in *Risky Business*
42. *Four Girls* —— *White*
43. *The Hound* —— *the Baskervilles*
44. Jean Hersholt is one
46. Date in May on which Bing Crosby was born
49. Short for Director St. Clair
51. His last name is Brendel
52. Initials of Leona Roberts

July Solution

T	Y	R	O	N	E		T	O	P	P	E	R
U	■	F	R	O	M		A	L	A	N	■	I
R	P	■	E	V	E		K	I	T	■	J	T
B	O	B	■	A	R	D	E	N	■	C	U	T
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Posed by professional models

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IT used to be thought that many people were just naturally skinny, puny and inclined to be nervous. But today that idea has been proved entirely untrue in great numbers of cases. Thousands of thin, tired, rundown people have gained new naturally good-looking pounds, normal health and pep, new friends and enjoyment in life—with the aid of the Vitamin B and iron in these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

But just one warning! Due to the success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Of course inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So always insist on the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 288, Atlanta, Ga.

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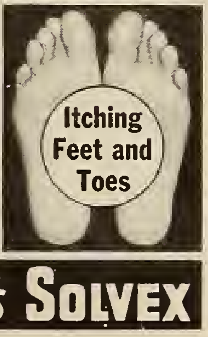
ATHLETE'S FOOT



Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw or cracked—it may be Athlete's Foot. Treat it at once with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. Relieves itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps restore skin to normal. Liquid or Ointment. 50¢ at all Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

They Got There on Their Legs

[*Continued from page* 47]

stockings that went up her shapely limbs quite a ways. In fact, *quite* a ways. When she appeared in that scene, no one even noticed the rest of the cast. A couple of terrific limbs caught the eye of the public—and of Hollywood. Her career began, and legs were reborn here.

DIETRICH is definitely the first star to put legs in big time. Her underpinnings fit every qualification for good supports. You see, in Hollywood, no star is considered an owner of good limbs unless they fit the following formula: small ankles, smoothly-rounded knees, slim and shapely calves, no sudden bulges of knotted muscles, no bowed or knock-kneed effect. In fact, they must be streamlined. Dietrich's legs are all this and more. She is different from many stars, however. She realizes the beauty of limbs and she wears clothes that will show hers off to the best advantage. She buys only the most distinctive shoes. Many know her as the first woman to wear jeweled sandals. And her stockings are matchless in their individuality. She takes such care with her accessories simply because she realizes their value in giving a striking effect to her enticing legs.

Many stars don't know how to cross their legs becomingly, but Marlene does. She has learned how to avoid causing muscle bulges or unsightly knots when she folds one limb over the other. She is always entirely at ease, therefore, when she has to show them.

All this may sound as though she was just another leg cutie, a gal who said, "Wanta see my legs?" at every provocation. This is hardly the case. She has always showed them on the screen when the part called for it, and if her role required, she'd show a great deal more than her legs. Remember *Song of Songs*? And Dietrich didn't show hers to get her picture in the paper. She simply knew her legs were beautiful and she wasn't afraid to show them.

ANOTHER striking case in point is that of Claudette Colbert. It has been some time since Claudette revealed her legs to the public in a picture. But in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* and more recently in *Zaza*, she uncovered 'em again. In the former picture, she wore a bathing-suit for the first time in years. And in *Zaza* she let go with some nifty exhibits. (Wonder what happened to those scenes of her can-can dance that are lying on the cutting-room floor at the request of Mr. Will Hays? Bet you'd really see some legs then!)

Claudette, however, hardly ever will consent to promiscuous leg art. She'd probably brain a press-agent who would ask her to sit on the wing of an airplane in shorts for publicity purposes. She doesn't need that type of publicity, having established herself as an actress. Therefore, she'll show her legs only when the part requires the exhibit, and she has seen to it until recently, that her roles don't depend on her supports. But she's not ashamed of them. She merely wants to be sure she isn't going to be tabbed as a leg cutie.

When she appeared on the New York stage in *The Barker*, she played a rather brazen and toughish sort of character, and in that show, people got an inkling of the nice pair of legs she owned. Yet, when she came to Hollywood, she came as an actress. Her legs were forgotten. Or were they?

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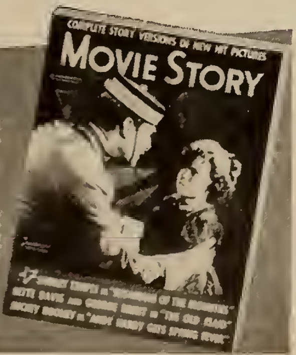

10c
AUGUST ISSUE
NOW ON SALE

HOLLYWOOD is full of cases of actresses who, try as they might, never could escape the tragedy of having a good figure and nice legs. Such an example is Dorothy Lamour. She was discovered singing in a Hollywood night-club. She always wore a slinking dress, and her figure was delightfully stream-lined. Paramount took one look at her, saw more than a bathing-suit could possibly reveal, and signed her.

In the meantime, the studio had a story called *Jungle Princess* collecting dust while a suitable actress was found to play the lead. Finally Dorothy was tested, and once the executives caught sight of her in a sarong, they started the picture rolling. They weren't so dumb. They realized that anyone who could wear a sarong and who had such a knockout figure, supplemented by ultra legs, couldn't possibly help clicking with the public. And Dorothy did—because she could sing, yes—but mainly because a sarong set off a mighty exciting body.

However, Dorothy's story is different from Claudette's. Claudette refused to be a leg show. Dorothy has rebelled, too, but she doesn't seem able to become a fugitive from a sarong. In fact, her part in *St. Louis Blues* was a dead ringer for her true-to-life case. She is really in a spot because her fans want to see her legs and her figure. The exhibitors insist Dorothy in a sarong draws more customers than a whole legion of stars, so what can she do? In her last picture, *Man About Town*, despite her arguments, she wears another very revealing costume for the benefit of ye public. Such is the price of popularity. And so the end of her story can't be written—as yet. All will depend on whether or not she becomes such a fine actress that no one will care what she wears.

SOME years ago, when Mack Sennett was convulsing picture audiences with slapstick comedies, a group of bathing beauties brought him world-wide fame. Sennett was always trying to find new girls, and one day he found one that made him yip with delight. A beautiful girl came to see him on an interview. He took one look at her. He saw all he wanted to see—a gorgeous figure and a terrific pair of legs. So she was signed. The girl was Carole Lombard.

For some time, Carole cavorted around in bathing-suits, did a great deal of leg art for Sennett, and was really the cutie of the lot. But she wasn't satisfied with just being a leg show. She had higher ambitions. Later, Pathe signed her and began to teach her how to act. She was wise enough, however, not to refuse, point blank, to do any more exhibits. So she continued to show her legs for any reason whatsoever. Then when she felt she knew how to act her figure and legs were pushed into the background.

Then after a few seasons Carole starred in *True Confessions*, and wore a very revealing bathing-suit. And in *Swing High, Swing Low*, she donned an intriguing costume. But now that she is going back to serious drama, it looks as though the public will be denied for some time the chance to gaze on the shapely underpinnings of Lombard. She doesn't have to be a leg show anymore, but if the time ever comes when she will have to begin exhibits again, she won't be self-conscious. She, like Dietrich, is perfectly at ease in showing them. Her ability as a dancer has helped her to use them correctly and to pose gracefully. So why should she be nervous about giving a leg show if necessary?

Some ten years ago a talent scout brought a girl to Hollywood after having glimpsed her in the chorus of a Broadway musical. She was immediately put to work showing her legs and figure. Soon after she was known as Joan Crawford.

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Pompeian (the original pink massage cream) is entirely different from the regular cosmetic creams . . . contains 70% pure milk. A three-minute massage will convince you.

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The Joan Crawford of today is a far cry from the leg and body exhibit of years ago. When she came to Hollywood she did a lot of dancing in cafes and proceeded to win quite a few cups. Then art on her figure went out in reams. All this was build-up for a new personality—a personality that was being groomed solely because of her legs and because she had a great figure Joan was started out on her career the way all beginners are—legs, legs, and more legs. Then began the *Dancing Daughter* cycle in pictures for her. She didn't mind showing her underpinnings then, because she knew they were as good a way as any to start her on the road to fame. She did, willingly, all that was asked of her. She agreed to any kind of art—at first. Then she rebelled against sensationalism.

Then came the announcement that she was going dramatic. She was to be the "Empress of Emotion." And with the new Joan Crawford her legs went under hiding. The exhibit was over. She had studied hard and had learned to be a real actress. But Joan could never have been such a fine artist if her dancing had not helped her to learn grace and charm. Her early work was brought about by a sincere determination to have beautiful legs. At one time, they were thin, so she took up dancing. As a natural result, she began to love her work, and with the new ambition she developed her very shapely supports.

Regarding Joan, it is significant to realize that when she hid her legs and became dramatic, she had a few hits. But with some exception she never succeeded in hitting the peak she attained during the *Dancing Daughter* era. Consequently, in *Ice Follies of 1939,* Joan makes an effort to go back to the old glamor, to the style that made her famous. Her shapely legs are shown quite definitely in several parts of the picture, and they still hold her up brilliantly. But has Joan veiled her glamor and her legs too long? That is the moot question.

BACK in the days past, a beautiful redhead danced for producer Ned Wayburn. She could sing and hit high C, too. But she got the job because of her shapely legs. The redhead was Hollywood's songbird, Jeanette MacDonald. But even though she got the job, she was determined she'd not end her days a dancer. She began long and intensive study on singing, and at the same time she made up her mind that she wouldn't show her legs again until she had learned to be a great singer. She even went so far to improve herself as to spend all of her first week's salary to buy some lingerie, merely to feel that she was progressing and was ready for finer things.

When Jeanette came to Hollywood her legs were immediately capitalized on, together with her lovely voice. In the Lubitsch pictures she showed her legs continually. Now, any exhibit of Jeanette's legs is almost an occasion, although she does some revealing in *Broadway Serenade.* However, her public never thinks of her as a leg show. She is a fine singer to them, and that's all they look for.

Ginger Rogers is another who hit Hollywood as a result of her dancing. She came into notice by winning a Charleston contest, and in that dance, she showed plenty of legs. Then, too, she had done a lot of chorus work and leads in musicals on Broadway. Her supports were fully recognized.

Hollywood soon beckoned her, and she danced herself dizzy. Her legs and her figure became almost a by-word in town. And when the Astaire-Rogers day came in, Ginger found she was still being a leg show, despite her lovely dancing. Then she rebelled—but definitely. No more dancing and no more extensive leg art. Drama, by golly! and lots of it.

It's a good thing for Ginger that she did click in her dramatic solo pictures, for if she hadn't she would have had to go back to leg shows whether she liked it or not. But she proved she had not wasted her time here, for she could act besides dance. Now it appears that after *The Castles,* Ginger's leg show days are over, for apparently the Astaire-Rogers team is doomed to oblivion. And, unfortunately, so are her legs and figure.

In Ginger's case, though, her limbs have been and always will be important to her. To prevent bulges and knotted muscles as a result of her dancing, she took daily massages and oil treatments to keep them smooth and rounded. Even if she never dances on the screen again, she'll not forsake those treatments, for she is proud of her legs and doesn't want to neglect them.

ALICE FAYE is another who has swell underpinnings and never objects to showing them if there's a real reason for it. She hasn't forgotten that day when she was a kid and stage-struck. Alice had suddenly gone "actressy" on her folks. She wanted to go on the stage and forget about school. So, one day she went to New York's Capitol Theatre to apply for a job in a dancing unit. Girls with long and shapely legs were needed, and that was about the only requirement.

Alice became an actress—in the chorus. And her leg days began.

Her consequent appearance in the *Scandals* was brought about because she had such great limbs. Soon she was in Hollywood with Rudy Vallee. With Fox out of the services of temperamental Lillian Harvey, Alice was given a quick once-over, and she found herself playing the lead in the first movie version of George White's *Scandals.* The studio knew that with her legs and her figure, they needn't worry too much. At least, she had all it took for good exploitation of a new personality.

But Alice fooled 'em. She learned how to act. And yet, even to this day, she never has refused to show her legs if she's asked to. She shows plenty of them in her lace hose and high skirt for *Rose of Washington Square,* and she did a lot of exhibiting for *In Old Chicago.* If you ask Alice why she doesn't rebel and refuse to show her legs, she'll say, "Why shouldn't I show them if I'm asked to? After all, I don't especially want to be a dramatic actress, and I'm not ashamed of my legs."

In contrast with Alice, Joan Blondell is determined to go dramatic and to get away from the "cutie" roles. That's one reason why she left Warner Brothers. For a long time, Joan was the pride and joy of the leg artists at the Burbank studios. Finally, she got so tired of unveiling her limbs at every provocation that she announced she was going dramatic and was going to stop showing her underpinnings unless it was absolutely imperative to a big part. Just recently she completed *Good Girls Go to Paris* for Columbia where she continues to display gorgeous gams. It wouldn't be a Blondell picture unless she showed 'em.

Marie Wilson was once picked by beauty experts as having the best figure in Hollywood, but that nomination didn't help her career one bit. Why? Because she has played dumb Dora parts and dumb Doras are not suppose to have nice legs. Gracie Allen falls in the same category. Marie, however, has been appearing in some very glamorous art, so maybe she'll get a chance to do some exhibiting.

EVEN Garbo has shown her legs, and she has nice ones. One of the reasons that brought her to Hollywood was her appearance in a bathing-suit in her Swedish picture. When she came here, she hid them for a long time. Then she showed them for *Grand Hotel* but the exhibit was a flop, because the public had not been taught to think of her as a leg show.

Betty Grable and Martha Raye are others who possess good legs. Betty's career has been built entirely on the basis of her figure and supports, but yet she hasn't reached star billing. Martha went glamorous and even won a leg contest in *Give Me a Sailor.* But you don't think of Martha's legs, you think of her as a slapstick comedienne. Even such operatic warblers as Lily Pons, Grace Moore, and Gladys Swarthout indulged in underpinning shows when they came to Hollywood, just to let people know that all opera stars weren't buxom lasses, but possessed good limbs.

On the other hand, there is Irene Dunne who steadfastly refuses to show her legs at all. RKO had to rewrite an entire scene for *Joy of Living.* The scene called for Irene to wear a bathing-suit, but she would have none of it. This is odd, too, because she has beautiful legs, and many feel it wouldn't hurt her to show them once in a while.

At the present, studios are hiring cuties right and left and putting them under contract, simply because they have nice figures and legs. In the meantime, while they aren't posing at the beach or on top of a skyscraper, the studios hope they will learn how to act. If they do, they may reach the top of the cinema ladder eventually, just as the Lombards, Colberts, Fayes, etc. If they don't, the cuties have been good photographic subjects to fill the constant yen of the public for legs, legs, legs, and more legs.

No one can really blame the top-notchers for not wanting to show their comely supports too often. It is cheapening, as they rightly realize. And they haven't worked hard and long to become actresses without realizing that no one lasts long in Hollywood who thinks only of showing her figure.

Girls over the country needn't think that the gates of Cinemaville are open to them if they have good legs. Only one-percent ever go beyond a musical chorus in Hollywood, and only one in a thousand have a chance to reach stardom. And these same girls needn't think that all big stars have good legs. Some are awful, but their owners can act. It's a good thing, for some of the big names have legs that can't even be adjusted by Hollywood's best and constant masseuses.

For enlightening purposes, when legs are spoken of, I don't mean just the space from the ankle to the knee cap. The subject covers much more territory than that. Take a look at typical bathing-suit art, for instance. The outfits are as abbreviated as possible.

In connection with this story, I can think of no more amusing incident to exemplify the stress laid on legs than that story which heralded an *actor's* dent into Hollywood—not an actress. When Richard Carlson was signed no one from Selznick thought of looking at his legs—naturally enough. Then, to the dismay of the studio, it was discovered that Carlson had to wear kilts in *The Young in Heart.* Pandemonium reigned supreme. What kinds of legs did Richard have? Carlson was still in New York, and no one could offer anything of value about his legs. Finally, some pictures of Carlson in tights in *King Lear* were obtained. With a sigh of relief, the studio saw that his legs were okay. So, hurriedly, they wired him, "Legs okay. Come on. Selznick Studio."

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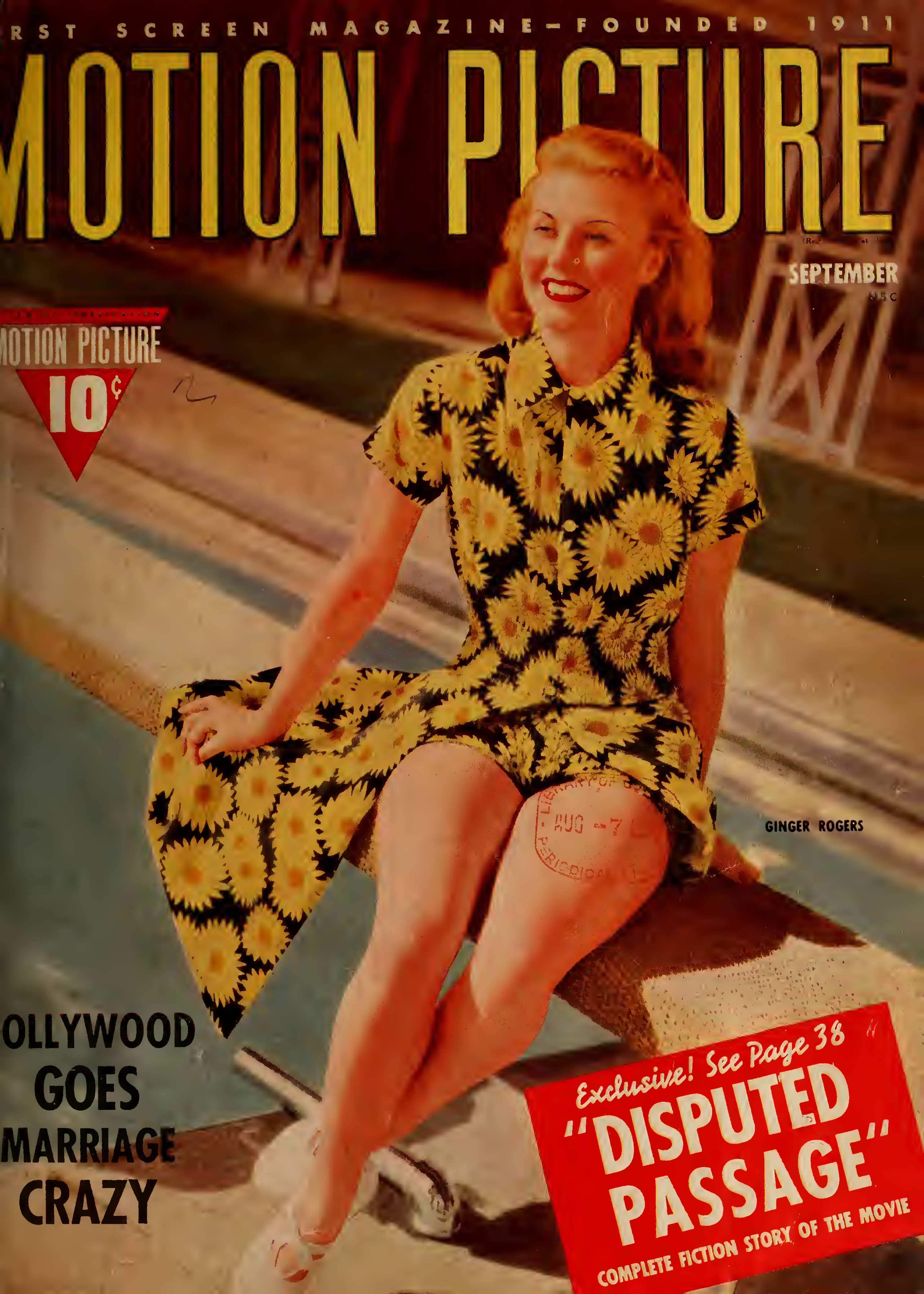

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LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVIII. No. 2 SEPTEMBER, 1939 Twenty-eighth Year

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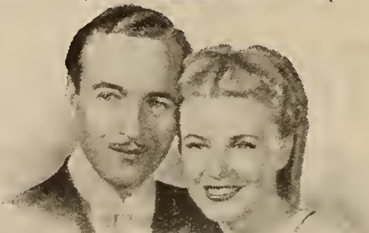

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

Jean Arthur is not much of a gadabout so when she does step out she makes it an occasion for cameras to click. Friend husband, Frank Ross, is with her here

MAYBE the Hollywood Honeys are secretly forming a Take-Em-In-Bunches Club. Anyway, more than one of the desirables lovelies is finding that safety (from gossip) lies in numbers.

Champion Multiple-Swain artiste is Dorothy Lamour, who fights whispers by dating them in rows. John Howard, Wynn Rocamora, Randy Scott, included among her array of leading men in offscreen life.

Then there's Ann Rutherford, who very frankly admits that she doesn't like gossip about her love-life or romancing, so she confounds the listeners-in and lookers-on by making it a point never to date the same guy twice in a row. Ann spreads her time among the younger group of on-and-offscreen men-about-town such as Edward Arnold, Jr., Charlie Isaacs, Don Loulton, Rand Brooks, Dick Levy.

Even Ona Munson follows the multiple-man system. Just the other night, she went to a preview with three escorts—Les Donahue, Jerry Powell and Dick Hanlon.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
And now it's Van Smith, beauin' Nancy Carroll;
I simply gotta say: Ain't she the popular garrol?

Nan Grey, who recently became the brid of jockey Jackie Westrope, knits sweate for him between scenes on the set. Nan i handy with needle. Keeps down budge

AGAIN, Davie Gadabout Niven is giving the Hollywood gossipeddlers the jitters. . . .

Right in the middle of his suspected romancing with gal-friend Jacqueline Dyer whom he's known since they both wore shor pants in England and who's again in Holly

[*Continued on page* 80]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

STOP worrying right now about how to stretch that vacation money to cover all the clothes you want! . . . 'Cause here's your old friend Chic to tell you that all you'll need on your two-weeks trip are *two* dresses, plus the costume you wear traveling . . . How's that for a revolutionary idea on "what-to-take-traveling?" Of course, I'll have to break down and confess that I'm not responsible for this vacation wardrobe . . . It's Rosemary Lane you're going to have to remember in your prayers . . . Rosemary found me moaning over my luncheon salad in Al Levy's 'tother day, and when I explained that my blues were caused by the old problem of trying to make both ends meet and tie in a bow knot, she gave me this swell travel wardrobe . . . Of course, it's based on the old line I've been giving you for so long—choose your dresses and accessories with the interchanging idea in mind . . . Rosemary, who learned to travel light when she was singing with an orchestra, insists that a dark afternoon dress, a light evening dress and your traveling costume, are all you need . . . Her favorite outfits are a dark sheer afternoon dress, a washable white crepe evening gown, and accessories that can be used for either . . . She uses the same bright print jacket over her dark dress to see the town in the afternoon, that she wears over her white formal for dancing that evening . . . The problem of bags is solved by a number of zippered *slip covers* which will cover her one handbag! And for gloves she uses the new type that has the laced trimming around the cuffs . . . With plenty of ribbons of different colors for glove lacings, scarves and costume jewelry, she is ready for anything that might come up . . . The traveling outfit, of course, depends on how you're going. The good old two-piece sports outfit is the best for trains; and for driving in your own car, there is nothing better than slacks . . . By the time Rosemary had finished describing her wardrobe, I was 'way above the blues and more than ready to notice other warm weather clothes for you . . . Let me go on record right now as saying that anyone who thinks her clothes money won't allow her to dress like the stars is just plain *nuts*!

YOU'D have to go a long way to find anyone who looked smarter than Rosalind Russell did that day in a *gingham* dress! . . . Yep, that's what she was wearing when she came into Levy's to meet Margaret Lindsay, Gale Page and a bunch of the gals for food and talk . . . Of grey-and-red plaid gingham, Rosalind's dress was made very simply with the new long waistline and full gathered skirt . . . A matching waist-length bolero was trimmed with natural-wood buttons . . . A large leghorn hat and natural colored sandals completed her ensemble . . . Margaret Lindsay rushed over to where Rosemary and I were sitting to let me "smell" her buttons . . . I thought the gal was a little daft, but I smelled the funny little grinning faces that looked as if they were carved from wood, and found they were carved from nutmegs! . . . Margaret was carrying a clever linen bag, embroidered in pink boucle to match her dress . . . She told me that she had had a number of linen bags made for use with her summer dresses—all with some dressmaker touch on them . . . One of them is trimmed with blue rickrack braid to match a blue linen sports dress . . . The turban Gale Page was wearing will delight you no end . . . You can even make it yourself! I know how you hate to knit, and evidently Gale does, too, because her turban is made of two *skeins of yarn*, UNKNITTED, just as you buy it at the store . . . Looks real clever, too, and gives you a grand chance to brighten up your knit suits with contrasting colors . . . Gale's turban was made of one skein of aqua and one of tomato-red wool, and all you have to do to have one like it is to be a little better at wrapping things around your head than I am.

BY THE time I had finished my lunch I was all pepped up about fashion snooping again, so I went home, did a bit of the right kind of telephoning and got an invitation for dancing . . . Of course I acted very surprised but it was just what I was after . . . I'd heard rumors round about that a lot of the Hollywood fashion-wise were going in for little-girl fabrics in their evening clothes, and I wanted to see for myself . . . Old Dame Rumor was right, because the first three gals I saw were Jean Sharon in gingham, Laraine Day in dotted swiss and Joan Perry in white net!

Mlle. Chic

Which Odor in Bath Soap is Lucky for You?

Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then instinctively, you will choose a soap with the fragrance men love!

SUCCESS in love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you feel victory is yours, your luck deserts you—something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

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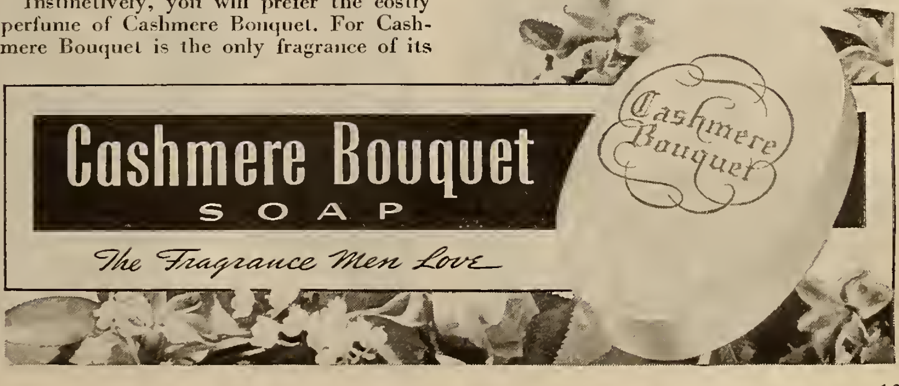

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SOAP
The Fragrance Men Love

Strange
BEAUTY CUSTOMS

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The intoxicating scent of Djer-Kiss Talc makes the modern girl enchanting, weaves for her a spell of glamour.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin . . . you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

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Imported talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By **KERKOFF**

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

A. C. Blumenthal, Connie Bennett, Joe Schenck and Earl Carroll visit La Conga

EMBARRASSMENT: that scene at a night-club when Marlene Dietrich put in an appearance only to turn on her heels when faced with a society gal wearing her identical gown . . . but identical, my dear! . . . just goes to show you what celebrities have to endure. Almost as tragic as breaking off a cherished finger-nail . . . Reminds me of those dear, dead Hollywood days when Alice White and Dorothy Mackaill were rival Warner stars . . . At one of the gala openings, Alice clicked down the aisle, glittering in the latest thing in sequin wraps . . . In an aisle seat, Dot rose dramatically in an exact duplicate of Alice's coat, removed *her* wrap, turned it inside out, and wore it so for the balance of the evening . . . That's how Hollywood feuds start . . . To return to Marlene . . . She almost didn't get off to Europe to meet her fast-growing daughter, Maria . . . The Federal tax men staged a last minute dash to the boat in what easily might have been a scene from a musical comedy . . . There was Marlene and Erich Remarque and Josef von Sternberg and Rudy Sieber, Dietrich's husband, *and* a sheep dog . . . (wherever Marlene went the trio *and* the dog were sure to go) . . . There was the boat just about to sail . . . and there was the star's baggage being removed and returned half-a-dozen times on order of the income-tax men, while Marlene tried to explain that she was a full-fledged citizen of the United States, that she would return soon to straighten the matter out with her Uncle Sammy . . . There was the Captain insisting that the boat *must* sail . . . It all ended in the surrender of Marlene's jewels . . . in the departure of Joe and Erich (Marlene, Rudy and the sheep dog sailed). . . .

Zorina, she of the gorgeous legs, and hubby George Balanchine dance at New York's La Conga. Vera is now in Hollywood making musical film *On Your Toes*

ROUND THE TOWN: Sonja Henie off to Norway with Mama Henie . . . Vic Orsatti, the agent, was supposed to be somewhere on board with Mama's approval, but Sonja did her hot-spotting with an Arthur Murray dance instructor . . . Producer Arthur Hornblow was around for weeks waiting for Myrna Loy to join him . . . they barely made their boat . . . their European trip will give Bill Powell a further chance to recover from his series of operations before the *Thin Man* casts a shadow on the screen again . . . Peter Lorre is in a Riverdale sanitarium . . . supposed to be nerves . . . Gloria Swanson to the Coast for the wedding of her daughter . . . here is a woman with a talent for living . . . she looks wonderful . . . Frank Morgan back . . . with the missus this time . . . Herbert Marshall in for the William Buckner trial . . . He remains to do a Charlie MacArthur play with Helen Hayes . . . Loretta Young said to be at a hide-away ready to testify for her rumored fiance . . . loyal girl . . . Freddie and Florence March to Westport, to summer until *The American Way* re-opens after a temporary shut-down . . . The Fair has slaughtered the Broadway theatres and picture houses . . . Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers off for a vacation in Europe . . . Buddy disbanded his orchestra . . . Mary is tired of being a long-distance wife.

SPOTTING THE CELEBS: The Penthouse Club: Every literary and theatrical light in town enjoying the gorgeous view at the Dorothy Parker luncheon . . . expected a couple of Parkerisms to fall in my soup, but Dotty was too overcome with emotion at this tribute by her friends to do anything but dab at her eyes with a handkerchief . . . Gladys Swarthout and her attentive spouse, Frank Chapman, at my table . . . the best-dressed and most charming couple around . . . Laurence Olivier enters and compacts put in an appearance . . . Gladys leans over to whisper that he looks so much smaller than he appears in *Wuthering Heights* . . . We decide it's because Merle Oberon is so tiny he appeared tall by contrast . . . But he could have been "built up" . . . Another Olivier fan, Gladys . . . At Sardi's: The same Mr. Olivier lunching Tamara Geva . . . just a friend . . . He's turned in his notice in the Cornell comedy to return to Hollywood and Vivien (Gone With the Wind) Leigh . . . The Stork: Bruce Cabot, who wears a dinner jacket like nobody else, gone very blue blood . . . dancing with Brenda (Glamor Girl) Frazier . . . Brenda may yet be tempted by Hollywood offers if Billy Livingstone's movie debut is successful . . . Monte Carlo: Spencer Tracy putting in a final appearance before getting out of town . . . Spencer is no glamor boy, but he turns heads where the prettier lads get an indifferent shrug . . . The La Conga: George Jean Nathan and Julie Haydon . . . and I do mean Julie, not Lillian Gish . . . Julie grows Gishier by the day . . . their old-fashioned one-step in the rhumba setting attracts many eyes . . . including Raymond Massey's.

ELEANOR'S WILLIN': We were discussing the new crop of film marriages . . . Eleanor Powell looked wistful and tired . . . She's got all the money she can ever use . . . She's reached the peak in her profession . . . She thinks every girl should marry and she doesn't believe in combining a career and matrimony . . . Eleanor wants to get married! With rare frankness she confided as much . . . If a nice young man would propose . . . especially Abe Lyman . . . she'll give up her tap shoes for a kitchen apron . . . Have you a nice young man you'd trade for movie stardom? Eleanor's willin'. Teddy Powell (no relation) has an inside track since her return to the M-G-M lot.

SUMMER BRIDES: And some are not, of course . . . Phyllis Brooks, f'r example . . . Though she may be by the time you read this, if Cary Grant repeats himself . . . Phyllis went off to England when it looked as though Cary had become altar-shy . . . Just as Virginia Cherrill had done four years ago . . . Cary is in hot pursuit, just as he followed Virginia across the ocean. . . . While Hollywood was speculating on this off again, on again romance, no one failed to notice the marked resemblance between Phyllis and Cary's former wife . . . Cary admitted during his short visit here that he was meeting Brooksie on the Riviera . . .Look for a honeymoon there . . . Remember, he married Virginia in England . . . Madge Evans and playwright, Sydney Kingsley, plan an early summer wedding . . . after which Madge goes into her husband's newest play . . . Johnny Weissmuller and Beryl Scott are due for that one big union for two . . . there'll be no honeymoon . . . Back to the Aquacade for Tarzan . . . and *maybe* Dorothy Lamour and Charlie Barnet . . . she's expected in town to make recordings with Barnet. . . .

Fresh charm, new beauty— can come with a Lovelier Skin!

READ CHARMING MRS. CONNORS' BEAUTY ADVICE:

Camay helps my skin look its very best—and I can't ask more than that of any beauty care! If you want to help your skin look its loveliest, just be faithful to Camay!

Weehawken, N. J. (*Signed*) MARGARET CONNORS
April 28, 1939 (*Mrs. Vincent J. Connors*)

WOULD you expect to help bring out the hidden beauty of *your* skin without giving it expert care—a *beauty* care? Of course not! Nothing is more important, according to charming Mrs. Connors, than thorough, but gentle cleansing—and *she* recommends Camay!

You'll like Camay, too! For Camay's searching beauty bubbles cleanse skin completely . . . yet their caressing *mildness* makes even sensitive skin grateful for such gentle care! *For your beauty bath, too,* you'll find Camay a wonderful help in keeping skin on back and shoulders lovely—a refreshing aid to daintiness! Yet Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Watch *your* skin respond to its gentle care!

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LITTLE MAN, BIG MAN

Here is a story that could only happen in Hollywood—that of Director "Wild Bill" Wellman and Charlie Barton—and how Bill made an actor of Charlie in *Beau Geste*

By SCOOP CONLON

AS ONE who has watched the Hollywood parade go by for 25 years and seen more changes than a chameleon has colors, I'm getting fed up with Hollywood sob stories.

Let's give the town a fifty-fifty break. For every melodramatic sob yarn I say there is a true story to be told—as for example, the story of Bill Wellman and Charlie Barton. It's a story that could only happen in Hollywood.

When *Beau Geste* flashes on the screen in all the picturesque color and romance of the French Foreign Legion, under the production and direction of William Wellman, there will be a funny little guy named Charlie Barton making his debut.

Charlie plays one of the two comedy roles, no less, the other being portrayed by Broderick Crawford, the husky, six-foot *Lenny* of stage fame in *Of Mice and Men.* Charlie and Brod are two adventure-seeking Texas cowboys who have joined the Legion in Africa. Producer-director Wellman hopes the boys will be a hit, but in any event, the story of Wellman the producer-director and Barton the actor is one of the rarest to happen even in the screwball town called Hollywood.

For the past year Barton has been a director—out of work. Today, he is Bill Wellman's discovery as an actor, but to tell the story dramatically let's start at the beginning. Twenty-some years ago Charlie Barton, then a lad of twelve, was quite a kid actor around Oakland, California. His folks let him come down to Los Angeles to join the Morosco stock company. When this writer first saw him, the boy was playing juvenile roles with such future screen stars as Richard Dix and Edmund Lowe.

But the next time I met him he was a soda-jerk in the first of those Hollywood drug stores that served meals. This, it turned out, was Charlie's bright idea. As the drug store was centrally located, the young man figured that if he fed enough of the studio crowd he would eventually get a job as an actor.

Unfortunately, he guessed wrong. Charlie was soon up to his ears in charge accounts because he let many a future star and director go on the cuff for his three squares a day. No, he wasn't in the restaurant business very long. He finally ran out of cash to buy enough food for the hungry actors. His was the most popular eating place in Hollywood.

Let it be said that the only guy who ever paid his feed bill in later years was Oliver "Babe" Hardy. This was a great break for little Charlie because even then the Babe was building up to a ton and craved lots of rations. Anyway, when the

Babe got in the money he looked up Charlie and handed him $165 right on the spot.

IT WOULD be very dramatic to say that Charlie fed Bill Wellman in those days, but he didn't. They met in 1925 when they were rival property men. Believe it or not, the same "Wild Bill" who had been a famous flyer in the Lafayette Escadrille, and an officer in the American aviation service, started his film career as a lowly property man. And, Bill claims that he and Charlie were the best prop men in the business, too.

But, the rambunctious ex-flyer, whose sobriquet of "Wild Bill" followed him to Hollywood, soon fought his way up to the post of assistant director. Finally, on the strength of his fame as a flyer, he was promoted by some bright minds at Paramount to direct the first aviation epic of the World War.

Wings made him famous and successful overnight, it did likewise for Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers, and it began the Damon-Pythias friendship of Bill Wellman and Charlie Barton. During the six months spent on location at San Antonio, Texas, Bill hired Charlie as a prop man, let him play an acting "bit" in the picture and promoted him to assistant director. This was in 1926. Since that time the two men have been inseparable.

As director and assistant they worked, played and fought together. Wellman's assistant had to be all man to keep pace with the hard-driving, high-strung dynamo, and little Charlie was the man.

He won "Wild Bill's" admiration and friendship because he was a great guy in the pinches.

Things are never dull on a Wellman set. In fact, the moment "Wild Bill" appears there is terrific excitement and nervous activity. But, in those days life on a Wellman set was positively hectic. Studio executives and visitors visited at their own risk and peril. Bill and Charlie were great "ribbers" and if they ran out of ammunition or victims, they "ribbed" each other. They could take it as well as dish it out.

When "Wild Bill" departed from Paramount a few years later, Charlie stayed because he had been promised a chance to direct. First, however, he became assistant to C. B. De Mille, a job which immediately won him the title of "little C. B." from his old pal, Wellman, a monicker which never failed to burn Barton to a cinder. Charlie claims he has never "yessed" any man in his life.

WELL, anyway, Charlie Barton became a full-fledged director in 1935. He made twelve "B" action pictures that brought box-office profits. His most enthusiastic boosters were the late Sir Guy Standing, Frank Craven, Bill Frawley, the late Chic Sale, Fred MacMurray and Ann Sheridan.

Maybe Charlie took a leaf out of his old pal's book of studio etiquette and refused point-blank to "shoot" a story he didn't like. In any event, despite a good record his contract was not renewed in 1937. But, what was more annoying, he couldn't get another job.

So after a year of taking his disappointments on the chin and swallowing his pride, Charlie recognized the writing on the wall. He hadn't been big enough yet to talk out of turn, so he accepted a job as assistant director to C. B. DeMille at a third of his director's salary—and went back to work.

When the truth finally was out, the indignation of Wellman knew no bounds. "Wild Bill" had meantime become one of the big directors in Hollywood, maker of *A Star Is Born*, *Nothing Sacred* and *Men With Wings*.

He pondered deeply on how to rescue his little pal from the ignominy of being reduced in rank.

The solution came suddenly. DeMille returned from location where he was filming *Union Pacific*; the studio suddenly bought *Beau Geste* and offered it to Wellman to produce and direct.

How co-incidental! They had most of the cast ready for his okay. With Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Brian Donlevy, Broderick Crawford. But they didn't have the ideal little comedian to play *Buddy*. In a flash the agile Wellman mind had the answer. A brief conference with DeMille, who graciously agreed to connive by releasing his assistant—and a surprised little man was called into Bill Wellman's office. Bill simply handed Charlie a paper and a pen and said:

"Sign here, you little squirt, you're an actor now, and damn it, you had better be funny."

There is your story folks. Only Bill Wellman could think of it and do it—and it could only happen in Hollywood. P. S.—And, to make the story end right, *Beau Geste* is finished and Charlie Barton has made good as an actor, and his dream ranch in the valley, near Bing Crosby's, has become a reality.

"I WAS A LEMON IN THE *Garden of Love...*"

"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic*. . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

In the Social Whirl —IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

Both thrilled over the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care they can give their skin today*

Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.

Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.

Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:

"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:

Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:

"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:

Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:

"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:

"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps hooks. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.

Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.

After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

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Pond's, Dept. 6-CVJ, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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ERROL FLYNN

Errol Flynn has a lot of face value but he can set a goodly figure on those legs, too. Remember *Robin Hood?* Now there's *The Lady and the Knight*, and "Legs" Flynn will again show a bit of hose

Overcome by marriage fever were Doug Jr. and Mrs. Mary Lee Hartford

New victims of marriage epidemic are Nan Grey-Jackie Westrope

With Bob married to Babs he hopes fans will leave him alone

Marriage fever conquered Clark and Carole—keen for own snuggery

HOLLYWOOD GOES MARRIAGE CRAZY

The minute Tyrone Power and Annabella fell for each other they married

By FRANK ELLIOT

IN NO YEAR HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A STAMPEDE OF STARS INTO MATRIMONY AS 1939. WHAT'S BEHIND THIS MARRIAGE EPIDEMIC?

THAT amazing stampede of stars into matrimony last spring wasn't just a wave of moon-madness. Love? Of course they were in love. Some of the couples had been sweethearts for years. But what caused them so suddenly to marry; what brought about twenty-two important marriages in first half of 1939?

That doesn't merely break all existing records. It smashes them so badly that it leaves Hollywood observers flabbergasted and goggle-eyed!

The chief cause, and one that has been kept secret to a surprising degree, is revolt. A revolt against the movies' tacit marriage ban. Stars who loved each other and wanted to marry suddenly dared to do so. In doing so, they gave others courage to defy the anti-marriage rule and follow their example.

There may be penalties to pay. In the most danger are Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Tyrone Power, Annabella, Hedy Lamarr and a few others, considered real glamor stars. It is marriages of this kind of star that a Hollywood group we might call "old-timers" so strongly opposes.

Among the most determined of these opponents of glamor-star marriages are a few who sit in the seats of the mighty. Their incomes are closely connected with the popularity of stars, their terms in office limited by the general appeal of pictures. Do something to diminish the interest of the public in films or their million-dollar personalities, and you've hurt these powerful gentlemen. In fact, you've stepped on their most sensitive bunions!

Nelson Eddy kept 'em guessing for years then fell in love, married Ann Franklin

When these Big Shots howl, most glamor boys and girls bow low and say, "Excuse it, please!" That's why the heroines and heroes who have just defied them by marrying in wholesale fashion are courageous. They wish to remain in pictures; they want to stay in the limelight. But they also wanted to get married, and dared to do so.

The anti-marriage bloc is secret, of course. It can't come right out in the public view and damn the institution of matrimony, nor go on record as encouraging romantic stars to love but forbidding them to wed.

These old-timers, whether powerful movie barons or mere stooges, were mostly actors, directors and producers in the film city's wilder days. They remember living and loving most spectacularly. They believe that normal conventional lives and wedded loves may be all right for certain special stars of unique appeal, such as Gary Cooper and Bing Crosby; also for some comedians and character players. But for number-one romantic idols, sex-appealers and such? No, no, a thousand times no!

Such stars, they think, owe it to the industry as well as themselves to avoid the quiet, tame respectability of marriage. Spectacular love affairs contribute to the color and circus appeal that, the old-timers say, make Hollywood glamorous and the movies profitable. Love affairs with all the trappings (orchids, champagne, ermines, diamonds and expensive limousines) that suggest the great ticket seller of earlier days, luxurious, privileged "Hoopla!"

Naturally, glamor stars have often married in times past. Sometimes several of their marriages were crowded into the space of a few months. But they left in the field of single blessedness a sufficient number of spectacular, unwed romancers to carry on, to reassure the calamity howlers.

THE 1939 marriage epidemic, however, left behind but few glamorous eligibles, particularly among the men. The rush was started by Wayne Morris and Nelson Eddy, both of whom married ladies not in the acting profession. Then Hedy Lamarr, the exotic, colorful and exciting divorcee, became a matron, Mrs. Gene Markey. Right away, the prophets of disaster said, "Goodbye to Hedy's sex-appeal supremacy. She hasn't a chance now against 'oomph' girl Ann Sheridan!"

After that, marriages came like popcorn that's really [*Continued on page 79*]

THE HOTTEST THING IN HOLLYWOOD (WITH OR WITHOUT WHISKERS)

BRIAN AHERNE HAS BEEN AROUND HOLLYWOOD FOR YEARS—DOING JUST FINE. BUT *JUAREZ* MADE HIM THE HOTTEST BET IN TOWN

By DAN CAMP

When they stuck long yellow whiskers on Brian's face for ***Maximilian*** in *Juarez,* he went right out and stole the picture. He's set now for meaty roles, preferably without whiskers

POOR Brian De Lacey Aherne!
He's HUNTED, where-e'er he can turn—
On that side, a coy miss;
A producer on this;
Dare he nod, why, he's HIS'N or HER'N ! ! ! . . .

AND that's one hell of a spot for a shy, sensitive, retiring, privacy-loving, lime light-shunning young Englishman to find himself in, isn't it? But that's where Aherne is, right now—and he's got nothing to blame for it but himself! Well, himself and *Juarez,* that is. . . .

Consider:

For quite a few years now, Brian De Lacey Aherne has been hanging around Hollywood, doing quite all right, thank you, but nothing to wake you up in a sweat at night. A nice role here, and a good part there, but no fans falling all over his neck like they do over Nelson Eddy's, and no producers scribbling five-and-six-figure checks to wave under his nice-looking English nose. Just a good all-around young leading man, but no clarkgabling, mind you, onscreen or off. . . .

And then what comes along? Why, along comes this movie *Juarez,* and after casting Paul Muni and Bette Davis in the top spots, what does it matter WHO they hire for the other roles? So they hire Aherne to play a feller called *Maximilian,* and not only that, but they don't even let him play it straight. They turn make-up man, Perc Westmore, loose and Perc sticks the darndest mess of long yellow whiskers on poor Aherne's face, and the wardrobe department finds a uniform that'd gladden the heart of the High Exalted Muckamuck of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, and they drape that on Aherne's quite nice young English ba-hoddy.

[*Continued on page* 57]

Glamor UNDER COVER

By
FRANC DILLON

HOW THEY KEPT GREER GARSON UNDER COVER FOR 18 MONTHS IS SOMETHING ONLY HOLLYWOOD CAN EXPLAIN. SENT BACK TO ENGLAND FOR *GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS,* SHE BECAME FAMOUS OVERNIGHT. NOW BACK IN HOLLYWOOD THERE'S NO STOPPING HER. YOU CAN'T KEEP GLAMOR AND TALENT HIDDEN

A GIRL walked through a room, leaving behind her the impression that a comet had passed by. No one spoke for a moment and the very air seemed charged with electricity. Even the people who knew her and to whom she had spoken in passing were impressed and everyone sat in a half breathless state awaiting her return. The girl was Greer Garson and that's the way she affects people.

You will understand her fascination when you see her in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.* You will know why, when she is in a crowd of people she will have the attention of everyone. It is personality plus a physical vitality and—that divine spark.

Yes, she's as easy to meet and comfortable to talk to as your next door neighbor and a lot more interesting. Simple and friendly, she might attract you first with her beauty but she will hold your attention with her great charm, her sense of humor and a quick comeback that will leave you breathless.

According to Hollywood standards she is tall but perfectly proportioned with a womanly figure rather than the local beauty contest-winner type. She has a long, slim waist with high bust and wide hips. As straight as an arrow, she walks with a graceful, purposeful stride in the manner of one who walks a lot. She does.

Her green-gray eyes are enormous and well set beneath well-shaped eyebrows and a high forehead. Her hair, which she usually wears in a long bob, is pale gold of an indescribable shade, and forms a halo around her rather pale face. She has the creamy complexion that goes with red hair but nary a freckle.

When Miss Greer talks her eyes look straight into yours and you know she is thinking every minute and not just in her spare time. Her smile comes easily and even when speaking of serious matters, she punctuates her remarks with a rippling, musical laugh.

Despite an even disposition, she can be very firm when necessary. She denies having a temper, however, which popular opinion attaches to red hair. In an interview with a London newspaper reporter she was quoted as saying that because people expect it of a red head, they shouldn't be let down.

"As a child I was miserable over my red hair," she was quoted as saying, "and when, at the age [*Continued on page* 60]

Richard Greene, handsomest bachelor left, was once very keen over Arleen Whelan, but romance went phfft. He now plays the field. Wonder who's the girl he's dating?

Cary Grant won't be eligible long

WHO'S

Jeffrey Lynn has looked for THE girl who'd suit him. When he finds her she'll share the love-seat with him

No 1 Bachelor Jim Stewart gets around

Niven may go out of circulation soon

Brent may march to altar with Bette

ELIGIBLE NOW?

By
T. K. MAYNE

WITH SO MANY HOLLYWOOD MALES NOW WEARING THE BALL AND CHAIN, THE LIST OF ELIGIBLES IS DISMALLY SMALL. THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING, BABY LEROY OR MICKEY ROONEY MAY ELOPE ANY DAY

THE next time any director wants a loud grinding sound for a picture, all he will have to do is to set up a microphone in any studio publicity department. There he can tune in on the gnashing of teeth that press-agents indulge in, every time they think about the increasing difficulty of making any movie male look like the answer to every maiden's prayer.

The boys don't want to be glamorously single any more. They want to get married, settle down, and have families.

To press-agents, matrimony is something for stars to avoid like a plague. It pockmarks popularity. Ambition is the only known inoculation against it. And even that is beginning to fail. Matrimony is spreading through the ranks of stars like an epidemic.

Consider some of its recent victims.

Just when Robert Taylor was due for another build-up as a Great Lover, making love to Hedy Lamarr in *Lady of the Tropics,* what happened? His second week-end on the picture, he up and eloped with Barbara Stanwyck. Clark Gable had been separated from Ria Gable so long that people had begun to think of him as single. He finally became single. But he was able to stay so only three weeks. Then marriage and Carole Lombard got him. After a succession of colorful dramatic roles, Tyrone Power was in line for some colorful romantic roles. So what? So he married Annabella, anyway.

Ronald Colman spent ten years in an ivory tower, remote from womankind, cultivating the impression that never again would he fall in love—except on the screen. Then he met Benita Hume. He forgot that he was supposed to be The Man Who Walked Alone. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., spent years building up a reputation as a gay young cosmopolite who might travel anywhere—except to the altar again. All of which was undone, the second time he saw Mary Lee Epling Hartford. Now he's home every night in the week. The press-agents succeeded in convincing everybody that Nelson Eddy was in love only with song. Then what did Nelson do? Rushed off to Las Vegas with Ann Franklin. Wayne Morris' studio sent him East, so that girls outside Hollywood could see that here was a super-eligible bachelor. And what happened? He met "Bubbles" Schinasi, the cigarette heiress. Now Wayne is so married that he's adding a nursery to the house.

With matrimonial fever striking in such high quarters, there's no telling where it will strike next. But who's left for it to strike? The press-agents interrupt their teeth-gnashing just long enough to ask that—querulously.

Well, there is James Stewart. He seems to be doing a fair job of remaining immune. But don't place any bets that he'll stay that way long. Jimmy isn't as bashful as he looks. He gets around. Right at the moment, he's getting around with Loretta Young—who could disarm the bitterest of woman-haters. But Loretta is the elusive type. That may keep Jimmy single, especially since he is making a valiant effort not to let Loretta monopolize his attentions.

On the side, he is quietly going with a local society girl, whom he introduces variously as "Miss Jones," "Miss Smith" and "Miss Brown." Perhaps the young lady is averse to publicity. Then again perhaps Jimmy is trying to find out, without any help from the gossips, whether or not she is The Girl for him. The mere thought of this possibility gives press-agents the creeps. With matrimony so contagious, he may not be able to hang onto his new title of Bachelor No. 1.

David Niven once said blithely that he didn't intend to settle down until he had sown every available wild oat. But now—just when he has risen to the eminence of stardom—he is humming a different tune. He could have his pick, and those connoisseurish eyes of his can't seem to see any girl but Jacqueline Dyer, whose name means nothing to moviegoers. (She's an English socialite.) It must be love. It certainly isn't publicity. That tinkle in the distance is the harsh jangle of approaching wedding bells. David is about to go out of circulation.

Not so, apparently, Richard Greene. He had his studio worried for a time, the way he had Arleen Whelan on his mind. (A studio always frets when an

[*Continued on page* 62]

SONJA HENIE

When Sonja makes a curve in one of her intricate maneuvers on the ice she has to put on the brakes. She sends out a spray of ice in one of her solo numbers for *Second Fiddle*. Former heart-throb Tyrone Power is opposite again

IS JEANETTE MAC DONALD OUTGROWING HOLLYWOOD?

By GORDON BARRINGTON

THOUGH JEANETTE HAS BEEN ON A CONCERT TOUR AND HAS BEEN OFFERED A CONTRACT BY THE METROPOLITAN (YOU CAN'T SNIFF AT MET. OFFERS) ODDS ARE AGAINST HER BREAKING WITH HOLLYWOOD

WHEN a magazine editor interviewed Jeanette MacDonald a few weeks ago, she walked his legs off. The editor drove to Jeanette's front door, and expected to be invited inside. Instead, Gene Raymond's very vital wife met him outside, hooked her arm in his, and hustled him off on a hike of the Bel Air district, whether he liked it or not. Jeanette walks a mile every evening, before she goes to bed. The last part of her walk is an uphill march. The prominent editor went [illegible] hotel steaming, dripping with perspiration, and very much out of breath.

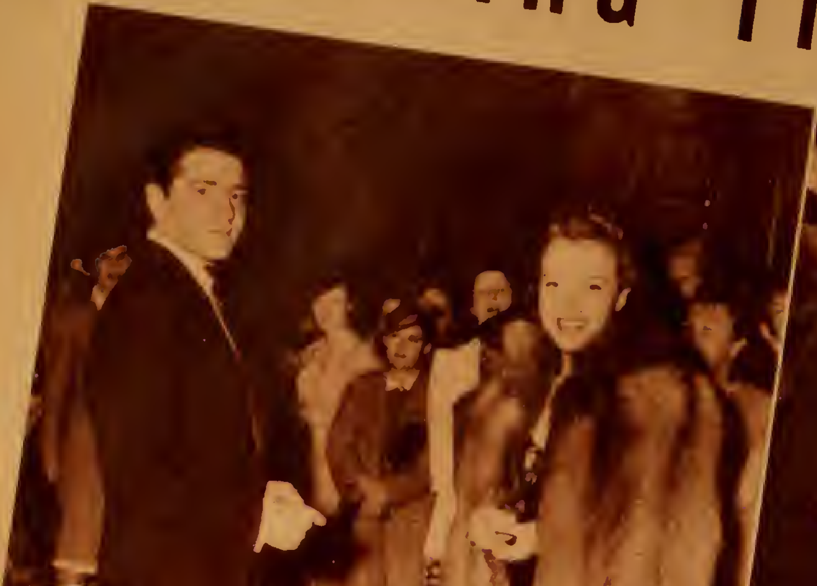
There's your picture of Jeanette, in a nut-shell. On the move. Anybody can sit down and sip Martinis and chatter. But why sit when you can be moving? That's the way with her career, too. Her career moves. It forges forth, sometimes like a battleship, with long, even surges, sometimes like a toy balloon, taking off and zinging up into space with the freedom of the air, itself. Like the magazine editor, the people who follow its movements go home steaming, dripping wet and panting for breath.

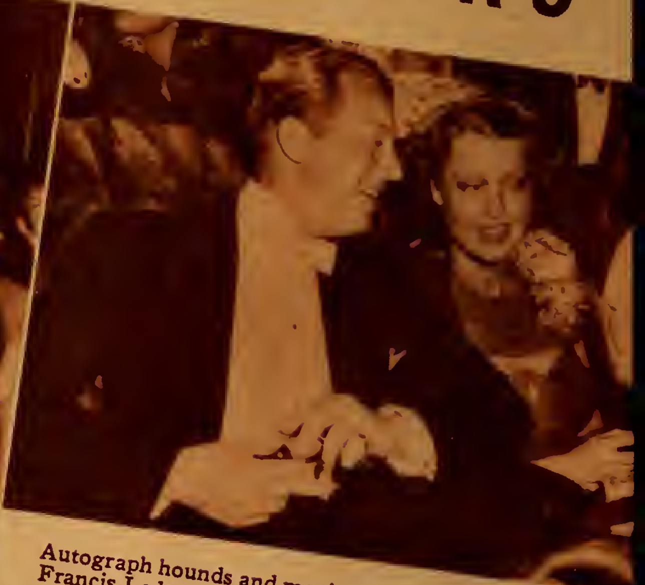
Jeanette's latest expedition covered the length and breadth of the U. S. She was her own manager, so she did what she pleased. She pleased to have herself a concert tour, so that's where you found her and heard her—somewhere in Ohio, or Nebraska, or some other state, singing her head off.

Hollywood's been a swell experience, and she may be back. She probably will. But lately she has been taking her daily constitutionals right along, in trains, planes, taxis and elevators. One time, a friend asked Jeanette what she considered the most important thing in life. "Keeping your circulation up," she replied, without so much as the bat of an eye-lash. I can believe it. A Jeanette MacDonald with jaundice would be like a pursuit plane with the pink eye, or a racing car with doughnuts for tires. How long Jeanette will gallavant about the country, nobody knows. Not even Jeanette. Something will

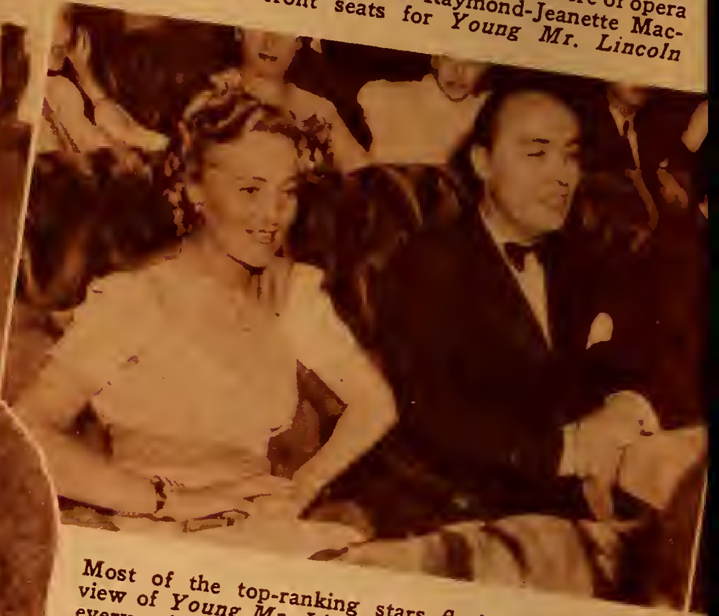
[*Continued on page 65*]

CATCHING THE STARS

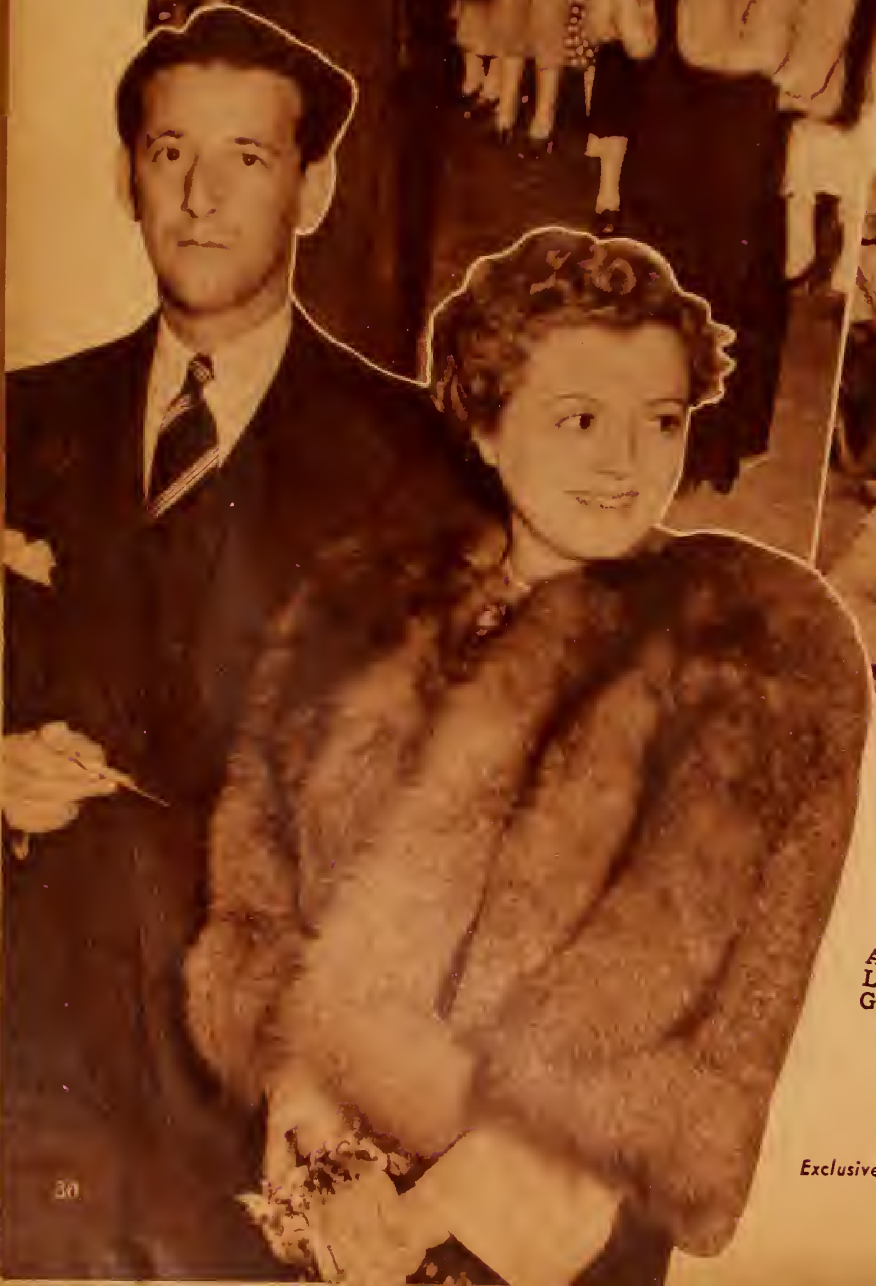




Autograph hounds and movie fans form background for Francis Lederer-Margo at El Capitan premiere of opera *William Tell*. Above, Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald have front seats for *Young Mr. Lincoln*

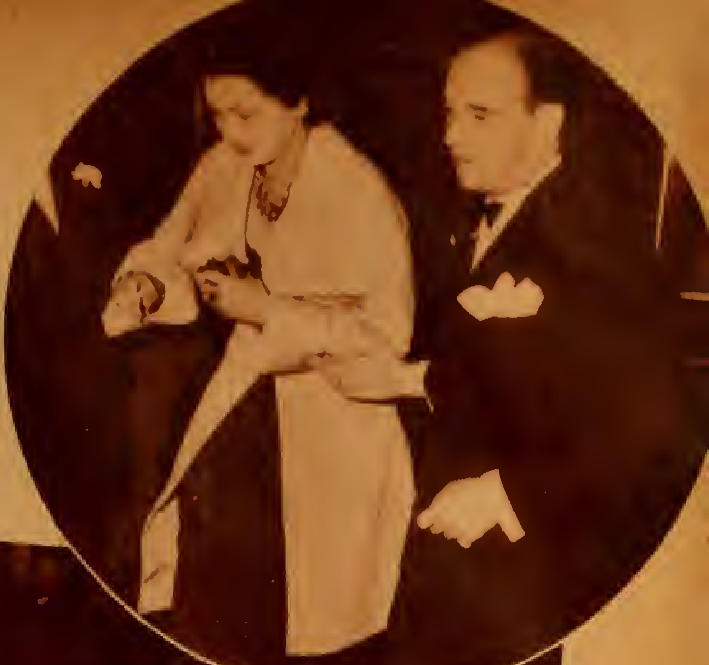


Most of the top-ranking stars flocked to see preview of *Young Mr. Lincoln*. Among those enjoying every minute of it are Charles Boyer-Pat Paterson



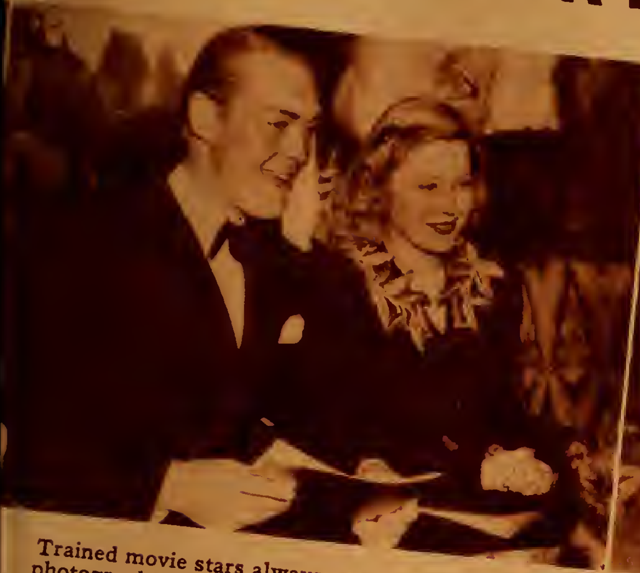
Among those attending the opening of Assistance League Theatre—Max Reinhardt Production are Janet Gaynor and Adrian, who've been romantic for months

Exclusive photos by Charles Rhodes

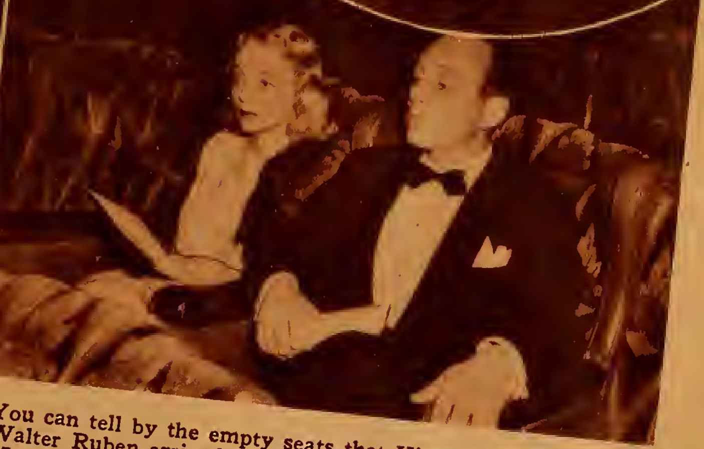


Kay Francis, without her Baron Barnekow (gossips say romance is over) but with Bob Riskin leave car to run gauntlet of fans at preview of *Young Mr. Lincoln*

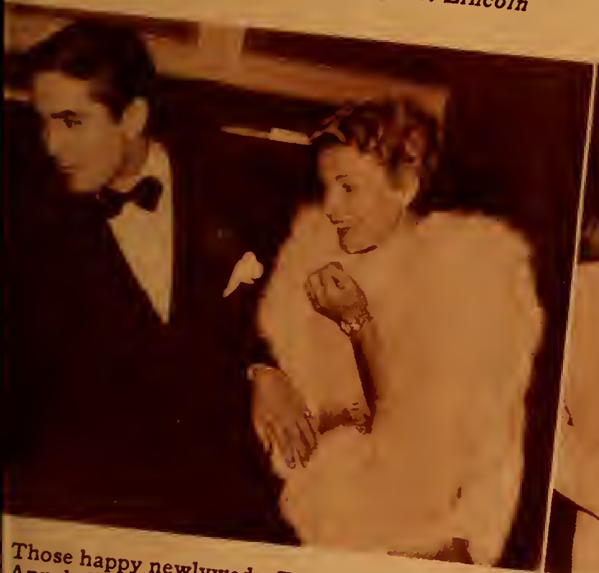
OFF GUARD



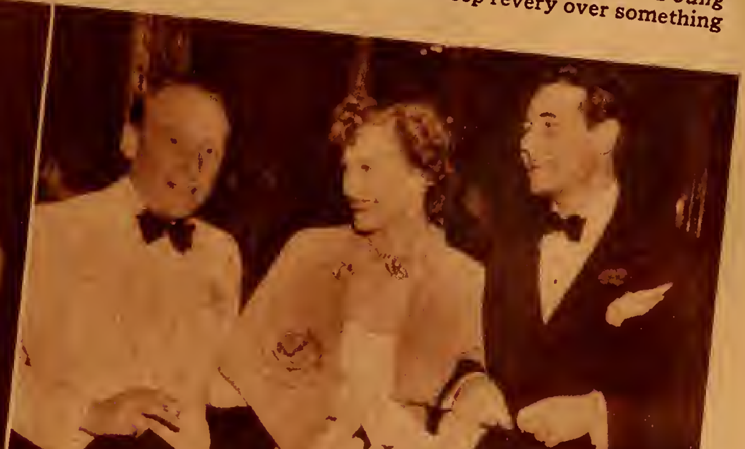
Trained movie stars always wear glad faces for photographer. Dick Cromwell and Mary Carlisle wear their best smiles for *Young Mr. Lincoln*



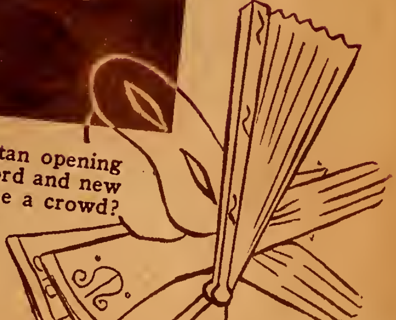
You can tell by the empty seats that Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben arrived good and early at preview of *Young Mr. Lincoln*. They seem to be in deep revery over something



Those happy newlyweds, Tyrone Power and Annabella also attend *Young Mr. Lincoln* preview. Ty keeps fans away from bride



The stars like their opera, too. At the El Capitan opening of *William Tell* are Joe Pasternak, Joan Crawford and new boy friend, Charles Martin. Tell us Joe, is three a crowd?



at the theatre

When the summer racing opened at Hollywood Park who should be there but Deanna Durbin and new boy friend, Vaughn Paul. By the way, Deanna, what about all those engagement rumors? Is he the lucky guy?

Exclusive photos by Charles Rhodes

Jane Wyman, the girl that college boys would like to take to the prom, and Ronald Reagan study the day's entries

Where there's hosses there's bettin'. Wally Beery and Errol Flynn place their bets on hot tip from Carol Ann Beery

Well they're still going together—George Raft and Virginia Peine—it's a long romance as Hollywood romances go. So we spy them together again at Hollywood Park

At the Races

With sweetie-pie Phyllis Brooks in England, Cary Grant makes it a threesome with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hawks. Do you like Cary's glasses?

Whenever there's something doing in Hollywood—like the races—trust La Dietrich to be present. With Dolores Del Rio. Note Marlene's hat, coat

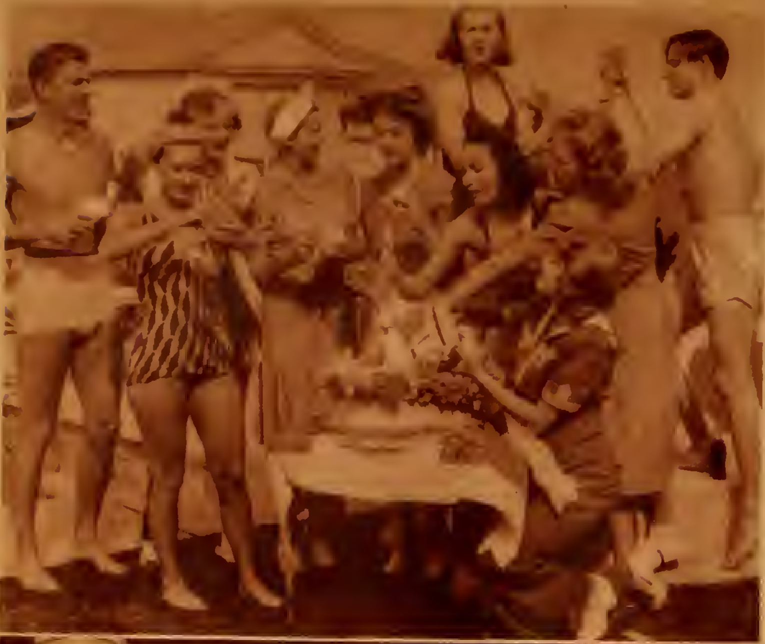
Say, it looks serious between Randy Scott and Dorothy Lamour. He kids her as she tears up her losing tickets on the opening day at Hollywood Park

The blushing newlyweds, Robert . and Barbara S. come out of iding for the races. Knowing orse-flesh, they are out to win

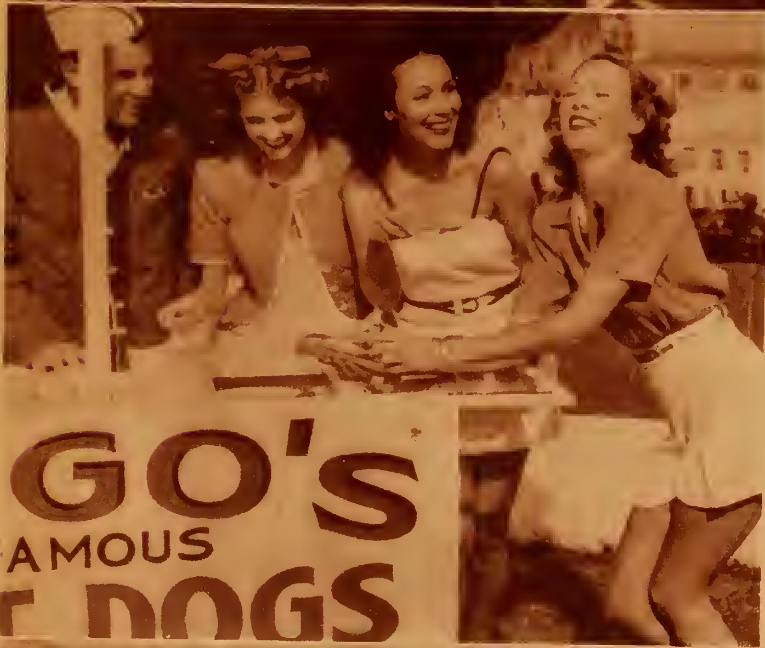
Anticipating a neat killing at the track are John Payne and his cuddlesome bride, Anne Shirley. Will they frown if nags fail?

Irene Dunne's camera-shy hubby, Dr. Frank Griffin, is captured while taking wife to races

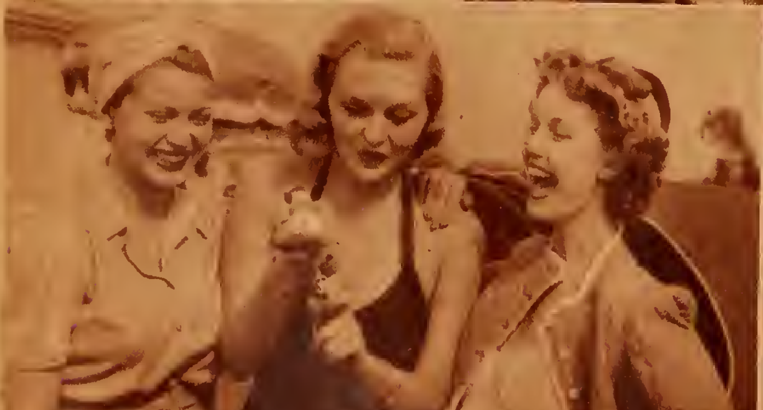
AT PATRICIA ELLIS' *Birthday Party*



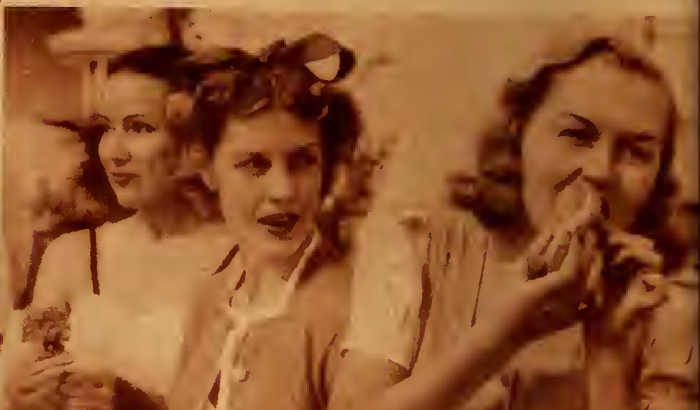
When Anita Louise threw a party for Pat Ellis on her 21st birthday the other day the guests had themselves a time with a fake cake from which they grabbed gifts



Guests went for a picnic lunch and like Mrs. F. D. R., preferred hot dogs. Those who went for dogs were Anita, Dolores Del Rio, Wendy (no likee onions) Barrie



Every guest won some kind of a gag prize from the grab cake. Pat Ellis drew Donald Duck whose antics when she pulled string started Lana Turner and Anita off on a big laughing spree



The hot dog wagon was the most popular spot at the party. Among those who ganged up for second helpings on the succulent bow-wows were Dolores, Anita and Pat

The girls couldn't keep away from the grab cake. Pat drew a sailboat which goes with nautical togs

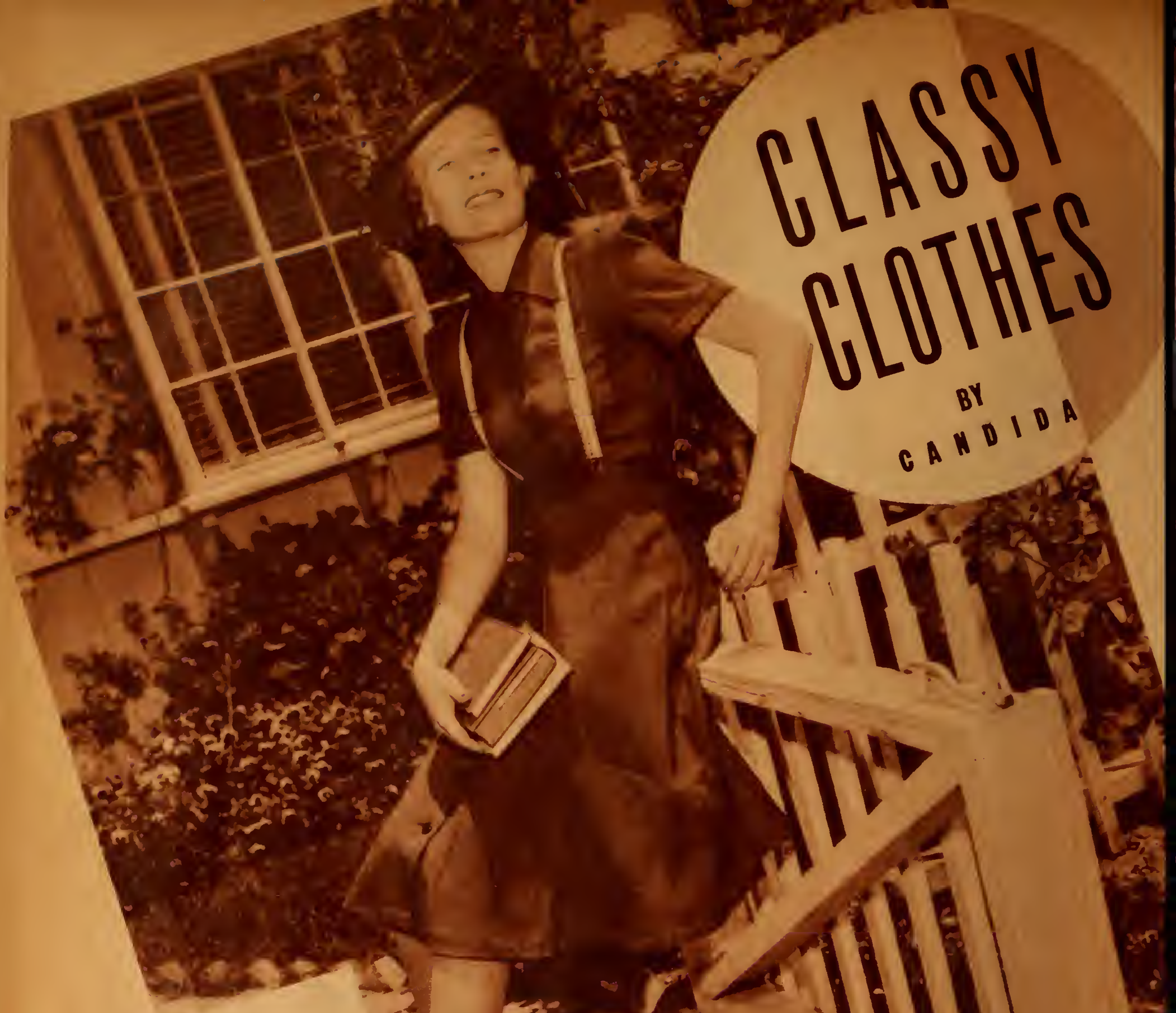
All picnic parties eventually get to the "cut-up" stage. Ronald Reagan did tricks for Rosemary Lane

Pitching marbles was one of the games at the birthday party. But Paula Stone and Wendy Barrie will never be champs

Rosemary and Pat went down to the swimming pool to cool their "dogs," but are careful to keep hot dogs high and dry

CLASSY CLOTHES

BY CANDIDA



Wendy Barrie may go to the head of the class for choosing this school outfit. The two-piece dress is Crown Tested Rayon in royal blue. The hat, a Knox "Tidbit," of wine color with royal blue accent. Calf and suede are combined in her Heel Latch shoes in the "Gresham" pattern. For a gay touch, Wendy adds a pair of plaid "Co-ed" Paris "Free-Swing" suspenders

Basic skirts worn with blouses like Barbara Read's, right, or with the Catalina twin sweaters in cable stitch (sketched) are naturals for school. Add "Co-ed" suspenders for dash. Barbara's co-starred in *Spellbinder*

Off campus goes this honeycomb wool coat, left. The simple lines and good tailoring make it a buy for the business girl as well as the school girl. It's worn by Louise Campbell who plays opposite Bing Crosby in *The Starmaker*

Brown will be an important color this fall, so Constance Moore, below, leading lady in *Mutiny on the Blackhawk* selected this brown Shetland wool suit. The short box coat (another style note) is worn over a frock of the same fabric and is trimmed with round beaver collar and buttons

Good Girls Go to Paris or to a faculty tea in Joan Perry's black sheer wool dress, above, designed by Kay Dunhill. If you can't manage perfectly matched silver foxes *and* an education, you can still have the dress in four luscious fall colors

Keep your back-to-school clothes simple and they'll be smart . . . Glen Wakeling, 20th Century-Fox designer, suggests plaid skirts like kilties . . . snug corduroy jackets in earthy colors . . . big silver antique buttons on everything . . . natural herringbone suits and top-coats . . . white cashmere sweaters . . . sweaters and again sweaters worn with basic skirts . . . navy blue reefers with scarlet lining . . . dark green Irish linen jumpers with pin-striped guimpes . . . short, boxy camels hair coats . . . hats with Tyrolean feeling . . . gay yellow slickers and umbrellas. Look for clothes shown on these pages at your local department stores, or send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City for prices and further details

DISPUTED PASSAGE

As Audrey's arms wound around John, his embrace tightened. He crushed her close, and suddenly he was aware she was a real woman, not just another patient

"You see, Dr. Beaven," Tubby added with an unpleasant attempt at sarcasm, "it'll not be necessary for you to talk your patient into a state of unconsciousness"

"Oh I see," said Audrey, looking up, "it hastily. "With your permission of course."

SHE was wheeled into the operating room and the stark white of the place lost its grim look and took on the nature of a background. Her dark beauty was splashed against it, a thing of long, glowing eyes, vivid lips and warm, golden skin.

Dr. John Wesley Beaven stopped in his stride and a tremor of surprise went over him. He recalled a brief moment of interlocking glances a year before at his graduation exercises. She had been with Dr. Cunningham, the old duffer who had spoken so long-windedly to the class about forgetting cold science, delving into the patient's soul and learning love of one's fellow man.

He had considered it a lot of drivel then and his opinion hadn't changed since. Funny how he had remembered the girl though. Somehow, she seemed bound up with that afternoon.

She smiled at him now, did Audrey Hilton, and unexpectedly, a dimple winked high up on one cheekbone. "So—it is the young man who does not like—'mushy missionaries'?" There was just the merest accent in her voice, more a matter of sing-song inflection than of pronunciation.

He flushed. Then she had overheard his remarks that day about Dr. Cunningham. "I—I beg your pardon. There was nothing personal intended—"

She looked at him steadily. Instinct told her that it was unusual for this young man to make apologies. Those under the influence of the great Dr. Forster weren't concerned with the small graces. And Beaven, she had heard from Cunningham, was Tubby Forster's most brilliant disciple. Not that there was love lost between master and pupil. On the contrary, their bitter enmity, begun during Beaven's student days, was the talk of the Medical School.

She glanced around and winced again from the pain in her arm. "Where is Dr. Forster? Dr. Cunningham told me he would operate."

"He was to, but—well, he'll be here in a moment. I'm his assistant, just helping him out."

Her odd smile came again. "Ah yes, the crew that does not like the captain." Then her face clouded. "Oh, I see. It is you who will operate."

He nodded hastily. "With your permission of course." His brows knit into a puzzled frown. "By the way, Dr. Forster didn't tell me the history of the case. When he described the bullet wound, I naturally thought of gangsters—"

She smiled wryly. The enemy at war had sometimes been called just that.

"Dr. Beaven," said a rasping voice, "I suppose you understand that we are only using a local anesthetic."

Audrey looked up and saw Tubby Forster. He was a rotund little man, yet he seemed to give the impression of great stature. His eyes might have been any color, so cold and hard they were. It was said of him that he had never been born, that he was simply a product of the science at whose altar he worshipped.

CAST

Audrey Hilton	**DOROTHY LAMOUR**
Dr. "Tubby" Forster	**AKIM TAMIROFF**
John Wesley Beaven	**JOHN HOWARD**
Anderson	**GORDON JONES**
Winifred Bane	**JUDITH BARRETT**
Dr. Cunningham	**WM. COLLIER, SR.**
Mrs. Cunningham	**ELISABETH RISDON**
Kai	**LUKE KEYES**

A Paramount Picture

Copyright, 1939, by Paramount Pictures, Inc.; screen play by Anthony Veiller and Sheridan Gibney; based on novel by Lloyd C. Douglas; directed by Frank Borzage; produced by Harlan Thompson

"You see," Tubby added with an unpleasant attempt at a smile, "it will not be necessary to *talk* your patient into unconsciousness." He turned to Audrey. "You're in good hands, Miss Hilton. I hope Dr. Beaven explained that I've sprained my wrist—"

"Oh, I'm sorry," Audrey said with quick sympathy. "Please do not think me difficult. It is quite all right—" She stopped short. There was a queer, intangible something passing between the two men. She could sense a hate that almost crackled aloud in the room.

Beaven grinned inwardly. In his heart he was gloating. Yes, that wrist of Tubby's was kicking up plenty but he was lucky that he hadn't been completely beaten to a pulp. Well, even Tubby had found out that there was such a thing as going too far. Yesterday, he had baited Carpenter, a first year student, to the limit, slashed at him with his steeliest sarcasm, taunted him with being a stupid son of the idle rich, and suggested that, as a doctor, he was a potential murderer let loose upon an unsuspecting world.

The boy had determined to bash his face in and might have succeeded if Beaven hadn't been passing the laboratory and intervened.

Tubby knew what he was thinking but he said, impassively, "We'll proceed, Dr. Beaven." He stepped into his position as assistant.

"Ready?" Beaven asked looking down at Audrey. Their eyes met and held for a pulsing second.

Then, "Quite ready," she said softly and Tubby snapped the scalpel into Beaven's hand.

She was sitting up in bed the next morning when Beaven, swinging his stethoscope, entered her room. He was encased in his most professional manner as he explained her condition. Because the bullet had been unskilfully removed from her hand two years ago, he told her, a condition of extreme sensitiveness to jars and noise, had arisen.

is you who will operate." He nodded
His brows knit into a puzzled frown

Beaven had been watching her lovely face as she talked. The nurse came in and he assumed his impersonal manner. "I'll look in tomorrow," he said reassuringly

They were on the sundeck one day, chatting in a gay mood. Dr. Beaven was dressing her hand when he said something that sent a quiver over her

Now it would be better because the pressure had been lifted.

"You see," he concluded, "the bullet almost severed the nerve." He cleared his throat and said abruptly, "You must have suffered terribly."

"Yes." Her smile was very sad now. "There are many Chinese who are suffering from wounds these days."

"Chinese?"

"I am Chinese. Did you not know?"

Slowly, Beaven sank into a chair. "You're joking. Your name, your face—why you're no more Chinese than I am."

"On the contrary, Doctor," she said gravely. "It is inside that a person is what he is. I was born in China, educated in China, saw war in China, did not leave China until a year ago. Yes, I am Chinese."

"But even so, your parents—they were American?"

"Yes." Briefly, she told him the rest. She had never really known her parents. They had been doing research work in China and had both been killed in a railroad accident. The kindly Sen Lings had taken her to raise, had become her foster parents. They were the only family she had ever known.

Beaven's gray eyes were boyishly wide. "Why, that's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard." He had been watching her lovely face as she talked, noting the velvet crimson of her full lips, the exquisite curve of her face from temple to chin. And suddenly he was aware that she was a woman, not just a patient.

The nurse came in and he stood up, assuming again his impersonal manner. He bowed curtly to Audrey. "I'll look in tomorrow. Good day."

The door closed behind him and the nurse burst out in amazement, "Well, Miss Hilton, you've made history today. Imagine, John Beaven sitting down and chatting with a patient. Man and boy, I've known him five years and this is the first indication I've ever had that he was a human being."

"But how strange." Audrey's smile was gentle. "He must be very lonely."

SHE saw a good bit of her doctor in the next few days, for Beaven was more than conscientious in his attendance. Indeed, she soon began to feel that some of his visits were merely excuses to talk with her. The thought stirred something in her heart, brought a wild-rose color to her cheeks.

They were on the sundeck one day, chatting together in a mood of gay buoyancy. Beaven was dressing her hand when suddenly he said something that sent a quiver over her.

"Another week and this'll be right as rain," he declared, touching the bandage. "You'll be playing golf in a month."

So they were to part so soon, she thought, and was unhappy. There was something about this John Beaven that had lifted her out of herself and her own problems. She had felt a strong urge to pierce the armor that he wore, to help him back to life, for she had glimpsed beneath the surface, much that was warm and human, much that Beaven himself did not suspect.

"Golf," she said lightly, "is an American custom I have not yet acquired."

"Oh, you mustn't turn down our American sports."

She flashed him a smile. "I have already succumbed to fishing. Doctor Cunningham taught me."

"Fishing!" His eyes glowed. "Say, I used to be the best hook-and-worm fisherman in the whole state of Wisconsin." He fell silent and continued fixing the bandage. Funny that he had said that. But it was always this way when he was with her. Little, inconsequential details of his life came back to him and suddenly became important.

"You know," Audrey said softly, "when you talk about fishing you are quite a different person." He looked up at her. "Yes, for a little minute you are not the stern Doctor Beaven. Tell me, how long is it since you went fishing?"

"Oh, it's been years. Not since I came here. I haven't had time but I've—"

"Dr. Beaven." Tubby stood in the doorway, looking sharply at them both. "So sorry to interrupt," he said caustically, "but I need your help, Doctor. I find I can't get away for that operation at Centerport tomorrow. You'll have to take my place."

"But I can't leave now," Beaven remonstrated. His patients, Audrey for instance, were depending on him to see them through. "I have work to do here."

"I'm familiar with what work you have, Dr. Beaven," Tubby retorted. "There's nothing you can't leave. You'll start immediately."

John departed within the hour and Audrey wasn't even faintly surprised when Tubby came in next day, brusquely declared her well and discharged her from the hospital. It was easy to surmise that John's assignment to Centerport had been a trick to get him out of the way, that Tubby had begun to be just a little uneasy about his interest in her.

She thought about it on her way to the Cunningham's country cottage where she had been invited to convalesce. If only she could do something for John, save him from Tubby's influence, keep him from becoming the hard, inhuman creature that Tubby himself was.

For herself, the future did not matter. On that day over a year ago, when she had come down from the mountains to Shanghai to find her foster-parents dead and mangled,

[*Continued on page* 54]

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST LOVE STORY

HERE IS THE STORY OF A LOVE THAT LIVES IN THE HEART OF A MAN PAST SIXTY—LIONEL BARRYMORE. IT IS KEPT FRESH WITH MEMORIES THAT SPRING FROM THE DEEP WELLS OF A GREAT HEART. IN READING IT YOU'LL SURELY AGREE IT FAR SURPASSES ALL THE FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORIES EVER TOLD

By GLADYS HALL

ON A shaded street in Beverly Hills stands a beautiful, shuttered house. Odd, strangers say, the house is empty, has been empty these three years and more, no "For Sale" sign on the premises, yet the seasonal flowers grow, pruned and tended, paths are swept and garnished, lawns are kept green and close-clipped, the shuttered windows gleam, the knocker on the door so brightly polished.

Inside that door, the eye of the stranger might well dilate the more, for order and perfect cleanliness prevail . . . rugs, draperies, music strewn on the white grand piano, vases, paintings, gowns and hats in the clothes-presses, still breathing faint sachet, brushes and combs and crystal jars on the dressing-table . . . everything is there just as it was on that day before Christmas, 1936, when Irene Fenwick Barrymore passed away . . . even Christmas packages in their gay wrappings, holly and mistletoe, are undisturbed, seeming to wait for slim, impatient fingers to untie them. . . .

"No one lives in that house," they say—but "they" are wrong. Memory lives there. Memory which is longer-lived than Man.

There are others who say, "It is Lionel's shrine to Irene, that house . . . three years gone and he is in love with her today as he was in love with her the day they were married. . . ."

I think that Barrymore, being Barrymore, would be impatient with such lush sentiment. I am sure that he would say, if he said anything at all, that Irene needs no such shrine—that she is alive

[*Continued on page 73*]

WOULD YOU MAKE THE PERFECT HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND?

This Hollywood husband remains in the background while his star-wife basks in her glory. Would you do the same?

SO YOU'D like to be married to a star! All right, you're one of millions; plenty before you have been obsessed with this same thought. But . . . did you ever stop to consider what being the perfect Hollywood husband and the perfect Hollywood wife might involve . . . what you would have to go through daily, what you'd be called upon to put up with, in maintaining this position?

A Hollywood mate is unlike any other spouse in the whole wide world . . . his experiences are unique, fanciful, often transcending even the loftiest flight of the imagination. Rolled into one, he must be a paragon of patience, understanding, good humor. Anything may happen in his Hollywood life, and he must possess the courage of a martyr.

Below are a group of questions designed to test your fitness for one or the other of these two marital estates. *Each question has been drawn from an actual incident, real Hollywood husbands and wives have acted as models on which this questionnaire is based.*

By answering the queries either Yes or No, it's easy for you to discover whether or not you could qualify as a good Hollywood husband or Hollywood wife. But you must be honest with yourself . . . consider each question well before answering. When you've finished, compare your replies with those at the end of the two questionnaires. Grade yourself . . . perhaps you'll be surprised!

FOR MEN ONLY

IN PUBLIC

1. Could you take it in stride if some fan's cigarette burned a hole in your star-wife's new fur coat, or the train of an expensive gown were torn when an avalanche of fans descended upon her for autographs?

2. Would you be willing to "dress up" to your wife whenever you appear with her in public?

3. Would you object to news photographers continually "snapping" you, when you're eating in a cafe with your wife, attending the tennis or polo matches, etc?

4. Do you think it would hurt your pride if these same photographers asked you to step aside, while they photographed your spouse with some prominent actor?

5. Would it burn you to a crisp at the barely-heard remark . . . "I wonder what she sees in that oaf for a husband?"

6. At a first-night, would you insist upon entering the theatre by a side-door rather than running the gauntlet of the fans, where your wife could hear herself acclaimed and you probably wouldn't even be noticed?

7. When you go out

[*Continued on page* 81]

WOULD YOU MAKE THE PERFECT HOLLYWOOD WIFE?

IF YOU WANT TO MARRY A STAR, FIRST FIND OUT IF YOU QUALIFY. THE FOLLOWING TESTS WILL DETERMINE YOUR FITNESS AS A GOOD HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND . . . WIFE

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

FOR WOMEN ONLY

IN PUBLIC

1. Would it make you boil with anger for a beautiful stranger to throw her arms around your star-husband's neck and implant an impassioned kiss full on his lips?

2. Supposing a crowd of feminine admirers thronged around your husband for his autograph . . . do you think you could stand idly by without being noticed and not lose your temper?

3. Does waiting annoy you? Sometimes after a preview a star will go into conference with the producer and director outside the theatre for half an hour or so.

4. If you returned to your car after a show, say, and found a hysterical girl-fan crouched in the back seat, waiting for your husband, would you be inclined to treat her with sympathy?

5. Fans have neither modesty nor tact, as a rule . . . are you of a disposition who might enjoy a meal amid the curious stares of patrons at neighboring tables?

6. Could you be satisfied with not more than one or two cocktails? A star's wife must not disgrace her husband, you know, or allow herself to be talked about.

7. Would you be upset if you overheard strangers criticizing you, for no more reason than you are your star-husband's wife?

8. Would you object to your dinner being interrupted constantly by strangers—but friends of your husband—dropping by your table to say hello, and possibly seating themselves for a while?

9. Do you require constant attention from your husband to make you happy? Many and many a time an actor must leave his wife for business reasons while out in public.

10. If your new hat were crushed or your clothes nearly ripped off you by a furiously-milling pack of fans, trying to get a close glimpse of your husband, would you vow never to go out with him again?

AT HOME

1. Would you take it as little more than a matter of course to discover a strange young woman in your home, who refused to

[*Continued on page* 83]

Would you lose your temper, or stand by quietly, when a crowd of feminine admirers thronged around your husband?

CLAIRE TREVOR

On her way to the top—and those legs will get her there—Claire Trevor rests at the side of the Lakeside Golf Club pool before diving into *I Stole a Million*

MOVE OVER, MR. GABLE—
HERE'S ROBERT PRESTON!

THE GABLES AND TAYLORS HAVE SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT IN A NEWCOMER WHO MOWS 'EM DOWN IN "UNION PACIFIC" AND "BEAU GESTE"

By
JAMES REID

CLARK GABLE hasn't had enough on his mind, what with trying to finish *Gone With the Wind* before 1940, trying to learn enough farming to make his new Encino ranch come somewhere near meeting expenses, and trying to decide whether he and Carole Lombard should adopt a boy or a girl. So now he has to think about Robert Preston.

Bob is the lad who came up from nowhere to be a hit in *Union Pacific*—in much the same manner as Clark became a hit, eight years ago.

He played The Other Man. A tall, rugged fellow, whose face wasn't the handsomest in sight, but whose grin was the broadest. He was what he was, and anyone who expected him to be otherwise amused him. He lived as he pleased, with reckless zest. He was so likable a scoundrel that audiences weren't happy when a lead slug caught up with him.

They felt that way about Clark in *A Free Soul*. They wanted to see him, in the future, get the girl—be the hero, not the heavy. They got their wish. And Clark got stardom.

Now it looks as if the same thing is in the cards for Robert Preston—who, like Clark, was around for years in plain view of talent scouts before anyone saw his possibilities. Like Clark, too, he drifted into acting. He wasn't born with the urge.

Bob got into dramatics to get out of mathematics. Today, he is convincing enough with his dramatics to keep practically everybody from suspecting how young he is. He was born June 8, 1917—in Newton Highlands, Mass., a suburb of Boston. He was christened Robert Preston Meservey. His father, Frank Meservey, was—and is—in the women's clothing business. Bob "thinks" the family name is French, "except that nobody's ever been able to trace any French ancestry." He wonders if some forebear, to get away from a dark past, changed his monicker to Meservey, to the confusion of all pursuers—and all descendants.

Bob escaped growing up with a Bostonian accent only because, when he was two, the family moved to California for the sake of his grandfather's health. They settled in the Lincoln Heights district of Los Angeles. "It's supposed to be the healthiest spot in Southern California, except late on a dark night. Then"—he grins—"you're taking chances with your health, walking down the street alone." [*Continued on page 67*]

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Backfield in Motion

■ Hays-Office-Deletion-of-the-Month: Was the line they yanked out of the dialogue in *Winter Carnival,* when Richard Carlson, dancing with Ann Sheridan, points to a freely-hip-swinging gal on the floor and cracks:

"She should be penalized, for backfield in motion!"

Antique

■ Something of a shock was experienced by your faithful and long-suffering Hollywood correspondent, upon (with the rest of movieland) finally beholding Greta's "new" automobile. You remember, or don't you? that when she took her last trip to Sweden, she traded in her old 1930 auto, which was one of the sights of Hollywood. And so everybody anticipated that when she came back, Garbo'd get herself something snappy like, maybe a de luxe striped sports coupe, or sumpin with all the 1939-plus gadgets.

So everybody waited and watched. And then it happened!!—she came careening and baloonking to M-G-M the other day in her "new" car, and she was driving it herself, albeit she had a chauffeur beside her, just in case. The chauffeur looked positively terrified. No wonder! Garbo's "new" car, believe it or not, was a 1933 antique from a second-hand lot. . . . Or maybe she just found it in somebody's ash can.

Giggle

■ Hollywood's giggle-billing of the month: The marquee sign which read:

MADE FOR EACH OTHER
CAROLE LOMBARD
and
DONALD DUCK

Robust cutie casting shadow before her is June Preisser of Ziegfeld Follies, who goes into her dance for *Babes In Arms*

In giving Paulette Goddard the up and down you can't help admitting that she's something to look at in a swim-suit. In *Cat and the Canary*

Your ma and grandma will shed a nostalgic tear when they see *The Old Maid* with Jane Bryan in a dress that goes back to the family album—all set for buggy ride

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Fatherly Advice

■ Dick Powell presented his young son with a pocket comb. It's inscribed:

"DEAR NORMIE: KEEP HOLLYWOOD OUT OF YOUR HAIR."

No Mumps

■ Fright-of-the-Month came to Warners' when right in the middle of being *Queen Elizabeth*, Bette Davis began having aches and pains in the neck, and the sides of her neck and jaws began swelling.

"Mumps!" everybody diagnosed, and Warners had woe. Not alone woe that Betty had 'em, but woe that everybody else that had been working with or near her'd get 'em—they being just as catch-as a hit tune.

They sent Bette home, and prayed. Maybe prayers are okeh, even in Hollywood. Because Bette didn't have mumps; just a swollen neck gland. And after a week she came back to work, and everybody was soooooooo-o-o-o-o-o-o happy!

Call Me Liz

■ Which recalls to me how Bette busted production the other day. It was one of those scenes where, as *Queen Elizabeth*, she sits in full pomp on the throne, while *Essex* (Errol Flynn) appears before her.

[*Continued on page* 84]

The hottest juvenile sensation since Shirley Temple bounded to fame is 8-year-old Bobs Watson, whom Lionel Barrymore says is a genius. Both are in film version of *On Borrowed Time*

The movies finally claimed maestro Jascha Heifetz who calls on his violin for expression in *They Shall Have Music*, accompanied by 75-piece symphony orchestra

Critics voted Betty Grable as possessor of best figure and legs in Hollywood. All who favor say—"Aye." Carried unanimously. Figure and legs are featured in *Million Dollar Legs*

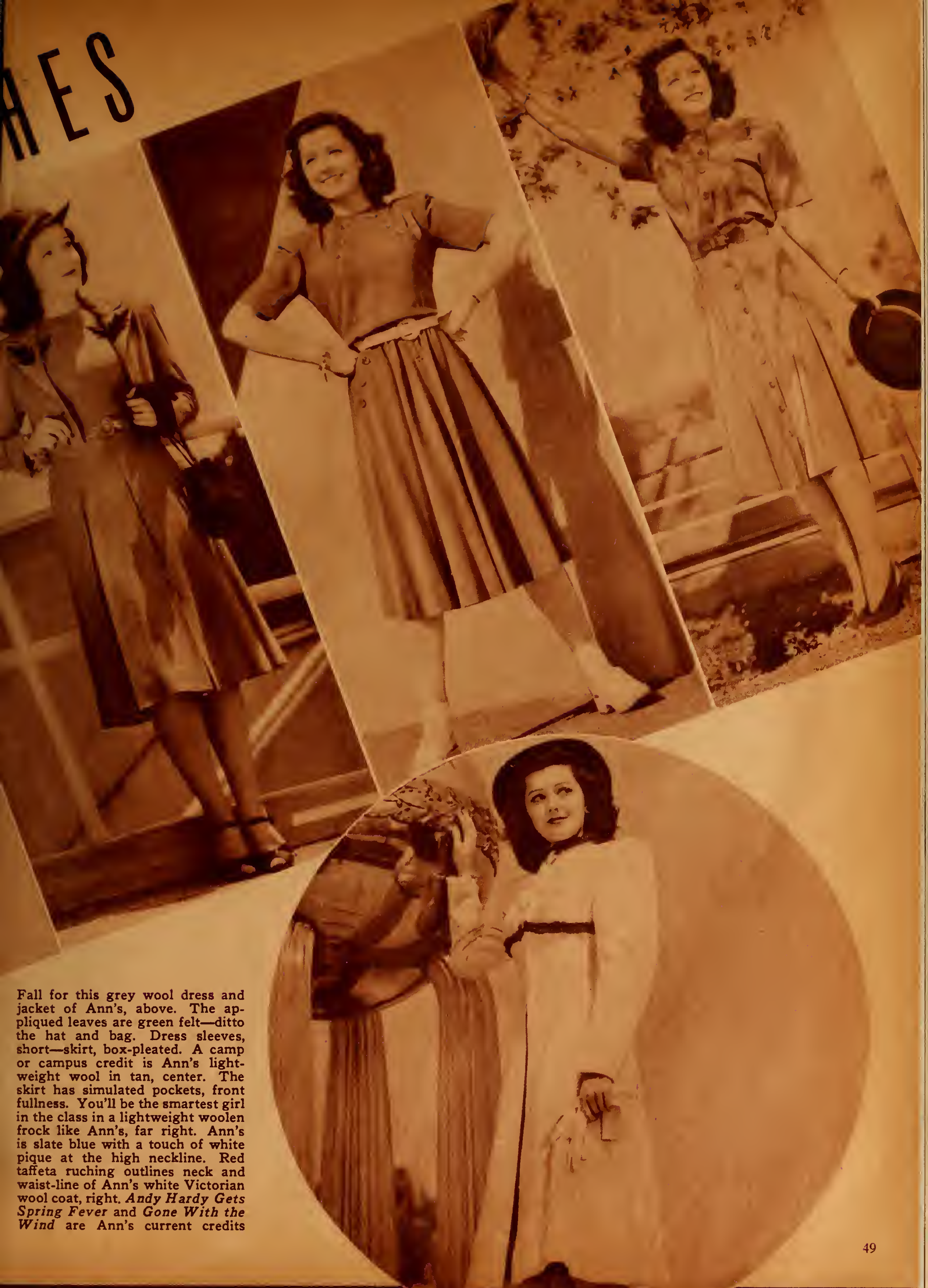
Some guys have all the luck. Take Bob Taylor for example. Hedy even tells him "I was never happier" in a dying sequence for *Lady of the Tropics*. Proving that Bob gets 'em dead or alive

CAMP TO CAMPUS CLOT

If you're pickin' cotton for camp or campus look at Annie's dull blue linen with rose tulips atop an all-over design skirt

Ann Rutherford's white organdie and black velvet dance frock would be a credit to the camp or campus at the week-end dance

HES



Fall for this grey wool dress and jacket of Ann's, above. The appliqued leaves are green felt—ditto the hat and bag. Dress sleeves, short—skirt, box-pleated. A camp or campus credit is Ann's lightweight wool in tan, center. The skirt has simulated pockets, front fullness. You'll be the smartest girl in the class in a lightweight woolen frock like Ann's, far right. Ann's is slate blue with a touch of white pique at the high neckline. Red taffeta ruching outlines neck and waist-line of Ann's white Victorian wool coat, right. *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever* and *Gone With the Wind* are Ann's current credits

DAWN OF A NEW DAY

IT TOOK LARAINE DAY SEVEN YEARS OF PLUCK AND DETERMINATION (THERE WAS NO LUCK ABOUT IT) GROPING IN DARKEST HOLLYWOOD FOR RECOGNITION. THEN, AT LAST, CAME THE DAWN

By
E. J. SMITHSON

FROM the pretty little coastal city of Long Beach, California, to sound stage Number Six on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in Culver City, is a distance of slightly less than thirty miles. Rattle-trap Model T's make the run in an hour. Hitch-hikers consider the journey an easy morning's workout with thumb and grin.

BUT—it took Laraine Day, the lovely young lady who recently starred in M-G-M's *Sergeant Madden*, exactly seven years to cover those thirty miles. And at that, if she hadn't kept the well-known accelerator pedal of ambition pressed down against the floorboards all the way, it probably would have taken her another seven, long, hard, weary years to make the trip.

You may have gathered from this confusing melange of metaphors that young Miss Day is a woman of determination. The story of how she spent seven years traveling those thirty miles between Long Beach and the M-G-M lot ought to prove that the words "ambitious," "persevering" and "tireless" are pallid understatements when applied to her. Back in December, 1931, Laraine arrived in Long Beach from Salt Lake City. Already she had her clear blue eyes fixed in the direction of Hollywood. How to get there? How to crash the cinema citadels? The lady didn't know. But she had a background of courage and stubborness which made success almost a *fait accompli* from the start.

Years ago Laraine's great-grandfather, Charles C. Rich, traveled on foot, on horseback and by wagon train from the Middle West to help Brigham Young establish a Mormon colony on the land now occupied by Salt Lake City. When he got there, after a wearying journey through practically impassable country, the great Mormon leader ordered him to move on out to California to establish another colony there.

Grandfather Rich went. He battled heroically to make the California colony prosper, despite heartbreaking odds, without much luck. But he would have stayed there, fighting for success until his dying day, if Brigham [*Continued on page 76*]

PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

REEL-ISM
$15 Prize Letter

A WHOLE truckload of orchids to Warners for their cinema wallop *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, as fine a job of dramatic reporting as these old bifocals have ever viewed. A special salaam to Director Anton Litvak for his uncompromising touch and his excellent building of a masterpiece of realism. It brought out with stinging intensity the savage brutality and the whining servility of the Nazi system and made every watcher ache to get up and cheer for America's courage, honesty and humanity. Movie prestige as a whole shot up fifty points thereby. Highlights: G-man Edward G. Robinson soft-soaping cringing Francis Lederer, the spy; Paul Lukas, the bund brains, whooping it up for National Socialism in an American hall; George Sanders, who albeit an Englishman, played *Schlager* with an accent and a shaved head that was as German as sauerkraut. And the strong-arm Gestapo boys, gorillas in human form. *Doris L. Davies, Box 503, Vancouver, Canada.*

HAS WHAT IT TAKES
$10 Prize Letter

WE'VE all got to hand it to Robert Taylor. The lad definitely has what it takes. Persecuted, slammed and criticized by writers and fans all over the country, young Taylor has plodded ahead. Not once have I heard of his retaliating with a punch in the nose or with any sort of verbal lashing, and the louder the crowd cried "sissy" to him, the more rugged his performances became. It's not his screen characters, however, which have proved to the fans of America that Robert Taylor is a virile and rugged he-man. His remarkable restraint in the face of such biting and unjustified criticism and his allround ability to take punishment from the crowd without wavering or turning a hair has proved quite conclusively that everybody had him wrong. Robert Taylor is ok. I think that just about everyone agrees to that fact now. And it speaks well for our American fans to hear them admitting that they were wrong.—*Gene Ayden, Library A. S. T. C., Boone, N. Carolina.*

Robert Taylor

CHRONIC COMPLAINERS
$5 Prize Letter

IT'S my belief that the ever-increasing question, "What's wrong with the movies?" has developed into a state of mind. The depleted finances of the majority of the movie-going public keeps them from indulging in luxury. When there are low finances, entertainment is a luxury. And the movies are entertainment. So the cry of bad pictures, bad stories and bad acting naturally finds a basis in this outlet. Something has to be blamed, and when the mind is in a state of anxiety, there is always room for complaint. One of the greatest forms of entertainment in this country is being squelched by censorship, too much harmful gossip and by those kill-joys who have money enough to indulge in more luxurious pastimes. An economic stability will restore the movies the same as it will any other business. —*Florence R. Duncan, 2611 Main St., Hartford, Conn.*

LOVE AFFAIR
$1 Prize Letter

I'VE found him at last, my "Idol of the screen!" Yes, it's Charles Boyer. He's the answer to every maiden's prayer and I'm one of those maidens. I've never cared for an actor with an accent, but what a difference it makes now. I spent many a sleepless night wishing I were Irene Dunne, who was his leading lady in *Love Affair*. How can his co-stars think it is work playing opposite him. I'd do it any day—and for nothing, too—if he just said the word. In one particular scene when I saw tears in his eyes, my eyes filled up to the brim, too. I had an awful lump in my throat, but it was worth it because I know that my heart felt the same way his did. There are no two like him in Hollywood and so I'd suggest that they hang on to him.—*Martha Brown, 8104 So. Essex Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

Charles Boyer

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10, and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed — are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one *hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

WE PIONEERS
$1 Prize Letter

MOTION pictures are gradually maturing—fan magazines are not. How long are we to be fed the same hackneyed tripe we've been getting for years? We are tired of "The Inside Story" of every divorce that takes place. We are weary of "Why Miss X and Mr. Q Won't (or Will) Marry," and if we get another "The Real Joan Crawford," we'll collapse. Few of us, certainly, can actually swallow that capsule about Hedy Lamarr's eternal chagrin over the flash of nudity in the much-publicized *Ecstasy*. Couldn't a sixteen-year-old girl have realized the consequences of such a scene? Why try to kid us? If they can't act—who cares? If they can—why bother? MOTION PICTURE magazine with its twenty-eight-year-old background should lead the way. We want maturity—and plausibility. Please.—*Victor Cloud, c/o D. G. Stevens, Cismont Virginia.*

NO KID-ING
$1 Prize Letter

IN JUNE issue of MOTION PICTURE, I found an editorial which was just about the most elating article I've read about Hollywood in years. Too long has Hollywood given us childish, sticky-sweet film fare, and now we adults are clamoring for something better. Thanks to you and others with the pioneering spirit, several outstanding "adult" films have emerged from the studios. *Dark Victory* which gave us Bette Davis in her most superb role was one. *Wuthering Heights* is another. The audience at both of these films was comprised of 98% adults. The children who did attend were bored, but not the oldsters. We reveled in the excellent dramatizations of both films.—*Mrs. Tracy Levy, 222 Ellis St., Augusta, Georgia.*

Bette Davis

PUZZLED
$1 Prize Letter

THOSE of us who enjoy and appreciate truly good acting are puzzled by the treatment Burgess Meredith has received in Hollywood. Why hasn't he been given a chance? Why are they hiding his light under a bushel? He has been handed out skimpy bits not worthy of his great ability, and even with such scraps he has outshone the stars of the pictures in which he appeared. In his few short moments before the camera in *Idiot's Delight* he gave a memorable performance that carried certainty and conviction. When Meredith acts, he is so outstanding that when he is not in a scene we wait impatiently for him to reappear.—*Thomise Staub, 1001 Linwood Ave., Columbus, Ohio.*

THE MILKY WAY

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

SHORT-CUT COOKING WITH CONDENSED MILK

YOU won't believe it, but—

You can bake a lemon pie without going near the range!

You can make mayonnaise by shaking the ingredients together!

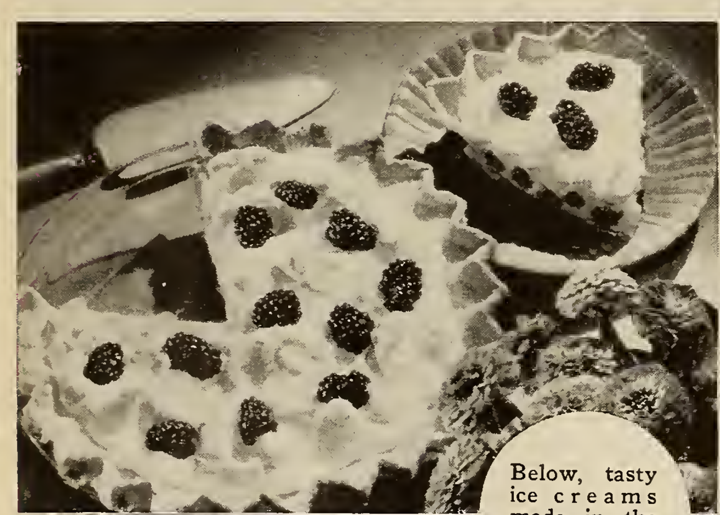
You can make a perfect chocolate frosting in five minutes!

Your little girl can have macaroons from only two materials!

You don't believe it?—but—*Short-cut your cooking with sweetened condensed milk,* and all these magical results will come true!

First, what is sweetened condensed milk, so familiar to you in convenient canned form? Sweetened condensed milk is a blend of sugar and milk which has been cooked and cooked and then cooked down some more, until it is creamy and thick, and velvety smooth.

The Magic Blackberry Pie, below, is made with condensed milk without cooking. The recipe is included in the following text



Below, tasty ice creams made in the condensed milk way

Magic Frosting, above, will take the cake at the picnic party

Your picnic is an assured success when you serve cake covered with Magic Chocolate Frosting which can be made in 5 minutes

Fresh milk, that is bottled milk, is a wonderful product, but when fresh milk is used in baking or making sauces, or in other cooking, it is necessary to scald the milk or add flour to it, or do something else *to make it thicker.* When you use condensed milk, all this trouble of boiling and thickening has already been done for you, and all you need do is open the can—and cook!

Second, almost the same thing holds true in using sugar in cooking—the grains must be made into a smooth and richer syrup, or the sugar must be "creamed" (you know how you have to beat and beat and "cream" sugar and butter together in making cake!). But when you use sweetened condensed milk, here again all this time and labor-making work of beating and blending sugar is already done. No hand beating with spoon or even power mixer can achieve such a satin-smooth texture as you find in every single can of sweetened condensed milk.

SO THESE are the two main reasons why using sweetened condensed milk is able to short-cut your cooking—*the beating and the blending and the thickening have been done,* your lemon pie filling *is* a perfect custard, your mayonnaise *is* velvety, your frosting *is* smooth as a cold cream facial, and your little girl—but here are some recipes to prove this kitchen magic.

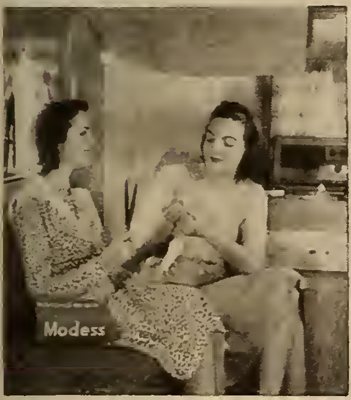
We are sorry we haven't the space to give you all the recipes here, but the ones selected are particulary suited to the season. For instance. . . .

You could and can make a short-cooked lemon pie, but since it's berry season, why not make this feathery filling as given in [*Continued on page 78*]

My "fair" friend told me . . .

"Say—isn't this a gorgeous day for sight-seeing!" the woman from Arizona called from her trailer window . . . "Not for me!" I grumbled. "I just ran over to tell you that I can't tramp around any Fair Grounds with you today. My last day, too—and so many things yet to see!" . . . She asked a sympathetic question, and before I knew it I was telling her my troubles and ranting about the woes of womankind. "My dear," she smiled, "you come right in here. I've got just what you need!"

So in I went—and thank heaven I did. Otherwise, I might never have learned about Modess. And to my way of thinking, that's one of the most important things I learned during my visit to the Fair.



My, but she was a grand person! She said she used to suffer from chafing at "certain times" herself . . . until she discovered Modess. "You see," she said, "there are two types of napkins—*fluff-type* and *layer-type*. Modess is *fluff-type*." Then she cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see the fluffy, downy-soft filler.

"And Modess is safer, too . . . as well as softer," she said. Then guess what she did! She got a glass of water, took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and dropped water on it! Yes, actually. And not one drop went through! "My goodness," I said, "I never knew *that* before—and it's certainly something worth knowing."

Well—she just insisted on giving me some Modess. And that was what saved my last day at the Fair. We walked miles . . . how I *did* appreciate the comfort and safety of Modess!

Next day, before we left, I went to the store to buy my trailer-friend a new package of Modess . . . and was I surprised and pleased! I found that this soft, "fluff-type" napkin cost no more than those layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)

Disputed Passage

[*Continued from page* 40]

victims of the "undeclared war" against China, she had made a vow. The Sen Lings had devoted their lives to her and she would repay the debt by dedicating *her* life to the restoration of their beloved land.

It would take money, much money and for that purpose she had left the war zone to come to these great United States in order to raise funds for the brave, shattered people of her adoption. And there would be no stopping until she had accomplished her goal.

But with John it was different. There had been no tragedy to mar his life and his future could belong to himself; he could still learn the great truths of kindness and humanity. She put the thought into words and went to Cunningham with it. The latter, a bit twinkling-eyed, promptly wrote Beaven, asking him up for some week-end fishing and a few days later, John arrived, complete with rod and reel.

She had a brief, breathless moment with him before he went out to the lake with his host. Then, that evening they sat together in the moonlight at the water's edge. Beaven broke the silence. "I haven't thanked you," he said.

"Thanked me? For what?" She looked at him, then away. She knew that in her eyes a flame was burning.

"For getting Cunningham to ask me up. But I was coming anyhow," he added.

"You were?" she asked in surprise. "I was not sure that you would leave your hospital."

"Look here," he burst out suddenly and grasped her hand, "you think I'm a regular automaton, don't you? I'm not, though. If there's a wall around me I built it there, deliberately."

Her heart pounded at the touch of his fingers on hers. She trembled, fearful that he would hear it. "Did *you*—build the wall or was it Tubby who put it there?"

He began to talk then, in short, disjointed sentences, as if some inner compulsion were forcing forth the words. He'd been an average kid who had wanted to be a doctor when he came here. Then he'd seen Tubby work with a scalpel and it had been the most beautiful sight in the world to him. Afterwards though, Tubby had talked. He had struck out at all of them in the class, mocking their commonplace backgrounds, jeering especially at Beaven's upbringing in a parsonage, warning him that the soul had no place in medicine and that if a man would be a scientist there was no room in his life for anything but work.

"And you decided to be just like him?" Audrey asked.

"I swore that I'd have my revenge by being a greater scientist than he was and that nothing would ever interfere—"

She rose and stood away. "That explains so much," she said softly. "It explains why we were drawn together. I also have a wall—but not of my choosing." Then, much as if she were putting a period to a sentence she said, "That is why we can be *friends*." She turned and took a step up the path toward the cottage. Ah yes, only friends.

"AUDREY!" Beaven was beside her. He turned her around to face him. "Audrey, I'm glad of what you said just now about our being drawn together. I might not have found the words. You see, your friendship—well, it's the first I've had in many years."

She said, quite simply, "I have never had a friendship with a man before."

"I'm glad—because it means so much to me. I wish we could go on seeing each other. But once I get back it may be weeks—" He took her face in his two hands and said huskily, "Audrey, you wouldn't mind—I mean—?"

"I would not mind," she whispered.

Lightly, he kissed her forehead. But as her slim arms wound around him and she brought her lips close to his, his embrace tightened. He lifted her from her feet and crushed her close. They kissed long and burningly and then they stood away.

"I'm sorry," he said.

She took a trembling breath. "You must not be. You kissed me once and that is all. You will soon forget."

"But I don't *want* to forget."

She looked up at him. "You will, though, you will forget because you are seeking to avoid life. And I shall remember because I am lonely and seeking to enter into it."

"Yes," he replied with a bitter laugh, "I'm just a freak, Audrey. In some ways I'm just a plain fool."

She turned a suddenly radiant face to him. "I am so glad to hear you say that, John. In China, people always speak humbly of themselves and—and when the honorable friend of Lan Ying speaks thus, he too, sounds somehow, Oriental."

"Lan Ying?"

"Lan Ying is my Chinese name." She added, wistfully. "Sometimes I yearn so to hear the sound of it."

"Lan Ying, Lan Ying," he murmured caressingly and drew her to him.

"Please." She moved back. "It must not happen again, John. I should like to keep our friendship just as it is. You will go back to your world, John, and I to mine. But we shall be friends forever. Is it not so?"

He brought her fingers to his lips and held them there for a moment and when he again looked at her, his eyes were moist. "I hope so, Lan Ying. With all my heart."

She left the cottage early the next morning and caught the first train East.

Her flights began again. They took her to Cleveland, to New York, to Washington, to Los Angeles—from one end of the country to the other. Weeks vanished from the calendar and the fund for her people grew fast and large. Often she thought of John, sensed again the touch of his warm lips on hers and closed her eyes with the surging thrill that swept her from head to toe.

She was in a hotel room, in a small Western city one night, preparing for bed after a furiously rushing day, when the telephone rang. It was John and instantly, fear struck at her heart.

"Yes, John, yes? There is something wrong? Tell me quickly—"

"No," he shouted over the wire, laughing at the same time. "Nothing wrong except that I want to see you. Cunningham says you may not be near here again for ages."

"Yes. That is true."

"But, Audrey, I've got to talk to you. There's something I must tell you—"

Her heart leaped. "You cannot come here?" No, he told her, the hospital was full and he was up to his eyes in work. Her voice deepened. "Would you like me to come to you?"

"Oh, could you?" When? How soon?"

She made lightning plans. "I could stop off on my way to New York—if that would suit you."

"Suit me? Oh, Audrey, come quickly, quickly."

Two evenings later she stood at the door of his house, dressed in a turquoise satin Chinese costume.

Then he opened the door and stared at her. In his eyes was dazzled wonder at her beauty. "Audrey. You're lovely, lovely."

In silence, she walked past him, then turned. With all her senses she yearned to go into his arms. "It's good to see you again, John," she said and hoped that her voice would not betray her. She glanced around and smiled.

"You have a charming little house. Clearly, however," she added, indicating a sagging curtain, "it is a bachelor's place."

He had ordered their dinner with care and it was set for them with lighted candles.

But all through the meal she waited. There was something he wanted to tell her, she was certain. His whole manner was tense, excited, as if he were bursting with news that would affect them both.

And it was when they were having their coffee in the living-room before the fire that he *did* tell her—how much he'd missed her, how confused he'd been about himself and life, and how Cunningham had one day revealed the story of Tubby that had set him free.

It had been in Vienna many years ago and Tubby had been engaged to a girl named Elsa. But she had died, as the result of a stupid doctor's bad surgery. "I can see it all now, Audrey," John said, kneeling at her feet. "It was his bitterness that deceived me. He was trying to alibi his own frustration. There doesn't have to be any conflict between science and life. I know that now, since I've met you."

Her eyes were shining stars in the firelight. He had changed, more than she had dared hope for. Cunningham had written her of the patient at Centerport, crippled for life, for whom John had gotten a job. He would never have thought of a thing like that before. Social rehabilitation had had no place in his scheme of things.

"I'm glad that you've found a door in your wall, John," she said quietly.

"Audrey, Audrey." He had her in his arms. "It's you, dear, don't you see? My wall is crumbling, Lan Ying, it's been going ever since I met you. I want you here always, with me, darling. I want you to marry me."

She was giddy with the sheer joy of it. Love, like a beautiful, shining gift, had come to them both. "But we have promised each other—" she began faintly.

He kissed the hollow of her throat, then looked into her face held close to his own. "But we can't go on denying this love that we feel. Why torture ourselves when there's no need?"

No need? No need? She was quite pale as she stepped back. "John," she said, "I should have told you. I, too, have a problem, a tie that binds—"

"What sort of tie?"

"You must not ask me now. You would, perhaps, think me silly. But try to be a little patient." He had changed, yes, but not enough to understand this mission of hers, this crying need to help the people of the land in which she had her roots. She picked up her bag. "John, so much has happened tonight that I think it is better that I go now."

[*Continued on page* 56]

A Test for "Model Wives"

Beware of the ONE NEGLECT* that sometimes kills Romance!

Are you a good housekeeper?

Do you take care of your looks?

Are your meals appetizing?

Do you avoid nagging?

Are you economical?

Are you always careful about Feminine Hygiene?

* Carelessness (or ignorance) on this question means that you "flunk" the test.

"Lysol" can help you make a perfect score

A GIRL can take courses that teach her how to keep a house. But how to keep a husband seems to be left mostly to guesswork.

There *are* women who neglect their husbands and still hold their love. But the woman who neglects *herself* is apt eventually to live alone, whether she likes it or not. Neglect of intimate personal cleanliness, of feminine hygiene, may spoil an otherwise happy marriage.

Many thousands of women have solved the problem of feminine hygiene ... with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose. Here are some of the important reasons why—

1—Non-Caustic ... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness ... "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading ... "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy ... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor ... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability ... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dep. M.P.-909, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name________________

Street________________

City__________ State__________

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"But for how long? When will you come back?"

"As soon as I know that I may come back." They walked to the door and held each other close for a moment of infinity. "But one promise I give you," she said vibrantly, "If ever I come back here, it shall be to stay."

AGAIN the journey started and this time Audrey found herself working with feverish intensity. She had a double purpose now and the sooner she achieved one the more quickly she would find happiness in the other.

Two months passed during which she tried to put John from her mind as much as possible. Once she received a letter from him. It had followed her half around the country. Its beautiful phrases were like water to a parched throat. ". . . love you more each day . . . sweet lotus flower . . . know that we belong to each other, can help each other . . . my one love. . . ."

And finally there came the last stage of her mission. It took her to Washington and there, in the office of the Chinese Ambassador, she faced a venerable Oriental gentleman, whose regard was sweet with love and admiration as he looked upon her. It was he who had put her under the wing of the Cunninghams, he who had helped plan her country-wide tour.

"Well, my child," he said as she stood before him, "you have done your work well. Sen Ling would have been proud of you. And he would have been the first to give you your reward—your release."

"Then you know—that I was going to ask—"

"I could guess. When you came in here you announced yourself as Miss Hilton. Before, it would have been Lan Ying. And that is as it should be. I wanted to see it happen." He rose and smiled. "I hope he is a very nice young man."

She glanced at him, startled. "How did you know?"

"What else," the Ambassador asked gently, "could make you realize—could call you back where you belong?"

"Yes, I suppose so." Her face was like a brilliant light. "And, dear friend, he *is* a very nice young man."

On winged feet she went to the telegraph office and wired John and that very day a train was speeding her towards Wisconsin. By the next afternoon she was registering at the small hotel near John's hospital.

She turned as someone addressed her at the desk, and saw that the speaker was Doctor Forster.

"Miss Hilton," he said abruptly, "I've been waiting to talk to you. Perhaps you'd have tea with me."

She stared at him but nodded without a word. Strange that he had sought her out like this. "Yes, of course, Doctor."

They were seated and he began. "Miss Hilton, I understand that you plan to marry Dr. Beaven. I might as well be frank. Cunningham told me that you had wired him to that effect."

"Yes," she said tensely, "that is so." Whatever was the man driving at?

She found out a moment later. Quite harshly and directly, Tubby told her that in marrying John, she was ruining a brilliant career. Already, since he had begun seeing her, his work had fallen off miserably—and no wonder. No man could concentrate properly when his mind was beset with doubts—anxieties.

Audrey looked at him incredulously. "Doubts? Now? But why?"

"Why? I'll tell you, Miss Hilton. Because that boy needs five more years of training, because if he marries now, he'll just be one more half-baked surgeon, out grubbing for fees like the rest of 'em." He looked at her craftily. "Suppose *you* were in his position Miss Hilton. Wouldn't you be worried, fearful of abandoning the path you had set for yourself?"

Her breath caught and a leaden weight settled inside her. Yes, she could understand that. She had had to make just such a decision for herself a while back. But *her* problem had resolved itself. Not so, John's.

"I don't want to influence you," Tubby said, watching her, hawk-eyed. "The decision must be yours."

"And his."

"No. Yours only. He has made two promises, one to himself, the other to you. He will break the first before he breaks the second. For he thinks then that he only hurts himself."

She nodded. There was a searing hurt in her breast. It was the worst pain she had ever known "Yes," she said in a harsh whisper, "I'll make—the decision, Dr. Forster."

A brief scrawled note was her only farewell to John, a note telling him that they must go their separate ways. She signed it Lan Ying so that he would understand. . . .

FREE!

Beautiful Color Portraits of Your Favorite Stars!

Included in your next month's copy of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be a beautiful color portrait of CLARK GABLE. This picture measures nine by eleven inches, and is the first color portrait of a series of eight to appear in the October and following issues of MOTION PICTURE. Each portrait is on heavy paper and entirely free of printed matter, front and back.

Other stars whose color portraits will appear in issues immediately following are: ROBERT TAYLOR, SONJA HENIE, TYRONE POWER, DEANNA DURBIN, ERROL FLYNN, GINGER ROGERS, CHARLES BOYER.

These beautiful color portraits are exclusive with MOTION PICTURE. Be sure and get the OCTOBER ISSUE, on sale at all newsstands August 30, with its desirable picture of Clark Gable. Don't miss any of the following issues. Tell your friends of this remarkable free offer.

She hardly remembered the voyage that took her over the sea again or the trip across war-ridden China clear to the northwest, hundreds of miles inland. All that she was aware of, was that she must forget. She had had a dream once, she told herself, of a man that she could love, a man of her own race, yet one able to understand her devotion to her adopted country.

Dream and reality were gone now. There was just work and into her job of nursing, she threw herself feverishly. The days and weeks went past without visible change. Everywhere in the towns and on the battlefields there was the same horror—men, women and children wounded and dying from the attacks of the enemy planes.

Through it all, she moved swiftly, competently, shutting her mind to everything outside this torn and shrieking world. Sometimes there was news of a victory in the north, a setback in the west. Once she heard the orderlies speaking of two foreign doctors, one a Frenchman, the other an American, who had come to offer their services. They were in a town not far distant.

She was dully glad. At least, there were still those in the world outside who wanted to help fight the oppressors.

She had just brought her ambulance back to the hospital one night when Kai, her helper, came running up.

"Lan Ying, Lan Ying," he cried, "It is he, the American Doctor. You must go at once."

She tried to make a sound but no words came from her throat. Only her lips moved.

"He is called Doctor John," Kai said impassionedly. "It is the same face as that picture you carry always. He came here to look for you and when he could not get through he stayed to help our people. But you must hurry. It is a shrapnel wound and he may die."

Kai drove the ambulance and she sat there, beside him still and cold as a stone image.

Then finally they came to the wooden field hospital. Just at the door of John's room, she stopped short at the sight of Tubby. His face was haggard, his eyes held a terrible agony.

"You here!" she gasped.

He said hoarsely, "They cabled me." Then his mouth twisted. "It seems I was wrong. He's done some of the best surgery of his career in this place. But now—" he glanced towards the bed, "I've used all my skill but he just lies there—in a coma. It's no use—"

She brushed past him and went to the bed.

"John, John, darling," she said stooping over the still figure. She touched his hot feverish head and every fiber of her being called to him. "John, darling, I'm here to stay. I've waited so long, you must not leave me—"

He stirred and his breath came raspingly.

Tubby touched her shoulder. His voice was rough with tears. "There's nothing more you can do—"

She shook him off. "John," she cried softly, "Come back to me. It is only a little way—"

Again came that rasping breath. But now his lips opened. "Audrey . . ." he said, on a long, shuddering sigh. Then unconsciousness returned and the long night's vigil began. Audrey's hand was clasped in his and each time he moved, she moved with him.

Now his breath was coming more easily. His eyelids fluttered again. And finally, he began sleeping, a long, quiet sleep that showed the tide had turned.

It was morning when he turned to her and said faintly, "Don't go—"

"No, my dearest," she whispered, "I shall stay."

He closed his eyes again and the pale dawn grew brighter.

Audrey's lips moved. "God in his infinite mercy . . ." she murmured and a wild gladness surged through her veins.

Tubby was standing there. "I don't know whether you'll forgive me or not," he began strainedly, "but what I did, I thought was for the best. I thought he would walk best if he walked alone—as I had done. I thought that I had given him the greatest strength that any man could know—science."

The sun suddenly poured in like a golden stream. Tubby held his face up to it as if he were looking at the Kingdom of Heaven. "But I have seen something even greater. I suppose," his voice shook and broke, "I suppose you could call it a miracle."

She held out her free hand and he took it. Then they stood there together, in silence, watching over the person they both loved, watching, as, by the Grace of God, he slowly came back into their lives again.

The Hottest Thing in Hollywood

[*Continued from page 24*]

And when they get done, Aherne doesn't look any more like Aherne than Greta looks like Groucho. And they throw him to the wolves and what happens?

Why, Aherne steals *Juarez* right out from under the astonished noses of the Muni and the Davis, and as a result, he's right now the hottest thing in Hollywood (not even excluding Hedy Lamarr).

And in a town where the scarcity of unattached good leading men is equalled only by the scarcity of handsome and virile young bachelors, it's dangerous to be a Brian Aherne. I sometimes fancy that in these long and still nights, when he can get alone sometimes, young Mr. Aherne must almost hope that there'll be a war in Europe, so he can get up in a warplane over the front lines, and be safe.

However, don't jump to the wrong conclusion. Don't imagine, for a moment, that our handsome hero is averse to being had, either by a producer or a gal. BUT—it's got to be a good one, in either case. Brian Aherne, though he may be shy and retiring, is nobody's darnfool, and now that he's suddenly in demand, he's holding out for the best. And, professionally and romantically both, he knows what's what—

Professionally, for example, he's played with such stars as Noel Coward, and Katharine Cornell, and Helen Hayes and Katie Hepburn and Joan Crawford. Romantically, he's played with such stars as Merle Oberon, who doesn't like trash, either, and Norma Shearer, whose approachability is confined to only the bluest-blooded stock, Hollywoodishly speaking.

AND so, take it from me: from now on, you need expect to see Brian Aherne only in the most splendid roles in Hollywood, be it onscreen or off.

Already, he and Hal Roach have parted ways. Aherne had a three-picture commitment with Roach, and did two of them. They were *Merrily We Live* and *Captain Fury*. After his *Juarez* smash, though, Brian'll have no more of it. Both he and Roach realize that he MUST have a MEATY part for his future appearances, and since there's nothing on the Roach schedule offering such a role, the deal's off. As this is written, there's nothing directly in sight for Aherne—but rest assured that whatever it turns out to be, it'll be hot.

And it probably won't have whiskers. Not even if it's another *Maximilian*. Aherne has had all the whiskers he wants. That set of spinach he wore through the *Juarez* caused MORE trouble—

One day, there was a wind. Aherne stepped regally into a scene, and whoosh, half of his crop of fuzz went gaily careening down the set. Three days later, Aherne got some dust in his nose, sneezed, and swahff went his fritz again. Another day, he tried to drink his luncheon milk out of the bottle, and all the milk ran down the blond ripples and it took two hours to put on a new set. It got so that Aherne locked himself up in the solitude and privacy of his dressing-room, between takes, with his precious *Maximilian* whiskers wrapped up in a towel, and Brian seriously considering posting a sign:

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

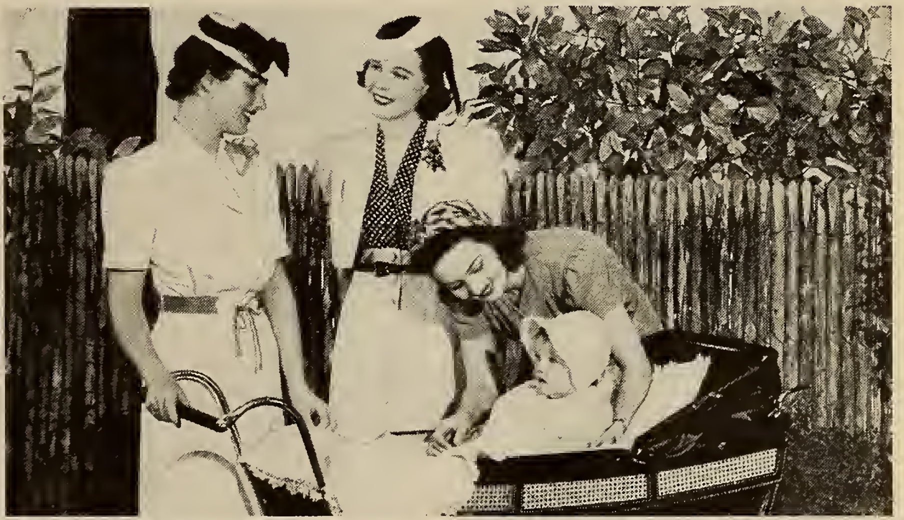
Besides, Brian Aherne undoubtedly

[*Continued on page 64*]

"My neighbors used to razz me—*behind my back!*

"It used to make me wild—all that eyebrow-raising and chatter. But I don't wonder they whispered about me. The baby's clothes, my clothes, everything that came out of my wash screamed tattle-tale gray. Goodness knows, I rubbed till my arms ached, but no use! My things looked foggier than a storm cloud and I couldn't imagine why, until . . .

"Now they say nice things —*to my face!*



"I found out I was using the wrong kind of soap. It just didn't have pep enough to wash out *all* the dirt. So, quick as scat, I got some Fels-Naptha Soap at the grocer's, and glory, what a difference! There's so much honest washing energy in this richer *golden* soap and active *naptha* that dirt has to let go—every last speck of it! My clothes are so white, they shine like snow. Take it from me, I don't get the razz any more—it's compliments I'm hearing." COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station

A Garland for Beauty

[*Continued from page* 8]

thing can be. So she's always careful to remove every last bit of make-up with cold cream, then scrub her skin thoroughly with soap and water and a complexion brush before going to bed. She scrubs away with soap and water and the brush in the morning, then rinses her face two or three times with cool water. "Especially when I've washed my face in a hot bath," she told me. "Otherwise the hot water would 'steam' my pores open—and I think there's nothing uglier looking than large pores. Besides, they might fill up with blackheads!"

That red hair of Judy's is permanented, too—but it looks naturally curly. That's because she brushes it night and morning till it shines. She doesn't give a single hair a chance to become dull and fuzzy. She has a hot olive oil treatment once a week before her shampoo, to counteract a slight tendency to dryness, and she massages her scalp nightly with her fingertips to stimulate the circulation and relax tense nerves after a hard day at the studio.

I couldn't help admiring Judy's charm bracelet. She makes it a point to get a new charm for every town she visits—usually one of the theatres she appears in gives her one too. Most of the bangles are books, and one (that her best beau 'way off in England sent her) is a tiny letter. They all open up, and have real reading matter inside! Not a useless ornament, the bracelet shows off those nice smooth, well-groomed hands of Judy's.

"I always massage a cuticle cream on the nails at night and make it a point to push back the cuticle whenever I dry my hands," she told me. "Then I don't have any loose hangnails to bite off. I used to bite my nails, too, but I found a cure for that. I got a weekly manicure, and had the girl use a bright shade of polish on my nails. That made the broken and stubby nails awfully noticeable and made me ashamed of my hands. And every time I started to bite a nail that pimento red said 'Stop.'" Judy has broken the bad habit so well that she wears a shell pink lacquer now (except for a glamorous evening) and rarely worries her nails.

ALL teen age girls have one problem in common—making mother realize they're growing up, and persuading her to let them dress accordingly. Judy's no exception. "One evening," she told me, "I borrowed my older sister's long slinky dress, high-heeled slippers and silk stockings to go out on a date. Mother had company when I came downstairs—so I thought I'd get by with it. She was awfully nice about telling me how pretty I looked in front of them—but she took me aside to tell me I'd look much sweeter in my own things—so I had to change!"

Judy's big hobby (aside from collecting charms for her bracelet) is perfume. And luckily her mother agrees with her that a young girl needn't wait till she's 18 in order to indulge in fragrance—just so long as she doesn't go in for heavy oriental odors appropriate to slant-eyed sirens. Judy likes spicy scents and uses them in several forms—toilet water or cologne after her tub, perfume on her hair when she goes to a dancing party, scented bath powder before popping into a fresh nightie after the evening tub. She likes to carry a tiny flacon of perfume in her bag, so she can dab a bit more on her wrist or ear during the evening.

Judy has been lucky enough to have proper supervision of her diet and make-up during the "terrible teens" when so many less fortunate girls are running into skin troubles. I've gathered from your letters that many of you don't realize that rich foods and improper cleansing methods are equally responsible for those bothersome blemishes. If you're troubled with oily skin, blackheads, large pores and recurring pimples, why not try this method of clearing them up? Go in for fresh fruits and vegetables in a big way. Avoid fatty meats, starchy foods, pastries. Drink lots of milk and at least eight glasses of water a day. Scrub your skin three or four times daily with soap and warm water—and leave a fine film of the soap on the skin. This helps dry up the blemishes and tighten the pores. Then rinse several times with cool water. Wear a very light film of powder and rouge, and always cleanse your skin thoroughly before repowdering. A heavy layer of make-up may aggravate the skin condition. If your skin doesn't clear up after this treatment, see your doctor.

You really ought to try a fine grade toilet soap I saw being made. It contains only the purest ingredients, so you know it can't possibly harm your skin. The thick, creamy lather practically melts dirt and cosmetics away from the skin, leaving it clear, smooth and soft. After a face bath with this you feel as though blackheads and large pores were something someone else was bothered with—not you. And that will be pretty much the case if you'll keep up the three-a-day treatment, using a soft-bristled complexion brush to work the lather in well. The soap costs only a few pennies, of course.

CREAM your face before stepping into a hot tub or shower, if your skin is dry and sensitive. The heat makes the oils penetrate faster and further, softens the skin speedily. And use cream again during the day for a complete facial cleansing. I can recommend a super-soft cream that does an excellent job of cleansing and smoothing. A tiny bit of it makes a grand powder base and will keep your nose from shining for hours. Massage the cream lightly into the tender skin around the eyes to prevent squint lines and crow's feet from appearing—and to help get rid of any you may have collected.

Probably the biggest problem for both fifteen and fifty year olds is choosing correct and flattering shades of make-up. Don't let it bother your pretty head another moment. Because I've found a lipstick that will be perfect for you—no matter what your coloring. The manufacturer asked a famous colorist to test it on various complexion types. When the test was over, the colorist had discovered that the one lipstick had taken on 16 different shades to harmonize with as many skin tones. I think that's pretty amazing, and pretty exciting news for all us lipstick puzzlers. The stick itself is creamy smooth—you'll want to use it anyway to keep your lips soft and smooth.

And don't forget, at the same time, to pick up powder and rouge. You can get the rouge in either cream or cake form, made on the same color principle, and the powder in several skin tones. One I think perfect for practically anyone is a peach shade, with just the right amount of pink in its tone. I've used it with great success, and tried it out on blondes, brunettes and red heads. The powder clings to your skin, yet is so light it can't clog the pores. Price for the powder is 55 cents, for the rouge, 83 cents.

Bothered with grubby nails and rough cuticle? Why not try a new quick foaming nail shampoo? I'll guarantee it will keep your nails looking immaculate. And more than that. It contains special reconditioning oils that soften the cuticle and help remove dead particles, and keep the nail itself shining and flexible. It can be used whether you're wearing polish or not. The handy rubber tipped applicator is a wonder at getting stubborn dirt out from under the nails. The larger size contains a sponge rubber hand and nail scrub that you'll want to use often to keep knuckles from getting that dingy look. In two sizes, at 35 and 60 cents.

The same manufacturer has one of the loveliest rosy pink polishes I've seen in a long while. It's just the perfect shade to wear everyday to school, with fluffy evening dresses to the fall dance, or on dates. The color goes beautifully with violet, brown, green, navy or pale blue—and your boy friends will love it. The polish itself wears and wears, especially if you apply two coats of lacquer, and has a lovely soft sheen.

TRY matching your perfume with a scented cologne if you like to smell pretty. You'll adore a spicy, romantic scent that comes in both forms. It's light and whimsical—and yet tangy too. I think it's a good idea to slap cologne all over your body after the morning bath—that perfumes you faintly with just enough scent to linger around you during the day. And use the perfume, too, for a more glamorous touch, when you're going out in the evening. Dab a bit on your wrist, on your ears, a bit more on your hair. One attractive packaging of the perfume features the darlingest purse perfume container and applicator. It's a tiny compact, with a sponge attached to the screw-on top. Before the big evening, saturate the sponge with perfume, and slip the "compact" into your bag. Touch the sponge to your skin whenever you want to renew your scent. A generous bottle of perfume and the "dabber" cost $1.75. The cologne costs about 65 cents.

Don't fool yourself into thinking perfume will hide perspiration odor. It can't. All the lovely scents in the world won't disguise the fact that you're careless about personal daintiness. And don't think you're too young to perspire. Everyone perspires at least a quart a day. Most of it evaporates immediately, but some of it may linger to haunt you. The best way to be sure it doesn't, and to insure your own popularity, is to use a reliable perspiration corrective regularly. Write me if you'd like the name of a fluffy cream you can rely on to check and deodorize perspiration for about three days if you don't perspire excessively, for about a day otherwise. It feels and looks just like a velvety pink vanishing cream, it spreads easily, and dries almost instantly. It can't irritate the underarm skin, so you can use it immediately after shaving if you wish. You can be pretty sure you won't be offending your chum or your best beau when you use this cream.

Write me before September fifteenth, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with three cents U. S. postage, please) for my reply. The address: Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Hollywood's
Trick Parties

JITTERBUGGIEST PARTY of the Month—was the dance Jane Withers gave at her home out Brentwood way. . . . Right in the middle of the jitterbug contest—which, by the way, was won by Betty Jean Hailey with Johnny Pironne—the house shook so that a knick-knack cabinet against one wall toppled over, and down came a cascade of broken chinaware and crockery! . . . So they became calmer, and went into a waltz contest, instead, and Bonita Granville with Foster Grundy took the honors . . . Uh huh—these were Hollywood movie kids, but the party was just like the party your little kid friends down the block give. There were prizes for the funniest costume (Freddie Bartholomew won it!) and things like that . . . It was all very decorous, very hey-hey—and very much to the satisfaction of the studios, who are so-so-so worried these days about their young kid stars' nite life!

ODDEST PARTY-INVITE of the Month:—the ones Mike (Prince) Romanoff sent out, for the shindig at his place, which read: "Come to a buffet supper; bring your own liquor, and fee the servants! Gentlemen in attendance are Robert Benchley, Charlie Chaplin, Jimmy Cagney, Frank Morgan, Cary Grant, Alan Mowbray, Mark Hellinger and A. C. Blumenthal" . . . NITE-SPOTTING AROUND: . . . Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, just before they parted for that professional tour, spending one of their last nights together furiously stomping and jitterbugging it at the Palomar, to Artie Shaw's swing . . . Charlie Lederer consoling Sally Haines at the newly-enlarged House of Murphy, which now has a corned-beef-and-cabbage room . . . Conrad Nagel and Joan Fontaine (uh huh, still at it!) at the Victor Hugo. . . .

FORMAL OPENING of the Summer Season—is what Hollywood regards Dolores Del Rio's first *al fresco* party of the year, at her home in Santa Monica canyon, right across the arroyo from Leo Carillo's quaint old place . . . After the first party of the summer, the Del Rio place is the scene of weekly outdoor parties that for sheer swank set a top mark in entertaining . . . What with gardens, swim-pool and tennis courts, Dolores' home is well equipped . . . First party of this summer drew such partyers as Marlene Dietrich with Erich Remarque, Wendy Barrie with Willis Goldbeck, Norma Shearer, Gary and Mrs. Cooper, Errol Flynn with Lili Damita, and other biggies . . . Dolores' guest list always sounds like the top of the column when the Income Tax Department publicizes those annual revelations of Hollywood's biggest salaries . . . No less Swanky than Dolores' Party was the other Snooty Party of the Month—thrown by Connie Bennett and Elsa Maxwell, No. 1 Party-Giver of the World, in honor of the Duchess of Westminster, who's their house guest . . . It started with dinner—and you'll realize right away how veddy veddy umpah the party was when you hear that dinner was at 9 o'clock! At dinner, the *creme de la creme* of the guest list partook—32 of them . . . Then, at 11, the rest of the guests were admitted—another 120! . . . There was a huge tent, with Phil Ohman's orchestra giving out for dancing . . . And it looked like a Cecil De Mille dream of Life in High Sassiety . . . Present: Jimmy (FDR's son) Roosevelt, Bea Lillie, Fanny Brice, Kay Francis, the Doug Fairbanks Juniors, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette, Loretta Young, Ina Claire, Mary Pickford, Ronny Colman and the Missus, Marlene Dietrich again with her Erich Maria Remarque, Gilbert Roland (but of COURSE!) and sooooooo many others.

NIGHTSPOTTING: . . . All alone, Pat O'Brien having a midnight feed at the Gotham . . . Lee Bowman and Virginia Peine at LaMaze, and not a George Raft in sight! . . . Richard Greene and Leslie Howard's so good-looking daughter at the Victor Hugo, and this looks like romance . . . Madge Evans with Sidney Kingsley, (they're gonna be mrandmrs soon!) at Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom's . . . Judy Garland at Sardi's with Artie Shaw, and they're trying to say it's only a kid crush! . . . Mama-Party of the Month:—was the one thrown by Helen Gahagan, just before she left Hollywood to do a one-week stage appearange up North. Guest of honor was mother of Helen's hubby, Melvyn Douglas . . . She's Mrs. Edouard Hesselberg, and Helen invited the famous mothers of Hollywood to meet her . . . Scene for the shindig was the Gahagan-Douglas home 'way up atop the hills back of Hollywood, and entertainment was a formal musicale . . . Mothers included in the guest list were Mrs. Harry Brown, Mrs. Charles Cooper, Mrs. Anna MacDonald, Mrs. Felix Mauch, Mrs. Laura Van Dyke . . . Also present were Millicent Bartholomew, Mrs. Ralph Bellamy, Mrs. Frances Baxter.

"Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body!"

A modern wife finds a modern way out for her child

1. But, Mary . . . I tell you I'm tired of pampering him. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to ram it down his throat—or else . . .

2. Oh, no, you're not! He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because it's around the house. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!

3. Oh, I see! Yes, doctor . . . uh-huh . . . WHAT? . . . Heavens! I didn't know that! Yes, indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, doctor.

4. There, Smarty! The doctor said never to FORCE a child. He said to give him a GOOD-TASTING laxative. But NOT an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be TOO STRONG for a tot's delicate "insides" . . . and could do more harm than good.

5. He said to give him a *modern* laxative made especially for children EVEN TO THE TASTE. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria because it not only tastes good—it's *safe*, too. It has no harsh drugs, and won't gripe. I'll get a bottle now.

6. Wow! Will you look at him go for that Fletcher's Castoria! Thank heaven, we won't have any more fights over a laxative in *this* family.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

Glamor Under Cover

[*Continued from page* 25]

of seven, small boys called me Ginger, I cried for a week. I hated it and was ashamed of my red hair."

She grew up to appreciate it and advises red heads to realize how lucky they are. When, at the age of seventeen, she discovered that people liked her hair, she was elated, but she thinks it is important to live up to it and remember to have a quick temper or, at least, to pretend to have it because it is expected.

Women with red hair have definite ideas as to colors they should wear, usually sticking closely to green and black, but this Irish girl was advised by an artist to wear a dark, cerulean blue, which she does, very effectively. The day she walked through the room and wrecked such havoc, she was wearing an off-white dress of heavy silk trimmed with that particular shade of blue and her hat, shoes and gloves were the same color. Her gloves, incidentally, were thumbless but she explained that by saying that she was double-jointed and had a little thumb trouble. "Besides," she added, "bare thumbs are easier to use when you want to get a ride," and she went through a thumbing motion, her green eyes dancing.

Other red heads are advised by the star to sometimes wear the color they are terrified of—red! It takes all the red out of your hair, she says, and makes it a glorious golden for a change. And she, being a brave person as well as being blessed with a perfect complexion, sometimes wears pink. Her wardrobe contains also many shades of lemon and chartreuse. She likes long, sweeping gowns for dinner and formal wear, with which she carries enormous chiffon handkerchiefs in matching shades.

NO TWO photographs of her look alike and she never looks the same twice, indicating the mobility of her features, which must be a valuable asset for an actress. And her friends tell of one time during her early career when she played an elderly Jewish lady and was amused to read the opinion of one critic next morning. He bemoaned the fact that Miss Garson was past the bloom of youth. "If she were younger, she would doubtless have a great future as an actress," he wrote. Also, she has the ability to throw herself into any sort of characterization. Even in the first play in which she appeared, playing an American girl, the London critics referred to her in their reviews as "that clever American girl."

Despite her college education and the right to add a "B. A." after her name, she doesn't think college is good training for an actress because the student is disciplined to use his head and not his emotions, which acting requires. She admits schooling makes one quick at picking up things, however, and she finds she learns her parts very easily.

Susceptible to color, she carries her fondness for cerulean blue into the furnishings of her home and her boudoir is almost completely blue. One whole side of the room is hung with heavy blue drapes and the bedspread and window draperies carry out the same color against a blackground of ivory.

In choosing a home she considers the garden of paramount importance. Passionately fond of flowers, she has them all over the house and likes particularly long-stemmed yellow roses. Her tastes are simple and she doesn't like a lot of servants about, so lives in a house just large enough for comfort.

Her mother, who is very young, charming and has a personality all her own, accompanied her to Hollywood and lives with her here. Other members of the family are Coco, her unclipped French poodle, and Ramadhipati II, her Siamese cat. Mrs. Garson plays a great deal of golf and has her own circle of friends. Greer is a devoted daughter and loves to dress her mother up. In fact, her friends declare she thinks more of her mother's clothes than she does her own.

Tea at the Garsons' is a matter of course. Sometimes it consists of paper thin bread and butter, pound cake, biscuits and sherry, toasted muffins or crumpets and always, of course, black tea. And the star confesses a weakness for a very rich little cake with chocolate icing.

SHE likes to go to meet the postman and get her own mail. She likes to mail her own letters, too, and this habit very nearly brought on a fiasco.

It was after she had been ill last year—an illness brought on by worry over her continued idleness and a strenuous diet—she decided to have a "recovery" party and invite all the people who had been nice to her so she could personally thank them. She got out dozens of invitations, addressed them herself and, with her own hands, deposited them in the mail box—she thought.

Days went by and she wondered why she received no acceptances. No rejections, either. Could this be a Hollywood custom, she wondered. Perhaps in Hollywood people didn't think it necessary to acknowledge an invitation. But just the same she was worried until she received a telephone call from the postmaster. Her invitations, stamped, addressed and tied in a neat package, had been found in a trash can by the street-cleaning department and had been taken to the post-office to see what disposal should be made of them.

Greer is 25 years old and a vivid redhead. She's not a gadabout, prefers to stay at home with books, flowers, cat and dog

Everything turned out all right. The invitations were a bit late, but were accepted and the party was a success. But now Miss Garson knows the difference between a mail box and a trash can.

California roads are all familiar to her now and she loves to drive out into the country and buy eggs and vegetables from the farmers along the road. And she talks to all of them, learning American habits, picking up bits of information here and there.

BECAUSE she has not worked at a Hollywood studio, she has had no opportunity to make many friends but she is popular with the English colony and has a close circle of friends outside the motion picture industry. She likes conversation rather than small talk and, intelligent herself, she chooses her friends for mental stimulus as well as other qualities.

When she entertains you will find artists, musicians and other people who "do things" from the nucleus of the guests. She is a gracious hostess and has a talent for seeking out would-be wall flowers and making them the center of attention.

A friend of Greer's remarked, "When you are with her you think of nothing but work and her career. She has no small talk and never gets personal."

Her public appearances here have been few, but if she electrifies the people who see her, it is no more than the effect Hollywood has on her. "It is amazing," she said enthusiastically, "the girls are so beautiful and the men so handsome."

The most of the time you will find her at home with her books, her flowers, her dog and cat. Speaking of a popular book she remarked that it was on her "borrowed book" shelf. Then she laughed and said her mother thought it was a good idea to keep borrowed books on a separate shelf. "But darling," she added, "wouldn't it be even better to return them?"

GREER was born in Ireland about twenty-five years ago. Her mother was a MacGregor and her father a Scandinavian, descended from the Vikings. Greer fears she is letting her ancestors down a bit as she is a bad sailor and deathly afraid of cows. She loves Scotland and always spends every possible holiday there with her mother and confesses to going into shops and pricing things just to hear the Scotch accent.

Always she wanted to be an actress but family influence prevented and she was sent to London University, where she graduated. Immediately she got a job as a reporter for which she was paid ten pounds a week. With one idea in mind—the stage—she saved her pennies until she had a nest egg.

She then joined the Birmingham Repertory Theatre and a year later was a hit in *Golden Arrow*, in which Laurence Olivier also appeared.

Some critics said, "Olivier didn't have a chance. She stole the show," and all agreed

(I read dozens of reviews of plays in which she appeared) that she was "the most promising young actress of the years."

Previously she had applied to Sydney Carroll, a prominent theatrical producer of London, for a job. He was very impressed with her and had every intention of putting her in a play but somehow forgot it. After her success with another producer, he complimented her by writing an article for a magazine in which he said he regretted his oversight and neglect.

She appeared in many plays as a star—*Accent On Youth, Frontier Madness, Page From a Diary, School for Scandal, Mademoiselle* and *Old Music*—many of which were failures, but in every instance, Greer was a personal hit.

It was in *Old Music* that Louis B. Mayer, visiting in London, saw her and recognized a future star of the screen. He persuaded her to come to Hollywood.

Her career was only three years old but during those three years she had been off the stage but six weeks—and that holiday she had spent appearing in television with great success. She had never thought seriously of appearing in motion pictures but admired Robert Donat very much and thought if she ever did take up "the cinema" she would like to work with him.

FOLLOWING her arrival in Hollywood eighteen months ago, she remained idle, under cover, lost in the jungles of the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio for one year. Only twice was she given an opportunity to work—once as a typical wise-cracking American girl, which she didn't consider a suitable part for her, and again in a secondary role, which she didn't consider a good beginning for a star.

Consistently she begged to be put to work, but there seemed to be no "proper" roles for her. And, much as she wished to work, she didn't want to get off to a bad start. Letters from her friends in England fretted her because they inquired as to her activities. Finally she refused to answer letters because she was ashamed of not working.

She got to the point where she believed there must be something wrong with her and she felt it was dishonorable to accept her salary check, week after week, for doing nothing.

It occurred to her that her figure, considered one of the most beautiful in London, might not be suitable for films so she went on a rigid diet. That, combined with worry, impaired her health. It was not a happy year for the young Irish star.

Recovery and the assignment to return to London to work with Robert Donat in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* came about the same time and she was very happy about the whole thing. Now, after seeing the picture, everyone else is very happy about it, too. No amount of plaudits over the success of the picture or her work in it, however, will content her so much as the fact that James Hilton, the author, gave it his full approval.

Very level-headed, her success on the London stage hasn't spoiled her and it doesn't seem likely that a motion picture success will, although she has a mind of her own and will demand a chance. Hollywood may even call her temperamental, because she knows what she wants and will demand it. By her ability she has earned that right. But any outburst shouldn't be taken too seriously, for she may be obliging people by living up to her red hair!

Her next picture has been announced as *Susan and God,* which she thinks will be very interesting. Her future, she says, is in the lap of the gods, but one certain thing is that Hollywood will never again be able to keep her under cover!

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An amazing new cleansing-agent in Halo Shampoo brings lovely sparkle and manageability to even dry hair, with *no scalp irritation!*

GLANCE around you where smart people gather, and see why today many women with plain features are actually considered beautiful!

Hair can do wonders for a woman if she gives it a chance. It can seem to make a round face take on lines of classic beauty. Give fullness and youth to faces that may be a trifle too angular. Yes, hair can reflect exotic over-tones in your eyes and your complexion.

But to reap this reward you must let the natural beauty of your hair come forth. You see, many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, stringy and unmanageable.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

Here at last is the ideal shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair. One shampoo with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all trace of dull film left by those old-style shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for lemon or vinegar rinse. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves even "wild" hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, flaky dandruff is safely removed.

So buy Halo Shampoo from any drug, department or ten-cent store in the 10c, 50c or $1.00 size. It is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. If a trial doesn't bring thrilling beauty to your hair, return the empty bottle to Colgate, Jersey City, N. J., and we will gladly return every penny you paid for Halo.

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Your Face is Full

here's an up-do that leads the eye back to the exposed hairline, elongates the face and lengthens the neck.

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this modified up-do is slightly away from the face, barely covers the tips of the ears, shows fullness around the neckline to soften sharp features.

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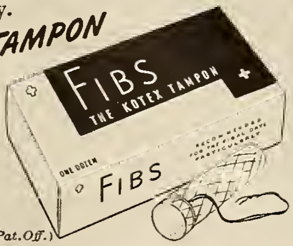
Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features,* is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!*

This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) is many times more absorbent than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a *full dozen.* Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

THE KOTEX* TAMPON ONLY 25¢ FOR 12



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Who's Eligible Now?

[*Continued from page 27*]

unmarried male asset becomes really serious about any one girl.) But something blighted the budding romance. Now Richard is playing the field, being careful to leave his heart on nobody's doormat. He's highly eligible. And the handsomest bachelor left.

After three unhappy doses of matrimony, a man is likely to be immune for a long while. At least, George Brent's friends have that notion—despite the publicity that he and Bette Davis are on the verge of matrimony. They point out ruthlessly that Bette's divorce won't be final until next December. They further point out that Bette, right now, is First Lady of the Screen and that George isn't the kind to expose himself to the danger of being called "Mr. Bette Davis." For the time being, you can count George among the safely single.

AS THIS is written, Cary Grant is technically a free man. But he won't be long. He has publicly admitted that his "trial engagement" to Phyllis Brooks has been a huge success. The wedding will be immediately, if not sooner.

Brian Aherne is a disciple of the quiet life. That keeps him from meeting a great many people—including girls who would like to give him matrimonial ideas. He doesn't seem interested. Friends suspect that his heart is with Olivia de Havilland, whose heart is with her career. Whatever the explanation, Brian is staying immune even from romance gossip. That is the tops in eligibility.

His closest rival, in this respect, is William Powell—whose heart went into the crypt with Jean Harlow, and still is there. No one alive can take her place. His rare social excursions—with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell and others—mean less than nothing. He is eligible, but unavailable.

The same description fits Wallace Beery. It's going to be next-to-impossible to sell matrimony to him again, after two such disillusioning experiences as he has had. From here on in, his best—and only—girl is going to be Carol Ann Beery. Aged 8.

It's still possible for a girl to pin her dreams on John Howard, in spite of the notes in the gossip columns that he and Dorothy Lamour are sharing lunches and dinners. Remember that they are also sharing star billing in *Disputed Passage.* A few romance rumors are good publicity. John by no means has taken the pledge, "Toujours Lamour." Just as Dorothy is seeing other men, he is seeing other girls. A good healthy sign that he still is fancy-free.

Edgar Bergen has a new house and a hefty income, and no wife to take care of either. That's because of Charlie McCarthy. Charlie has queered every chance for romance that Edgar has ever had. Kept him home nights, writing dialogue, and otherwise taken up nine-tenths of his time. Edgar is becoming more and more rebellious about it. But he's still Bachelor Bergen.

Rudy Vallee has just bought a big house in Bel-Air, but otherwise he has shown no signs of settling down. He varies his girl-friends the way he varies his song numbers.

SUDDEN success hasn't had the same effect on Jeffrey Lynn that it has had on some of the boys. Serious-minded Jeff hasn't set out to prove how many different glamor girls he could date. He has quietly looked for one girl who would suit him. He thought he had found her, in Doris Carson. But apparently he was wrong. She is going with someone else now—and he is quietly looking for another girl.

Fickleness doesn't seem to be coming to the rescue of the new masculine finds, to keep them single. William (*Golden Boy*) Holden is still faithful to his high-school sweetheart in South Pasadena; engaged to her, in fact. And Mr. Gable's newest rival, Robert Preston, is true to *his* pre-Hollywood girl-friend—Kay Feltus, late of the Pasadena Playhouse, and now of radio. Be prepared to see both Bill and Bob pull a Richard Carlson. That is, suddenly rush off and get married.

Ronald Reagan seems to be smitten with Jane Wyman. But this romance has a faint aroma of publicity about it. They just made a picture together. Not too long ago, Ronald said he couldn't yet afford a business manager. So how could he afford a wife—especially a glamor-girl wife? He looks safe for a while.

Lee Bowman must be uncanny at cards; his luck in love is ghastly. To cite two examples: (1) He was going with Anne Shirley when he introduced her to his roommate, John Payne—and she married John. (2) He became engaged to Joy (Yumph Girl) Hodges, and she gave out an interview in which she was quoted as relating that, at their announcement party, Lee turned green and fainted. That ended that. He is, a bit forlornly, free.

That's how it is with Cesar Romero, too. He becomes the favorite dancing partner of this glamor girl, or that, and then she rhumbas off to the altar with somebody else. Leaving him very, very footloose.

When Hedy Lamarr married Gene Markey, Reginald Gardiner had ideas of becoming a hermit. But just before he went into frustrated solitude, he took one last look around—and saw Mary Brian. He gave up his hermit ideas. So completely that if he doesn't marry her, and soon, his best friends are going to lose some large bets.

Alexander D'Arcy, who plays playboys on the screen, used to foster the illusion that, off-screen too, he loved lightly. But now, if Arleen Whelan will only say "Yes," he'll marry in a minute.

The only reason why Ken Murray is single is that Andrea Leeds wouldn't give up her career, and he hasn't yet found a substitute for her. The only reason why Gilbert Roland is single is that Constance Bennett hasn't yet obtained her divorce from the Marquis.

THE list of remaining unattached bachelors is dismally small. Among the "name" players: Bruce Cabot, Allan Lane, William Lundigan, John King, Richard Cromwell, Erik Rhodes, Eric Linden, Maxie Rosenbloom, Michael Whalen, recently-divorced Burgess Meredith—and who else? Eddie Albert? There are some fairly-well-founded rumors that, like Charlie Chaplin, he just isn't admitting a secret marriage. Charlie Ruggles has a steady girl-friend, name unknown. George Sanders is on the verge of marrying one Elsie Lawson.

Some of the boys are on their way to being free, but haven't arrived there yet. Lew Ayres, for example. He has been separated from Ginger Rogers nearly three years, but they're not yet divorced. Randolph Scott may be dividing his time between Dorothy Lamour and Eleanor Thompson, of the cafeteria Thompsons, but he still isn't untied from his long-distance marriage to a Virginia horsewoman. Don't let your heart leap every time that you read that George Raft's on-again-off-again romance with Virginia Peine is off again, because George still doesn't have a divorce from Mrs. Raft, though they have lived apart for years.

Franchot Tone's divorce from Joan Crawford won't be final till next April. Tom Brown won't be legally free till next May. Charles Butterworth, till next January. Bert Wheeler, till next June. Stan Laurel, till next May. Bob Steele, till this August. (He is the only cowboy star anywhere near being eligible.) Edward Norris' divorce from Ann Sheridan won't be final till October. And according to the records, Dennis O'Keefe will be technically married to Louise Stanley until the middle of August.

Some of the would-be eligibles have no great longing for freedom. John Barrymore, though not yet free from Elaine Barrie, says that he will probably wed eight times more—a dozen times in all. As soon as Johnny Weissmuller is filed loose from Lupe Velez, he'll be marrying socialite Beryl Scott. When Jobyna Ralston divorces Richard Arlen, he'll marry Virginia Grey. When Edna Best gives Herbert Marshall his freedom, he'll wed Lee (no-relation-to-Rosalind) Russell. As soon as he and she are both un-married, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh will go hand-in-hand to the altar.

Chester Morris, Walter Pidgeon and Lyle Talbot are only separated from their respective mates—not divorced.

Looking over the Hollywood males, it's much, much easier to find ineligibles than eligibles. Consider the A's, B's and C's. These are all married: Don Ameche, Edward Arnold, Fred Astaire, Mischa Auer, Gene Autry, Kenny Baker, Warner Baxter, John Beal, Ralph Bellamy, Jack Benny, Humphrey Bogart, John Boles, Bill Boyd, Charles Boyer, Joe E. Brown, Bob Burns, James Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Richard Carlson, John Carradine, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Jerome Cowan, Bing Crosby, Robert Cummings, Alan Curtis.

Married are Johnny Davis, Andy Devine, Richard Dix, Brian Donlevy, Melvyn Douglas, Nelson Eddy, James Ellison, Stuart Erwin, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Errol Flynn, Henry Fonda, Dick Foran, Preston Foster, Douglas Fowley, Clark Gable, John Garfield, Fernand Gravet, Tito Guizar, Jack Haley, Jon Hall, Louis Hayward, William Henry, Tim Holt, Bob Hope, Leslie Howard, Ian Hunter.

These all have wives: Al Jolson, Allan Jones, Buck Jones, Victor Jory, Patric Knowles, Otto Kruger, Arthur Lake, Jack La Rue, Francis Lederer, Harold Lloyd, Fredric March, Alan Marshal, Tony Martin, the Marx Brothers, Adolphe Menjou, Ray Milland, Robert Montgomery, Wayne Morris, Alan Mowbray, Paul Muni, George Murphy, Fred MacMurray, Joel McCrea, Victor McLaglen, Lloyd Nolan, Jack Oakie, George O'Brien, Pat O'Brien.

And last, but not least among the happy husbands, are these: John Payne, Dick Powell, Tyrone Power, Vincent Price, Anthony Quinn, Claude Rains, Basil Rathbone, Gene Raymond, Kane Richmond, the Ritz Brothers, Edward G. Robinson, Roy Rogers, Kent Taylor, Robert Taylor, Lee Tracy, Spencer Tracy, John Wayne, Robert Wilcox, Henry Wilcoxon, Warren William, Donald Woods and Robert Young.

Hollywood used to be full of perennial bachelors. Edward Everett Horton is the only *bona fide* one left. And the way things are going, you can't depend on him to hold onto his title.

Nor can you pin your hopes on the generation coming up. One of the Dead End Kids—Leo Gorcey—eloped the other day. Who's next? Mickey Rooney?

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ON SALE ALL NEWSSTANDS

The Hottest Thing in Hollywood

[*Continued from page 57*]

wants his next big role to be in the nude. Facially, that is. He wants to star as himself, not as something with a lot of make-up on. For Aherne likes Aherne. That's not said derogatorily; it's reported, here, merely as a fact. Aherne thinks a great deal of Aherne, both personally and professionally, and he'd like to achieve what he set out to achieve professionally—the establishment of himself as a romantic star, rather than a character star, no matter how great the latter.

And he'd rather have ALL of his face photographed, instead of just what's left after the whiskers are stuck on.

On the set, too, when he works, Aherne is quite conscious about his looks. He never goes into a scene without carefully inspecting himself for the tiniest flaw in make-up or hair-comb. Before each scene, he steps to a mirror for a complete check-over, making certain that he's a hundred per cent okay, before passing into camera range.

Of course, that's explainable as pure professional care, isn't it? Even though those who have worked with Brian and with every other big-shot actor as well, say that young Aherne carries this mirror-using to an extent that no other Hollywood handsomie ever has, before. But then, you can't blame a young man on the threshold of fame for wanting to look his best.

For he IS serious about his work. In that respect, he's more like Paul Muni than any other young newcomer to screen fame. On a Muni set, there's never any gagging; it's all deathly serious when Muni is on the stage. Muni never steps out of character, and there's never any gagging or clowning or joke-telling while he's around....

WELL, it's the same with Aherne. One after another, the people who work with him look at you blankly, when you ask them to tell you some human, funny, interesting little anecdotes or gags about Aherne on the set. And one after another, they say:

"Nothing FUNNY EVER happens when Aherne is on the set."

You see, he's the soul of dignity. He's just a working man on the job (not a clown having fun) when he's in a picture. He doesn't inspire gags—like Leslie Howard does by sleeping between shots, and riding prop-men's bikes around; or like Gary Cooper does with his whittling, and so on and on and on. Aherne's very presence discourages ribbing.

Not that he high-hats his fellow-workers. On the contrary, Brian Aherne tries real hard to be chummy. He's polite and courteous and friendly.

—"but dammit, he never unBENDS!" added a certain actor who has worked with Aherne in two pictures. "I mean, there isn't a thing about the guy's manner that you can put a finger on and say that's where he puts the fence—but the fence is there!"

And that brings us to the fact that Brian Aherne, for all his charm and affability and politeness, is just another Englishman-in-Hollywood. These young ones from the "tight little isle" have one by one come into Hollywood, established themselves, and gradually formed as snootily exclusive a little circle as you could find anywhere.

For my part, I rather imagine Brian deliberately models himself upon Colman. After all, Colman must be the envy of practically every young English actor who hopes to get somewhere. Colman started from scratch, and has built himself a fortune—which no actor could ever do by staying in England. Yet Colman has done it without sacrificing one tiniest bit of his British reserve and privacy and stand-off-ishness. And if there's any two things Englishmen like more than (a) privacy and (b) a fortune, you try to tell me what they are!

IN HIS offscreen life, Aherne goes about his own life without interference. It makes producers quite unhappy, for instance, that he likes to fly. They'd like to write a clause into his contract that forbids him to fly; but Aherne owns his own plane, which he hangars at the Los Angeles municipal airport—it's a single-seater Waco—and whenever he gets a chance, he rolls out there in his vivid blue car, hops into the cockpit, and does a few barrel rolls.

He doesn't carry his British reserve to extremes of conservatism in such things as color. You'll note that I said his vivid blue car, and I DO mean blue! It's a convertible, and it's as sporty-looking as Mae West's idea of an evening gown. So are Aherne's offscreen clothes. He goes in for the ultra-sporty sort of thing, in checks and stripes and colors as loud as a Hitler speech.

But that's the only loud thing about him. His voice is low and quiet—the sort that gets into a gal's ears and runs along a tingly nerve right down to her heart. He does charm the ladies. He knows it. He knows, too, that he's on the spot.

So he's being careful. Knowing he's the prey, he doesn't give the huntresses much of a chance to pot-shoot at him. He doesn't step out much. He doesn't play his single blessedness like Cesar Romero, for instance, who finds safety in numbers. Aherne seems to prefer to find safety in comparative solitude. Or in company with gals who are more or less aiming elsewhere—

Merle Oberon, for instance. For quite a while, especially in England, Aherne and Merle twosomed a lot. But they were both safe. Merle was and is all Alexander Korda's, and Brian knew it. So they both snickered at those who saw, in their stepping out together, any figment of romance.

Now and then, Brian steps out with Binnie Barnes. But Binnie is a sort of female Cesar Romero, herself.

ADD it all up, and you come to the realization that not only is Brian Aherne one of the few bachelors still at large in Hollywood, but he's not even remotely attached to any predatory gal's string. Which is a good trick—if he can keep it up in this manless Hollywood.

What makes it an even better trick is the fact that Brian is more than normally well-equipped for being a hubby. I mean, he's even got a house. A new house he's bought, and furnished complete—with all modern appliances, except a wife. He insists that's one thing he does NOT intend to install. He says—through the quite proper publicity department channels, mind you!—that he "isn't even thinking of getting married."

Well, neither were Taylor nor Tyrone, just a little while ago. But these Hollywood gals are good. They get their Gable; and their Power; and their Taylor! One morning, the poor man just wakes up and finds a bride beside him! So, that crack of his about "not even thinking of getting married" sounds like a challenge to the Hollywood huntresses to do their stuff. . . .

Is Jeanette MacDonald Outgrowing Hollywood?

[*Continued from page 29*]

probably pop up in Hollywood that will make her blood tingle, and we'll see her back here again, in the groove.

At the moment, the odds are against it. I've been wrong before and this may be another one of those times. Hollywood and Jeanette may be breaking up. Or at least saying a fingers-crossed adieu. There may be a clean, open break, or there may be a split that will see Jeanette dividing her time. Perhaps the split will widen as time goes on, as it did with Grace Moore and Lily Pons.

For one thing, Jeanette has been offered a contract by the Metropolitan Opera Company. You can't sniff at an offer from the Met. To the offer, Jeanette hasn't answered, Yes. But she hasn't said, No, either.

Then, there are her music lessons. She is taking them daily, and gives special attention to foreign tongues and inflections, volume, gesticulations, and the other appertenances of concert and operatic singing.

AND there is the current Eddy-MacDonald split. Nelson Eddy did the picture *Let Freedom Ring* without Jeanette, and Jeanette went into *Broadway Serenade* without Nelson. Maybe the fans have had enough of Eddy and MacDonald as a team, for awhile. It was good while it lasted, but enough is enough, seems to reverberate from Jeanette's and Nelson's studio. At least for the time being. And the studios generally echo the sentiments of the fans.

Jeanette could very well be wearied of telling Nelson she loves him in various incantations and several different languages, and vice-versa. Just as Astaire and Rogers have seen enough of each other, for the present. With Jeanette and Nelson, the strain of working together may have been even greater.

After all, though Fred and Ginger were in each other's arms seven hours a day, week after week and month after month, Fred was able to look out the window occasionally while he was dancing, and Ginger had the opportunity once in a while to gaze at the wall paper.

But with MacDonald and Eddy it was a voice to voice communication all the way. And over just as long a period. When Jeanette wasn't chirping to Nelson, Nelson was warbling to Jeanette. They're both swell people, and they get along together. But so do a brother and sister—when they don't see too much of each other.

IN A way, I suppose, we should be prepared for Jeanette's bow from the screen, should such an eventuality come about. It was not so long ago, at the conclusion of her Paramount contract, that she packed her trunks, kissed her friends and her pet dogs good-bye, and hied herself off to Europe for an extended concert tour. Here she gave recitals in all the major capitals of the Old World, and was gone for nine months. Her renditions of some of the more serious musical works, to the satisfaction of the exacting Continental and British critics, brought her acclaim as a true vocal artist. Her accomplishments on this tour overshadowed, in a way, the work she had done, hitherto, on the screen.

Jeanette at this time might possibly have continued her successes as a concert singer, and hers might have been a face forgotten for all time to movie audiences. Whether it

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was the lure of her great movie public, an overwhelming interest in the screen, where her several talents are given full expression, or the wish to continue her voice training—that brought her back to Hollywood, can only be a matter for conjecture.

Should Jeanette decide to make the plunge into opera, it is only fair to ask, has she the requisites for success in this field? Jeanette vocalizes an hour-and-a-half to two hours every day. She keeps her vocal chords exercised with strains from semi-classical ballads and operas. Along with this are routine exercises her teacher has given her. Her range is from about low A to high E flat. To carry the more difficult operatic roles successfully Jeanette would have to stretch her range a little lower and a little higher. Her aptitude for languages and operatic gestures would carry her in these divisions, but her volume would have to be worked on.

FROM what we know of Jeanette, we're sure she would never be able to give up the screen without certain remorses. True, she is a superior vocalist, with a firm knowledge of music, and she has been pronounced by competent critics a most delightful and able recitalist, and a potential opera star. Yet, there is also her personal happiness to consider. As the gay, coy and effervescent heroine of *Naughty Marietta, The Firefly* and *Girl of the Golden West*, we seemed to see Jeanette MacDonald hitting a pattern in which she revelled. And a pattern which delighted her fans to the point of idolatry. We wonder, in the light of this, if a more serious and "up-stage" MacDonald would be really happy for any length of time.

It all seems to come down to the fact that Jeanette, in her movie life, has been given the opportunity to express *all* of her talents to the full. On the screen, it is not simply Jeanette MacDonald, the singer. It is also Jeanette, the charming beauty, the clever actress, the graceful dancer, and the girl with a personality that has a universal appeal. Eliminating from her life the satisfactions she derives from the release of these talents, would she, we wonder, be completely content? And would she be absolutely fair to herself?

Should Jeanette eventually turn a cold shoulder to the screen, what, we must ask, would be the reaction of her fans? Would they feel snubbed, or would they wish her well? Do Mr. and Mrs. Moviegoer feel Jeanette is actually destined toward greater things? And if so, do they give her their blessings? Or is the buoyant Jeanette so engrained in their hearts that they will keep calling her back for more?

During her concert tour they have sought her out in every city and hamlet she has visited. She has been acclaimed as few screen personalities have been acclaimed. Even as she seeks the seclusion of the more elite concert halls, the mob has hailed her, and heaped their adorations upon her. To them, she is the "Queen of the Screen," and the new "America's Sweetheart." In the midst of this popularity come the hints that Jeanette is steering her course toward "higher and nobler things." Make certain, Jeanette, they are, for you, the right things!

THERE seem to be two predominating personal influences that have affected Jeanette in recent months, extending her interest in serious music. One of these influences has been Jeanette's prototype, Grace Moore. Miss Moore's career has served, for some time, as an example which Jeanette, secretly, would like to follow. Like Jeanette, Grace Moore achieved great heights as a singing star in pictures. Having attained these heights, she went on to what she believed to be "better things."

The current spring season saw Grace Moore appearing at the world-famed Opera Comique in Paris. This appearance is to be followed with recitals in London, and then a return to this country to sing with both the Chicago and Metropolitan Opera Companies in the fall. Jeanette, without a doubt, visualizes itineraries of this sort for herself; and they are not, of course, beyond the realms of realization.

The other personal influence is Gene Raymond. Gene, not so long ago, was one of the brighter lights of Hollywood. Then came a series of roles to which he felt he was not suited, and which, he felt, hurt him professionally. Rather than go on with these roles, he refused to accept the renewed contract his studio offered him. Four or five other screen offers came his way, but these, too, he refused. His interest in the screen was waning, and finally the secret came out. He was busying himself with something else! He had, in his spare time, written several musical scores, which seemed to click with the public. Among them were, *Will You?*, and *You Little Devil.* With his marriage to Jeanette there came a renewed interest in the field of music, and, with the wedding bells still clanging in his ears, he decided to devote all of his time to it.

A VISIT to the Raymond estate in Bel-Air today will reveal a veritable "music factory." Neatly tucked away in the rear of the comfortable, almost old-fashioned living quarters, is what the Raymonds call the "music house." This is Gene's and Gene's alone. It's his sanctum sanctorum. Rhyming dictionaries, score sheets, pianos, recording apparatus, a radio and a victrola are its only equipment. Here Gene has reclused himself. "And he won't come out," says Jeanette, "until something really worth while has been written." He has an operetta nearly completed. When this has taken its final form he will try it out on the market; then, he tells us, he will hide out again, and continue his studies of music in its higher forms.

In an atmosphere such as this, it is no wonder Jeanette has taken an increasingly serious attitude toward the musical side of her life. As staunchly as she denies she is influenced by Gene's absorbing interest in music, it is hard to believe she is not carrying her own muscial career to the utmost in order to please, in part at least, the man whom she adores.

Within the Raymond home itself there is a "music room," a sort of counterpart to Gene's own pet "music house." Here, side by side, are Jeanette's piano and the handsome electric organ Jeanette gave Gene for his birthday. "She shall have music wherever she goes" seems to be the theme song of this household. Together, apparently, Jeanette and Gene are determined to make music a thing to be studied and a thing to be created, for all it's worth, in their lives.

With the musical advances Jeanette has made, can it be that the movies are becoming too confining—too limited for her musical talents? Naturally, in movies, she can only hope to appear in light operas, translated from the original stage versions. Nor is there the vocal range in movies she would be afforded, with development, in concert and opera. Is Jeanette, in actual truth, outgrowing Hollywood? Maybe she is. Maybe, on the other hand, she is letting her hat-full of thrilling and varied screen talents go by the board, through absorption in a single interest. Think it over, Jeanette. This comes from your friends in Hollywood, and your fans all over the world.

Move Over, Mr. Gable—Here's Robert Preston!

[*Continued from page* 45]

Something that hands Bob a laugh is the theory that only those actors who have come out of New York's Ghetto know how to register unvarnished emotions. "Every large city has its foreign melting pot. Los Angeles, for example, has Lincoln Heights. As kids, we had a gang that would have stacked up against anything New York's East Side had to offer."

As a youngster, he was big and solid for his age—something which, together with his grin, saved him a few fights. But not many. He had to throw his fists around fairly often. (P. S. And he hasn't forgotten how.)

He went to Lincoln High, which was also Robert Young's alma mater. "In fact, Bob Young is the only other fellow I know of who ever admitted going there. Most of them"—he winks sardonically—"say they're from Hollywood High." He played center on the football team, which annually tried to commit mayhem on Hollywood High. He also played first base on the baseball team. And kept in training with amateur boxing bouts on the side—something he started when he was nine. He used to fight for chicken dinners at Tony's Cafe.

He didn't breeze through high school. He ran afoul of mathematics. Geometry, to be specific. He flunked it cold in his first encounter. And his second. He didn't see how he was ever going to get out of high school, if he had to pass geometry on the way.

THEN dramatics came into his life, to his rescue. A pal of his was working in a school play. Bob used to hang around the auditorium, evenings, waiting for him. One night the director—Edward J. Wenig, who taught dramatics—drafted him for a part.

"I don't remember liking it particularly. But I certainly didn't dislike it. Not after I discovered that if I went out for the plays, I could get academic credits for it—enough credits to be able to skip math.

"The director was a Shakespearean addict. He had a collection of Shakespearean costumes that every collector in America envied. He got me interested. And when I graduated, I was one of a bunch of alumni that came back and worked nights with him, for the fun of it.

"Then Patia Power—Tyrone's mother—came to town with her Shakespearean stock company. Some of the parts needed recasting. Mr. Wenig took me to a tryout. Somehow—I'll never know how—I landed the part of *Julius Caesar* opposite Mrs. Power. I was sixteen. And scared stiff that my changing voice would backfire on me in the middle of 'et tu, Brute!' and come out as a soprano squawk. I worked overtime to make it stay basso profundo.

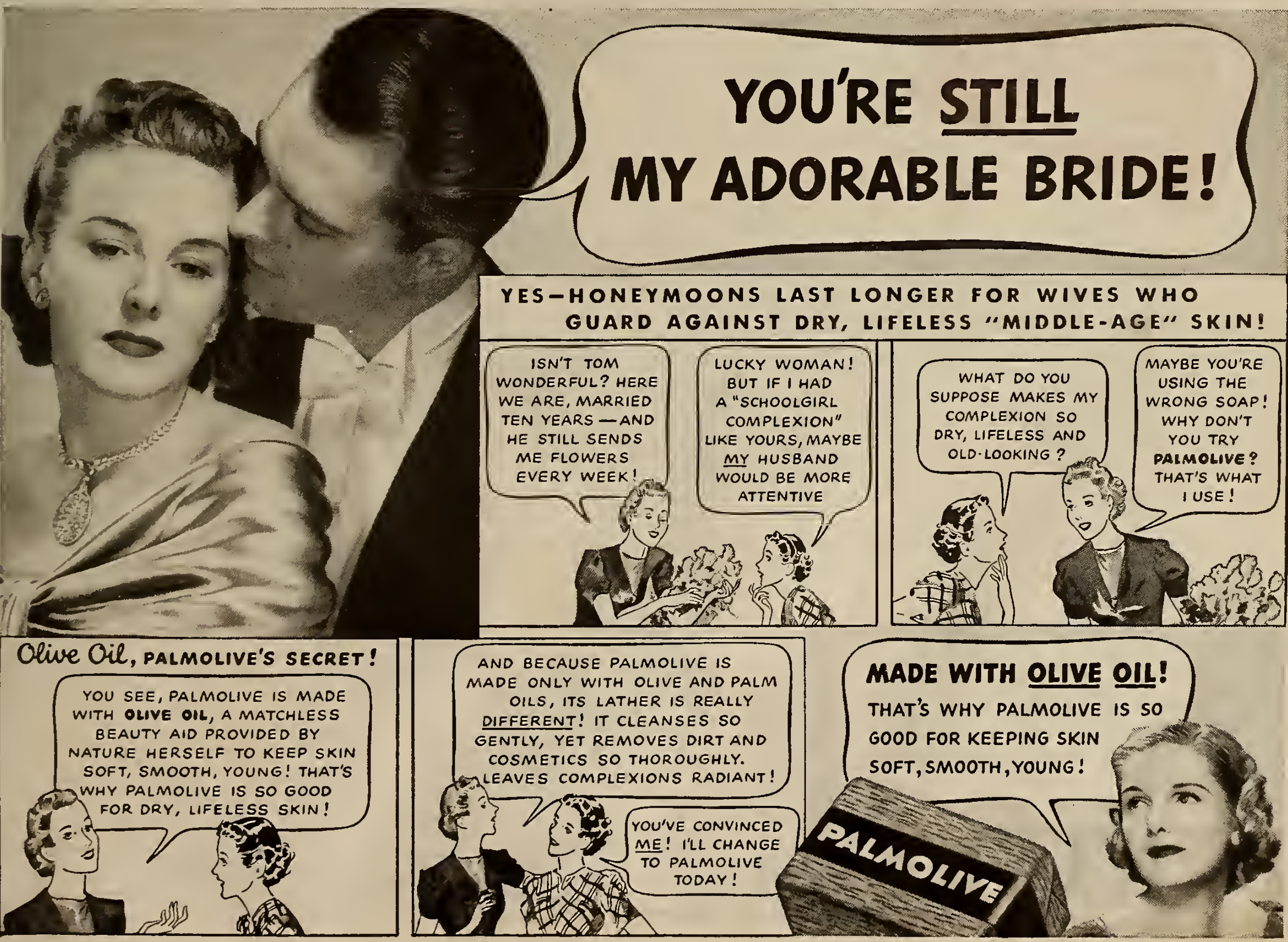
"We played the Vine Street Theatre in Hollywood—and not a talent scout saw us. One night we played to seven people: a record, of sorts. We didn't make expenses. And we had all signed on as share-croppers—we'd share the profits. They tried to make us share the losses, but we reneged on that. When the company folded, that was the end of the theatre in Los Angeles for several years, except for Little Theatres. There was a great springing up of those.

"I wandered around, played in a couple that didn't require any fees—as most of them did. It was pretty dismal. We didn't know what we were doing; we had no directors. So I decided I'd better stop fooling around and get a job. Through my high school football coach, I got on at Santa Anita, on the clean-up crew. We cleaned up the grounds mornings, and parked cars till 2:30 in the afternoon. Then we were through. Yes"—he says, in answer to a question—"I parked Gable's car several times.

"One of the fellows there was rehearsing nights at the Pasadena Playhouse. I went over with him a few times, to nose around. I found out they had readings every Sunday night to pick new talent. Anyone could read at them. I got up nerve enough to go to one, stand up, and try. I was lucky. I was picked. And I managed to stick around for two years, getting all kinds of experience. Doing a new play every two weeks. Seven plays in seven weeks in the summer."

SO MANY players have allegedly stepped into the movies from the Pasadena Playhouse that cynics wonder how any one

[*Continued on page* 69]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First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor—brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally's cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!

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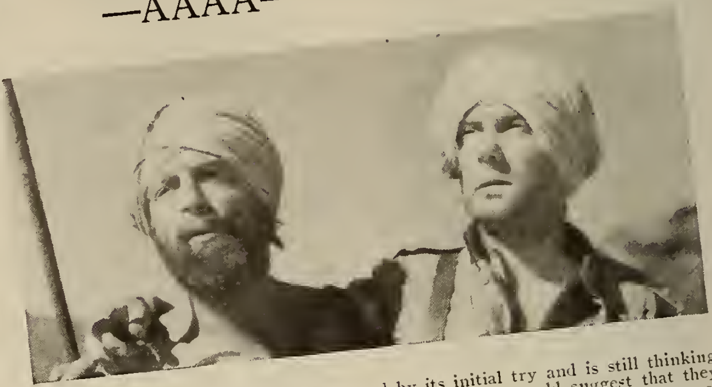
—AAAA—



If Hollywood hasn't been disheartened by its initial try and is still thinking of using the screen as a medium for propaganda, we would suggest that they study Alexander Korda and his *Four Feathers*. Of course the English are not exactly novices of the art for it has been a good many years since they first discovered the usefulness of the cinema for selling the Empire to their subjects. And when it comes to building up that Empire, the British are no pikers, as you yourself will discover when you see *Four Feathers*, an extravagant and beautiful Technicolor film. It has other assets, too—a strong story which is splendidly enacted by Ralph Richardson (remember him in *The Citadel?*), C. Aubrey Smith, John Clements and June Duprez. The story is that of a young man born to the traditions of the Army who revolts the eve he is commissioned to go to Kitchener's aid in Africa. But when friends and fiancee snub him he secretly sets off on a private mission to prove, first of all to himself, that he's no coward. —*Korda-United Artists.*

DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS
—AAA½—

We expected this to be a sequel to last year's outstanding hit, *Four Daughters*, the cast being practically identical—John Garfield, Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn, Fay Bainter, Donald Crisp (the one exception), May Robson, Frank McHugh, Dick Foran and the "Four Daughters"—Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola Lane and Gale Page—but instead of picking up where the other left off, *Daughters Courageous* rehashes a lot of last year's material—particularly the girls' romances—and then adds an errant father—Claude Rains—for embroidering the new story. But before we go any further let us tell you that Claude Rains can always get room and board at *our* house for his *Jim Masters*. While *Daughters Courageous* is a strong, human interest story, we feel it would have had more emotional value if it hadn't sacrificed so much for bright dialogue, whimsy and cartwheels. We know a great many interesting families but we don't know one that can be quite as "masterly" at repartee and acrobatics. However, we're sure you'll like *Daughters Courageous.*—*Warner Bros.*

Move Over, Mr. Gable—Here's Robert Preston!

[*Continued from page 67*]

theatre could have room for them all. Bob's answer is:

"There are really three theatres. The Playbox, which seats fifty people—a bungalow with the partitions knocked out, where you're practically in the audience's lap and have to key your voice down to a conversational tone. The Laboratory Theatre, which seats about 120—where Gilmor Brown, the director, puts on experimental plays, things he wouldn't dare put on anywhere else. And the Playhouse, which is as big as a legit theatre in New York. A repertory company, revolving around twenty people, with casts filled out with students from the Playhouse School, keeps all three going.

"I became one of the twenty. As such, I reaped the full benefit of having to adjust myself and my voice to different-sized stages every week, in constantly changing roles. That's the kind of training Brown believes in. If there's any better—lead me to it.

"At first, when playing *Julius Caesar* at sixteen, my voice was 'way downstairs; unnatural. Brown started me in old-men parts, in the Playbox, where I'd have to talk in a normal tone. And"—Bob grins pointedly—"he kept me out of anything Shakespearean.

"I didn't get any salary. None of us did. But four of us got fellowships. For taking care of the Playbox, Brown let us take any courses we chose in the School. I picked out fencing, eurythmics, and pronunciation of foreign languages. In the beginning, 'name' players would come over from Hollywood to be guest stars gratis, just to feel stage boards under their feet again. Then the Guild passed a ruling that no member could play anywhere without getting the minimum Guild pay. When that happened, Brown passed out the leads to his regulars, I got my first a year ago last March—*Harry Van* in *Idiot's Delight*."

THAT role, which Clark Gable was later to play on the screen, was what headed Bob toward Hollywood. By a devious route.

"I had been cured of any movie ambitions. I was going to try Broadway, after I got enough money saved up for a siege. I had been meeting talent scouts all along, and—to put it mildly—they hadn't been impressed. One studio, the one where I am right now, called me in for an interview. This guy took one quick look at the Preston phiz and said, 'Are you serious about an acting career? You look like a prize-fighter to me.' I got out of there fast, before I mopped up the floor with him.

"The fellow who did the works for me was the Paramount lawyer, Sidney Justin. He lived in Pasadena, went to the Playhouse regularly. He saw *Idiot's Delight*, and put in a plug for me with Harold Hurley, the producer. Hurley didn't pay any attention. A couple of weeks later, Justin saw *Knights of Song*, in which I played *W. S. Gilbert* and aged from forty-five to eighty in three acts. He put in another plug. I wish I could have heard it; at the time I didn't even know about it. Next I did *Merrily We Roll Along*, in which I started at 40 and went backwards to 19. Justin buzzed Hurley's car again. Hurley, to get some peace, called me in. He told Director Robert Florey to give me a test; a *good* test—with me doing two contrasting scenes I liked from plays I had been in."

For something light, he picked a scene from *Idiot's Delight*. And for something dramatic, a scene from *The Last Mile*—Which, by coincidence, was the play that won Gable his M-G-M chance.

"I didn't look forward to the test—to facing that big glass eye. I tightened up, just thinking about it. But Florey rehearsed and rehearsed me. By the time we went into the actual test, I was loosened up, relaxed. And Florey did an unheard-of thing. He shot two thousand feet of film. That gave me a break. After he had cut out the bad moments, he still had some good moments left—enough to make a showing as a test. Don't look now, but I think there's a very lucky guy sitting across from you. Meaning me.

"Florey was readying *King of Alcatraz*. So, instead of sitting around for six months and then getting the boot, I went to work immediately. After that I did *Illegal Traffic* and *Disbarred*, both of which I mention in a mere whisper. And then *Union Pacific*. I still haven't the slightest idea of how I got that role. Fifty-five people have told

[*Continued on page 71*]

SH-H-H! NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH!
THAT'S WHY CAROL WAS UNPOPULAR
I WISH I'D NEVER COME ON THIS CRUISE! I HATE IT! EVERYBODY'S SO STAND-OFFISH--
NO, THEY AREN'T, CAROL --REALLY!
BUT YOU MAKE IT HARD FOR PEOPLE TO LIKE YOU, CAROL. I KNOW NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH, BUT--WELL--WON'T YOU TALK TO THE SHIP'S DENTIST ABOUT IT?
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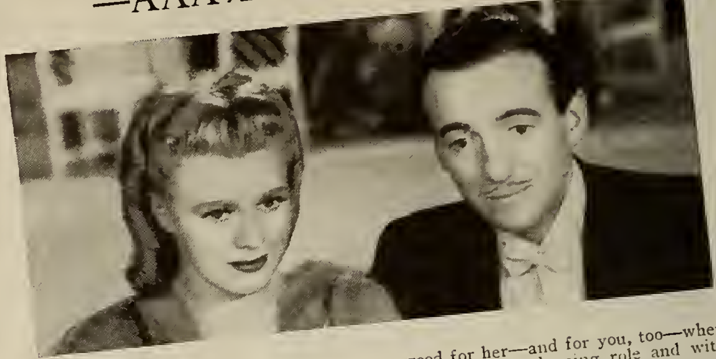
PICTURE PARADE

BACHELOR MOTHER

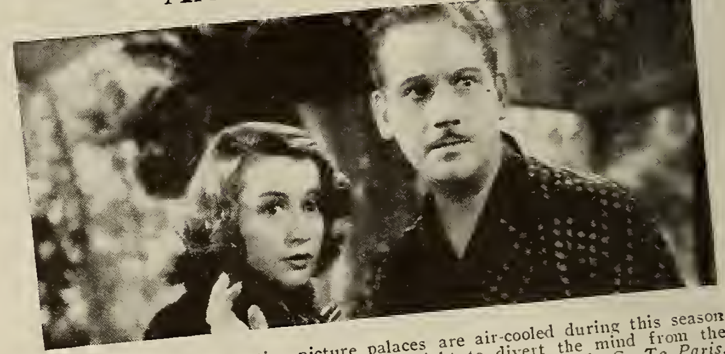
—AAA½—



Ginger Rogers certainly knew what was good for her—and for you, too—when she insisted upon appearing in something other than a dancing role and with someone other than Fred Astaire as a leading man, for *Bachelor Mother* turns out to be the most hilarious farce of the season. And it will show you "doubting Thomases" that Ginger doesn't need Fred or dancing to put her over. Of course, all the credit for its success doesn't belong to Ginger, but she definitely proves herself as more than just a terpsichorean artist. But that's enough of Ginger, let's go on to the others who are also responsible for giving us this vastly amusing comedy. To begin with there's Garson Kanin who directed, Norman Krasna who did the screen play and David Niven whose comedy talent is tops. Then, too, there's Charles Cohurn, Frank Alhertson, E. E. Clive and a fine supporting cast. All together they give us a rousing good time. The story builds on a misimpression that the foundling picked up by Ginger is her own. Maybe it is suggestive, but if you're sixteen or over we suggest you don't miss *Bachelor Mother*.—*RKO.*

GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS

—AAA—



Even though most motion picture palaces are air-cooled during this season of the year, one still prefers something light to divert the mind from the troubles of torrid temperatures. And so Columbia's *Good Girls Go To Paris*, a light, frothy comedy is just the right type of entertainment for the summer season. (A mint julep isn't bad either.) The only strain—if you can call it that—is wondering how Joan Blondell is going to get out of those mix-ups she gets into while indulging in a bit of "legitimate" (as she calls it) blackmail while waiting on table at *Brand University*. By the way, this is Joan's best work and we were delighted to note that Joan's graduation from slapstick has made a marked improvement in her make-up and manners. Joan is in very good company here for there's also Melvyn Douglas, Walter Connolly, Alan Curtis, Alexander D'Arcy, Joan Perry and Isabel Jeans in *Good Girls Go To Paris*. Melvyn Douglas plays the part of an English professor on an exchange visit who, while enjoying his spot of tea, also enjoys showing his charming waitress the weak spots in her blackmailing technique. And who, as you can probably guess, becomes a victim himself.—*Columbia.*

[*Continued on page* 72]

Move Over, Mr. Gable—Here's Robert Preston!

[*Continued from page 69*]

me they were responsible. DeMille had me do a test, which wasn't too successful. I don't know what made him decide to use me. Maybe"—he brightens—"maybe I laughed good."

Something he can't get over is the number of people who have rushed forward to claim they discovered him. He can't understand why they have gone to such trouble. Something else he can't get over is what he learned when, with several other players, he toured the country on a special train, ballyhooing *Union Pacific*. "You step out on a stage and get introduced. There's a big clap, and you take it big. Then some girl who plays only atmosphere steps out and gets introduced as 'Miss So-and-So, from Hollywood.' And she gets a bigger clap than you do. That puts you right back where you belong. They aren't clapping for you; it's Hollywood that gets them. But you'd better keep grinning your biggest grin—because, if that clapping ever stops, it's curtains, brother."

YOU are about to see him, with a mustache, as Gary Cooper's younger brother in *Beau Geste*, directed by William Wellman, who showed Bob no mercy. Called him "Meservey" all through the picture. Wellman used to know Bob's father back in Newton Highlands, and refused to call Bob "Preston"; said he didn't know anybody by that name.

On location at Yuma, Bob proved he could "take it." The first few days, he was idle. According to the call sheet, another idle day was coming up. He stayed up till all hours that night, playing poker. He felt very, very rocky the next morning. When Wellman, who has a demoniac sense of humor, discovered this, he hurriedly rearranged the shooting schedule—to have Bob do the scene in which he carries first, Gary Cooper, then Brian Donlevy, into the desert fort. Did Bob groan? He did. Then he grinned. And did the scene in one take. "I surprised myself more than I did Wellman."

After working with McCrea and Cooper, Bob says he feels "like a shrimp." He stands 6 feet, 1¼ inches himself. He weighs 175 pounds. His eyes are gray. His hair is dark brown (they lightened it for *Union Pacific*, for contrast with Barbara Stanwyck).

He claims they tried to change his looks when they signed him. "But they didn't have much luck. All they were able to do was change my haircut, so people wouldn't think I was wearing a mop on my head. Otherwise, I'm intact as they found me and as God made me. I've had no eyebrows plucked, no ears pinned back. I still have all my own teeth."

The columnists or the press-agents or both are rumoring him engaged to Judith King, the Paramount starlet. This is excessively embarrassing to Bob. "There's a girl I've been running around with for two years, and we haven't any definite step planned for six months more. But she's going to begin to be annoyed if I keep being 'engaged' to somebody else. Her name? Kay Feltus. She used to be at the Playhouse, too. Now she's doing radio work."

He has no fear of Great Lover roles. "I don't think I'll ever be let into those." (Gable said that once, too.) And he hopes he'll never be called Glamor Boy. "What an insult that would be to Lincoln Heights!"

PARAMOUNT has torn up his contract twice already, to give him raises. What's he doing with his success? Has he bought a bigger car, moved into a swanky snuggery? "I've bought a car—not a bigger one. I didn't have one before." And he still lives with the family in Lincoln Heights. He likes the people there.

"They're colorful, natural, down-to-earth. They've been my best critics. They're blunt, honest, without any idea of hurting anybody's feelings. I knew that what they told me was on the up-and-up. They've followed my career like my family. Used to go over to Pasadena and pay to see me."

The quality that people notice most in Bob is his naturalness. How does he explain it? He shrugs, good-naturedly. "I guess I'm an exhibitionist at heart. Any actor almost has to be. But not off the screen. That's the only place you're a ham. On the screen, you're either a good actor or a bad actor."

Yes, indeed. Clark Gable has something to think about, in the person of Robert Preston.

WONDERED WHY SHE WASN'T *Lovable..*

OH, BABS—I HOPE TOM TAKES ME OUT AGAIN!
YOU LIKE HIM, DON'T YOU?
I THINK HE'S GRAND! BUT HE'LL LOSE INTEREST IN ME—THE WAY THEY ALL DO
NOT IF YOU USE LIFEBUOY, JEAN. I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TELL YOU THAT FOR A LONG TIME
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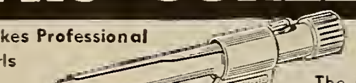

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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PICTURE PARADE

MAN ABOUT TOWN

—AAA—

At long last we can take our favorite word, "scintillating," out of storage—thanks to Paramount and their *Man About Town*—and use it again, for this adjective is beautifully appropriate for describing Jack Benny's latest vehicle. However, we hope our enthusiasm isn't going to excite too much sympathy because while we do like musicals we wouldn't want to precipitate another deluge of "scintillating musicals." Besides the word, while almost completely recovered from the nervous collapse occasioned by overwork not so long ago, may suffer a relapse if worked too hard while convalescing. If we sound foolish, you can't blame us entirely, for it's only the influence of Jack Benny and company in *Man About Town*. Now if only Rochester could influence our dancing we really could give you an example of what's in store for you when you see this. Besides the Benny, there's Dorothy "Sarong" Lamour. Edward Arnold, Binnie Barnes, Phil Harris, Isabel Jeans, Betty Grable and the Merriel Abbott dancers, a superlative ballet group. Millions of listeners-in wouldn't think of missing a Benny broadcast on Sunday and those millions and more shouldn't think of missing Benny's *Man About Town*.—*Paramount.*

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES

—AAA—

While *Susannah of the Mounties* isn't Shirley Temple's best picture it is an important one—wonder if she realizes that—for this is her first love story. Did we hear you say, "This is going too far, allowing eleven-year-old Shirley to have romance?" Well, if we did, let us assure you that this romantic interlude of Shirley's is only a pre-adolescent crush and very innocent, and that the producers aren't endeavoring as yet to build-up Shirley as a threat to Hedy Lamarr. *Susannah of the Mounties* is a romantic melodrama of the Northwest and in it we find Shirley suddenly orphaned by an Indian massacre. Randolph Scott, a Royal Canadian Mountie, happens upon the waif and returns with her to his barracks. Shirley, being her usual charming and provocative self, not only wins soldiers' love but also the love of a young Indian lad who is left as hostage at the barracks. Scenes between Shirley and young Martin Goodrider, provide many laughs. The cast also includes Margaret Lockwood, J. Farrell MacDonald, Maurice Moscovich, Moroni Olsen and Victor Jory.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Hollywood's Greatest Love Story

[*Continued from page 41*]

in his heart. Nonetheless, he *does* keep the house in which they lived just as it was when she was living. He seldom enters the house. He cannot be inside it for three minutes without breaking down. He goes there only often enough to make sure that everything is kept in order, that no repairs are necessary. A sensible man, Lionel does not deliberately torture himself by making unnecessary visits to the house. A man in love, he cannot bring himself to dismantle it.

The love stories of Hollywood have flamed of late in the headlines . . . Clark and Carole . . . Tyrone and his Annabella . . . Barbara and Bob . . . Nelson and Ann. For all the world loves a lover, especially a Hollywood lover. . . .

Yet all this while Hollywood's greatest love story has been—not "lived" (not past tense)—but *living*, in the heart of a man past sixty—a love story too deep in that deep heart for it to reach the headlines—a heart protected by that hedge of gruffness behind which Lionel barricades his skin-thin sensitiveness. Only in such a heart can such a love live, alone, and continue to live. "That gruffness of his," a friend of his told me, "is merely Lionel acting a character part!"

IT WOULD be easy to go on and on about the love story of Irene Fenwick and Lionel Barrymore—easy to prove that, in tenderness, in patience, in time spent together, time now spent apart, it far surpasses all the famous love stories of Hollywood which have made the headlines. All one has to do is tell their story as simply as possible—a story of love and hope and despair and death.

To tell, too, something of that deep heart of Barrymore's which makes a dwelling-place for such fidelity. It seems to me that even before I tell you about Hollywood's greatest love story, I should tell you something of the heart of the man capable of housing it . . . for only a great heart is capable of unselfish love. . . .

So I remember how, when Marie Dressler fatally ill, was making her last picture, Lionel, sick himself, always peered into Marie's dressing-room before going onto the set . . . to see how she was feeling . . . to cheer her up when she needed cheering . . . acting the part of a well man . . . doing all kinds of funny stunts to get a laugh from her. . . .

I remember seeing him once on the M-G-M lot, so crippled with the rheumatism that tortured him that he was leaning against walls, edging along, trying to get to the set. When someone stopped him, asked him where he was going, he said, "Gotta make a test . . . young fellow who's expecting me to make the test with him . . . if he didn't get the job I'd always blame myself if I didn't get there" . . . When asked, "Who is the kid?" he answered, "I'm damned if I know!"

It didn't matter *who* he was, you see. It just mattered, that's all . . . It was Lionel who, after seeing Clark Gable in *The Last Mile*, said, "Come out and make a test." It is to Lionel that Clark gives credit for where he is today . . . Lionel gave Chester Morris his first job on the stage, in *The Copperhead* . . . Madge Evans got her first stage job with Lionel in *Peter Ibbetson* . . . Bob Montgomery has Lionel to thank for a job in a road company which started him off for Broadway.

HE'LL always show a young actor a lot of tricks . . . he'll deliberately show a youngster tricks when he knows they will prevent him from stealing a scene himself . . . he'll never steal a scene from a beginner, if he can help it, not from anyone—except brother John! He'll tell you himself with ghoulish glee that he'll always do his damnedest to steal a scene from John. And, with equally ghoulish glee, John will tell you that he always does! His latest protege is small Bobs Watson (you'll see them together in *On Borrowed Time*) . . . Lionel, who doesn't cotton much to kids, is just about confounded by small Bobs. Amazed at the boy's uncanny "feel" for his work, he exclaimed one day, "Good God, when *I* was seven I couldn't even read the funny papers!"

When Lionel played *Judge Hardy* in *A Family Affair*, the first of the series, he was in a daze. Irene had just passed away. The picture finished, the studio sent him to

[*Continued on page* 75]

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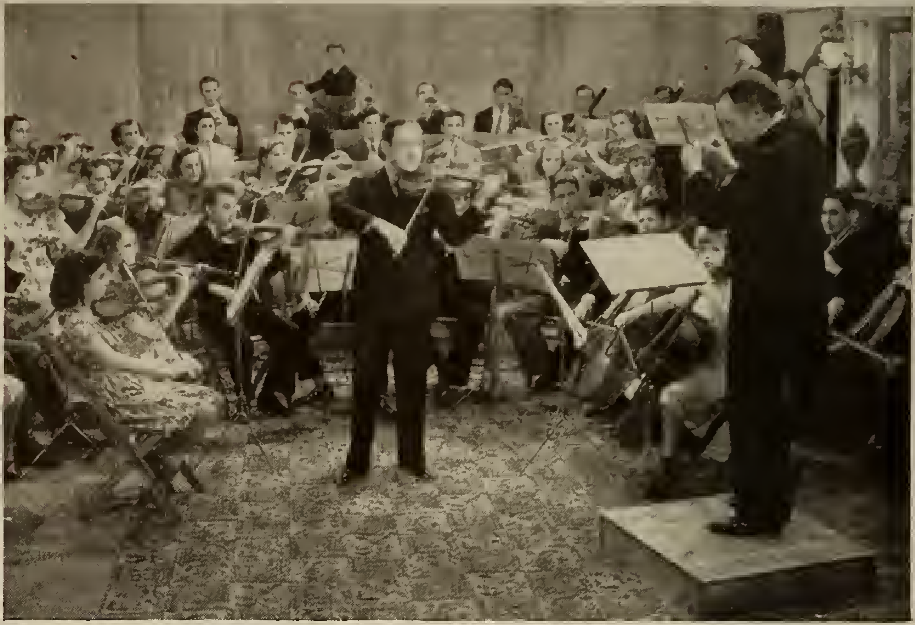
ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS



This is how Jascha Heifetz, violin virtuoso, will appear in film debut in the Goldwyn picture, *They Shall Have Music.* In this scene he is accompanied by Junior California Symphony Orchestra of 78 musicians. Walter Brennan is the professor

THEY try to rib Jascha Heifetz, famed violinist, on the set of *They Shall Have Music* over at Goldwyn's. And they learn that Heifetz knows as much about gagging as he does about music . . . It's like this: A prop-man walks over to where Heifetz sits, with his $200,000 violin. He asks to borrow it. "I just want to see how it feels to hold $200,000 worth of fiddle; I'll be careful" he explains . . . Heifetz hands it over . . . The prop-man turns his back momentarily, and by a prearranged bit of sleight-of-hand, substitutes a "breakaway" fiddle for the genuine one . . . Then he turns to hand it back to Heifetz—and drops it, so it falls with a crash and smashes all to bits . . . Everybody waits to see Heifetz blow up or collapse or faint . . . Instead, he merely grins, and cracks: "I'm so glad you dropped it; I was scared somebody might ask me to play." . . . And not until then do they learn that Jascha's wife, who used to be Florence Vidor, tipped him off to the gag.

HEDY goes democratic: She appears for the first day's take on *Lady of the Tropics,* and before she does another thing, she cries across the stage to Director Jack Conway . . . "Please do not call me Miss Lamarr. Yoost call by my first name—and you pronounce it Hay-Dee . . ." Then she turns to the other people on the set, and adds: "—and that goes for you, too . . ." It's the first time in his career that Director (ex-actor) Leslie Fenton is going to direct his own wife, Ann Dvorak, in a scene. It's for *Stronger Than Desire,* and the scene is where Ann and Lee Bowman, as a married couple, are to embrace. They go through the action—and in the middle of the embrace, Leslie, with a wicked grin on his face, yells: "CUT! That's all WRONG!"

"Wrong?" asks Ann; "Why?"

"Well," explains Fenton, "you're supposed to have been married five years, and you're taking that kiss too big—I know, because I've been married five years myself."

"To ME, you beast!" snarls Ann. But she's grinning.

SOME spectators who have wangled permission to watch filming of some at-sea scenes for *Ruler of the Seas* look a bit disapproving as they stand on the rolling deck of a ship anchored off Catalina, and watch George Bancroft, who's playing the captain, take repeated surreptitious swigs from a bottle he carries in his hip pocket, between takes . . . "Is Bancroft hitting the hootch?" they finally inquire. "We thought drinking wasn't allowed on the sets." . . . Bancroft overhears them, and laughs . . . "Hootch, my eye!" he bellows; "that ain't likker—that's corn syrup; it's a supposedly sure preventive for sea-sickness!" . . . Gag on Bette Davis: It's the first day of shooting on *The Old Maid* and Bette appears in Perc Westmore's magnificent make-up as a grey-haired spinster, a bit past middle age. It's a marvelous job of make-up, and everybody's appreciative—until suddenly, they go into hysterics . . . Gagster Westmore, unbeknownest to Bette, has made up her little Scottie, "Tibbie," and Tibbie runs onto the stage, following Bette—with a long grey beard and grey whiskers . . . !!!

DOROTHY LAMOUR may look sultry, but she's one of the most easily embarrassed gals on a movie set. So, on *Disputed Passage,* after they've gone through four successive takes where John Howard kisses her passionately and torridly, Dorothy looks appealingly at Director Frank Borzage and says: "Me—I'm getting a bit embarrassed with all this kissing." . . . "You? YOU!!!?" yells Howard, wiping a great smear of Lamour lipstick from his mouth. "What about ME?—I'm getting painter's colic!" . . . It's the earthquake scene from *The Rains Came.* Myrna Loy, George Brent and Tyrone Power stand in the house interior set, and Director Clarence Brown gives the signal for the earthquake machine and cameras to start . . . The set quivers and shakes and rolls so violently that the actors are nearly thrown down . . . Furniture topples, lamps and bookcases fall and the floor gets strewn with bits of plaster and wreckage . . . It's a swell take, and when the director yells cut, the three actors lose their terrified looks, and smile happily. Asks Brown: "What did you think of that?" Myrna, still reeling, gags: "I think it looks just like my home does, after I've finished looking for my automobile key."

MICKEY ROONEY (and count that month lost that records no new wisecracking from the Mick) is sitting on the set of *Babes in Arms,* listening to a playback of his own voice singing a number for the film . . . "Admiring yourself?" sarcastically asks an assistant director. Unfeazed, Mickey replies calmly: "This is the first time I ever heard myself sing, and do you know, I'm beginning to like it . . . I like me. I like my voice . . . Mine is the kind of a voice that grows on me!" Hmmmmmm. No wonder he's gonna be a star . . . Equally odd: In *The Old Maid,* in one day, Miriam Hopkins becomes a bride, a mother of two youngsters, and a widow. All in one day. Ain't nature wunnaful? . . . On-the-set Gag-of-the-month: During *Dust Be My Destiny,* John Garfield hurries across a stage illuminated by electric lights simulating moonlight. He stumbles across an electric cable, falls headlong. He picks himself up, quips: "First time in my life I ever tripped on a moonbeam!"

Hollywood's Greatest Love Story

[*Continued from page 73*]

England to play in *A Yank at Oxford*. We all know what the *Hardy* pictures have become. But Lionel feels no resentment. He says, "Damn glad it happened the way it did, for Lew's sake—he deserves it."

When the studio offered to postpone *A Christmas Carol* last Christmas, saying they would wait and make it next year when Lionel could be in it, out of his wheel chair, he wouldn't hear of it. He said, "Right at this time, all this war talk—this year of all years is the time to do it. . . ." And it was Lionel who suggested Reginald Owen for the part of *Scrooge*. He said, "An Englishman should do it . . . Dickens being essentially English, you know. . . ." Well, anecdote could be piled on anecdote, each one an insight into the heart of Barrymore—

IN THE year 1923, David Belasco signed Irene Fenwick to play the lead opposite Lionel Barrymore in *The Claw*. It is unnecessary to remind anyone over ten of the lustre the name of Lionel Barrymore wore then, as now. Irene Fenwick, too, had achieved distinction in the theatre, loved the theatre even as Barrymore, having worked her way up from chorus girl to leading lady.

Gradually they fell in love. Or rather, gradually they named it love. At any rate on July 14, 1923, they were quietly married in the East. Shortly after their marriage they appeared together on the New York stage in a revival of *Taps*. In 1925, Irene again played Lionel's leading lady in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*. In 1926, they came to Hollywood where Lionel played the part of the sea captain in the silent picture, *The Barrier*.

He also appeared in *The Temptress*, in *West of Zanzibar* with his good friend, Lon Chaney, in *The Show* with John Gilbert. But although Barrymore, being Barrymore, gave splendid characterizations in all of these, he was getting just about Nowhere and he knew it. Those were lean days filled with hungry hopes for Lionel and Irene. Talking pictures had not come in. The screen was populous with Sweet, Young Things and adolescent youths with profiles who had very little experience.

Legitimate players, Barrymore once told me, were just about getting over the feeling that it was a disgrace to work in "Leaping Tintypes." Lionel never felt it a disgrace.

"But finally," he will tell you, "I found myself playing the villain in a picture starring a police dog! I was supporting a dog!"

I DON'T suppose any of this mattered very much to Irene and Lionel so long as they were together. Their tastes were simple. Their interests in music, in Lionel's etchings, in books, were not "boughten" interests. From the beginning they lived for each other. And so long as they were together, the Ups and Downs struck a curiously unimportant balance.

So, always, they were together. And their pre-occupation, the one with the other, was obvious to all who knew them. If, at some gathering where liquor was served, Lionel's hand would reach out for a highball, Irene would remind him gently, "Keep your shoulders straight—remember, it isn't good for you!" When fellow-guests would try to induce Lionel to join some gambling or parlor game (he detests both) in progress, Irene would get him out of it by saying, "Lionel has to work in the morning, let's give him an easy chair and let him read."

Every half hour or so wherever they happened to be, Lionel's eyes would seek a clock to make sure they did not overstay Irene's bedtime. For even in those days of 1926, '27, she was underweight.

In 1928, talking pictures came in. Lionel made *The Lion and the Mouse*. And overnight he was the talk of Hollywood. That Barrymore voice, that Barrymore diction were bonanzas to talking pictures and talking pictures knew it. But at first talking pictures gave Lionel the urge to direct. He directed Barbara Stanwyck in her first talkie, *Ten Cents a Dance* (one of Barbara's first requests, after her recent marriage, was for an autographed picture of Lionel to hang in the Taylor home), Ruth Chatterton in *Madame X*, Lawrence Tibbett in *The Rogue Song*.

He was the first to move a microphone around a sound stage. Given a plethora of technical reasons why it wasn't done, never had been done, couldn't be done; reminded

[*Continued on page 77*]

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Dawn of a New Day

[*Continued from page 50*]

Young hadn't sent for him to return to Salt Lake City. Soon after the California project was abandoned, Grandfather Rich died, probably of a broken heart. If he'd had his way he would have gone down in line of duty, fighting for a hopeless cause, perhaps, but still fighting.

So when Great-granddaughter Day embarked on the Second California Conquest, she was well fortified with a heritage of never-say-die. Arriving in Long Beach she took one long look down the tempting stretch of highway leading to Hollywood and then focused her attention on the ways and means problem. Deciding that the best way to land an acting job is to become an actress, she shortly became a member of the Long Beach Players' Guild.

After being coached in a succession of roles she won a place in a road show company of *Conflict*, trouping up and down the Pacific Coast.

"There wasn't much money in it," Laraine says now, "but there was something better, something that money couldn't buy, and that was experience. I must have profited by that tour because once back in Long Beach and in the Guild it wasn't long before an agent signed me up and wrangled me a minor role in a picture called *Scandal Sheet.*"

AT THIS juncture of her career Laraine figured she was set. From now on everything would be daisies. Hollywood had recognized her at last. One side, Garbo, here comes Day! But then, to coin a cliche, came the dawn.

"From what I learned later I must have been the scandal of *Scandal Sheet,*" says Laraine. "So far as acting went, that is, because those who have control of the supply of movie contracts and ask you to 'Sign here, please,' never knew that I existed. If they did they apparently couldn't see me in a cloud of movie dust so far as my possessing screen talent was concerned.

"So I sat, and sat, and sat, while I waited, and waited, and waited for a man with a contract to come around the corner that's supposed to block off prosperity. Finally it dawned on me that maybe I wasn't wanted in Hollywood. I played with that idea rather mournfully for a week or two while I kept right on sitting and waiting. And then I got sensible. What surprises me now is why I didn't think of it sooner.

"The reason why heartbreak was the only break I was getting in Hollywood was that I didn't have enough acting experience. One picture had as much chance to make a screen career as one swallow to make a summer. By nightfall of the day of this great awakening, I was on my way back to Long Beach and the Players' Guild for more training.

"There was something else, too. I was pretty tired of eating at lunch-counters. I wanted to sink my teeth into meals of good home-cooking for a change. I'd lost ten pounds, sitting waiting for something to happen, and I wanted to get them back. I had to get them back unless I wanted to become the Invisible Woman."

Well, Laraine went back to Long Beach and the Players' Guild and three times a day she joyously tucked her feet under mother's dining-room table. It wasn't long before she regained her fighting spirit, her lost weight and her place behind the footlights. And then, just as she was getting settled down to routine again, an RKO scout walked into the house one day with a contract under his arm. So Laraine signed the papers calling for her to appear in three outdoor pictures with George O'Brien.

"After these three pictures," Laraine says, "I thought it was the dawn of a new Day in Hollywood. But those three horse operas proved to be just three strikes and out, so far as my movie career was concerned. But this time I didn't sit and sit and sit around, waiting for somebody to sign me. I packed up and went right back to Long Beach and the Players' Guild."

BY THIS time you may be getting some idea of the perseverance of little Miss Day. Anybody else at this point would probably have said "Utsnay" to the movies and settled down to an inglorious, but regular occupation in stock. But having experienced many of them already, Laraine was nothing herself if not a trying Day. She plunged herself into the Guild shows, still determined that some day, somehow, she was going to make the grade in that burg thirty miles down the pike.

It turned out to be a smart move. Billy Gordon, assistant casting director at M-G-M, saw her in one of the Guild plays and liked her well enough to give her a screen test. Two days later—in December, 1938—she signed a contract and was immediately cast in her first movie role of real consequence, a fat part in *Sergeant Madden*. She'd no sooner finished that than she landed another good role in *Calling Dr. Kildare*.

As for another disappointing trip back to Long Beach and the Players' Guild—well, it looks as though those days are over for this Day. M-G-M is telling all who will listen that Laraine is definitely star material, that she's the only girl on the lot who can step into the shoes of Loy, Crawford or Garbo. And to prove that it isn't all publicity, they have given her the feminine lead in *Northwest Passage*, a super-super production. So it looks as though M-G-M's newest star is going to live up to her advance notices.

SHE was born in Roosevelt, Utah, not many more than twenty years ago, has a twin brother, Lamar, and another older brother, De Arman, who's now twenty-two. Her real name is Laraine Johnson. She was an honor student at school in Salt Lake City and in Long Beach and, despite her own contention that she is "indolent," is really full of ambition—or did we mention that before?

Laraine is five feet two, weighs 112 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes and "likes to laugh loud, like a boy" when she's amused, which is often. She also likes to stay up until all hours reading murder mysteries. She has no hobbies and, so she says, "no boy friends to speak of because I'm too busy."

"You'll probably see my name in the papers stating that I was seen here, there and everywhere with this boy and that. But don't believe it," says Laraine. "There's no good reason why romance and a career won't mix but right now I'm not ready to try it out. It's taken me seven years to travel thirty miles and I want to keep going. Alone."

So that's Laraine Day, newest and brightest, and one of the prettiest, of M-G-M's stars. Take a look at her in either *Sergeant Madden* or *Calling Dr. Kildare* and we're pretty sure you'll agree with us that for Laraine it really is—The Dawn of a New Day.

Hollywood's Greatest Love Story

[*Continued from page 75*]

that the "mike" had always been stationary, with the players clustering around it like bees at swarming time, he said, "Just let me go on being ignorant and thinking it's a tin ear!" Then came *A Free Soul* (which made Clark Gable a star) and re-crowned the Thespian head of Barrymore.

BUT, for Lionel, that year 1928 was both a beginning and an end. For Success walked hand in hand with Tragedy. It was in 1928 that Irene Fenwick began to ail. Doctors were grave. Tubercular trouble, ominously advanced when it was diagnosed. And then began a saga of such devotion as words cannot hope to translate into living terms. . . .

At first, for Irene, there would be good days and bad days. Hope rose and fell almost as rapidly as her thin pulse. Lionel, alone, kept up hope. To the very last he kidded himself into the belief that she'd get well. An implicit believer in the power of prayer, the chapel in the neighborhood came to know well a certain kneeling figure, bowed head, clenched hands.

Then began the long years during which Lionel waited on Irene hand and foot, heart and mind and spirit. When he was at the studio, between every scene he'd call her at home, at the hospital, wherever she happened to be.

In the course of those years Lionel sent Irene on a trip around the world, hoping that change of scenery would stimulate her. He sent her to New York for treatments. He sent her to Phoenix, Arizona, and flew up there every few days to be with her.

A part of his sorrow was that he could not accompany her wherever she went. He couldn't. He had to accept every radio broadcast that came along, make every picture scheduled for him. He spent a fortune on her in those eight years—how gladly! But he spent something more valuable, even rarer than money—*he spent his heart.*

But the few people who were close to him in the years of Irene's long illness say that it was uncanny, that actually he did not seem to feel his pain, only hers.

IT WAS after he was established in talking pictures that Lionel bought Irene the home in Beverly Hills. Too ill to do much of anything about it herself, Lionel furnished it for her, tastefully, simply, with fine paintings, books, the white grand piano which, he hoped, might tempt those increasingly fragile fingers to the keys. He spent long hours playing to her.

He never went home at night—not one single night in all those years—without some gift for her. It might be a bunch of flowers; it might be a new book, a new game.

He spent hours by her bedside reading to her in his beautiful, moving voice. He saved up all the amusing incidents that happened at the studio to tell her. He did all her shopping for her. He was both the man and the mistress of the house, planning the menus, hiring or firing servants and paying bills.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, on December 24, 1936, Irene Fenwick Barrymore passed away. Lionel was with her. Of course he was. Friends came. Friends from the studio, too, all offering to help with the last, sad duties. Lionel wanted no help and would have none. These were the last things he could do for her and he wanted to do them all himself. And he did.

LIONEL lives now in a ranch-house in the San Fernando Valley. A negro couple care for his few wants. A chauffeur drives him to and from the studio. In the ranch-house he has a room fixed up for his etchings and spends considerable time in that room. Now that he is well again he plants young trees, lays flagstones. He says that pretty soon, now, he'll be in Gable's class, driving a plough, a tractor, a paint machine. He is interested in Black Widow spiders and goes on what he calls "Black Widow hunts," carefully preserving the "trophies of the chase." He has a neighbor, an old rancher, and he likes to get together with him, sit on a fence-rail or on the front porch, smoking, gabbing about agriculture. He is even more interested in his work now than he was . . . before. Between pictures he asks, continuously, "When do I go back to work?" He has found not only the dignity of work, but its solace. He believes in Immortality and so he is waiting, I am sure. And while he waits, he works.

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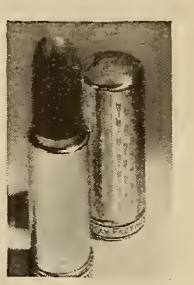

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The Milky Way

[*Continued from page* 52]

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2 tablespoons confectioner's sugar
Baked 9-inch pie shell

Blend sweetened condensed milk and lemon juice, and mix well. Fold in blackberries, pour into baked pie shell. Cover with stiffly whipped cream, sweetened with confectioner's sugar. Chill before serving. Garnish with whole berries.

Who wants a recipe for "Cocktail Shaker Mayonnaise"? Then look for the free leaflet offer at the end of this article, and send for the recipes immediately.

The picnic season and the urge for the great open spaces is still on. But what a hike or an auto trip or a day spent in summer sports can do to RAISE HUNGER! Short-cut cooking with condensed milk will enable any hostess or mother to turn out a batch of novel sandwich breads, cakes, cookies, pies, and yes, of course, the dish without which no picnic is possible—good old ice cream, and plenty of it.

HERE'S a trio of recipes to help you pack the picnic basket and take your pick of parking places:

PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH LOAF

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup softened peanut butter
1 cup condensed milk
2 eggs, well beaten

Sift dry ingredients together three times. Work in peanut butter. Add condensed milk and beaten eggs. Mix only enough to blend ingredients. Pour into greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 40 minutes. Cool before slicing. Grand for the picnic or lunchbox sandwiches. (Makes 1 loaf.)

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) condensed milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add condensed milk, and stir rapidly over boiling water 5 minutes until mixture thickens. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. May be carried in covered jar to picnic and spread right on the cake! (Enough for 24 cup cakes or 2 layers.)

VARIATIONS OF VANILLA ICE CREAM

⅔ cup condensed milk
½ cup water
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup heavy cream

Blend milk, water, and vanilla, and mix thoroughly. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing tray and partially freeze. Remove, scrape from bottom and sides and beat until smooth. Replace and finish freezing. (Serves 4-6.)

Berry Ice Cream: Add 1 cup berries crushed and sweetened.

Orange Ice Cream: Use ½ cup fresh orange juice in place of water.

Peanut Brittle Ice Cream: Fold in 1 cup finely crushed peanut brittle after mixture has been frozen and beaten.

Coffee Ice Cream: Use ½ cup strong coffee in place of water.

WITH the Big Cake Season just ahead, for parties and winter entertainment, everyone wishes to be praised for her cakes, and especially for her richly smooth cake frostings. If you saw twelve different cakes in a row—and each one was topped with an entirely different frosting, wouldn't you like to know how to make them, too? You can, if you send for the leaflet mentioned in connection with this article—and they are all made the short-cut condensed milk way, and every one will be a success.

Every man likes pudding, too—rice pudding, for example, being almost as popular with men as pie; other men always take chocolate pudding, and the tapioca desserts have also a large following. But many regular recipes for pudding and other favored desserts take too much time to prepare, or they require special oven handling, or they may cost too much because of elaborate materials. Not so with the jolly informal desserts made the short-cut condensed milk way. Here's just one sample, and there are a couple of others featured along with the frostings on the special leaflet already referred to.

Here is Apple delicious, or as it is called:

APPLEICIOUS PUDDING

¼ pound freshly baked vanilla wafers
3 large firm apples
1 cup condensed milk
½ cup water
Hard sauce

Butter a quart-size glass baking dish and line with vanilla wafers. Cover with layer of peeled and thinly sliced apples. Repeat, using wafers and apples. Blend condensed milk with water. Pour over apples. Bake, covered, moderate oven (300°F.) for 20 minutes. Uncover and brown 10 minutes. Serve hot with chilled hard sauce flavored with lemon. (Serves 6.)

Mrs. Christine Frederick,
MOTION PICTURE,
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please send me the leaflet featuring 12 Different Cake Frostings, "Cocktail Shaker Mayonnaise," "Lunchbox Candies," etc.

(This offer expires on October 15th, 1939)

Name ....

Street Address ....

Town and State ....

M. P.-9

Hollywood Goes Marriage Crazy

[Continued from page 23]

going to town. On a single day, two occurred. One was the Clark Gable-Carole Lombard ceremony, which startled the world. That stole the show from the wedding of Florence Rice and Robert Wilcox, in Hawaii.

The alarmists tried to console themselves with the thought that maybe this wouldn't cause a major depression in movie business—because maybe Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Ty Power and Annabella would keep their heads, and hold out. Surely, those colorful romancers would stay unwed and save the industry. They forgot that Hollywood is from top to bottom a great "follow-the-leader" place. There was Movita, for example. Considered by many a great sex-appealer, the little Mexican star rushed into matrimony with Jack Doyle soon after siren Hedy Lamarr showed she wasn't afraid.

On April 22, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. ankled up the aisle with his bride, Mrs. Mary Lee Hartford. Next day, Ty Power married Annabella! After that, few of the most stubborn old-timers had any real hope that Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck would remain holdouts, lone standard-bearers of the old, wild, romantic relationships. It was apparent to these old-timers, by now, that they could expect nothing but continued calamity. The younger generation, they perceived, was going straight to the dogs!

The prophets of calamity were so hardened to disaster, by the time Leo Gorcey and Katherine Marvis were married, that they were able to do a little ironic kidding about it. This marriage bug was so bad, they said, that it affected even a Dead End kid! Hardly a ripple was caused by the Merle Oberon-Alexander Korda wedding.

ASK the big stars who participated in the marriage rush, and they'll deny it was any form of revolt. Bob Taylor might say, kiddingly, that it was a revolt against being "mobbed by women." He very pointedly hopes feminine fans will remember, hereafter, that he's a married man. Incidentally, marriage will protect Bob, Clark Gable, Nelson Eddy and others from publicity stunts such as hiding women in their dressing-rooms, and other embarrassing gags.

All the stars involved will readily admit other causes for the marriage epidemic. Marriage will aid them, they feel, in many phases of their work and every-day life. When star marries star, for example, the two can present a united front in bargaining with studios. Such a couple as Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, working shrewdly each for the other, can make better deals and get more wishes granted than any one star could do. The "bargaining power" of such combinations as Gable-Lombard, Power-Annabella and Taylor-Stanwyck is tremendous.

The newlyweds also believe that two heads are better than one in coping with Hollywood's intricate social, political and financial problems.

They're quite frank in pointing out that their individual economic independence is a great advantage. It removes barriers that stars face in entering marriage. There is elimination of the alimony problem, for example. It is easy to recall troubles stars have had or are having in getting divorces from mates whose circumstances permit demands for ruinous amounts of alimony, or highway-robbery property settlements.

The modern marriage epidemic doesn't involve such possibilities. All the non-professional wives among the newlyweds, like Mesdames Eddy, Morris, and Fairbanks, Jr. are well-off financially. That's quite an example of understatement in the case of Leonora Schinasi Morris, the tobacco heiress! And naturally, each of the female stars who have married lately can struggle along on her own financial feet in case of need, without selling that last yacht, race-horse and country estate.

Another claim in favor of star marriage is that it provides a sort of criticism rarely found out of wedlock. That film stars should welcome this may sound incredible. Yet this writer will vouch for the fact, in more than one case he knows personally. Your smarter stars actually realize the need for someone to "tell them off" without embarrassment or reserve. They feel that honest criticism of their work and themselves is not only beneficial, but a downright necessity, because they are so catered to, coddled, and flattered by everyone they know except the Little Woman, or the Old Man.

WITH stars, as with the rest of mankind, marriage creates a super-sensitive, critical attitude of the mates toward each other; an attitude not found in even the most intimate non-sanctioned relationships. There comes many a quarrel as a by-product of this sensitiveness and "now-I've-a-right-to-criticize-you" feeling. But to get slapped down by honest and well-meant criticism seems to be healthy for stellar souls.

Probably no class of men and women in the world needs so badly as film stars, the steadying value of marriage. On this, so many of the newlyweds agree that we might call it unanimous. They point to examples found in past marriages, whether lasting or not. Say what you will about the Barrymore-Elaine Barrie marriage, it pulled John together at a critical time, and brought him back to the screen to give the public several performances for which it should be tremendously grateful—to Elaine. The break-up of this marriage naturally had the opposite effect on Barrymore. Bing Crosby, one of filmland's most solid citizens and best business men—certainly the champion father—was also greatly benefited by marriage to Dixie Lee. He'd been quite a playboy.

Among the newlyweds, probably Tyrone Power is most outspoken in acknowledging the help Annabella has given him as a steadying influence. This came at the critical time when he stood, dizzy and bewildered by the speed of his rise to fame, wondering what to do next and why. While Ty speaks right out in public about it, no doubt silent Bob Taylor is deeply grateful to Barbara for her similar influence on him. And doubtless both Gable and his Missus recognize the value of Clark's steadying influence on Carole, and her tonic effect on him.

Finally, we must not lose sight of a fact that the old fogies of the film business have been trying to conceal from us for years. The glamor boys and girls are normal human beings, not supernatural creatures with stormy, erratic emotional make-ups entirely unlike our own. So they, like the rest of humanity as a whole, prefer marriage. If most folk hadn't preferred it, the institution would have been discarded long ago. Hollywood's 1939 marriage epidemic offers convincing proof that our stars are, on the whole, pretty sane and normal people.

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ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

Rhodes

Mary Astor and hubby Manuel del Campo celebrate Mary's birthday with party at Cafe Lamaze. Herbert Marshall and friend, Lee Russell, will get a slice of the cake

wood doing the rounds with Davie, he ups and confuses everybody. By appearing at the Tropics in a sultry twosome with Ethel Butterworth.

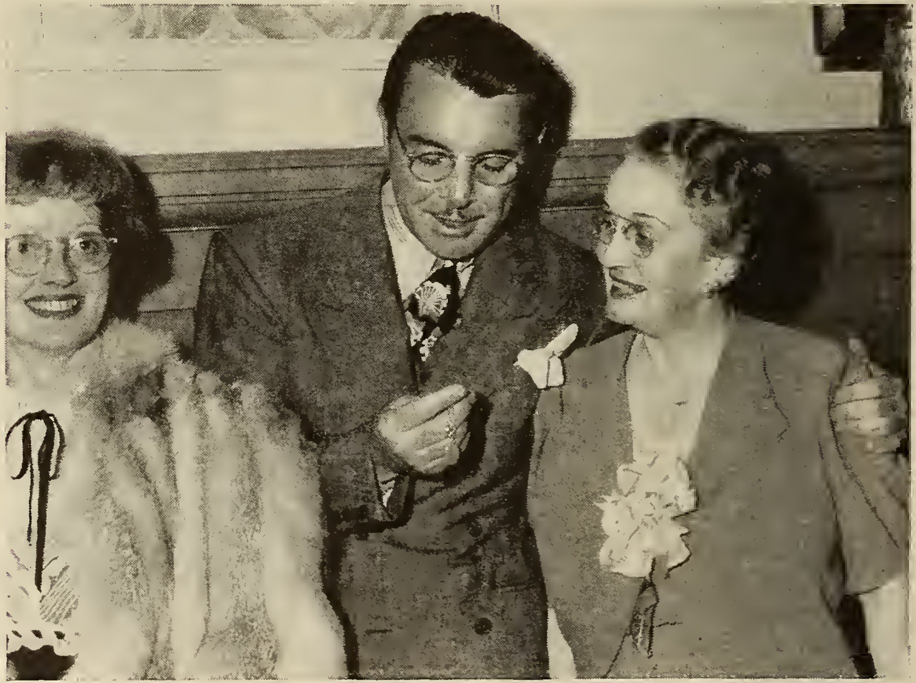
Davie never answers any questions about his love-life, if any. He not alone doesn't answer questions to stop all this confusion, but he just adds to the confusion by quaint little tricks of his own—like his current one of introducing Jacqueline by practically any name but her own.

So far, she's been "Miss Brown" and "Miss Thorne" and "Miss Taylor" and don't be surprised if she turns out to be either Miss-ING or MISS-uss Niven, any day at all.

■

ABSOLUTELY AUTHENTIC ROMANCE of the Month: The hottest affair in Hollywood right now is

[*Continued on page* 82]



Rhodes

Maybe Bette Davis and new crush, George Brent, are wearing "specs" permanently; maybe they've gone Garbo with a disguise. Note that Bette's ma wears 'em, too

Would You Make the Perfect Hollywood Husband?

[*Continued from page 42*]

with your wife, are you unhappy if you can't be alone with her? Generally, there are a number of hangers-on whom you can't shake for love nor money.

8. Do you think the wearing of dark glasses for incognito purposes a pose?

9. Would you be impatient if fans impeded the speed of your car when you were in a hurry, while your wife leaned out the window and signed autograph books?

10. Would you remain in the background while your star-wife basked in her glory?

AT HOME

1. What would be your reaction when strangers called up on the telephone and asked your wife to have dinner or go to a night-club with them . . . would you roar with rage and threaten to punch 'em?

2. Could you become accustomed to other men sending flowers to your wife?

3. Would it make you ill at ease to live in a house far beyond what you could afford, that your wife's earnings had paid for?

4. When people you didn't care to cultivate but who were important in your wife's business spent much time in your home, would you set your foot down on the practice?

5. Do many servants about you make you nervous? Practically every star's home has a complete assortment.

6. Do you insist upon lounging around the house in old, somewhat disreputable-looking clothes, for comfort? A star's husband must always look well, even at home.

7. Would you complain bitterly about being shooed from the front regions of the house, whenever an interviewer—and there are SO many—shows up for a story with your own particular star?

8. Would you humor your frau if she insisted upon changing the furniture for other pieces at considerable expense, every so often? Some actresses cannot be happy for long in the same surroundings.

9. Are you particular about having your meals served regularly at a certain hour? Very often studio people are delayed by additional scenes, looking at the rushes or last-minute story conferences.

10. Would you be sympathetic with your wife's eternal practicing of voice, dancing, diction, French and other subjects?

SOCIALLY

1. Do you enjoy playing host? With so many studio politics, an actress must do her share of catering to the different factions.

2. Would you attempt to hide your boredom at a party you didn't like?

3. Would you resent the newspapers printing stories about YOUR WIFE'S parties, without your own name being mentioned?

4. If your wife's leading man got obstreperous with a few drinks under his belt, would you throw him out on his ear?

5. Would you kick like a mule at having to leave a party just when things are getting good, because your actress-wife has an early call at the studio in the morning?

6. Have you party ideas? Nearly every actress tries to make her parties different.

7. If a guest called long-distance—New York, say—on your telephone, would you send him a bill for the call? You must expect anything at a Hollywood party.

8. Would you feel hurt if your wife were invited to a party and you received no invitation? Very often, for diplomatic reasons, an actress must put in an appearance at the party of some studio executive.

9. Supposing your wife were detained at the studio the night you expected guests for dinner . . . could you manage without her?

10. Hollywood people sometimes give parties when they're working in a picture, excusing themselves to retire at an early hour while the party continues. Would you be willing for your wife to do a "disappearing act?"

PERSONALLY

1. Would you demand an accounting of your wife's time whenever she worked late at the studio?

2. Would her constant association with the pick of the world's handsome males serve to endanger your faith in her?

3. Would your wife's fame give you an inferiority complex?

4. Sometimes an actress must go on location . . . would you insist upon accompanying her?

5. An actress usually pays for her own clothes . . . do you think it's unmanly for a husband to submit to this?

6. There's an easy familiarity about studio people which seems natural to them . . . they think nothing at all of calling each other by terms of endearment. Are you the type who would object to his wife addressing other men as "dear" and "darling"?

7. Would you be willing to take in all manner of first-nights at theatres and other social functions which the Hollywood elite generally attend, with the knowledge you would bask in reflected glory?

8. Could you take it with a smile when people referred to you by your wife's name . . . as, MISTER Gloria Gorgeous?

9. Would the fact that you constantly would be "on show" cause you mental anguish?

10. Would your capacity for understanding be such that you could sympathize with your wife's often-inexplicable mode of living?

And now for the showdown . . . grade yourself ten points for every correct answer.

In Public	At Home	Socially	Personally
Yes	No	Yes	No
Yes	Yes	Yes	No
No	No	No	No
No	No	No	No
No	No	No	No
No	No	Yes	No
No	No	No	Yes
No	Yes	No	Yes
No	No	Yes	No
Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes

The perfect score, of course, is 400. If you can touch this figure, you're the answer—the FINAL answer—to every Hollywood woman's dream. But if your score is between 400 and 360 you still are one of the chosen few; get aboard the train quickly for Hollywood. 360 to 310 makes you an interesting prospect, and even 310 to 260 entitles you to attention. If your total score ranges from 260 to 200, there's no particular reason for going to Hollywood matrimonially-minded; and below 200 . . . well, you simply couldn't take it. Stay home!

How Hollywood solved one of woman's greatest problems!

Screen stars can't afford to be "indisposed" certain days of the month. Their "time" may come the day their big scene is to be shot. Or the evening of an important first night.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 80]

Acme

"Typical American Father" was title conferred on Pat O'Brien by National Father's Day Committee. With Pat in role of daddy are Mavourneen (5) Patrick Sean (13 mo.) Mrs. O'Brien

Wide World

Three weeks after receiving final decree of divorce, Sigrid Gurie, Brooklyn-born Norwegian star, becomes bride of Dr. Laurence Spangard, Hollywood surgeon

the arrangement between Bette Davis' "Tibbie" and Errol Flynn's "Arno."

■

NOT until she finally and definitely became Mrs. Robert Taylor, did Frank Fay give up hope of winning back Barbara Stanwyck.

Break-up of the Fay-Stanwyck marriage was one of the saddest in Hollywood. Both of them were devoted to each other; but matrimony for those two was an impossibility. Realization didn't make the parting any easier for either. It was a long time before Barbara even listened to Bob Taylor's proposals. And Frank, on all his vodevilling and touring since then, has always clung to

[*Continued on page* 85]

You've read in the Tattler columns of the romance going on between David Niven and Jacqueline Dyer, English socialite. Here's the romantic evidence at party

Would You Make the Perfect Hollywood Wife?

[Continued from page 43]

depart until she had talked to your husband?

2. If someone you never heard of called you on the telephone and announced she was going to take your husband away from you, do you suppose you could take it with a smile?

3. When you're in a picture, such things as regular hours are unheard-of . . . would you grow moody if your husband called you at the last minute and said he couldn't possibly get home for that dinner you had prepared specially for him?

4. Just when you'd planned a nice quiet evening at home, would you pout if the studio telephoned and announced re-takes would be made that night?

5. Are you able to be pleasant to everyone you meet? All types of people drop by an actor's home.

6. Would you be willing to throw open your house at any hour for someone from the studio to drop by with photographers, interviewers or theatre exhibitors?

7. Does a midnight telephone call upset you no end? Fans sometimes wait until this hour, to be certain they'll find their idol in.

8. Are you prejudiced against pets in the house? The majority of actors own several dogs with a fondness for snoozing in the drawing-room.

9. Do you object to a man going around the house looking little better than a hobo? An actor must dress so meticulously for a picture that many prefer to wear their oldest clothes and go without shaving, at home.

10. Could you run a household on something approximating an even tenor, if your husband didn't know the meaning of hours and welcomed all manner of what you personally would describe as "screwy" people to the house?

SOCIALLY

1. Would you overlook slights from the producer's wife?

2. Would you make an attempt to be as gracious to this lady as to your other guests?

3. Could you be cordial to your husband's leading lady (knowing she might secretly be in love with him) to whom he had been making love—before the camera, of course—throughout his latest picture?

4. At a party, would you keep your eye on your husband, whenever you saw him conversing and laughing with a pretty girl?

5. Are you an easy hostess? A star must entertain constantly, you know.

6. Would you expect your guests to get up and entertain? The majority of actors limit their associates to those in the industry.

7. Would you take the trouble to see that no ex-husbands and ex-wives were included on the same party?

8. Do you enjoy making "an entrance?" There's so much artificiality in Hollywood that picture people let their hair down, so to speak, when they meet among themselves.

9. Are you a wise-cracker? So much bad wit is indulged in around a studio that this type of person now is avoided, rather than sought-after.

10. Would you be tempted to scream if your husband dragged home two or three unexpected guests for dinner?

PERSONALLY

1. Have you a jealous or suspicious nature? An actor is thrown into intimate contact with the most beautiful and glamorous women in the world.

2. What if a fan accosted you and declared you were ruining your husband's career because you were married to him . . . would you—be honest now!—be able to smile sweetly?

3. Can you gracefully stand to be ignored? Very often the wife of an actor is rudely brushed aside by a clamoring populace, and she finds herself apparently forgotten.

4. Would you be willing, without much argument, to cultivate people you didn't like and whom you sincerely felt were boorish and on a plane far below you, for business reasons?

5. If your husband were inclined to be rather testy at times during the making of a picture, would you "give" as well as "take?" During production of a picture stars are under a terrific mental strain.

6. Could you forego all night-life—night-clubs, theatres and parties—for weeks or even months at a time without feeling the neglected wife, if your husband were working in a big picture? Sometimes, night after night a star will come home dead-tired and practically fall into bed.

7. Glamour and fame are wondrous things . . . would you make it a point to share the spotlight with your star-husband?

8. Would you cater without complaint—be frank!—to his "temperamental" complex? All creative artists have a streak of temperament in them, which is expressed in various ways.

9. Could you reconcile yourself to the fact that your "private life" would be practically nil? What with newspapers, magazines and town gossip, there IS no such thing as a star's "private life."

10. Have you a sense of humor sufficiently-developed to laugh off such unpleasant and harrowing experiences as those quoted above? (Think hard, before you answer this.)

Are you amazed? Score ten points now for every answer corresponding to the following. . .

In Public	At Home	Socially	Personally
No	Yes	Yes	No
Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
No	No	Yes	Yes
Yes	No	No	Yes
Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Yes	Yes	No	Yes
No	No	Yes	No
No	No	No	Yes
No	No	No	Yes
No	Yes	No	Yes

400 is the perfect score, but don't feel TOO badly if you cannot match this figure. You'd be one girl in a million—mebbe TEN million—if you could. A score between 400 and 360 qualifies you as a very extraordinary young woman—VERY—and something should be done about it. 360 to 310 would still make you an exceptional Hollywood wife, and 310 to 260 a lass of some promise. If your total score drops from 260 to 200, better give up the thought of being a star's wife; and below 200 . . . all right, you asked for it—you couldn't last a week!

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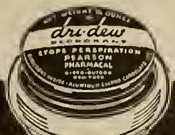

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Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is quickly EFFECTIVE in making EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH your eyes with EYE-GENE today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

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Linit is the modern starch... it penetrates the very fibers of the material instead of merely coating the surface ... it restores the original dressing that made them so pretty when they were new. Keep the kiddies clothes lovely with Linit.

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Beautiful
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So natural they even have *half-moons.*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

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NEWEST HOLLYWOOD FAD

WHICH famous STARS STARTED IT by EXCHANGING IT with each other? SHE gave HIM one with her photo in it, HE gave HER one. That's the sweet tender romantic STORY. THE WONDER OF IT. BOY and GIRL FRIEND you, too, EXCHANGE IT with EACH OTHER and create LASTING memories. You CANNOT AFFORD to be without it at only 25c each. You will LOVE the INSCRIPTION on it. You WILL NOT part with it at ANY PRICE. A GOOD LUCK coin that opens and has places for identification card and photo. Can be carried in Vest Pocket or purse. SEND MONEY NO STAMPS.

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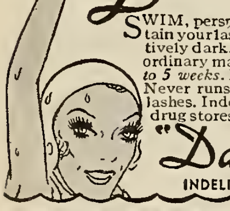

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"Dark-Eyes"
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"Dark-Eyes," 2110 W. Madison St., Dept. 30-J9, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.
Name..........................*Town*................

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

Errol fumbled his lines! forgot how he was to address the *Queen*—he stuttered around "Your Majesty" and "Your Royal thisandthat. . . ."

Out of it piped Bette's voice:

"OKEH, pal; just call me 'Liz!'"

They couldn't get back to work for twenty minutes, it was that silly.

Too Give-uppy

■ Jimmy Cagney owns a boat, but he can't go to sea in it, because he gets so give-uppy. But he uses the boat anyway; anchors it in a waveless harbor and throws week-end parties. But in breezeless weather only.

Racket

■ Hollywood is always a battleground between the stars on the one side, and autographiends and candid-camerratics on the other. Latest victory goes to the lens-hounds, who have figured out a new plot to catch their favorite stars.

The shutter-snappers work in pairs, or teams. The one with the camera posts himself (or herself) behind a tree or bush or something, at the star-victim's front door. In advance, they've found out by a little research work that isn't hard to do in Hollywood, that it's the victim's day off; they've also found the telephone number, which can be bought for two-bits a list in Hollywood.

So while the one with the camera waits in ambush, the other goes to a nearby pay-phone, calls the star's home, represents himself as an assistant casting director or a script girl or an executive's secretary and says, matter-of-factly:

"Sorry, but you've got to come in today for some retakes"—(or some tests, or portrait settings or wardrobe fittings or whatever sounds okeh)

So the star grumbles, gives in, and rushes out of his house—and CLICK, there's another candid-camera shot.

Latest victim of the racket was Spencer Tracy, who had a day of fun all ruined—and after working seven weeks straight without a day of rest, too!

Show Off

■ Long as Davie Niven, the irrepressible, stays in Hollywood, there'll always be stories to tell. Davie is unpredictable; but what's more, he likes a joke on himself.

Like the one he's telling about how he showed off before a group of adoring femmes on the beach, the other day. He was fishing in the surf, when he noticed the gals eyeing him from a distance. Now no male can resist swanking a bit when he's being eyed by luscious honeys; particularly, no male movie star can resist hamming a bit. Davie admits it. Anyway, he admits he did.

He threw out his chest, swung his rod in a gargantuan cast, and sent the line spinning out to sea—

BUT, one loop caught his ankle, he tried to take a step, and just then the surf rolled in—and down went Davie, in an ignominious splash of sea water in his ears, eyes, nose, mouth and fancy beach clothes.

And the gals just laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed.

[*Continued on page* 86]

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tell-tale streaks of gray to a natural-appearing shade—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 27 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters always on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 82]

When you turn two such picture-stealers loose, as li'l Larry Simms and trick dog, Daisy, an adult star hasn't a Chinaman's chance. Kiddie and doggie are seen in *Blondie Takes a Vacation*

To cool you this summer, *Winter Carnival*, romance with Dartmouth's mid-winter sports fete as its background, will be shown in very near future. It's Ann (Oomph) Sheridan's first star role

the impossible hope that some day, some way, he and Barbara might reconcile.

But now that Barbara has taken the plunge into matrimony again, Frank Fay has signalled his surrender. He's been dating Julie Bryan, that New York lovely, quite frequently and openly.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Binnie Barnes and Football Mike Frankovitch—
How can you rhyme THAT?—the darn blankety-blankovitcH!

■

RUTH CHATTERTON (aw, g'wan; you MUST remember her!) is plotting a New York stage play, and they say for her leading man she wants nobody but her ex-hubby Ralph Forbes (oh, pshaw; of COURSE you recall the name, don't you?).

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Eleanor and Teddy (oh, this one's a HOWL!)—.
Dancing cheek-to-cheek, and Powell to Powell! !

[*Continued on page* 87]

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM is the complexion lightener that aids, hastens and supplements the natural activity of the skin in flaking off dull, lifeless, over-pigmented superficial skin. You then see revealed the smoother, softer, lovelier true skin—your own natural complexion. Get a jar of Mercolized Wax Cream today and try it.

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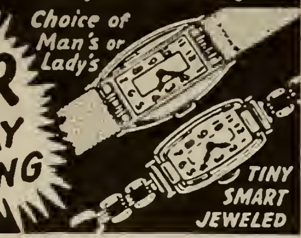
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Stops Perspiration Annoyance. Destroys body Odors. Instantly effective. More for your money. Liberal size at 10c Stores. Large size at Dept.-Drug Stores

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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LISTER BROS., 41 E. 42D ST., NEW YORK
(Folder on Request)

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 84*]

Oats

■ No fool is Errol Flynn. In *The Lady and the Knight*, he is called on to ride. So he told the studio he'd be glad to, but insisted on riding his own horse. Okeh, said the studio. So Errol charged them $50 a day rental, for the horse.

Finis

■ End-of-the-Dream note:
In Hollywood's snappy trade-paper daily, runs this ad: "FOR SALE—Ann Harding Estate . . . at a price astonishingly below cost. . . ."

Sonja's Friendly Gesture

■ So now, as this is written, Sonja Henie is in Norway. These Scandinaviennes "tank dey go home" every now and then; they're homeland-loving folk, the Garbos and the Henies. But that isn't the point of this li'l piece. The point is that even on her vacation trip, Sonja continues the charming kindliness that distinguishes her in Hollywood.

As her companion on the trip, she's taking along a young skating honey named Belle Richards, who works in the Henie picture-skating ensembles. It was three years ago she first met Sonja, on the lot; Belle offered to help the little Norwegian star with her English pronunciation. It developed into one of those Hollywood friendships. And so, when Belle once told Sonja that she'd love to see the Old World, Sonja promised her that she would—and on this trip, Sonja's keeping her word.

Wrap Me Up For Ann

■ He asked us not to mention his name, but there's a certain young director in Hollywood who got a bit tightie-wightie the other night, walked into a florist shop, and asked them to wrap him up in cellophane, put him in a box, and deliver him to Ann Sheridan ! ! ! So who wouldn't?

No "Dog" Here

■ Marriage hasn't affected the utter unswank of the Gable-Lombard team. Never have there been two such unposturing, all-around unaffected regular guys in movieland's history. Your long-suffering Hollywood correspondent has seen so many of these newly-wedded stars go in for honeymoon housekeeping with a brace of chauffeurs, seventeen maids, a butler or two, gardeners, keepers-of-the-hounds, and an assortment of chefs and laundresses and things like that around the love-nest.

But Mr. and Mrs. Gable?—believe it or not, they have only two servants in their home! Not a chauffeur; each drives without a chauffeur.

Their housekeeping is utterly informal and uncluttered up with footmen and butlers with trays and Filipino boys and things like that.

Hedy's Sandwich

■ Newest "sandwich" in town is Hedy Lamarr's own invention. She eats it between takes: a fig, between two dried-apricot halves. Have one yourself, and get glammer.

"THE WOMEN"

THIS month you can preview in MOVIE STORY, *The Women*, the picturization of the play which had New York talking for two years. It stars Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, with Rosalind Russell and a cast of 135. The all-star program includes Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr in *Lady of the Tropics;* Ann Sheridan and Richard Carlson in *Winter Carnival;* Bing Crosby in *The Star Maker;* Charles Laughton's exciting new picture, *Jamaica Inn;* Mischa Auer and adorable baby Sandy Henville (of *East Side of Heaven*) in *Unexpected Father*—19 big hit stories and features in all! The stories are all full-length and complete, and they are generously illustrated with beautiful scene stills from the movie itself. Here's your chance to preview, in the comfort of your own home, all the new, exciting hit pictures of the month—weeks before they are shown at your local theatre! Best of all, this grand entertainment will cost you

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MOVIE STORY
MAGAZINE

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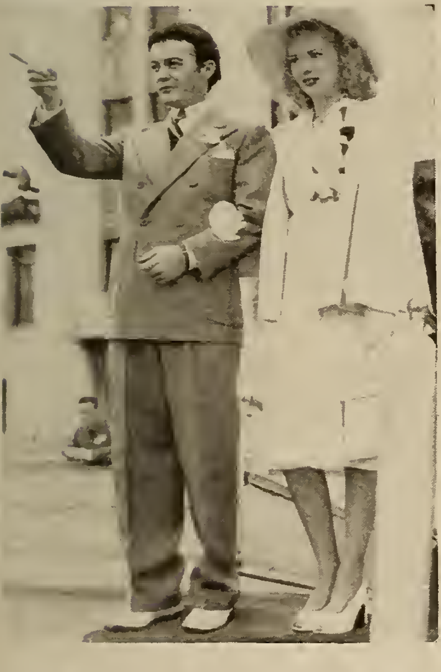
FOR DIARRHEA

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 85]

On way to NY pier Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., forget domestic budgets and studio work for European vacation. Upon return she makes a new *Thin Man* film with Bill Powell



Dead Ender Leo Gorcey walked up Dead End street of bachelorhood, jumped off deep end into marital sea. Kay Marvis rescued him for Yuma air elopement

WHICH reminds us that, in devoting her spare time to Teddy Powell Eleanor Powell seems to be staying true in a fashion to Abe Lyman, with whom she used to date. On accounta Teddy used to be the banjo player in Abe's band . . .!

■

MUST be nice to be Russell Hayden and June Clayton. They're in the *Hopalong Cassidy* pictures. They get paid to make love to each other. They're married.

[*Continued on page* 88]

Picture work comes first. That's why Bob T. and Barbara S. have put off honeymoon. Bob has been busy making love to Hedy—and same for Babs and Bill Holden. But no jealousy reported

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Quickly Relieves Pain!

Stops CAUSE!

No Need Now to Suffer From CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS or SORE TOES!

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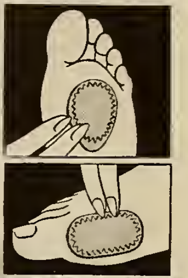

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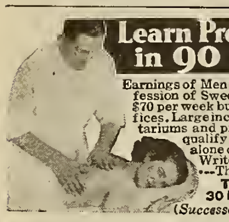

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SAFEST
BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 87*]

CUPID'S UN-COUPLET:
Doris Carson and Jeffrey Lynn;
It's all over now; romance wore thynn.

◆

CURRENT worry of the studio press-agents is the rash of romances between all the kid players who have captured Hollywood. Never before in screendom's history have there been so many top-name actors and actresses. And, surrounded by the offhand sophistication of Hollywood—and its tee-hee attitude toward romance and its calm acceptance of the most amazing things, these kids have now and then taken a dive off the deep end themselves.

Most recent grief was the rumor that spread like wildfire, to the effect that Deanna Durbin was on the verge of eloping with young Vaughn Paul. Universal's husher-uppers had an awful time holding that one in control. But Universal's no exception; every other studio with a kid star or two on contract is worrying over what may happen any moment! Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, even Freddie Bartholomew—these lads are getting to the age where they're definitely convinced that there really is something to the suspicion that the stork story isn't true.

◆

YOU can discount those radiopinions that Joan Bennett is going to marry Woolie Donahue, the front-pager. She's still single, with a RESERVED sign hung around her neck by Walter Wanger

◆

MAYBE Hollywood IS full of activatin' honeys in their 'teens. BUT—if you'll check it over, you'll notice that the gals who get the important papas are the gals with years and experience. . . !

Ty Power, Bob Taylor and Nelson Eddy are three No. 1 Heartwreckers who've just been married. And in each case, it's been a woman with the more years. Annabella out-years Ty; Barbara is older than Bob, and Nelson's bride tops him. And even Clark Gable, whose Carole IS younger than he is, went for older women than himself on his two previous marriages.

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jane Wyman ain't said yes as yet to Ronald Reagan;
But if he keeps it up, it's a cinch she's gonna weagan!

◆

THAT Ice Follies between Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland was only a short-run affair. The ice is all melted now, and they're caloric again.

And don't be surprised if Connie and the Marquis Henrie *de la* Falaise *et* Coudraye finally get together on how many figures to write in after the dollar-sign in their property settlement, so Connie can get her divorce and even MARRY Gilbert!

◆

NOSE-THUMBERS at the tradition that Marriage-Can't-Last-In-Hollywood are:

The Charlie Murrays, who are taking a world trip to celebrate their 34th (migawd!) wedding anniversary. . . .

And the Eddie Cantors, who have been married so long now that their wedding certificate is an antique.

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
That Alex D'Arcy-Arleen Whelan On-agin'ing-offagain'ing keeps us reelin'.

◆

THREE thousand miles only seem to make the heart grow fonder, as far as Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are concerned. While handsome Larry stayed in New York, Vivien stayed by her oney-lonesome in Hollywood, not even stepping out with any of the "safe" Hollywood escorts like Cesar Romero. And night after night, they spent telephone toll-money, saying cute things to each other.

Laurence's birthday happened while he was away. So a coupla days before the date, Vivien dashed into a catering shop and ordered a cake, with the top left blank.

Then she came in herself and grabbed the whaddayacallet that squirts colored icing out, and with her own hands, she iced in the message atop the cake: "Larry Darling: Happy Birthday." Then she airmailed it to New York.

◆

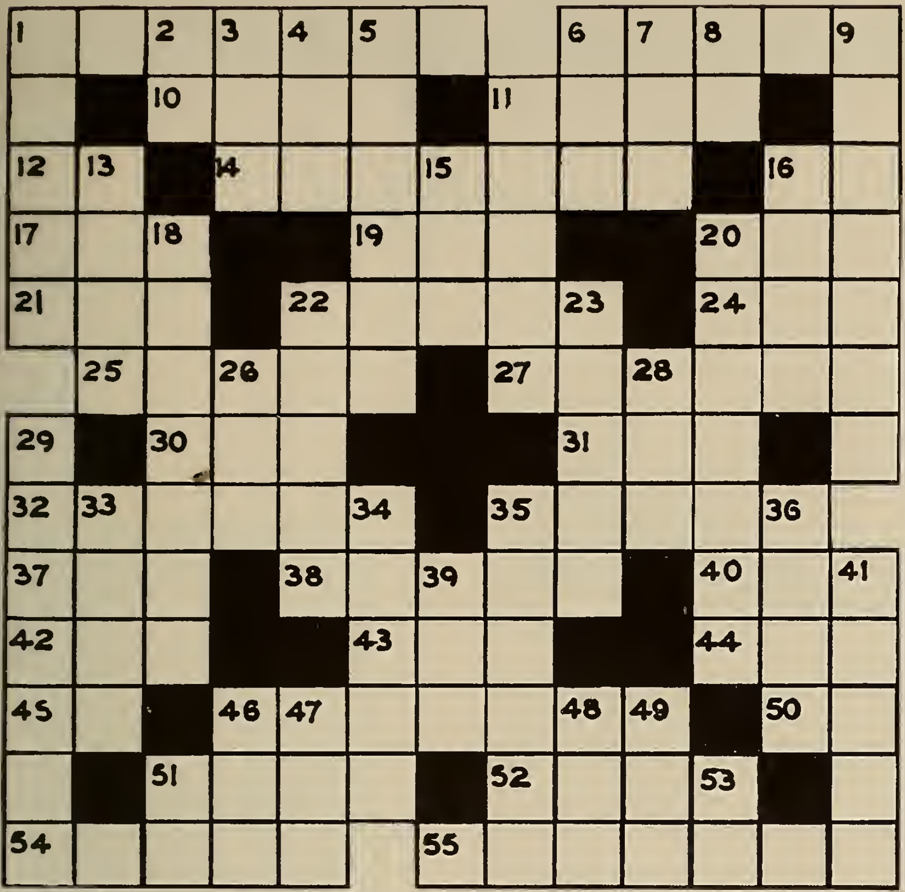
DENIALS-of-the MONTH Dept.—from Betty Grable, screaming-out-loud denials that their separation is anything but business; "Thank heaven, everything is all right between us!" says Betty—from Priscilla Lane, persistent denials that she's Mrs. Oren (Asst. Director) Haglund, but nobody believes her—from Anna Neagle and Herbert Willcox, who say thanks to the columnist who said they were married, but they're NOT!—from Jean Parker and Hubby George MacDonald, denials of the rumors that there's a glacier creeping between 'em; they say their separation is just a vacation.

◆

EX-SPOUSES Tom Brown and Sally Haines must certainly have felt odd, the other night at the La Conga. There they were, tete-a-tete at a prominent table. And at the table next to 'em on one side was Bert Wheeler, who just quit being Sally's husband; while at the opposite table was Natalie Draper, who isn't Tom Brown's lovin' wifie any more . . . Bert was with Diane Dewet and Natalie with Dave Ralston . . . And this being Hollywood, they all got together for one big six-place-table party before the evening was over! !

YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!



ACROSS

1. First name of a star of *Union Pacific*
6. Feminine lead in *Story of Alexander Graham Bell*
10. *Ride a Crooked* ——
11. What you see when hero is a prize fighter
12. Short for first name of star of *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*
14. What Hedy Lamarr is said to possess
16. Lloyd Nolan's initials
17. *I Am* —— *Afraid*
19. Descriptive of a comedy
20. *Poppa Ingleborg* in *Never Say Die*
21. Number of guns William S. Hart used in films
22. *Aunt Milly* in *The Hardys Ride High*
24. *Kit Campbell* in *Women in the Wind*
25. A star of *St. Louis Blues*
27. He sings and rides in westerns
30. Anna Wong's middle name
31. *She's* —— *Everything*
32. Garbo's countrymen
35. The Hall Johnson ——
37. First name of Director Garnett
38. Stars often diet to avoid becoming thus
40. Jackie Cooper was starred in *Streets of* —— *York*
42. He sings in *Rose of Washington Square* (poss.)
43. His last name is Mix, but he isn't Tom
44. First name of leading man in *Dark Victory* (abbr.)
45. Miss Lupino's initials
46. *Beppo* in *Fisherman's Wharf*
50. Initials of a star of *Wuthering Heights*
51. *Topper Takes a* ——
52. *Made for* —— *Other*
54. George Raft's co-star in *The Lady's from Kentucky*
55. Whose role is that of *Roger Jones* in Jones Family series

DOWN

1. Last name of 44 Across
2. Initials of male lead in *Hotel Imperial*
3. —— *Town Czar*
4. *Winner Take* ——
5. *Alec* in *Dark Victory*
6. —— *Can't Get Away with Murder*
7. *Pardon* —— *Nerve*
8. Birthplace of 6 Across (abbr.)
9. Whose role is that of *Irene Castle* in *Story of Vernon and Irene Castle?*
11. A star of *Love Affair*
13. —— *in Arkansas*
15. —— *About Music*
16. *Let Us* ——
18. Whose role is that of *Johnny Beebe* in *Society Smugglers*
20. Scenic environment within which a scene is enacted
22. *Dolly Warren* in *King of Chinatown*
23. Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor are co-starred in *Lucky* ——
26. Gene Reynolds is one
28. —— *Hot to Handle*
29. *Vernon Castle* in *Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*
33. *Outside These* —— (sing.)
34. What you affix to your fan letter
35. One who works in film cutting room
36. Strip of motion-picture film wound on a spool
39. Donald Cook's native state (abbr.)
41. *Jeffrey Martin* in *Beauty for the Asking*
46. *Men* —— *Such Fools.*
47. —— Tin-Tin was a canine star
48. What stars acquire at Palm Springs
49. So-called Wonder Dog of *Almost a Gentleman*
51. Tom London's initials
53. Initials of Harvey Stephens

August Solution

	G	R	A	N	T		D	U	N	N	E	
M	E	E	T	■	E		O	■	F	A	Y	E
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H	O	W	E	■	E		O	■	L	A	N	G
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BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT:—Directors come and go with the wind, but Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh carry on as *Rhett* and *Scarlett*. After two years of trying to find the ideal *Scarlett* in Vivien Leigh you'd think that everything was all set for a follow-through to a finish. . . . Yet *G. W. T. W.* is continuing to have its troubles. . . . At this writing six directors have had a finger in the pie. . . . When the picture is finally shown the credits responsible for it will be as long as the story itself. . . . Cukor started off, then handed the megaphone to W. S. Van Dyke—who in turn gave it to Victor Fleming—who has three subordinates handling special sequences. . . . With Fleming in the saddle, the picture is in good hands. . . . Meanwhile have you forgotten that Sam Wood directed *Goodbye, Mr. Chips?*

And speaking of *Chips,* THERE is a picture, my fran-n-n-s. . . . When the year's tabulations are made, the James Hilton story will still be running a strong race, and, if memories are not too short, will probably cop the Academy Award. . . . You'll go a long ways before you see such a human, sympathetic, heart-tugging story—one free of any mawkish sentiment. . . . And in considering the merits of the picture, the judges will pause over Robert Donat to give him the Oscar accolade . . . He climbs into the very top rank with his tender enactment of the kindly school-master who presides over three generations of boys, all of whom stay eternally young in his memory. . . .

Don't tell me your spine didn't tingle when the professor tries to hold his class just after his wife passes away, or again when his boys march away to the World War, or again when the bombs disrupt the class-room. The picture is embroidered with human touches all the way—one minute tugging at the emotions with deep chords of pathos, the next rousing your risibilities with gentle humor. It runs on an even keel—with plot, characters, incident evenly balanced, with a place for everything and everything in place.

Cycles

THE habit that producers have of projecting stories in cycles whenever one of them has a hit looms very large these days. Just now they are going in for romanticizing the colorful days of pioneer towns (when America was on the march)—digressing just enough to show the pioneering spirit of the railroad, the steamboat and the mining camp. Since this era is dramatic as well as picturesque—with history dovetailed on the side—they can't fail. People them with lively, homespun characters picturesquely costumed, incorporate some snappy gunplay and fistic set-tos, sprinkle with a dash of romantic paprika—with a grim, silent youth to carry on the whimsical heroics—and you have the recipe for all.

And speaking of cycles, this *Wuthering Heights* may have started something. We all wonder why producers don't turn more often to the fertile dead instead of the sterile living. And now comes Jane Austen's masterpiece, *Pride and Prejudice,* which will be Norma Shearer's follow-through after *The Women.* Yes, it looks as if the epidemic is on, following the fever of *Wuthering Heights.* This one caught most of the studios napping. They had the idea that the public wasn't receptive to these old costume pieces. And with the fever still high every producer is ready to pluck the classic novels of English literature. In fact old dusty classics are being lugged out from "cobwebby" libraries through the idea that they may be as sound in plot and character as the Bronte story.

Probably *Pride and Prejudice* is the most famous classic of all. It certainly scores as a piece of luck for Norma Shearer. But whether the studios take up cameos of pioneer cities or project famous figures of American history or jump into English classics—whether they take up one field or all three, they will have enough material to last them for years. If the leading studios make but one of these classics every six months we will have the assurance that they are determined to uplift the American product. And it's about time—when you consider the excellence of the foreign entries—and how they have been sorta giving us the "go-by" in entertainment.

Dry Your Tears

SEVERAL of your hot favorites have been taken out of circulation. Hollywood has been marching to the altar and to the office of the justice-of-the-peace. Object—Matrimony. But there's no need of feeling blue over the exit of the top eligibles. You've all known for some time that Bob Taylor would marry Barbara Stanwyck some day. Or if not Barbara—then someone else. And Tyrone Power. Well, you couldn't expect him to fight off the marital yoke forever—especially when he has a chance to enter the axis with La Belle France through Annabella. And Gable? Well, you admit you love him, Carole or no Carole. None of you have passed up your affection for this trio. None of you are singing *Auld Lang Syne.* You all know that their wives were of their own profession. Yet Doug Jr. did step out of the professional pastures to become the husband of one like you, or even you.

Some Likely Lads Left

But with all this stepping out, there are several likely lads left—not for you but for the Hollywood girls. There's one who seems destined to carry the torch for all of them. That's Jimmy Stewart. And Cary Grant seems in no hurry to guide his dream girl into a dream cottage. In fact there's a whole school of fish that have never been caught. We could never subscribe to the studio argument that popular males who were single when they signed the papers should refrain from marriage. As far as we could determine the marital bonds never wrecked any actor's popularity—not if he had any acquaintanceship with acting. For illustration we give you Spencer Tracy, Leslie Howard, James Cagney, Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Dick Powell, John Garfield, Paul Muni, Gary Cooper, Wally Beery, Ronald Colman, Fred Astaire, Henry Fonda, Errol Flynn and Charles Boyer.

The world loves a lover and you are part of this world. So if Eddy, Taylor, Power, Gable and Doug Jr. step into matrimony they are only following the natural impulses of life and joining the ever-growing marital circle. The Hollywoods are rich in domesticity. None of us are going to quarrel with a man if he prefers to settle down and let the cat out for the night in preference to being Mr. Lone Wolf and playing Casanova around town.

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Charles Boyer

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"ETERNALLY YOURS"

The above is the title of the picture which co-stars Loretta Young and David Niven—and which in its fiction version is a feature of the November MOTION PICTURE. The very title is fragrant with romance—and who could be happier in the romantic roles than the team of Young and Niven? The version is illustrated with photos from the picture itself. Like the preceding fictionizations, MOTION PICTURE is determined to give you only the best. The November issue will also feature scintillating articles on Charles Laughton, Deanna Durbin, James Cagney and Bette Davis, as well as timely articles on the Hollywood setting. Don't forget it leads with timely gossip. Order a copy from your newsdealer now!

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LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVIII. No. 3 OCTOBER, 1939 Twenty-eighth Year

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AL ALLARD
Art Director

GORDON FAWCETT
Hollywood Manager

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

BY HARRY LANG

It's difficult to control your shots and likewise your balance when you play badminton on the beach with the wind a-blowing. So you must excuse Margaret Lindsay

Martin Spellman, one of the new child wonders (12 years old) takes dog to bed with him to keep warm on cold nights

HOTTEST lad in movie town
  Is handsome Brian Aherne—
Glammer-gals all gaze at him
  And go into a burn!
They all want to date him up,
  But each must quickly learn
That handsome Brian lines 'em up
  And makes 'em take their turn!

◆

IN THIS Hollywood, where unattached males are scarcer than synagogues in the third Reich, Brian is the answer to the lonely gal's prayer.

Natalie Draper had the inside track. It was right after she and Tom Brown suddenly realized that this Hollywood idea of being friends, though parted, wasn't working out. So Tom and Natalie agreed that they'd stop seeing each other. Tom stepped out of the picture and in stepped Brian—and before you knew it, Hollywood had seen Brian and Natalie out a couple of times, and about had them engaged.

So Brian quickly stopped that. He's a smart lad. He at once got himself seen here and there with Patricia Morison, and so Hollywood forgot all about Natalie, and switched the engagement-rumors to Patricia. . . And then, wham!—suddenly Brian started stepping out with June Lang, and Hollywood stopped guessing.

Currently, Brian's been dating Joan Bennett. It began when Joan seemed all tied up with Woolie Donahue. Then all of a sudden, Brian stepped into the picture, Joan turned down Woolie's ring, Woolie went to Europe, and now Joan and Brian are twosoming.

But Ol' Man Tattler'll lay ten-to-one that it's not serious—any more than the Natalie, Patricia and June interludes. Brian, on the threshold of a brilliant screen career, isn't going to stumble over his heart. He's a cinch to play the field—like Dorothy Lamour, whose roster of boy friends is beginning to read like a Casting Directory of Leading Men.

◆

BABY TALK—Looks like Ol' Doc Stork'll dress up like Santa Claus for the Wayne Morrises, for they're betting the baby'll land on Christmas Day . . . at this writing, the Don Ameche's are saying "any day, now" . . . Willie (Director) Wyler and Wifie Margaret Tallichet have a date with Ol' Doc Stork . . . soooo, the Doug Fairbanks Juniors are shopping for perambulators already? . . . Jack Holt'll be a grandpa any day now, according to son Tim and wifie Virginia Ashcroft . . . Charles "Andy" Correll says there'll be a young blackbird in October . . . my, my, aren't these Hollywood youngsters precocious?—Betty Jaynes and Douglas McPhail, barely out of 'teens themselves, expect a family addition before long . . . so do the Henry Wilcoxons . . . BUT—Nan Grey and Jockey Westrope say all those baby-rumors aren't true—but they wish they were!!!

◆

NOW that Jacqueline Dyer, the li'l British gal, has gone back to England without becoming Mrs. David Niven, little Davie, the whose-boy of Hollywood, is off on the romantic merry-go-round again.

Gal-friend No. 1 after Jacqueline's departure was blonde also-English lovely Madeleine Carroll, who's just finally washed up her marriage with that British captain.

BUT—take it from the little bird

[*Continued on page* 8]

NOTES
from a Holl

99 kids and Bing . . . One of the most amu
set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby w
singing, and having a wonderful time helping him b
Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the
kids of old New York into the stars of today, is a
Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and
Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Produc
discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Wa
and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra acco
it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actuall
time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By Th
Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I

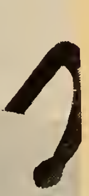
Miss America has a new Beau... Of cours
about our age but we do remember when we thrill
some fifteen years ago Well, Miss America has a new
gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau

really great picture
soldier of the French
is terrific. Ray Millan
Pacific", play the tw
vicious Sergeant Mar
Geste" is, I saw a scr
there's just no comp

Hollywood's newest glamour girl . . . R
the new child star sensation and was giving her, her pi
MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to

all right. The little l
enough about her afte
plays the role of the l
woman (Miss Carrol
grownups to show the
you see Carolyn Lee t
in pictures for Param

More laurels for Laughton . . . With Cha
Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high conce
to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Rea
Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with dire
Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laught
acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain w
gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates.
flower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringin
O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.



Call you
when these Para
Miss Allerdyce, w
Paramount Pictur

TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 6*]

e boys' pride, Jane Wyman, all
: in a snappy riding habit, leaves
ome, "rides" machine on the set

s Ol' Man Tattler so many
Madeleine's real heart is a
radio man, and little Davie
just a smoke screen.

Granville uses a motor-scooter to
rt herself around the Warner lot.
:han walking the sprawling acres

EEEE-magine—little Davie being a smoke screen, of ALL things!!!

■

CUPID'S un-COUPLET:
What was that heavy, sickening thump?
Just Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump.

■

GREATER Love Hath No Wife Than This—that she DYE for her hubby.

And that's the reason Martha Raye's trasses are so, so, sooooo very blond, these days. Hubby Dave likes her that way.

Elsa Maxwell, champ party-giver, debuts in *Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women.* Another Dressler. Yes? No?

SIGNIFICANCE Note: The other night, Joan Crawford and Charlie Martin were nite-clubbing at the Victor Hugo. They brought around the floor microphone. And Joan, gazing at Charlie the while, sang: "The Lady's in Love With You!"

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Virginia Langdon and Junior Carl Laemmle—
Can they be plotting an early assembly?

[*Continued on page* 10]

PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

$15 Prize Letter

WANTED: New Faces. A sign that is always tacked up at the studios in Hollywood. At least that is the impression I've had. What I can't figure out is why the new talent that has appeared in quite a few new actors and actresses hasn't been recognized and developed. It seems to me that the publicity given to unknowns without any experience should be directed on these newcomers showing definite talent. Particularly such newcomers as Geraldine Fitzgerald, who definitely showed acting ability in those two superb pictures—*Wuthering Heights* and *Dark Victory*—and who has an individualist style in her interpretations, Louis Hayward, Arleen Whelan, Betty Grable and Helen Parrish. And also the young man who played Olivia de Havilland's brother in *Dodge City*. He showed that he could make a lot out of a little part.—*Frances Saul, 1702 Springer Street, Columbus, Georgia.*

Geraldine Fitzgerald

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

$10 Prize Letter

I BELIEVE that there is an increasingly larger group of folk in every town and city who now go to the movies with a discriminating attitude. No longer is the movie merely a substitute for an evening with nothing to do, or a place to rest from shopping. In our family, we find the movies an interesting subject for study and discussion. We study the reviews and notices and select plays which we think we will enjoy; and our reasons for choice may not be merely the names of stars nor the ballyhoo of press agents. Thus we saw *The Castles*, feeling that we might relive certain precious emotions and experiences of our early dancing school days and we were not disappointed. Likewise, we saw *Wuthering Heights* as we always try to see plays made from loved books and observe how the screen story is handled. And because of our absorbing interest in social questions we always try to see plays of institutional life.—*Genevieve M. Ryan, 1023 S. Third Ave., Louisville, Kentucky.*

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

$5 Prize Letter

I'M NO movie critic. In fact I'm just an 18 year old kid, confident in a sort of modest manner, who thinks that he knows a little about dramatics and recognizes those who possess a talent for it. I've had this on my chest a long time, so I'll give it to you straight from the shoulder. Did you see Nancy Kelly in *Tailspin?* If you did, I can't possibly see how you could disagree with me in saying that she performed one of the best emotional scenes of the season. Her acting was real, human and tender. It moved me to see such love torn asunder by an act of the gods of Fate. His love meant more to her than her very life and from this we should all learn the deepness and sincerity of true love.—*Carl J. Ottavi, 1524 Central Ave., Dubuque, Iowa.*

Nancy Kelly

GROWING OLD TOGETHER

$1 Prize Letter

THE ones who will always hold a secret place in our hearts are the few old troupers who keep trouping on and on, regardless of age, because acting is living to them. It gives us tight throats to see Lionel Barrymore, in pain and confined to a wheel chair, come through with such superb performances in the *Doctor Kildare* pictures. And chipper, darling little May Robson in whom the spark of acting still burns as brightly as ever. We saw them when we were youngsters; we're seeing them now; and we hope to see them many years henceforth. We oldsters draw renewed youth from them; they give us back the spring in our steps, the light in our eyes. Bless them!—*Mrs. Joseph A. Tucker, R. D. 4, Box 700E, Akron, Ohio.*

LITTLE GIRL GOES OVER BIG

$1 Prize Letter

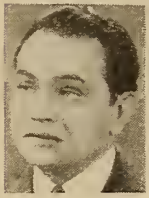
I SHOULD like to make my protest against genius unrewarded. I refer to a mere child—a beautiful child, with expressive blue eyes and unquestionable histrionic ability. The one in mind is the little actress Sybil Jason and anyone who sees *The Little Princess* cannot but agree with me. She played the poor Irish *Becky* with a finesse quite unusual for one of her age and as none but a true thespian could. I cannot but wonder why she is not given bigger and better roles and the laurels she so rightly deserves. This is especially true, since in the above referred picture she displayed ability that the much popularized Temple obviously does not possess.—*Mrs. Reese Stewart, 1224 North West St., Jackson, Miss.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!
Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10, and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one *hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered. Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

THE AMAZING MR. ROBINSON

$1 Prize Letter

FOR excellent character portrayals I applaud Edward G. Robinson. This dark, bulldog-visaged fellow with the piercing eyes and commanding voice has portrayed gangsters, editors, special investigators, and other active roles with a fluency and ingenuity that is amazing. He moves from one role to another with such ease and ability that he must surely be the envy of every other Hollywood star. There seems to be no role too tough for this fellow with the man-of-destiny appearance. He can be as ruthless and pitiless as any gang chief ever was. Then he can turn right around and become as upstanding and civic-conscious as any community leader ever was. And that's what makes Edward Robinson such an enthralling performer to watch.—*Thomas N. Pappas, 5336 Summer Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.*



Edw. G. Robinson

THE HOTTEST THING IN HOLLYWOOD

$1 Prize Letter

CHEERS for Brian Aherne for his towering work in both *Juarez* and *Captain Fury*. Good looks, personality and talent—he has them all. Too, he possesses a sincerity, a versatility that should send him shooting Oscar-ward. As the *Emperor Maximilian* he fairly flames with feeling; he makes us believe in his sincere idealism, not by mannerism or mere words but by a bright inner fire. He makes us believe in the great love between him and *Carlotta*. He truly understands the unhappy *Maximilian* who dies for a guilt not his own. His gallant, swashbuckling *Captain Fury* is just as different, just as striking in its way as his role in *Juarez*. Because he acts so little, his acting is much more effective.—*Kay Matthews, 6220 37th N. W., Seattle, Wash.*

WHOSE WOMAN WAS I?

She owed her loyalty to the man who had befriended and cherished her. Yet everything within her yearned for another. Torn between two men—between loyalty and love—which did she choose? How did she solve her dramatic problem? Read this profoundly moving story from life under the title WHOSE WOMAN WAS I? in the October issue of ROMANTIC STORY, now on sale.

This is but one of the many true, gripping stories about real people in the new issue of this exciting magazine. Other stories that you can't afford to miss are MARRIAGE FOR THREE, NO BETTER THAN I SHOULD BE, and I HAD A MODERN WIFE.

Plus the true novelette of the month: CONFESSION OF A MAN-CHASER.

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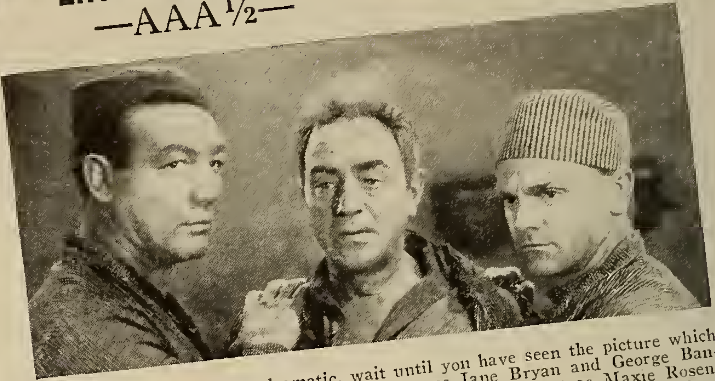
10¢

PICTURE PARADE

EACH DAWN I DIE

—AAA½—



If you think the title is dramatic, wait until you have seen the picture which stars James Cagney and George Raft, features Jane Bryan and George Bancroft, and includes such w. k. players in the supporting cast as Maxie Rosenbloom, Stanley Ridges, Alan Baxter, Victor Jory, Edward Pawley and others too numerous to mention. And while we have the opportunity, let us say that we're glad Cagney saw the "light" and realizes that while he may not enjoy doing or being typed in films with gangster backgrounds, the public does. Besides Cagney is no gangster here but a reporter who is framed on a manslaughter charge by crooked politicians when he's hot on their trail. All of which sounds familiar, says you. And you may be right. Yes, we've had pictures before—many of them—about political racketeers, frame-ups, prison riots, etc., but they seem like milk-sop after the sensationalism and stirring emotionalism of *Each Dawn I Die*. This is grim entertainment, but at its best and Cagney, Raft and young Miss Bryan commit themselves most admirably. If you're looking for thrills you'll find them popping in *Each Dawn I Die*.—*Warner Bros.*

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

—AAA½—

They Shall Have Music and so shall you when you see Samuel Goldwyn's latest production starring the greatest violinist of our times, Jascha Heifetz. In fact you don't have to *see* it, just listen and you will be receiving a thrill of a lifetime. (We needn't tell you that if you've ever heard Jascha Heifetz play.) But for those of you who are interested in the technique of fiddling as well as the sound effects, *They Shall Have Music* offers the rarest advantage—to see in close-up the renowned maestro's fingering of the strings and handling of the bow of his famous Strad violin. And if that isn't enough to please all music lovers there's the additional pleasure of hearing and seeing one of the finest junior symphony orchestras. The children in the Peter Meremblum California Junior Symphony Orchestra were recruited from among California's young musicians and their playing was of such quality that Mr. Heifetz himself asked to be allowed the privilege of playing with them. But if the music alone doesn't get you—though we doubt it—there's Joel McCrea, Andrea Leeds, Walter Brennan and Gene Reynolds unfolding a sympathetic story staged around a music school for the underprivileged children of the slums.—*Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.*

[*Continued on page* 60]

WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?
Sally asks IRENE DUNNE
COSMETIC SKIN SPOILS A GIRL'S CHANCES OF ROMANCE!
IT'S IMPORTANT TO USE A SOAP THAT'S REALLY GOOD FOR THE SKIN. WHY DON'T YOU USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS I DO?
LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES STALE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY. IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER
STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S "WHEN TOMORROW COMES"
LUX TOILET SOAP
CLEVER GIRLS FOLLOW IRENE DUNNE'S ADVICE—
I WOULDN'T DREAM OF NEGLECTING MY BEDTIME COMPLEXION CARE. IT'S FOOLISH TO RISK COSMETIC SKIN
THIS ACTIVE LATHER REMOVES STALE COSMETICS, DUST AND DIRT THOROUGHLY—HELPS KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH
IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE BILL SO ADORING! I FEEL LIKE A QUEEN!

"I USE cosmetics, of course," says lovely Irene Dunne. "But I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly." This gentle soap has ACTIVE lather that helps guard against Cosmetic Skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that result from *choked pores*. Soft, smooth, lovable skin makes a girl attractive—wins romance and *holds* it. Make Hollywood's beauty care *your* beauty care, too!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Dura-Gloss
"FINGERNAIL"
gives you the ONLY
SURE WAY to BUY
Nail Polish

This Patented Cap Shows Actual Color You'll Get
DURA-GLOSS
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TROPICAL
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FINGERNAIL-CAP on each bottle is colored with the polish itself — AND is same **size, shape** and **contour** as your own fingernail! What a revelation to CHOOSE YOUR COLORS BY THE PATENT FINGERNAIL! Do it today. Hold Dura-Gloss Fingernail beside **your** finger. The best way to get the exact color you want! You'll never use ordinary polish, once you've tried Dura-Gloss — it "goes on" so much better, and wears so much longer—get it today, 10c. Also a 25c Professional package.

A REAL BEAUTY TIP FOR YOUR FINGER TIPS!
See Booklet enclosed with every bottle of Dura-Coat Nail Wax (10c) for an important new beauty secret.

DURA-GLOSS
Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

Like any honeymoon couple, the Doug Fairbanks, Jrs., are glad to be alone—at Sun Valley—after sharing *their* day at the N. Y. World's Fair with Doug's public

COMING AND GOING: The Rex was stormed with hysterical fans when Tyrone Power and Annabella sailed for that honeymoon in Italy. Which should prove something or other to those producers who have the horrors when their young actors take unto themselves a missus. Ty and the French actress are the most "in love" pair! Yes, I've seen Ma and Pa Gable and the Bob Taylors . . . they're no fuddy-duds . . . But Ty and Annabella have such a flair for doing the romantic thing! Annabella has none of the frou frou of the usual Parisian star . . . she likes severely tailored clothes, hates hats . . . Her hair is always beautifully coiffed. I can't join in the mewing chorus who consider Power a bit hasty in marrying at such a youthful age . . . he is mature beyond his years . . . Looking back a few years, when he was struggling in Hollywood, I remember that Tyrone preferred slightly older women. At the age of twenty, he was a sophisticate. They will return with Annabella's daughter, who will make her home with her new parent. The Fair is rivalling the night spots for attention . . . A special "Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Day" was one of Grover Whalen's brighter ideas . . . Doug proved to be the biggest draw since the visit of the British King and Queen, doubling the attendance figures . . . Doug and the former Mary Hartford were very social during their stay . . . They attended a society wedding in Newport, among other doings . . . There'll be no visit from the stork, they say, and they're anxious to get to their Virginia farm . . . Norma Shearer journeys to foreign parts with the Charles Boyers . . . on the same boat go also the Eddie Robinsons for a month's jaunt, and the Bob Hopes . . . Norma will visit with

Ty Power and his bride—Annabella—get away from it all aboard the Rex. After a honeymoon in romantic Italy, they'll return with Annabella's young daughter

er close friend, Merle Oberon, for a bit . . .
Stories that Norma insisted on added scenes
n *The Women* after word got around that
an Crawford was running away with the
icture, trickle East . . . Edna Best leaves
er marriage to Bart Marshall just where it
as been for some years . . . She has never
eally given up hope for a reconciliation . . .
ut friends say a divorce is inevitable . . .
Bruce Cabot *Clippered* to England for a spot
n a picture . . . Director Garson Kanin and
Sam Levene, friends from way back, took the
ort of trip they used to dream about in their
arly Broadway days . . . Gar is the white
aired boy of the movie world . . . and only
wenty-six . . . Connie Bennett is trying
gain for that divorce . . . The Marquis has
een holding out for a generous settlement
. . until now Connie couldn't quite see eye
o eye with him on this . . . but she does want
o marry Gilbert Roland and Roland is im-
atient . . . after her marital affairs are
traightened out. Connie will houseguest with
Sylvia and Doug Fairbanks . . . Myrna Loy
dmitted to being plenty seasick on her re-
urn crossing . . . Movita left to join Jack
Doyle, who is hoping some courageous pro-
ucer will star them in opera . . . Charles
Laughton returned to these shores after an
bsence . . . The government held up receipts
rom the English made *Beachcomber*, until
RKO made part payment on the income tax
laims . . . so Charlie could get to work on
The Hunchback of Notre Dame . . . Elsa
Lanchester followed on a later boat . . . Vic
Orsatti is having himself a time in Sonja
Henie's home town Oslo, Norway . . . Sonja
will become a citizen when she returns . . .
Bob Montgomery writes from London of
is thrill at meeting the Queen . . . Bebe
Daniels and Ben Lyon disembarked with the

The Edward G. Robinsons with their son, Manny, stop over in N. Y. to see the Fair before sailing for a holiday abroad

Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!

Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in *other* ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're *expected* to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... *you'll* say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, *dependable* cream!

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular *always!* Use Mum!

MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE

EVEN A DAILY BATH ISN'T ENOUGH FOR UNDERARMS! SO I USE MUM
TO HERSELF: IT'S LATE, BUT JUST THAT LITTLE TOUCH OF MUM KEPT ME FRESH THROUGH EVERY DANCE--

For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

family . . . little Barbara and their newly adopted son, Richard . . . Barbara has the cutest accent . . . They will return to London to resume British broadcasts after a visit to Bebe's grandma in Hollywood . . . First they want to do lots of entertaining for their friends, and will open their beach house for that purpose. . . .

ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT: The Jack Bennys, Andy Devines, Roland Young and the Ty Powers "taking it" at Jack White's . . . Dorothy Lamour at La Conga . . . which continues to lead in popularity with the visiting film folk . . . Connie Bennett with her favorite New York companion, Joe Schenck, at the Riviera . . . George Raft at Reuben's . . . hoping to get off to Europe . . . Patsy Kelly . . . at the Kit Kat . . . looking fine again after an operation . . . don't talk diet to Patsy . . . she lost forty pounds at the request of her studio and wrecked her health . . . Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier (business of sighing) at the Fair Aquacade . . . The little English actress is a tired young woman and wanted to keep her visit quiet . . . but she couldn't stay away from Olivier . . . And what girl on the Olivier arm is going to escape attention? . . . Miss Leigh has a quiet sort of beauty that rather pales before our lush Hollywood ladies and doesn't suggest the smouldering passions of a *Scarlett* . . . But reports on her performance are swell. . . .

BACK TO BROADWAY: Francis Lederer stepped into Olivier's role in *No Time For Comedy* when Laurence left for England for a picture . . . Lederer and Margo made a successful debut before Chicago audiences in *Seventh Heaven,* holding up the Englishman's departure for a week . . . which pleased Vivien no end. . . .

TOWN TATTLE: Loretta Young was in Hollywood during the Buckner trial. . . She is said to have helped finance his defense . . . Since Buckner's conviction, Loretta hasn't looked too chirpy . . . Harmon Nelson is back in town, hoping Bette Davis' expected visit will mean a reconciliation . . . They were together constantly on the Coast and seem to have reached a clearer understanding of their domestic difficulties . . . Which should leave George Brent just where Garbo left him when Stokowski entered the scene . . . Franchot Tone will be ready to face the cameras after a month of California sunshine . . . He is still wan but the doctors okayed him before he left . . . Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets have reached a permanent parting . . . Luise is heartbroken over the harsh criticism accorded her performance in an English play. And when Rainer suffers, she suffers. Hence the final farewell . . . Ginger Rogers announced a trip to New York . . . then quietly sailed off to Honolulu with her secretary . . . to see a Certain Someone . . . Marie Wilson is in for her first view of a big city . . . and a try at the blonde, gentlemen used to prefer, in a revival of the Anita Loos play . . . Dick Powell would like to get out of his radio contract to play in the musical version of *Sailor, Beware* with Mary Martin . . . Harold Lloyd looked us over and signed a contract with RKO to produce pictures in which he will not appear. . . .

FREE!

Gorgeous Color Portraits of
Your Favorite Stars!

In next month's copy of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, you will find a beautiful color portrait of TYRONE POWER, the second in a series of eight exclusive color portraits of your favorites to appear in MOTION PICTURE. This photo will measure nine by eleven inches and will be entirely free of printed matter, front and back, just like the one of Clark Gable featured on page 35 of this issue. You'll find it of the same heavy paper, recommended for endurance.

These beautiful color portraits are exclusive with MOTION PICTURE. Be sure and get the November issue, on sale at all newsstands September 28th, with its desirable picture of Tyrone Power. And don't miss any of the following issues. Tell your friends of this remarkable free offer.

LEO'S THIN MAN RETURNS: Everytime I see Jimmy Stewart I wonder if he could possibly get any thinner. He could . . . and he did. But he is going to his home town in Pennsylvania to fatten up on Ma's home cooking . . . Jimmy's the last of the Hollywood bachelors and doesn't look very happy over it. He's everybody's favorite boy friend . . . but the gals he was really smitten with, Virginia Bruce and Ginger Rogers, found romance elsewhere. . . .

Get rid of

DANDRUFF

with LISTERINE!

Reaches and kills Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff . . . scalp becomes cleaner, fresher, healthier

Are you afflicted with a case of dandruff that humiliates you and disgusts others? Start using Listerine Antiseptic and massage once a day at least. Twice a day is better.

This amazingly delightful treatment has proved successful in the laboratory and in clinics where a substantial majority of sufferers obtained marked relief within a single month.

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle, succeeds so often in controlling dandruff because it gives scalp, and hair an antiseptic bath which kills in large numbers the queer, bottle-shaped germ (Pityrosporum ovale) which causes dandruff and removes the loose ugly flakes.

Start with Listerine Antiseptic and continue the treatments regularly. They have brought delightful and amazing results so many times. No other remedy that we know of has such a clinical record of success in such a large majority of cases.

And remember, even though dandruff may be gone, infection is always possible—so take precautions by massaging with Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF

Hollywood's

Trick Parties

FOLLOWING the precept of Their Majesties, George and Elizabeth, Hollywood's big-shots ave taken up the lowly frankfurter-on-roll as the arty *piece de resistance*! . . . Malibu Beachers Vince Price and Edith Barrett threw a Hot Dog Party—they used to call 'em wiener-roasts, didn't hey?, before the Royal Pair hot-dogged it! as dith's farewell to Hollywood . . . She hopped off r a summer stock engagement back East . . . ot-dog eaters included such Hollywood toppers as aret Gaynor and the unquenchable Adrian; Alan urtis and Priscilla Lawson; British Louis Hayvard and Ida Lupino, who followed the precept of heir king and queen right doggily; Sally Blane and orman Foster, and other frank-feeders. . . . The British Lion roared again, in Hollywood, at nother Deah Ol' Albion affair . . . This time, it was a shindig thrown for visiting British magazine ditor, Maurice Cowan, by Hollywood-resident British newsman Bill Mooring . . . To swap British ersiflage with their countryman were such Englanders as Davie Niven, Virginia Field, Herbert Wilcox, Anna Neagle, Brian Donlevy, Freddie Bartholomew—and Aunt Cissie.

DOGGIEST Party of the Month—was Pico's birthday party . . . Pico, if you don't know, s Edgar Allan Woolf's dog . . . Five years ago, Woolf picked the pup up on the street, and he's had it—or vice versa—ever since. Since Edgar didn't know Pico's birthday, he threw the party on the fifth anniversary of this street pick-up . . . Present were 100 other Hollywood dogs, invited by engraved bids, believe it or not . . . When the guests were all gathered, Edgar led Pico in—adorned with a lei of carnations and gardenias. Pico, we mean; not Woolf! . . . Pico gave one startled lock at the assembled dogs, as well as the gifts which ranged from bowls of flowers to dog-food, canine candy, dog biscuit, rubber chewing toys . . . Then Pico turned tail, dived into his doghouse, and wouldn't come out again . . . Just like some other Hollywood hosts! ! . . . .Party-Jottings—Priscilla Lane is plotting to go old-fashioned and rural . . . she wants to throw an old-style Iowa country church strawberry festival at her house in the Valley . . . because they donate the "kitty" and other proceeds to a Los Angeles orphanage . . . that group of Hollywood gals who gather for luncheon, bridge and cocktails, and which includes Elaine Barrymore and her gang, have finally taken a name . . . they call themselves "The Crib an' Cradle Club!" . . . Old-Timers' Party of the Month was the celebration that a gang of once-names threw for Director Irving Cummings on the 25th anniversary of his entry into motion pictures . . . hosts were old-timers Buster Keaton, Rosemary Theby, Stuart Holmes (remember when you used to hiss him?), and Ben Turpin.

COUNT that month lost which doesn't find the same old line-up of tip-tilt-nosed names at what Hollywood traditionally calls "the swankiest party of the month." This time, Adrian was the host . . . Guests of honor were Gloria Vanderbilt and daughter . . . Pass the lorgnettes, please! . . . And those present (we can write it with our eyes shut!) were the Basil Rathbones, Anita Loos, Rosalind Russell, Ina Claire and, to be veddy shuah, Doug Fairbanks, Senior, and Sylvia . . . And, of course, since Adrian was giving it, Janet Gaynor . . . This month's Baby-Party—was the fourth birthday whoopteedoo of little Barbara, the daughter of Director Woody Van Dyke . . . It was at the Van Dyke summer place at Santa Monica, and the tots present included Norma Shearer's little daughter Katherine, little Steve Rowland, Mary Eileen Hutson, Daralyn and Diedre Walsh, and others . . . The cutest thing was the centerpiece on the party goody table. It was a miniature Jack-and-Jill, tumbling down a hill . . . And the fun of the evening was a full-fledged puppet show.

GAGGIEST Party of the Month—was the one Ida Lupino threw, and she called it a "Hock Shop Party," which ought to tip you off as to what it was like . . . Best of it is, it doesn't take a Hollywood income or a Hollywood prop-man's co-operation to put it over; you can do it in your own little bungle-o! . . . Lupino did it like this: The living room of her home was transformed into a pawnshop interior, by the simple expedient of hanging the walls with all manner of old things—ancient violin, that old pair of opera glasses, old shoes, a battered old rifle, even that ancient Tux hubby doesn't wear any more . . . So, the invitations are printed on the back of real pawn tickets . . . Ida got a pad of them for just about nothing at all from a pawnbroker. And each guest had to bring a package containing a "pledge"—some article that they could hock, and not mind not being able to redeem. Then, during the evening, the objects were all put in pawn—BUT, when the guests tried to redeem them with their tickets, the pawnbroker-of-the-evening went haywire, and got 'em all mixed up—so that everybody got everybody else's pledge . . . And, because each pledge was carefully wrapped, there was MORE FUN when the recipients unwrapped the gag objects! ! ! ! !

---

16 DIFFERENT SHADES . . . FROM

ONE SINGLE TANGEE LIPSTICK

Tangee's Magic Color-Change Principle Proved on Blondes, Brownettes, Brunettes, Redheads

The famous Radio City Music Hall Ballet and Director, Florence Rogge, photographed during Tangee test.

ARTHUR S. ALLEN, noted color expert, checks the particularly becoming shade Tangee Lipstick produced on Ludmilla, one of the thirty members of the famous Radio City Music Hall Corps de Ballet. Tangee produced 16 *different* shades ranging from blush rose to rosy red on the lips of the thirty girls.

DO YOU KNOW the most becoming shade for *your* lips...the shade that blends most naturally and beautifully with your own complexion? Thanks to Tangee's magic color-change principle, you can have *your individual shade*—just by applying Tangee to your lips.

Orange in the stick, Tangee "magically" changes to *your* most becoming shade of rose or red. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee contains no "paint". Its transparent cream base helps make lips soft, exquisitely smooth and alluringly lovely. Get Tangee at your favorite cosmetic counter today. Notice how it magically changes color on your lips...how it seems made for you alone!

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

There is only one Tangee—don't let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

SEND FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick,* matching Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also send Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Peach ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

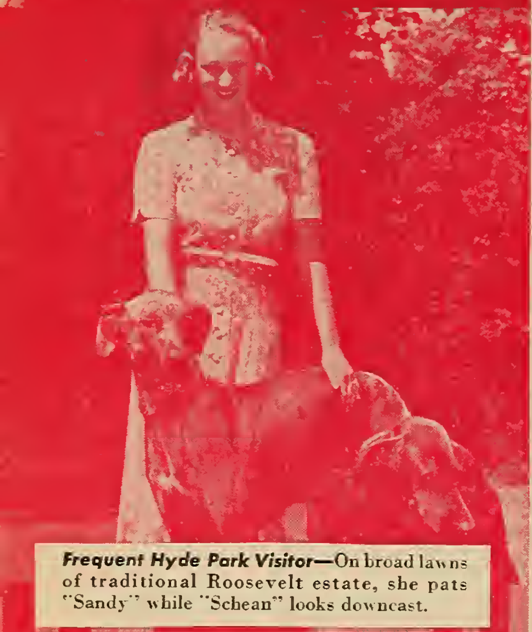
*Name*____________________
(Please Print)

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________ F109

Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

Star of Society Pages—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.



Frequent Hyde Park Visitor—On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.

Modern Mansion—Mrs. Roosevelt graciously poses in doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

But they both praise the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care a famous cream maker gives today*

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:
"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:
"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

---

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."

Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.

For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 6-CVK, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________ State__________

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ANN SOTHERN

You can't blame Ann for being in a capricious mood, considering how she was down in her luck for so long. A first rate comedienne, her piquant personality has never been shown to advantage till she got the assignment of *Maisie Was a Lady*. With that number she went, as you say, to town. And now the cry: Give us more of Annie

MOVIE FANS...HERE'S THE PICTURE MADE FOR YOU...AND WE DO MEAN *You!*

The fabulous parade of the motion picture capital...from pies to premieres...and the great human story of the men and women who conquered the entertainment world! Just as the tunes of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" brought back your happiest memories...so will the drama of 1001 thrilling yesterdays in "Hollywood Cavalcade" warm your heart anew!

IN TECHNICOLOR!

Hollywood Cavalcade

with

ALICE FAYE
DON AMECHE

and

J. Edward Bromberg
Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari
Stuart Erwin • Buster Keaton • Donald Meek
Jed Prouty • George Givot • Eddie Collins

Directed by Irving Cummings

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes • Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslaw

Staged anew!
Photographed today!
with great stars of today... and great personalities of yesterday!

SEE Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and the Keystone Cops in slapstick, custard pie comedy, with Don Ameche directing.

SEE Mack Sennett bathing beauties (Alice Faye is one!)

HEAR Al Jolson sing again "Kol Nidre"...the song that electrified the world!

SEE Hollywood...as it was ...as it is...in a three-ringed circus of entertainment!

The most brilliant new note in entertainment!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

GLORIA DICKSON

All set to make believe she will take the last dip of the season (it would never do to get messed up by the surf) finds Gloria doubtful about the sea-tuation. She'd like to take the plunge, but then you wouldn't have this portrait, would you? Gloria knows what she's about. She looks sexquisitely better high and dry. Next? *On Your Toes*

KICKED AROUND BY CUPID

By DAN CAMP

THIS CUPID GUY AND OLD LADY FATE, BETWEEN THEM, ARE PLAYING CROOKED WITH LORETTA YOUNG. THEY DISH OUT WHIPPED CREAM TO THE OTHER GIRLS BUT HAND MISS Y. SKIM MILK. IT'S ABOUT TIME THEY GAVE HER A BREAK

IT STRIKES me that Li'l Danny Cupid—who can be such a very nice little deity to have hanging around—is being a dirty, low-down, particular so-and-so (and I DON'T mean exactly "so-and-so") when it comes to Loretta Young!

I mean: Isn't it just about time he stopped using Loretta for a football?

Here he goes around, being nice to other gals here in Hollywood—fixes Carole Lombard up all hunkadory with Clark Gable, doesn't he?—and dishes Ty Power up to Annabella!—and hands Bob Taylor over, all wrapped up in a marriage certificate, to Barbar Stanwyck!—and what does he do for Loretta?

I ask you: What does he do for Loretta? And I answer you: He kicks her smack in the heart, every time she leaves it unguarded! And what's more, he's always been doing it, the darned little sadist! Right from the beginning.

Right from that day Loretta met Grant Withers, a decade ago, and fell in love with him, and married him—and learned, within a year, that love can burn, as well as warm! Loretta was burned, that time. She was only seventeen, and when a girl experiences the searing pain and bewildering turmoil of disillusionment and heartbreak at that age, it never quite heals over.

I certainly don't think it's ever healed over in Loretta's heart, despite that incessant parade of cock-eyed romances she's had ever since.

You see, some girls come out of 'teen-age heartbreak with a suit of armor. Ever after, they're as hard-boiled as a casting director, and they act just about the same way. I mean, they pick their boy-friends from then on, just as a casting director picks his leading man.

But other gals come out of that first crack-up with a hunger for love; with an understandably deeper yearning for the happiness they've been cheated out of. And they go hopefully off, hunting for it.

[*Continued on page* 58]

By
JAMES
REID

LAMOUR + LAMARR = LA MORISON

PATRICIA MORISON SUGGESTS DOTTIE AND HEDY BUT WITH A PERSONALITY ALL HER OWN. SHE'S TOUGH COMPETITION FOR EVERY GIRL IN SIGHT

SHE is a worry not only for Lamour, but for Lamarr. She suggests both. Yet she is more animated than either. That gives her a personality all her own. Part of the personality is an Irish sense of humor, which won't let her try to get by as a glamor girl. If she gets anywhere, she thinks, it will have to be as an actress. And Scotch tenacity of purpose should attend to that. In short, she is dangerous competition. For Dorothy, for Hedy, for every girl in sight.

Her name is Patricia Morison.

When she arrived in Hollywood last October, Paramount thought of adding one more R to her last name, to avoid confusion about the spelling of it. Then Paramount saw advantages in such confusion. If people wondered, every time they saw her name, if it were misspelled, it would stick in their minds.

There are, it seems, three clans of the same name. The one-R clan, the two-R clan, and the two-S clan. The one-R clan comes from the Hebrides, the islands at the north of Scotland. "They're the wildest," says Patricia.

Living on islands, they get the sea in their bloods. Her ancestors were seamen. With a particular fondness for Cunard ships. From the time the Cunard Line was founded, they were in its service. The tradition carried down to her father, William Morison. Straining to see through the fogs of the North Atlantic, he so weakened his eyes that, when the War broke out, he couldn't get into the British Navy. So he went into the Army. He was Somewhere in France when Patricia was born.

Her mother was in New York, also playing a part in the drama of war. She was a British Intelligence agent. Her assignment was to intercept letters to and from American business firms suspected of being German-owned, and suspected of shipping war materials to Germany though the bills of lading read "Russia." Her experiences would make an exciting scenario.

Patricia comes naturally by her good looks. They aren't by courtesy of the make-up [*Continued on page 76*]

THE WORLD AT HER FEET

By LEON SURMELIAN

ZORINA'S HAD THE WORLD AT HER FEET SINCE A BALLERINA AT 14. NOW 22, SHE HAS HOLLYWOOD GA-GA. HER BEAUTY, FIGURE, TALENT OFFER REASONS WHY MEN RUN FEVERS, WOMEN LOOK MAD

ZORINA reminds me of "September Morn." Perhaps because I first saw her emerging like the girl in the painting from a blue pool on the set of the last *Goldwyn Follies,* about two years ago.

It was also then that I first met the young Russian-Georgian dancer who was directing the ballet numbers in that musical, and who eight months ago became her husband. They were just friends, then. His name is George Balanchine, former *maitre* on the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and now head of the American Ballet, and currently directing the classical dance numbers in the Warner production of *On Your Toes,* starring Zorina.

In less than two years Zorina has become a stage actress of established reputation, with the London version of *On Your Toes* and recently the Broadway hit of many months, *I Married an Angel,* to her credit. She went dramatic in a sensational way—the only ballerina I know of who has made good as an actress. She is scheduled to co-star with Gary Cooper in a Sam Goldwyn biography of Hans Christian Andersen, that incomparable poet of the fairy tales.

She not only walks in beauty, but in the ecstasy of youth—a youth singularly devoid of difficulties and sorrows. She danced on her toes from the capitals of Europe to Broadway and Hollywood glories, and has had the stuffed-shirt brigades at her feet since the age of 14, when life began for her, in a grand way. She strikes one as a fresh breeze in the morning, in spite of her rather worldly background.

Her real name is Brigitta Hartwig. She was christened Zorina by Colonel de Basil of Ballet Russe, which she joined at 17, after studying five years with the famous Legat in Paris, whose pupils at one time included Pavlova and Nijinsky. She had also appeared profes-

[*Continued on page 73*]

RICHARD GREENE

Aren't all men alike? One night a redhead, the next a blonde. It was only yesterday that Richard Greene was that-away about redhead Arleen Whelan and here he is cuddled up on the sofa with a blonde. But then a man's best friend is his dog—a beautiful cocker spaniel. *Stanley and Livingstone* is Dick's latest

HOLLYWOOD'S

By MOSE BREEN

TO BE AMOROUS YOU HAVE TO BE GLAMOROUS. THOSE WHO WEREN'T BORN WITH GLAMOR HAD TO ACQUIRE IT. THE GLAMOROUS-AMOROUS ROAD LEADS TO CONQUESTS. HERE ARE HOLLYWOOD'S CONQUERING HEROES!

Tyrone Power became Amour Boy No. 1 through playing opposite Sonja Henie, Loretta Young and Norma Shearer. He was attentive to all three—particularly Sonja. Then Janet Gaynor entered his life and he became smitten with her. When the romance burned out he finally succumbed to Annabella's charms and married her

THERE are glamour boys [illegible] and then there are amour boys. An amour boy is an exalted glamour boy. He has learned that the more amorous he is the more glamorous he will be. His press agents have taught him.

It isn't a man's looks that make him glamorous. There are as handsome men off the screen as there are on, and they don't have glamor. What makes the movie male glamorous is publicity. Especially, romantic publicity.

Hollywood being Hollywood, always interested in sex, no kind of publicity is easier to get. It requires no special talent. That's why there are so many amour boys.

The technique is very simple. Boy makes a point of meeting a highly desirable girl—that is, one alluring to movie audiences. He takes her dining and dancing. He is seen everywhere with her. Smiling. The happy [illegible]. He creates the impression that, if she appeals to him, he must also appeal to her. He, also, must be highly desirable.

Consciously or unconsciously, he encourages the girl to fall in love with him. Perhaps she does: and again perhaps she doesn't. Either way, before too long, he switches his attentions to another alluring female. It's important to prove that he's hard to get. This may be tough on some of the girls. But it's great for his glamor.

The best illustration of this is the case of Tyrone Power—who, until he succumbed to Annabella's charms, was Amour Boy No. 1.

On the screen, he received a build-up as a great young actor. But romance in large quantities was missing from those million-dollar pictures. The studio had to do something to compensate for this. They couldn't have the public thinking that Tyrone wasn't as glamorous as some of the other studios' handsome lads, who were less talented. So, off the screen they gave him a build-up as a great young lover.

Tyrone was ambitious to be a sensational success. Furthermore, as the son

AMOUR BOYS

[illegible] willing to take [illegible] he became [illegible] too difficult to take the [illegible]. And he [illegible]

[illegible] pictures with Loretta [illegible] interest in Tyrone and [illegible] the press-agents thought it [illegible] seen now [illegible] Loretta. So he stopped going with [illegible] and started going with Loretta. [illegible] the publicity was terrific.

Then an unscheduled thing happened. [illegible] Tyrone's advice, Tyrone [illegible] with Janet Gaynor. This [illegible] to the press-agents [illegible] generation of stars [illegible] on the screen nowadays [illegible] under contract to Tyrone's [illegible]. But they played up the romance [illegible] on Janet's losing interest once [illegible] that Tyrone was with and there [illegible] suspense.

Perhaps they counted correctly, or [illegible]. Anyway, before too long [illegible] Tyrone was borrowed by M-G-M [illegible] there were discreet [illegible] Norma Shearer had refused [illegible] unless he played her [illegible]. Throughout the picture, he was [illegible]. And the resulting publicity [illegible] harm whatsoever.

[illegible] Sonja—and discovered [illegible]. This romance was not on the [illegible] program. Decidedly [illegible]. The [illegible] at that time still had [illegible] France. They [illegible] to discourage the infatuation [illegible] it up. Tyrone was per[illegible] Sonja again in public, [illegible] be seeing Annabella in [illegible]. But not for long. Tyrone was [illegible] romance. Annabella [illegible], after which Tyrone had [illegible] with her in Rio, and the [illegible] invited—again—to believe [illegible] taken head over heels in love. [illegible] for the first time, the world [illegible] it. Perhaps because, this [illegible] the press-agents did nothing to pro[illegible] belief.

But the [illegible] bit of irony was the [illegible] that only a few days before the [illegible], Tyrone finished *Second Fiddle*, [illegible] comedy inspired by his first Hollywood romance. The plot had a [illegible] getting publicity for a hand-[illegible] actor by having him seen constantly with a sensational new star. The only [illegible] between the picture and real [illegible] was that, in the picture, Tyrone was the [illegible]agent. In the picture, as in real life, Sonja Henie took the actor's [illegible] seriously—because no one told her that the whole thing was only a [illegible].

Although it [*Continued on page* 70]

In top row are Brian Aherne (the impression is gaining that he likes beautiful women—and that beautiful women like him) and Jimmy Stewart who squires all the eligible girls but wouldn't marry one of them on a bet. Bottom row are David Niven and George Brent, both romantic males who may go out of circulation soon

CATCHING THE STARS

Before Cary Grant left for Europe to catch up with sweetie-pie Phyllis Brooks, he did some stepping in Hollywood. He pours a glass of water for Lucille Fairbanks at Mike Romanoff's party

One must hand it to Mike Romanoff for originality. Those he invited were asked to bring own refreshments and fees for waiters. Stu Erwin-June Collyer brought refreshments, fees

Whenever Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone and Bob Hope get together the occasion calls for jokes, funny sayings. They get together at Cocoanut Grove, smile over jokes, funny sayings

OFF GUARD

Madge Evans and playwright Sidney Kingsley *(Men In White)* seen partying at Cocoanut Grove before they left for Maine for summer stock—and wedding bells

Allan Jones likes to be fed by his wife Irene Hervey. She fed him at Jon Hall's Tahiti party, and now she's feeding him again at the Cocoanut Grove. Just like puppy-lovers on school-picnic

Dancing at "HRH" Mike Romanoff's party are twosomes Mary Healy-Alex D'Arcy, Binnie Barnes-Cesar Romero

Edward Arnold,
bon mots, has M
ling over a spra

they were in Singapore. Among those who brought their own were Buster Collier, Lucille Ball and Al Hall

Par

But when Richard Arlen went to Longridge Horse Show he went horsey in ranch togs. The girl in sunglasses beside him is Virginia Grey, the apple of his eye, the tug at his heart

Among the Warner stars who have given bowling parties at the Warner alleys are Rosemary, Priscilla Lane. Rosemary sits behind scorekeeper, Pat sits on Oren Haglund's lap

Bowling

[illegible] the largest bowling alleys [illegible] Warner players and [illegible]

When Marie Wilson gets fingers stuck in bowling ball her fiance Nick Grinde comes to the rescue

A large gallery looks on admiringly as left-handed Anita Louise rolls perfect strike. Note Anita's fine bowling form and the way she strikes a pose as finishing fine follow-through

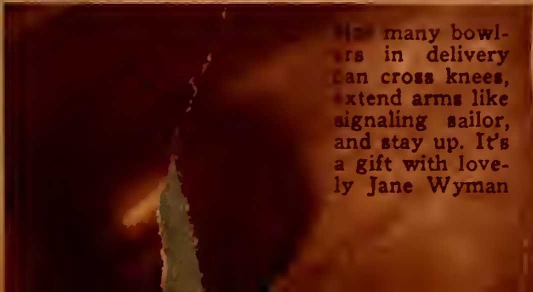
Betty Grable is vastly amused to see Bob Hope fall across the goal-line, score the winning touchdown

At the Lane party, Priscilla attends to refreshments but with boy friend Oren Haglund and Rosemary, they are more amused in watching Marie Wilson twist Wayne Morris' hair

The bowling having ended, Rosemary, Gloria Dickson, Priscilla and Margaret Lindsay group themselves around the first prize package, a coffee set—with Gloria the winnah

Not caring to go horizontal like Bob Hope, Betty Grable wants to be sure of her footing and bowls in stocking feet. As alley is waxed, no splinters

By watching side-arm flourish of Wayne Morris who gives it all he's got, you note he rolls a curve. It may roll into gutter judging from way he bites lip



How many bowlers in delivery can cross knees, extend arms like signaling sailor, and stay up. It's a gift with lovely Jane Wyman

KID STUFF

Only eight years old but Bobs Watson, below, has a record for [illegible]ealing. And from Lionel Barrymore whose own record for scene [illegible]ealing is the talk of Hollywood. [illegible]ee Bobs work in *On Borrowed Time*

Acting is a man's job and so Martin Spellman, above, has no time for kid-ding. When handed a role he sinks his teeth into it and makes a great big impression. Remember the crippled boy in *Streets of New York?* Now *Beau Geste*, then *His Father's Son*

We give you Clark Gable, better known as Rhett Butler of Gone With the Wind fame. This beautiful, exclusive color portrait is the first of a series of eight to appear in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Next month—in the November Issue, on sale September 28th—you'll find another of these gorgeous color portraits which are printed on extra heavy stock and entirely free of printed matter, front and back. It will be [illegible] favorite—and ours—TYRONE POWER (Ann[illegible] says it's ok)

NEW LEADS ON Leeds

By
GLADYS
HALL

AN ANDREA LEEDS YOU NEVER KNEW BEFORE IS REVEALED HERE—A GIRL WHO CHANGED OVERNIGHT WHEN TRAGEDY UPSET HER LIFE. SHE NOW EMERGES WITH NEW COLOR AND PERSONALITY

"IF PEOPLE don't stop calling me a 'sweet girl'," sighed Andrea . . . she added, savagely (she hoped), "If anyone calls me 'a sweet girl' again, I'll—I'll *slap* them!

"'So sweet,' they say of me, 'so quiet, so reserved' . . . it's sickening, it's suffocating. I know it's kindly meant. I know 'sweetness' is considered a virtue. But it isn't a virtue and I won't take credit for it, screen or otherwise. 'Sweet girl', they say. Or they tell me, sort of *pattingly*, 'now, don't let people take advantage of you, dear.' Or they say, when there's something to be done that nobody else would do, 'Leeds will do it.'

"*And Leeds does it.* But not," said Andrea, with a brown flash of liquid eyes, "*not* because I'm 'so sweet'. I turn the other cheek. I do obliging things for people. I do things I really shouldn't do when I'm tired, when I should say, 'see me next week', because *I'm too lazy to fight or argue.* I take the line of least resistance—for me. That's laziness. I'd just rather do things I don't want to do than squawk. I'd rather do them than . . ."

". . . than hurt people . . ." I suggested.

The knitting needles ceased their clicking, the sage-green wool spilled over cream-white hands . . . the baleful glare-at-herself drained out of Andrea's brown eyes . . . and she said, quietly, "Perhaps that's it . . ."

We were talking in Andrea's dressing-room on the set of *The Real Glory*. Through the partially opened door we could see Gary Cooper bending over the plaque he was carving . . . the plaque which, I later observed, bore the maxim: "I shall pass this way but once. Any good deed that I can do, therefore, any kind word that I can say, let me do it now for I shall not pass this way again."

". . . perhaps that's it . . ." Andrea was saying . . .

And then she told me. And in telling me, the change I had felt in her was explained. For I had thought, almost as soon as I looked at her . . . I'd even thought it when I watched her eyes in *They Shall Have Music* . . . I'd thought, *something has happened to Andrea* . . . something has changed her since I last talked with her almost two years ago . . . Then, she had seemed so sure. She had seemed to have her destiny so firmly in her competent young hands.

She did not know, then, that maps still have their uncharted areas. Events and circumstances, for Andrea, moved then so smoothly. Her completely happy family life with her mother and father, the temperate and intelligent way in which she approached her career. In a somewhat hysterical medium—one riddled with jealousies and various violences, it was pleasant to watch a young woman move about so serenely.

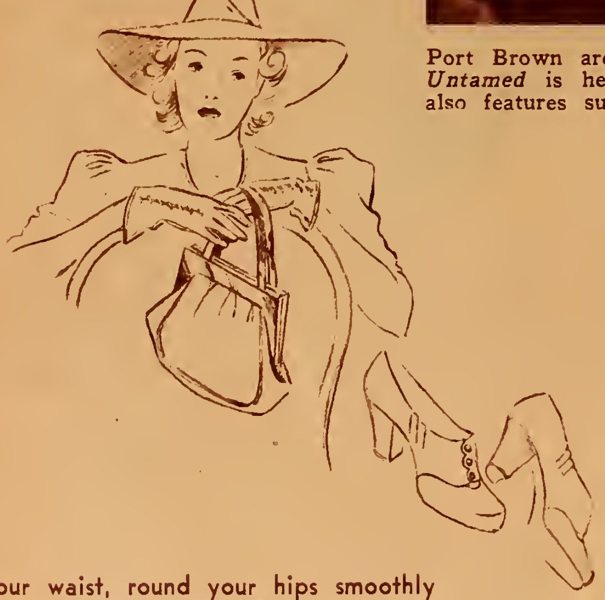
She had even planned her emotional life. She would not fall in love—not seriously at any rate—not matrimonially for at least five years. When she married she would retire from the screen, devote all of her time and love to husband, home and the children she wanted (and still wants) more than anythin in the world. She wanted, therefore, five years of her own devote to her work. It was a deft, neat pattern which Andre had worked out for herself with no loose threads ravelling th design.

[*Continued on page* 8

Port Brown are Pat Morison's gloves, *Untamed* is her new picture. Kayser also features suede-fabric and capeskin

Crocheted of Clark's O. N. T. Pearl Cotton is Evalyn Knapp's purple bolero. Write for free directions

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA



Nip in your waist, round your hips smoothly and flatter your bosom with a Real-Form "Girdle of Grace" (sketched above) before you attempt to wear the new fitted fall bustle frocks or one of the dressy new sweaters. This all-in-one foundation is of knitted elastic, fashioned to fit, with lace bra and surprisingly low price tag. The pretty minx showing off her new fall gloves and handbag might well be proud of her thrift and their smartness. The gloves are Kayser's "Carefree"—a half-and-half glove with capeskin back and palm of sueded rayon. The lacing on the back is new and so is the color—Bordeaux, a deep wine. The handbag is a Leading Lady creation of suede fabric with patent leather handles and trim. Those are Paris Fashion Shoes ("Plateau" by name) in kid and suede

June Lang looks like an angel in her Chamay "Frolic" hat. Comes in new browns, greens, wine and blue

Hat and coat off, June's still angelic in a Tish-U-Knit sweater styled by Leon. It's Camel Heather with wine embroidery

Fashionably frocked and sure of herself is Jean Parker in wine wool cardigan jacket bound in the blues of the bias striped skirt

Spice up your fall wardrobe with some of the smart "extras" worn by these fashion conscious Hollywood stars. . . Those gloves of Pat Morison's will look well with an all-brown costume or a coat trimmed in brown fur. Evalyn Knapp's bolero will do triple duty as an early fall evening wrap, a colorful accent for a basic dress in contrasting color, or as the third party to a blouse and skirt. Be sure to write if you want the simple directions for whipping up this bolero with your crochet hook. You can't have too many sweaters this autumn—but be sure they have a dressmaker-look like June Lang's Tish-U-Knit. This sweater comes with velvet-covered buttons and embroidered medallions of black, green or plum as well as June's favorite—wine. All nice contrasts for the natural toned background. Suede and alligator combinations in shoes, like the pair Ona Munson is wearing are tops, and the tiny slits are taking the place of open toes and heels. Look for all these items in your local department stores and specialty shops. If you want more information, write to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Alligator and suede are Ona Munson's Paris Fashion Shoes in smart brown. She plays *Belle Watling* in *G. W. T. W.*

Here's Ona making good use of her new Leading Lady handbag in soft suede fabric and patent. Note trick handles

"the RAINS CAME"

As Tom helped Fern up the balcony she said, "Thank heaven you're safe. I didn't close my eyes last night. I was so sure you'd be drowned"

Someone interested in Tom might have noticed his shock of delight as he again looked upon Edwina's sensuous beauty and appeal

RANSOME listened to the chattering of the monkeys and smiled ironically. Actually, there was little difference between the sounds they made and the twittering of his fellow guests on the Simons' porch.

He put down his glass of over-sweetened lemonade. Jove, it was hot—109 in the shade. All India was like this now, parched and dry in its period of waiting—waiting for the rains to come. Here in Rajputana the natives were jamming the temples, praying to their special gods for the merciful water from heaven. He had had a whimsical notion of joining them by paying obeisance to the cast-iron statue of Queen Victoria at the Ranchipur river. He had even mentioned the idea to his young friend, Major Rama Safti, head of the Ranchipur Hospital.

Rama's handsome, bronzed face had broken into a grin. "Better ask her to help you finish your painting of the Maharajah. You've been at it long enough, Tom—"

"I know," he had cut in, "I came for a few months and I've stayed seven years. But there's a lot more I want to absorb of India—things I want to get into my paintings, Rama, all the wildness, the beauty of the place—"

Rama's face had gone somber. "You see it as an artist. I see it as an Indian. My people are crying for help after centuries of disease, poverty and superstition. That's the side of India *I* must study—and try to change."

Ransome had laughed and tossed off his Scotch and soda. "Change anything you want, Rama, and more power to you, only don't try to change *me*."

He sighed now and cursed himself silently. If he hadn't been such a weakling and yielded to the indefatigable Mrs. Simon he might be at home on his own bamboo veranda; with another Scotch and soda in his hand. But then, neither he nor any other man was a match for these mission women once they'd made up their minds to snag you.

He jumped up as Mrs. Simon approached him. "It was so sweet of you to come." She beamed wintrily, "It's my last tea this season. We'll be leaving for Simla before the rains. You'll be going, too, of course?"

"Naturally," Mrs. Hoggett-Egburry boomed. She was a large, florid specimen of Englishwoman, the kind that Ransome particularly detested. "Nobody stays in Ranchipur during the monsoon."

Her tone set his teeth on edge. She was talking about the rain as if it were weather. But in India rain wasn't polite conversation. It was something elemental. It meant crops or starvation, life or death.

"No," he returned affably, "only about five million people stay."

Mrs. Hoggett-Egburry was a bit dashed. "You know what I mean, *pukka* people, people one would want to know. Such as, well, Lord and Lady Esketh. You've heard they've arrived?"

He drew in a sharp breath. "The Eskeths?" Edwina here in India? "Oh, yes, yes, of course." He turned away and walked to the end of the veranda.

So they were to meet again, they who had travelled such a long way apart. Funny to think that once upon a time in London they had shared everything together, love, excitement, the heady champagne of their youth. And now she was here, just a few miles distant.

"Hello."

He turned. The speaker was young Fern Simon who had appeared, for a shy, introductory moment, when he had come in. He noted the faint peach color under her clear skin, and approved again, the subtle modeling of her cheek-bones, the shadowed gold of her heavy hair. "Hello," he said cordially.

She gestured to the lemonade. "Wouldn't you like something—a little stronger?" She started to lead the way in. "Father keeps some whiskey in case of snake bite and things."

He stepped inside after her. "The snakes *have* been rather trying this afternoon." He poured his drink then sank back into a chair. "I hope I'm not keeping you from your guests."

Her nose tilted scornfully. "They're not *my* guests. That's Mother's idea of high society. They're all excited today because you're here."

"Should I be flattered?"

"They say dreadful things about you. That you're a drunkard and a bounder and a remittance man. But they'll hang around you just the same because your father was an earl." She broke off and said passionately, "But I don't care how they talk. I know what you're really like." She had seen behind his world-weary smile, his cynical gaze and had glimpsed something fine and honest. Tom Ransome might compromise with others, but not with himself. Only he didn't know that as well as she did. "I've wanted to meet you for a long time. Only—not this way with mother throwing me at your head." There, she'd told him the awful truth.

He jumped up, genuinely upset. "My dear child, I—"

"I'm not a child," she cried out. "I'm more than eighteen. I'm a woman." She went nearer to him. "Mr. Ransome, I need your help. I want to get away from here. I can't stand this phony life any longer, with mother pretending we're not just missionaries, toadying to anyone with a little family background—"

He stared at her. The girl had more spirit than he'd have given her credit for. It probably had something to do with her being an American. "But how can *I* help?"

"You can lend me the money to get away. I only need a little. I'd pay it back. Honest. Every cent."

"But—" he shook his head slowly, "—look here, Miss Simon, I could hardly do that.

CAST

Lady Edwina Esketh	**MYRNA LOY**
Major Rama Safti	**TYRONE POWER**
Tom Ransome	**GEORGE BRENT**
Fern Simon	**BRENDA JOYCE**
Lord Albert Esketh	**NIGEL BRUCE**
Maharani	**MARIA OUSPENSKAYA**
Mr. Bannerjee	**JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT**
Miss MacDaid	**MARY NASH**
Rev. Homer Smiley	**HENRY TRAVERS**
Aunt Phoebe (Mrs. Smiley)	**JANE DARWELL**
Mrs. Simon	**MARJORIE RAMBEAU**
Maharajah	**H. B. WARNER**
Lily Hoggett-Egburry	**LAURA HOPE CREWS**

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Copyright, 1939, by 20th Century-Fox Pictures, Inc.; screen play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson; based on the novel by Louis Bromfield; directed by Clarence Brown; produced by Darryl F. Zanuck

"I don't care what they talk," Fern said. "I've wanted to meet you for a long time—only not this way with mother throwing me at your head"

"I'm in love for first time in my life," Edwina said. "He wanted to come away with me but I wouldn't let him. Wasn't that perfectly fine of me, Tom?"

Edwina had persuaded Rama to show her around the town. It meant she'd be with him all day. Plenty of time for a woman as potent as Edwina to do damage

I can't be directly responsible for what might happen to you. It isn't the money, of course, it's the position I'd be put in."

"I thought you didn't care about respectability."

"I don't." She had caught him off guard.

"Well, neither do I." Her eyes filled. "That's the reason I've got to get away from it all. I want to live. I want a—a career. I want to get on the stage." She noticed his lifted eyebrows. "Why not? I'm not bad looking. And I have very nice legs." She pulled up her dress and extended one for inspection.

Soothingly, Ransome said, "They're very nice indeed." Then he turned to face the Simons who had just come in. Both of them seemed visibly jolted at Fern's exposure of limb. Ransome nodded pleasantly. "Miss Simon and I were chatting about the theatre."

Mrs. Simon was quite sweet about it. "So sorry to disturb you but this message just came from the Palace—from her *Highness.*" Her voice shook with the awesomeness of it.

Ransome ripped open the envelope. The card was an engraved command invitation from their Highnesses, the Maharajah and Maharani of Ranchipur to a dinner that evening in honor of Lord and Lady Esketh. Scribbled in an angular hand across the face of the invitation were the words: "Dear Ransome: Forgive the short notice—and the formality. Sincerely, Radhabai, Maharani."

Briefly, he explained, "I'm afraid it means leaving your delightful party if I'm to be in time." Mrs. Simon understood perfectly. After all, she purred, when the Palace called, they must drop everything to obey, mustn't they? He went to the door, then turned and nodded to Fern. Her eyes were fixed on him in a desperate pleading look. "Perhaps we'll meet soon again. Goodbye. And thank you so much."

THE meeting with Edwina was neither difficult nor startling. She had been prepared for him, he gathered, having heard his name mentioned in the Palace.

Then too, the crowded brilliance of the huge reception hall, with its bearded sentries at the door, its hurrying servants carrying silver cocktail trays, its colorful potpourri of guests, Mohammedan, Bengalese and British—was all a barrier between them. They merely bowed, exchanged a few polite words of greeting, then turned to make idle talk with the others.

But someone keenly interested in Ransome might have noticed his shock of delight as he again looked upon Edwina's sensuous beauty, the provocative curves of her figure in her silver gown, the ripe appeal of her beautiful full mouth.

The Maharani was that "someone." She was a small, fragile old woman, magnificent tonight in her flowered native dress, with jewels glittering at her breast, on her fingers and in her nose.

She approached Ransome and tapped his arm. "How nice that you two know each other." Then she lowered her voice and her black eyes twinkled mischievously. "Good luck, Tom."

The gargantuan feast got under way. There were fifteen courses, each with its complementary wine and, as Edwina put it, "Here goes one of the most expensive figures in the British Empire."

Above the buzz of the polite conversation, Ransome heard Lord Esketh's voice. The man was demanding that the Maharajah sell him Asoka, his most-prized Kathiawar stallion. Five times the Maharajah refused. Then, finally, utterly confounding his guest, he offered the horse as a gift.

Ransome felt a pang. From all he had heard and seen of Esketh, the man was a greedy, ill-mannered boor. He would have hoped for something better for Edwina.

With dinner over, a huge poker game was started. The clink of the chips mingled with the piping music of the Rajput orchestra.

A while later, Ransome found himself in the other end of the Palace with Edwina. He hadn't planned it. She had simply sauntered out and made a gesture for him to follow.

[*Continued on page* 64]

"BROTHER RAT" IS BACK

By
DOROTHY HART

EDDIE ALBERT, REMEMBERED FOR HIS "BROTHER RAT," PICKS UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF

IT IS typical of Eddie Albert, who was Edward Albert Heimburger then, that he left the University of Minnesota because he "wasn't getting anything out of it." Frugal by nature and inheritance, he will not waste or dissipate time.

He could retire tomorrow and live in comfort for the remainder of his life, on money self-earned. This at the age of thirty. And life for him would be just as pleasant and full. It is the German habit of hard work rather than a reaching out for fame that keeps him going. He is not a "natural" actor. He plods and strains and sweats to perfect a part. Then turns in such an easy, effortless performance like *Bing* in *Brother Rat.*

The succession of jobs he fell in and out of on leaving college convinced him he had no business talents. There didn't seem to be anything in particular he wanted to do, except study those subjects that appealed to him. Economics. Psychology. Languages. He mapped out an eight year study course, completing it only recently.

While managing a small motion picture theatre a short distance from his home in Minneapolis, he was invited to join a singing "double" appearing on local radio stations. Because he liked the girl of the duo, the idea of making the show business his business, took root. He was off to Chicago then. It was there Don Ameche was just being heard of and Tyrone Power was breaking in. Unknowns had a good chance.

He met with fair success. His spare cash went for instruction. Lessons. Voice, dancing, diction, dramatics. Eddie is very thorough. So that when he decided to brave New York there was no money left to carry him through the discouraging auditions that failed to interest a sponsor. But if the afternoons were spent in pawnshops disposing of his few possessions, the [*Continued on page 74*]

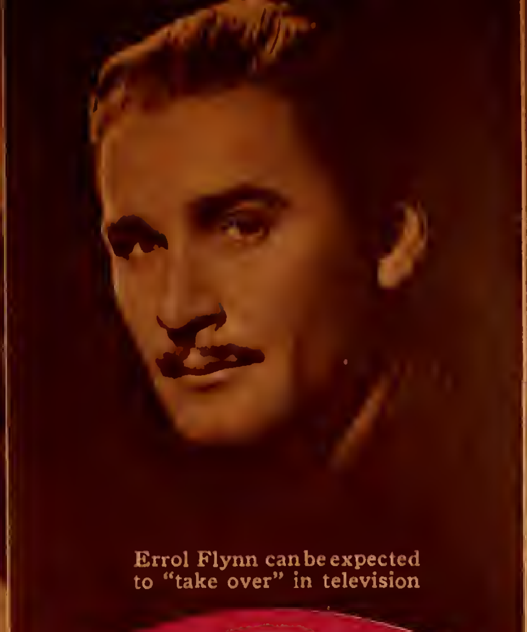
By **WILLIAM F. FRENCH**

HOLLYWOOD HAS THE JITTERS WONDERING ABOUT THIS THING CALLED TELEVISION. WHO WILL "TAKE OVER" WHEN IT COMES? WILL IT SPELL OBLIVION FOR YOUR FAVORITES? THERE'S A BIG SHAKE-UP APPROACHING

Jeanette MacDonald is another with television timber

There are television "naturals" in pictures. One is Irene Dunne

Betty Jane Rhodes, 18 year old blonde, is perfect television type. 8 yr. training



Errol Flynn can be expected to "take over" in television

Carole Lombard is not afraid of television. Plans to get in on ground floor

WHAT STARS WILL SURVIVE TELEVISION?

HOLLYWOOD is more jittery than ever before. It knows an upset is in the offing that will make the topsy-turvy days of the advent of talking pictures seem like a drowsy June afternoon.

The town is seething with an undercurrent of excitement and fear. Not knowing what to expect, the villagers gather on the street corners expecting it. Anticipation and apprehension walk hand in hand, with everybody ready to jump to cover.

This tension isn't caused by fear that the government is getting too curious about things the studios would like to have forgotten, even if executives are making regular trips to Washington for "little chats" that aren't fireside. It goes deeper than politics, business conditions or the steady decline in box-office receipts. The town senses that overnight there is going to be another of those amazing Hollywood revolutions that put the "ins" out and the "outs" in.

But this time it is going to be a shake-up of whole industries, not merely of individuals. Many believe that the thing about to happen will wash up pictures, while others are certain it will write "finis" to radio.

For television has rounded the corner. It has knocked off the lid radio and pictures have had clamped on it. Right now it's spitting on its hands, preparatory to digging in.

Television, as radio eagerly assures us, is far from perfect and has decided limitations. Oh, yes, very decided.

But Hollywood has had experience with other things that weren't ready, and that then broke the bounds that were strangling them. Also it knows a few people familiar with television in Europe and has read about the twelve-by-fifteen foot television screens being installed by Gaumont British in London movie theatres. So Hollywood has decided to do a little worrying.

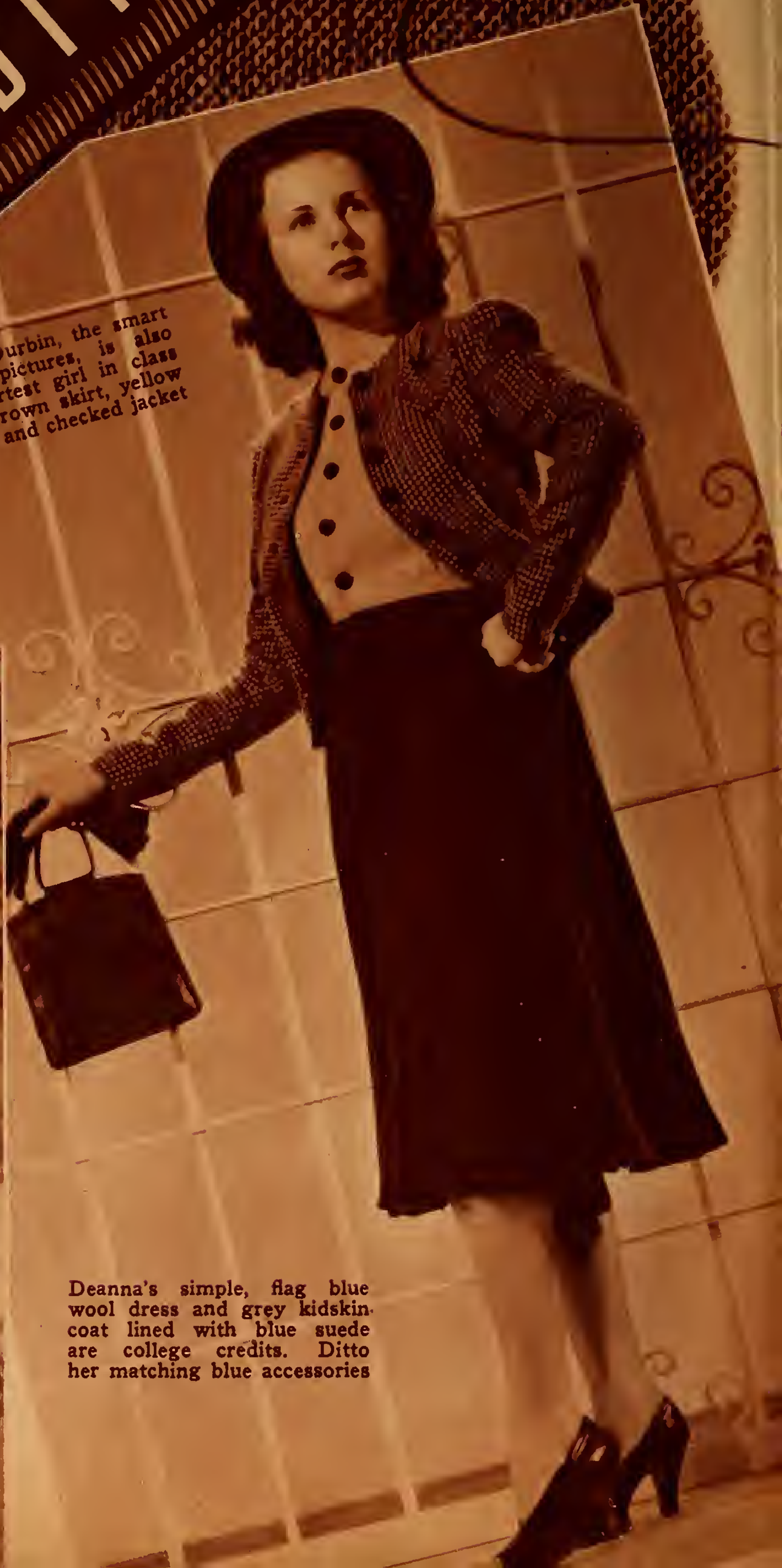
Who will survive television when it takes over? Hollywood is reeking with fear. Who will get the juicy jobs of television? Hollywood is dripping anticipation. And the old silent picture stars are enjoying the first laugh they've had in years, for sight on the air is going to sound taps for certain stars of today (especially radio stars) just as sound on the screen did for them.

Of course everyone in Hollywood is not afraid of television. There are those who smack their lips in anticipation at the very mention of it. Carole Lombard, for example, has followed television rather closely and frankly admits she thinks it is going to do well by her.

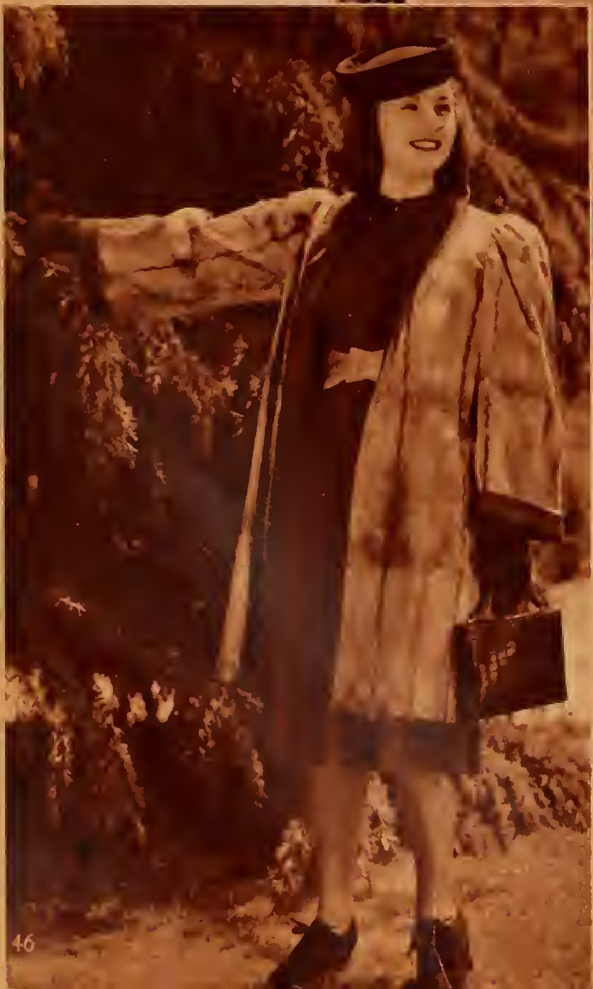
And, just to make sure it does, she is willing to meet it more than half-way. Realizing that commercial motion pictures will probably constitute an important part of the first advertising television program—just as they now constitute a large portion of the experimental television programs—Carole says she is perfectly willing to make a commercial picture in order to get in on the ground floor.

Not that Carole has to do that, as she is natural television "timber." And there are television "naturals" in pictures, such as Alice Faye, Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald, Deanna Durbin, Bette Davis, Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Bing Crosby, Don Ameche, Errol Flynn, Jack Benny, Nelson Eddy, Jack Barrymore, Dick Powell and [*Continued on page* 86]

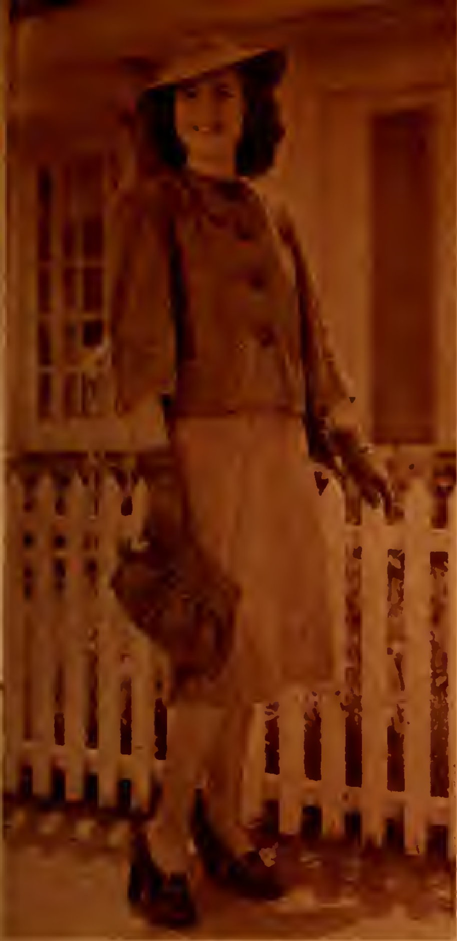
COLLEGE CREDITS



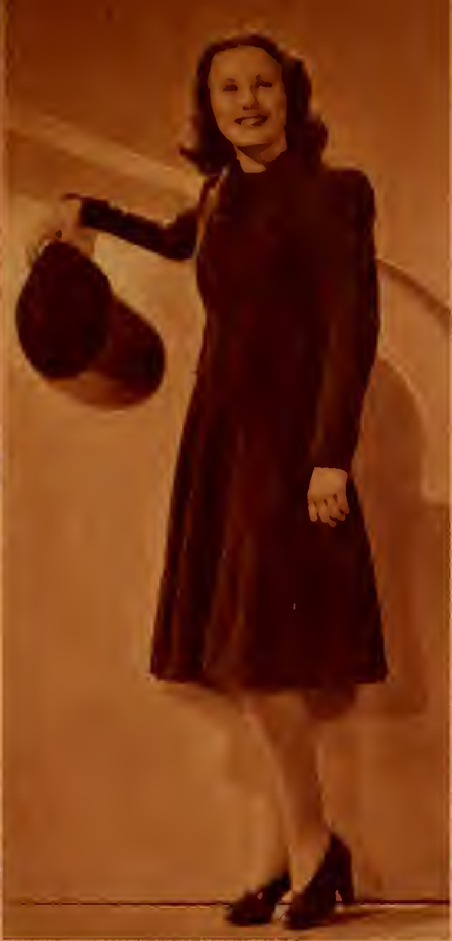
Deanna Durbin, the smart girl of pictures, is also the smartest girl in class in her brown skirt, yellow sweater and checked jacket



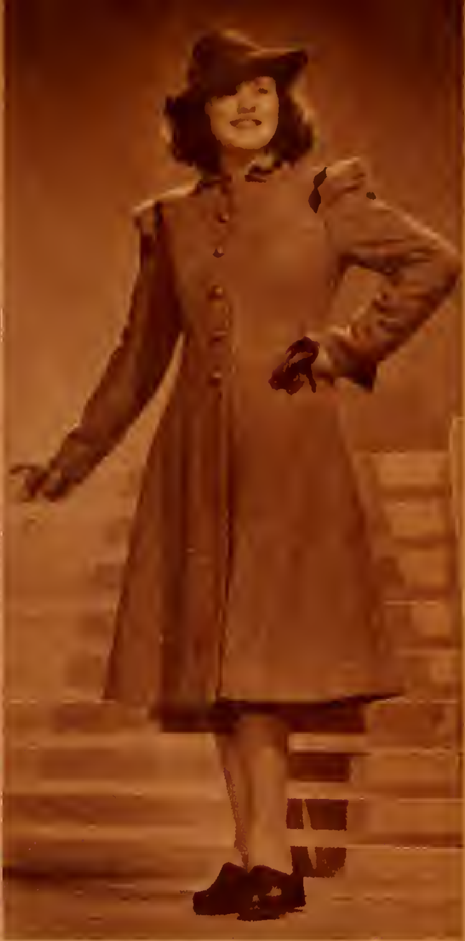
Deanna's simple, flag blue wool dress and grey kidskin coat lined with blue suede are college credits. Ditto her matching blue accessories



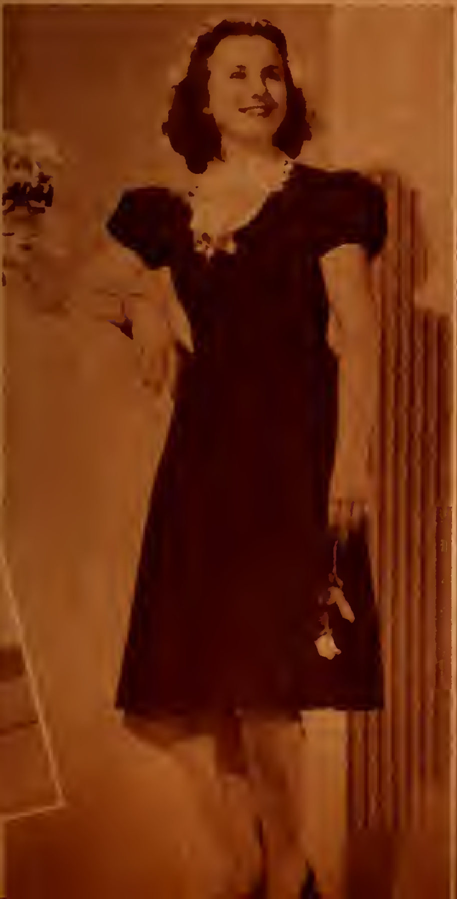
For her two-piece blue suede outfit, Deanna gets an A. The short jacket is laced at seams, edges



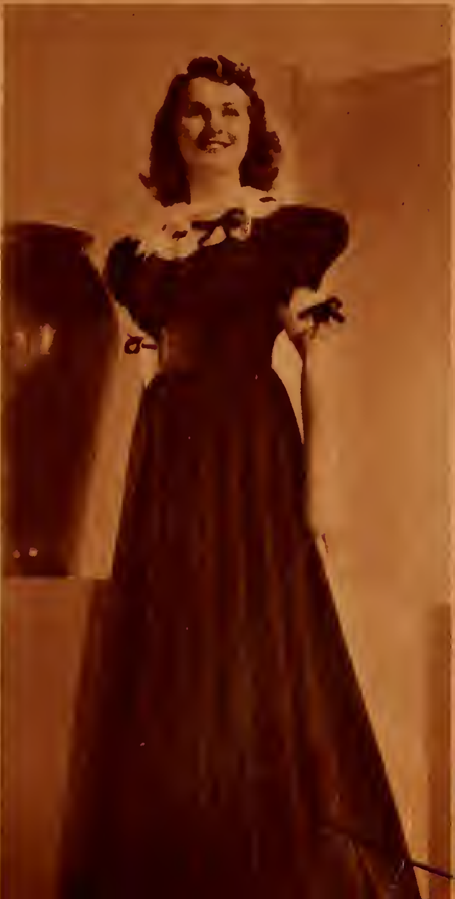
Another classy frock of Deanna's is this green and black checked wool dress with solid green jacket



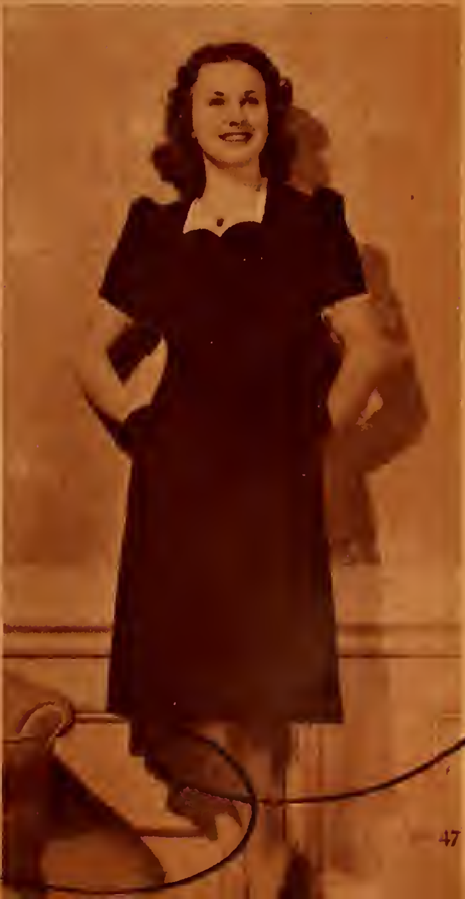
When Deanna's *First Love* takes her to the first game she'll be a credit to him in her oxford flannel top coat



At campus teas Deanna gets the cake for her black moire taffeta frock with tucked-in crisp white net blouse



Deanna's *First Love* is this black taffeta formal with wide scalloped collar and cuffs of white faille silk



Deanna goes to town—for matinee or tea—in a black velvet dress. White lace edges the heartshaped neckline

THE TALK O

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AN

Mister Stanwyck?

■ Hollywood's Up-the-Sleeve Laugh-of-the-Month—is at Robert Taylor, who was posing for a newspaper cameraman, the other day, when the photographer calmly dropped this:

"Would you mind moving over just a bit to the left, *Mister Stanwyck?*" Bob looked startled for a moment—and then moved over just a bit to the left.

H'mmmmmmm . . . !

Memo on Men

■ Wise-Gal Memo: Hardly had Brenda Marshall gotten into town to join Hollywood's army of glammer-gals then she got a present from Ann Sheridan. It was a neatly typed list of names and remarks, entitled:

"LOCAL WOLVES AND HOW TO AVOID THEM."

(And if you don't think Ann knows BOTH angles of that title. . . . !)

No Free Show Now

■ Talking about Ann, that free show of hers is all over, now. Your Ol' Hollywood Snooper means the free show she's been giving those lads with the binoculars.

Seems that Ann recently went in for sun-baths in the nude, in a section of her back yard which she thought was quite secluded. But one day, she noticed that from a hillside, about a hundred yards away, some men were peering at her through binocs. . . . Now Ann has had a ten-foot bamboo wall built. Why SHOULD she give it away free?

There is a Brenda (the name's Frazier) in NY society. There's a Brenda (Marshall is the name) with Brendappeal in Warner pictures

It took Columbia months to find right *Golden Boy*. Then seeing Bill Holden they gave him role, boxing gloves . . . Success

It's a standard rule that newcomers in Hollywood must pose in swim-suits to get that much-needed publicity. Which is why we give you an eyeful of Virginia Gilmore

Even when newcomers become stars and starlets they disport themselves in swim-suits. An old Hollywood custom. Following the custom is Rosemary Lane—who really goes down to the sea to swim-m-m-m

Phone gives proof that glamor boy is dating Katharine Aldridge, 20th-Fox's new bundle of beauty of *Here I Am A Stranger*

Female Ty

■ Next time you look at Brenda Joyce on the screen—in *The Rains Came*—take a good note of what's giving Hollywood many a gasp-and-giggle:

Brenda, save for her long hair and femme attire, *is a dead ringer for Tyrone Power!!*

The eyes, the features and even her smile are just like Ty's. And Hollywood doesn't know whether to call her the female Ty Power—or to call Ty the male Brenda Joyce!

Incidentally, this wizard Darryl Zanuck, at 20th-Fox, is one of the shrewdest men in pictures, and with Brenda, he's proving it again. He has given orders (revolutionary, in Hollywood) that Brenda Joyce is not to be changed in any way! Make-up men are to leave her looking like Brenda Joyce, and not to make her all over to look like a hundred other dizzies and glam-gals. The press department is not to build up a phony, synthetic personality, but actually to publicize the real Brenda. And so on and on and on . . .

Usually, in Hollywood, when the pictures sign a gal, they go about completely re-making her, from drama school to talking school and charm school and make-up department and wardrobe and diets and dentists and so on.

But Brenda will have to be just herself.

No Freak, Says Joe

■ Delusion-of-the-Month: Joe E. Brown has just issued a warning to Paramount NOT to ballyhoo his mouth in the press-agenting of "$1,000 a Touchdown." Says Joe:

"I'm an actor, not a freak!"

[*Continued on page* 61]

Now that Wayne M. is circulating around with wifey Bubbles Schinasi, Hollywood is saying they're shopping for bassinet

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

No star can get so famous but what she likes to go down to the sea in a swim-suit. Take Norma Shearer who really swims. She brings you a touch of Bermuda for *The Women*

IF YOU'RE PLANNING A SCREEN CAREER—WITH AN IDEA THAT ACTING IS A CINCH, PAUSE HERE AND LISTEN TO LUCILLE BALL

By
KATHARINE
HARTLEY FRINGS

HEAVEN HELP THE Hollywood WORKING GIRL

"NOW," said the director to Lucille Ball and Jimmy Ellison, "all you have to do is get out there in the water and duck each other playfully a couple of times, and each time you must come up laughing and screaming, and then, Lucille, when you come up about the fourth time you begin having difficulty—you've swallowed too much water, you see, and you begin to drown and call for help, and then Jimmy starts the rescue. Is that clear and plain, everybody? Now, I *hope* we're ready," he added meaningly, looking at Lucille.

"You mean because we've already had to wait a week to do this scene, because of me," she laughed back. "Well, I tell you honestly that I didn't get this cold on purpose. I've still got a little of it, but I think I can manage to breathe. I hope so, because I've heard somewhere that breathing is sort of important!"

"That's the girl!" the director complimented her. "You're a good sport. Now, ready? Let's go."

The picture was *Next Time I Marry* and the scene, as already described, was about to begin.

Lucille stepped gingerly into the water. It was cold. It was also very wet. If she had been in tip-top shape it wouldn't have mattered, but as it was, for a moment she wondered why she had ever become an actress. This was what could be termed as earning double your pay. Jimmy splashed in after her.

The cameras started to turn, and Jimmy ducked her for the first time. She came up laughing and screaming, managed to get hold of him and to return the ducking in equal measure.

The director beamed. This was fine. This was turning out wonderfully.

More shouts and more laughter, and more ducking. More *sputtering* this time, too. The director's smile spread even further. It was so good he hoped they'd keep it up for a while, before Lucille began screaming for help.

Lucille was [*Continued on page* 78]

LADY ESTHER SAYS—

"Join the Revolt against Heavy Creams —and keep your Accent on Youth!"

"Trust to youth to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you'll find a rebellion against heavy, waxy creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!

"Why cling to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look) . . . *waxy* creams that leave skin shiny? My 4-purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your *accent on youth!"*

"Our rapid, modern living gives your face cream *more* work—a *different* kind of work to do. Heavy, "waxy" creams aren't as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that's why modern girls have swung to my cream as the *one* cream for their skin."

Life's delightful moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be *yours* with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin "young skin care." Help it be beautiful always and you'll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one cream for *you?*

Lady Esther urges you to make this "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW

For the sake of your own appearance . . . to help keep yourself from *looking older than you really are* . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue" test!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you're at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—*a second time*—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and *look at* your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed . . . *yes, shocked then and there* . . . to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams FAIL TO GET!

For, unlike many heavy "waxy" creams —Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put *more accent* on your YOUTH!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (48)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

HOLLYWOOD HIGHBROW

COLLEGE GRADUATE, HOLDER OF A PHI BETA KAPPA KEY, JOHN HOWARD BECAME AN ACTOR WHEN HE DISCOVERED IT OFFERED A BIGGER FUTURE THAN A PROFESSORSHIP OF ENGLISH

By
E. J. SMITHSON

John is 5 ft. 10, and weighs 160 lbs. Dating back to 1934 he has been in 25 films. Unmarried, he's considered one of the film colony's most eligible bachelors

AFTER what we observed at Paramount when *Disputed Passage* was being filmed, we believe more firmly than ever before that motion picture actors are the luckiest gents in the world.

Take the case history of John Howard who has managed to lift himself into the leading-man class by steady pulls at his cinematic boot-straps.

The day we interviewed him he was going about his task in a manner very far from what might be described as routine labor. In fact, judging solely on the amount of alacrity he employed in obeying Director Borzage's orders, he was having the time of his life and didn't care two whoops who knew it. And we couldn't blame him. It isn't every day that an acting guy gets a chance to kiss a voluptuous girl like Dorothy Lamour—whether she's in pictures or out of them.

We had arrived on the sound stage at noon and we were still there at twelve-thirty watching the progress of the Lamour-Howard kissing-bee. Something was always going wrong, according to Borzage, who seemed to blame Howard for the retakes.

"You're not only holding up Dorothy," the director complained, "but you're holding up the shooting, and that's not in the script."

One o'clock came around with the embrace still getting nowhere fast. Just about the time when Borzage was ready to say "this is the one," Dorothy would laugh when she wasn't supposed to and the scene would have to be shot over. "His moustache tickles me," was her alibi. That was her story and being stuck with it was, apparently, the least of her worries.

And so they'd shoot it over; and then, like as not, it would be the lighting that was wrong, or the props had to be re-arranged, or some alien noise was registering on the sound track. But for whatever reason, it wasn't until one-thirty that the director was satisfied with the scene and said, with a deep sigh of relief: "Okay, we'll print this one."

SO FAR as we can recall, this hour-and-a-half kiss is the longest on record. When you see it on the screen it will last but a few brief moments, but back of it is this ninety minutes of delightful practice indulged in by the principals. Which is nice work if you can get it.

When we told him that it provoked us to think that he got paid for doing what we'd be mighty glad to do free of charge, he smiled. "It's things like that," he agreed, "that make actors like me think that movies are our best entertainment."

Not a half bad quip coming from a young man who, less than five years ago, was studious [*Continued on page* 85]

Jerry is a grand job of Baby-Raising!

A big gain in the first year ... ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS

"When baby specialists approve, it's so reassuring," says Gerald Wright's mother. "I never doubted that Clapp's was right for Jerry.

"After all, the Clapp people *should* know most about baby foods—they were the first to make them 18 years ago, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else. They know just what flavors and textures babies will like!"

"You could almost see Jerry grow after he began to get the full menu of Clapp's Strained Foods. Look at the difference between these pictures—the way he filled out and hardened up!

"On the average, he grew about an inch and gained more than a pound a month. There surely must be lots of vitamins and minerals in those Clapp's Strained Foods!"

17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups —Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits —Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal —Baby Cereal

Fine progress ever since ... ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS

"He's never been a fussy eater like so many little tots. Not even when the time came to go on coarser foods—he changed from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods without a single hitch.

"Of course, the Chopped Foods have exactly the same good flavors, and they're cut so evenly—never any lumps or stems. You just can't get home-prepared foods so even—and babies don't take to them so easily, I'm sure."

"See what a wide choice you get in Clapp's Foods. Jerry gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods. Some of them are so good I often take a bite myself—those hearty Junior Dinners, for example, or the new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Jerry's quite a ball-player now—you ought to feel his muscle! I often say that if you want a baby to grow up strong and husky, there's just nothing like Clapp's!"

12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups —Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners —Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables —Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Desserts—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

IT'S IN YOUR HANDS

FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS BUT YOU HAVE TO WORK ON THEM IF YOU WANT THEM TO WORK FOR YOU. HERE'S DOROTHY "LAMOUR" LAMOUR WHO TELLS YOU HOW SHE SPENDS TIME ON HER HANDS

By
DENISE CAINE

HOW can I have lovely hands? That's the question more and more of you readers are asking me. And it's a question that I'm always glad to answer. Because I'm a firm believer in the doctrine of helping yourself. I have a lot of sympathy for the girl who is willing to work to make her hands look slender and white, to make her nails grow long and strong. But not much for the woman who claims her hands can never look well because she does the dishes, makes the beds, or pounds a typewriter all day long—and certainly less for the girl who lets naturally lovely hands become red and rough, with broken nails.

You don't have to be a movie star like Dorothy Lamour, soon to be seen in Paramount's *Disputed Passage*, to have long fingernails and slim white hands. Quite the opposite. Not even Dotty's gorgeous paws would be so photogenic if she stopped massaging them with hand cream and lotion, cut off her nails, allowed her polish to chip or forget about her cuticle!

What does Dotty do to keep her hands looking so well-groomed? I knew you'd ask, so that was the very first question I popped at her when I saw her in her New York hotel suite the other day. And this is what I discovered.

She's always careful to use a mild soap on her hands, because a strong one can coarsen the skin and dry out the nails. She never puts her hands in really hot water—because that would soften the nails, enlarge [*Continued on page 79*]

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

How to choose the correct shades of nail polish to go with the new fall colors?

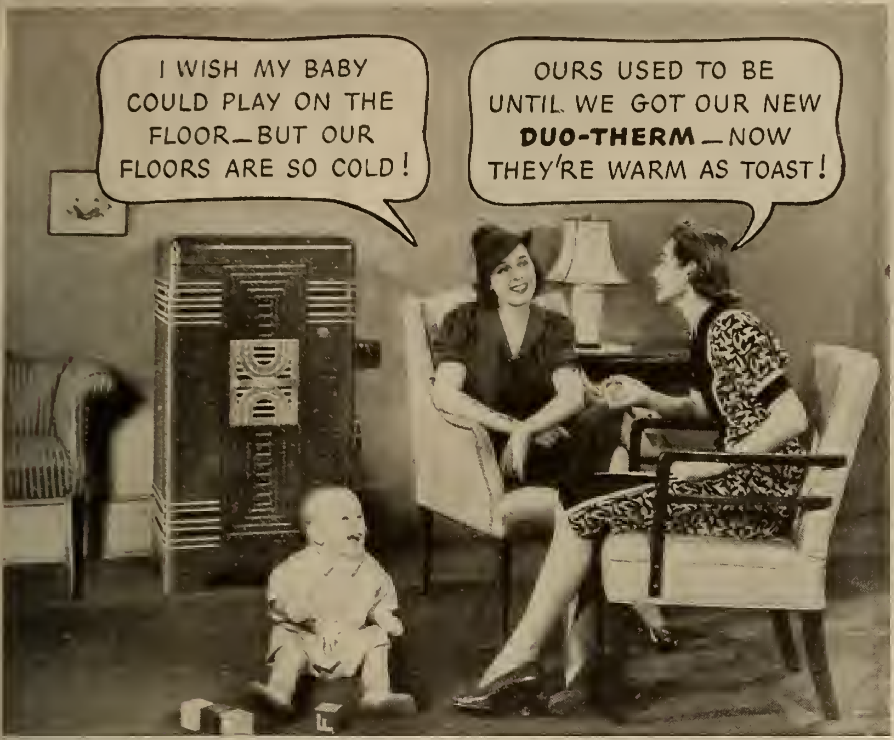
How to make your polish last longer?

How to correct brittle, splitting nails?

How to make your hands look soft, white and lovable?

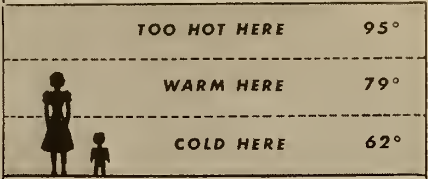
Then write Denise Caine. If you have any other beauty problems, tell her about them too. She's always glad to help—and the only charge for her advice is a stamped (U. S. postage, please) self-addressed envelope sent with your letter. The address is: Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Duo-Therm's new "Power-Air" heater keeps your ankles as warm as your ears!

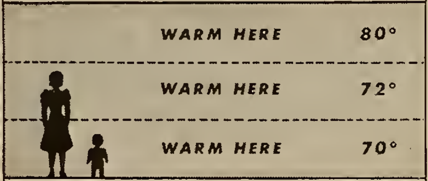

I WISH MY BABY COULD PLAY ON THE FLOOR—BUT OUR FLOORS ARE SO COLD!
OURS USED TO BE UNTIL WE GOT OUR NEW **DUO-THERM**—NOW THEY'RE WARM AS TOAST!

GIVES EVEN, "FLOOR-TO-CEILING" WARMTH!

COMPARE THESE RESULTS:



Look at this! Ordinary heaters send heat *up*—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)



And look at this! Duo-Therm's new *Power-Air** forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it *down*—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

Greater comfort winter and summer too!

Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air* will drive heat to every corner. You get uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—and *extra* heat for every room!

A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, start your Duo-Therm *Power-Air*—and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

THERE'S *year-round* comfort in this clean, silent, trouble-free Duo-Therm heater!

When you turn the handy dial on the front panel—you get just the heat you want in any weather! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives *more* heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! Open the radiant door—and get an extra flood of warmth that will soon make you hitch your chair back!

Feature for feature, no other heater made can match Duo-Therm—*and in addition Duo-Therm gives you POWER-AIR!*

A heating sensation! *Power-Air forces* heat all through your home—makes heat do *more* work—gives you uniform, *floor-to-ceiling* temperatures and actually cuts fuel costs!

But that's only half the *Power-Air* story!

Summer comfort, too! On scorching days, turn on your *Power-Air*—and start a 27-mile-an-hour breeze circulating comfort! And you can direct *Power-Air* anywhere—up, down, right, left! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothing, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair. *Power-Air* costs no more to run than a 60-watt lamp!

Don't confuse Duo-Therm's new Power-Air heater with heaters that simply have a fan!

It costs no more to own a Duo-Therm! You can get a new Duo-Therm with *Power-Air* for no more than you'd pay for an ordinary heater! Why not go to your dealer today—and see the handsome new models? They come in the beautiful Golden Fleck enamel finish—they heat 1 to 6 rooms—they're sold on easy payments!

Or tear out the coupon and mail it—now!

*Patent Applied for

New "Year-Round"

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. MP-910, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan

I want to know *more* about the kind of heating this new Duo-Therm gives!

*Name*____________________
*Street*____________________
*City*__________ *County*__________
*State*____________________

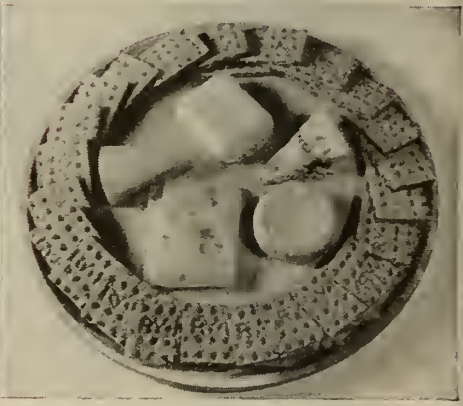
Snacks-On-Rye arranged in circular fashion around mound of savory relish are appetizing yet slenderizing

CUTTING FANCY FIGURES

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

THE ONLY BIG FIGURES POPULAR IN HOLLYWOOD ARE ON PAY CHECKS AND SO THE FIRST THING A STAR LEARNS IS FIGURE CONTROL. THIS IS HOW THEY CUT FANCY FIGURES

There's not a calory in a crateful in this pepful, tasteful, silhouette luncheon plate



Crisply tempting Rye wafers are naturals with all cheeses—Swiss, Camembert, *et al*

"SLENDERIZE with the stars!" is an excellent slogan for this farewell-to-summer season.

Why?

Because during this past hot weather period every woman conscious of her figure has been wise enough to take off excess poundage. Swimming may have done it, or game-and-set, or fancy riding, or just plain walking with the chaperonage of Old Man Mercury. But whatever the reasons, every woman right now should be looking "in the pink," and most refreshed, able to slip into a smart Size-16 or Size-18 new fall suit.

Slender, svelte, stunning—but for how long?

YOU may be willing to get stout or even fat, but not so your favorite movie star—one single pound of excess luggage on her hips and her most loyal fans are aware of it, for the camera is a pitiless recorder, glamor or no glamor.

Alas, with the trek back to the confining indoor life, with the lapse of summer sports, and above all with the return to the hearty, well-laden dinner plate, that old figure may easily and soon get out of all control!

But here's the most enjoyable as well as the most effective way to keep that figure under control: Omit, or reduce all usual carbohydrate and white flour products like loaf breads, buns, biscuits, cakes or pastries—and substitute flour which has far less starch and even more protein. Rye flour, and particularly rye flour wafers, provide meat or muscle-making values and body repair values, while at the same time yielding abundantly such health-giving minerals as iron and phosphorous, to mention only two. Rye bran, and rye flour fibre, also make for daily regular elimination, and thus keep the bloodstream clean and resistant to disease.

Rye flour wafers are made from pure, unadulterated whole rye flour, with salt and water only added. Baked in a spotless factory, these crisp and nut-flavored wafers are packaged in a double-feature carton so that each wafer may easily be removed without opening the whole package. How much better, and how different from using the ordinary sliced loaf bread, so much of which quickly goes stale and thus has to be wastefully thrown away!

Moreover, in shape and dimensions, as well as thinness, these convenient "fingers" lend much to the pleasure and charm of eating, and add a touch of added taste to table etiquette and table service. Narrow, easily picked up, and as graceful in the fingers as an ivory cigarette holder, they are light and easily handled. When arranged in a circular ring fashion around a platter, or when spread with savory pastes, they enable the hostess to offer a cocktail tray or spread of smart effect. Ideal for all such spreading or canapé use, the thin wafer-like rye cracker replaces usual spongy bread which requires [*Continued on page* 82]

There's ONE NEGLECT* few Husbands can forgive

. . . but "Lysol" can help correct it!

Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping *yourself* attractive.

Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.

Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make *you* more attractive.

Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about *his* clothes, if you're careful about your own person.

Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

BUT...do you neglect yourself?

MOST HUSBANDS CAN'T FORGIVE THAT

***Carelessness** about intimate cleanliness. Make it a regular habit to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. Avoid this *one neglect!*

CARELESSNESS about feminine hygiene, say many doctors and psychiatrists, may be the cause of many marriage failures.

The intelligent modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness. You ought to use "Lysol" in *your* routine of intimate hygiene.

For a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of thousands of women, hundreds of doctors, nurses, hospitals and clinics. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene are . . .

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy. . ."Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . ."Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. M.P.-910, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State__________

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Kicked Around by Cupid

[*Continued from page 22*]

It's the difference between a realist and a romanticist. And Loretta is just about the No. 1 Romanticist among Hollywood's glamor gals. With the memory of that early heartbreak still bitter within her, she, nevertheless, goes questing for love's happiness. And finds, over and over again, bitterness. . . . And so, while this is being written, Loretta finds herself plastered all over page one of the country's newspapers, in the quite undelectable role of the Hollywood gal-friend of a guy who's in a rather unsavory-sounding jam with the government.

It's just another of this Danny Cupid's too-well-aimed kicks at Loretta. And it certainly doesn't help when the cynics of Hollywood stand up in chorus and yodel: "Well, she oughta be kinda used to it, by now . . .!" And then they start rehearsing the names. . . .

RIGHT after she got that divorce from Grant Withers, some eight years ago, there was Ricardo Cortez. The romance blew hot—and then Ricky dropped out of the picture, and poof went Loretta's dreams. Next it was Herb Somborn, who owned the Brown Derby, and who was one of Gloria Swanson's hubbies. The Somborn romance poofed out, too. And then came that all-starred romance with one of the top-ranking stars—one of the most tumultuously unhappy of Hollywood's less frequently discussed romances.

Those who were close to Loretta insist that this interlude left deeper scars on her heart, by far, than that teen-age crack with Withers. They wouldn't have been surprised, at all, if Loretta had come out of it, this time, with the hardest heart in Hollywood. But did she?

No. On the contrary, she went head-over-heels into a romance with Eddie Sutherland, the director, that led as close to the wedding march as any of Hollywood's nearly-weddings ever did. Every morning, Hollywood'd pick up its morning *Examiner,* expecting to see Louella Parsons' scoop on a Loretta-Sutherland elopement. And instead, they finally read Louella's columned report that, like all of Loretta's other romances, this one, too, had frozen over.

Then Ty Power's popularity exploded all over the cinematic horizon like a barrage of skyrockets, and Loretta had him for a leading man, and promptly fell in love.

True, she's denied it, and probably will deny it again and again and again. But the fact remains that when she and Ty co-starred in *Love Is News,* Loretta was so gosh-darned high in love that she turned in what many critics hail as her grandest romantic performance of all. And then what happened? Why, the Loretta-Ty romance went out like a light and Loretta realized, with what must have been an inescapable pain in her heart, that once again, she was being made so unspeakably "cheap". . . .

That's her own word; "cheap." In an interview, somewhere around that time, she used it.

"I'm tired," she told a writer, "of being married off to every eligible—or even ineligible!—man I meet." (Yes see, Loretta was on the defensive; she realized what was happening.) "I don't mind all the rumors, particularly. Only I think they make me a little—cheap!

"Why, if the right man came along, I'd be in a spot, wouldn't I?—explaining all the men who are supposed to have been in my life!

"As a matter of fact, I've been in love only—twice."

And then, after a pause: "—and maybe neither of those was the real thing."

It was around that time that she began referring to Ty as "one of her best friends." That's what became of whatever romance she had with Ty. They did—oddly enough, in this Hollywood—become friends, and they're friends today. Not so long ago, it happened that Loretta was on the same train with Ty and Annabella. And everybody else on the car said that they made the charmingest, jolliest threesome that anybody'd ever want to see. But even so, Loretta must have been stunned, to say the least, when Ty actually married Annabella. You see, only a few weeks before that marriage, Loretta, out of her friendship with Ty, had prophecied:

"I don't expect Ty to marry for another ten years! He's not going to saddle himself with a wife now."

Well, that's actually what Ty said, when he denied rumors that he and Loretta were on the verge of matrimony. Loretta must have believed it.

Anyway, there were other men. There was Fred Perry, the tennis star. There was this fellow Buckner, who's got her all over the newspapers, now. There was a Frenchman named Sablon, for a little while, recently, in New York. And old faithful for a while, David Niven.

And now, there seems to be Jimmy Stewart. He's the man of the moment in Loretta's life, if goings-out-together mean anything. You'll see them riding the boulevards at midday and at night and at 2 ayem. You'll see them munching a hamburger at a Sunset Drive-In stand, and you'll see them stepping off a swing number or two at the night clubs. But I don't think Jimmy's the marrying kind, either, and so this romance (if that's what it is) will just probably be another of those non-jell affairs.

THROUGH all this unfortunate offscreen romancing, Loretta nevertheless manages to keep her screen career flaming brilliantly. Maybe it's the same high-powered sex-appeal that keeps her offscreen love-life so warm, that keeps her on-screen life so warm, too. I know any number of men, sophisticates of the world, who get all hot and bothered when the name of Loretta is even mentioned. There's an assistant city-editor I know (and they're supposed to be proof against any of the softer emotions) who can't get his mind back on his work for at least a half hour after looking at a picture of Loretta. And he's a married man, too.

Loretta's got that. She's got it in smouldering force. She packs more sex-appeal into her roles than even Hedy Lamarr, and if that be *lese majeste,* make the most of it! It still stands, as my vote.

And she manages to capitalize on it. Loretta knows her value—and what's more, she knows what she wants, on the screen and in her career. Maybe she knows what she wants in her offscreen life, too, but the difference is that in her professional life, she gets what she wants.

That's what's really behind the recent break up between her and 20th-Fox. They've been side rumors that the studio let her go—but nothing's further from the truth. The fact is that the studio offered her one of the fattest contracts on record, to keep her.

But Loretta snapped her fingers and turned it down. Because Loretta preferred to free-lance.

Loretta wants her own way. She wants to pick her stories; she wants to pick her leading men. She's got the reputation of being an awful pouter if she doesn't. She feels—and who can say she's not right?—that she's important enough to rate the best

From the time she was 17, when she married Grant Withers and later divorced him, Loretta has had grief with her boy friends. In the parade were Ricardo Cortez, Herb Somborn, Eddie Sutherland, Fred Perry, Tyrone Power, David Niven, Jimmy Stewart—and William Buckner, who's had her in all the papers lately

and top leading men of the screen, and she's properly unhappy when they give her a second-rater.

She hasn't, in short, been happy over her assignments at 20th-Fox. So she didn't stay. She's out on her own, now. She's going about it in no mean fashion. She's hired herself one of the highest-priced press-agents in town. That way, she's after what she always felt she didn't get when she was just another of the studio's stars: individual attention in that most important factor of a screen star's life—press-agentry.

OF COURSE, it's true that in her very first venture, after parting with 20th-Fox, she came a-cropper. That was when she angled for Cary Grant as a leading man. Cary, right now, is about the hottest thing in leading men in all Hollywood, and when Loretta signed with Columbia to play opposite Cary in *Our Wife*, she was riding high.

Then Cary read the script, didn't like it, and said phooey. Now, if Loretta hadn't been smart, she'd have been in a spot—she'd have been all tied up to play the role, and with Cary out, she might have gotten just what she didn't want. BUT—Loretta'd been smart. She'd had it written in, as black-and-white part of the contract, that Cary Grant was to be the leading man. And so, when Cary stepped out, it freed Loretta of the contract—and she came out of that one, unsinged.

And meantime, her home life and private life (from which, necessarily, I except her love-life, which is certainly and definitely UN-private!) goes calmly and placidly on.

She continues to live in that lovely colonial house, out there toward Bel-Air, with her mother, to whom she's devoted, and her sister Georgianna, to whom she's devoted, and her adopted little girl, to whom she's devoted. They live quietly and unostentatiously. Loretta has a ping-pong table and a badminton court and some darts games, and things like that, and that's about the limit of her sports life.

She eats everything she wants and likes, and has a swell appetite, and she's the envy of all the other gals in Hollywood, because she can eat everything and as much as she wants, and not get an ounce heavier. She'd like to put on a few pounds, because she still insists her legs are too thin.

ANYWAY, that's that. Living quietly, as she does, Loretta is sitting pretty. She's making big money, and spending not so much. Regardless of what happens to her love-life, some day, she'll be in as fine a position to retire and enjoy life as any star in Hollywood. Yet she's not at all selfish or stingy. Her charities are higher, I honestly believe, than any other Hollywoodian's—even the over-publicized ones. Loretta doesn't press-agent hers.

Yet I happen to know that of all the thousands she gets for her radio work, not one cent of it goes to Loretta. She even has it arranged so that the checks are made out, NOT to her, but direct to the church to which she gives fortunes for its work. And each Christmas, she turns over her car, her chauffeur, and a big fat check to a certain charity in 'way-down-the-coast San Diego, to work its Christmas good deeds. Things like that, she does—and every time I hear some waggle-tongued Hollywood gossiper make cracks about Loretta's self-centeredness, I think of things like that, and like Loretta the more.

For she's really one of the swellest gals in all Hollywood—and I can't help feeling that this Cupid Guy, and Old Lady Fate, between them, are playing crooked when they dish out the whipped cream to the other gals, and hand Loretta skim milk!

"SH-S-SH, SUSAN! THE BRIDE'S ON THE GRIDDLE!"

SUSAN: "Good grief, don't tell me it's that meddlesome Mrs. Palmer gossiping about the bride's wash again?"

MATILDA: "It *is*, and I wish the cat would get her tongue. But no use wishing, so put on your bonnet, Susan. We're going to stop the gossip!"

SUSAN: "It's a shame and a pity, Timothy, because the poor girl works like a beaver. But her weak-kneed soap leaves dirt behind. That's why her clothes are always chock-full of tattle-tale gray."

MATILDA: "So we're going to send her a flock of Fels-Naptha to show her how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* make *all* the dirt scat. Don't tell a soul, but slip ten bars into her next grocery order and we'll pay for it."

A little birdie tells me I owe you many thanks. But even these flowers aren't half as sweet and white as my clothes – since your Fels-Naptha shooed tattle-tale gray out of my life! The Bride.

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Out of Date Today

and out of dates, too—
The Girl with an
Overpowdered Face!

LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"

The face powder
with a light touch!

The modern miss knows that her face powder, like her conversation, should have a light touch. That's why she chooses Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder that sits lightly—stays on smoothly. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that won't cake or streak. Which shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

Also try the New
LUXOR
Foundation Lotion

This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, satiny foundation for a flattering "natural effect" make-up. 55c.

Luxor Ltd., Chicago, Ill.

PICTURE PARADE

BEAU GESTE
—AAA—

It was easily ten years ago that the silent version of *Beau Geste* (Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes) made screen history and while they say that history always repeats itself we're afraid this is going to prove the exception. Not that the talkie doesn't have the same qualities—the cast and production are equally as good, and Percival Christopher Wren's colorful adventure story of the French Foreign Legion still makes an exciting movie—but either tastes have changed some in subject matter or memory intrudes and destroys the most attractive feature of this romantic story of brotherly love—suspense. But *Beau Geste* should appeal to the generation of movie-goers who have grown up in the last decade and for whom these remakes are really intended. Gary Cooper, Ray Milland and Robert Preston replace Colman, Hamilton and Forbes as *Beau, John* and *Digby Geste* while Brian Donlevy plays the part of the cruel sergeant to which Noah Beery had added such memorable villainy. There's also J. Carrol Naish, Broderick Crawford, Susan Hayward and Heather Thatcher. If you didn't see the earlier version by no means miss this and even if you did it's worth a second try.—*Paramount.*

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK—AAA—

If you want an impressive show here is where you will get the best buy for your money for it is apparent that Edward Small didn't spare his when he produced *The Man in the Iron Mask*, based on Alexander Dumas' famous tale of seventeenth century France. If your tastes run to lavishness this will most certainly please—it is one of the most extravagant pictures of the year. The backgrounds, costuming and talent are even rich for Hollywood. There's Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett, Warren William, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale, Walter Kingsford, Miles Mander, Bert Roach, Marian Martin, Montagu Love and Doris Kenyon in the cast, just to mention a few. If your memory needs refreshing, the story is about the twin sons born to Louis XIII—one remains as successor to the crown, the other is sent into exile as it would prove rather embarrassing to have two heirs to the throne. This unfortunate act of God leads to treachery at the court at which Mr. Schildkraut distinguishes himself. But there's romance and heroics, too, for, if you remember, the *Three Musketeers* are active in this Dumas tale as well as in the others.—*Edward Small-United Artists.*

[*Continued on page 62*]

The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 49]

Smart Like a Fox

■ Marie Wilson spends half her life ON the screen to prove she's the dumbest dora in captivity—and the other half of her life, OFF the screen, disproving it!

Just now, her latest disproof is what she did with her contract. She bought it up from Warner brothers, so that she could pack up, leave Hollywood for a year or so of minor stage work, in the East, to learn *how to act!*

Marie has no intention of staying just a coocoo gal. She plans to be a great actress some day.

Greta

■ Comes-the-Millenium note: On the *Ninotchka* set, all precedent has been shattered, and the Heavens Haven't Fallen! I mean, Director Ernst Lubitsch calls her simply "Greta," instead of "Miss Garbo."

And she takes it!

Speaking Again

■ Talk of Hollywood is the reconciliation between the Barrymores. Oh, no—NOT John and Elaine, but John and Ethel. Ethel, that grand-dame of the theatre, has hardly spoken to John since he took Elaine Barrie into the royal family. But recently, since the Caliban-Ariel blow-off, Ethel and John are completely reconciled.

Please, With Freckles

■ To a million fans, Myrna Loy may be the glammest gal in movies. But to Uncle Sam, she's just a lady with freckles, and he means FRECKLES.

Myrna recently had a new picture taken, for her passport. She had it done in the studio picture gallery—and of course, before they put out the picture, they did what the studios ALWAYS do—retouched the picture completely to hide every and any blemish on the Loy face.

But when the Passport Department got it, they promptly sent it back with a note: "Dear Mrs. Hornblow. We understand you have freckles. This picture doesn't show the freckles. Please correct."

So Myrna had to have another picture taken, WITH freckles.

Dizzy Liz

■ Queen Elizabeth may have been a big shot in her own court, but to Bette Davis, who's playing the role, she's nothing of the sort.

Bette refers, invariably, to her majesty as "Dizzy Liz."

Depth Bombs

■ With a foggy remembrance, Your Faithful Hollywood Hound reports that the latest drink along Nite Club Row is called The Death Bomb. It's made up of eleven different kinds of rum. And no bartender in Hollywood will mix more than one to a customer.

Old-Fashioned

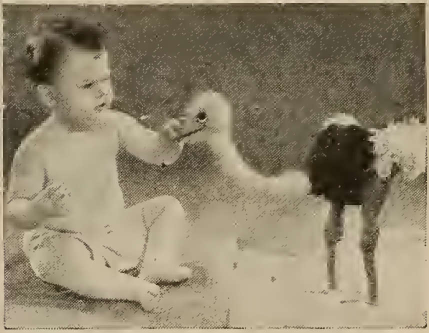
■ Isn't Andrea Leeds just the quaintest old-fashionedest gal?

The other night, at the prize-fights, when

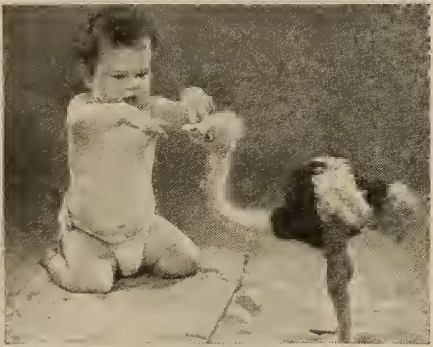
[*Continued on page* 63]

"I hate to discourage you, Miss Ostrich, but I've never noticed anything to eat in that sand...What? You're not looking for things to eat? Then why?...Oh, you're HIDING! ... H'm ... Well, it seems to me you're making a mistake ..."

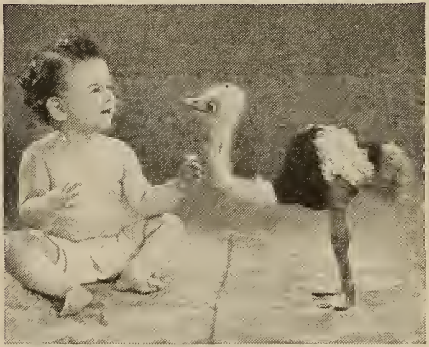
"First place, there's no danger, so why hide? Secondly, if there *were* some danger, you aren't very well hidden."



"Attagirl! Now look—sand in your beak—and all scratchy down your neck! ... Never mind—we'll soon fix that ..."



"Hocus-pocus—just like magic your chafes and scratchy places and prickly heat will feel soothed ..."



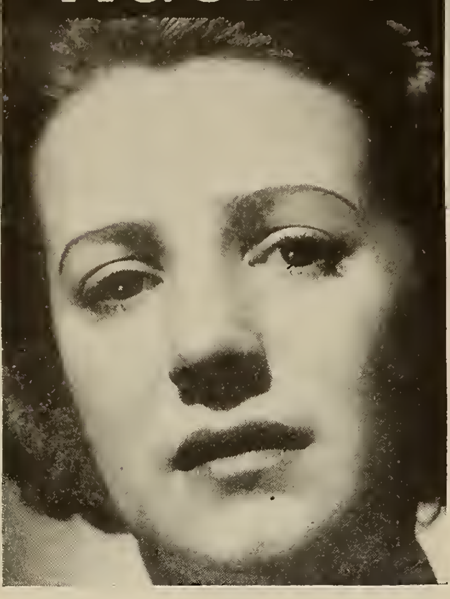
"'Cause, see? Here comes my Mother with some soft, velvety Johnson's Baby Powder!...Me too, Mother? Me too?"

"Crazy about it? I knew you would be. Everybody is. Such wonderfully soft, fine talc in it! And such an inexpensive way to make a baby comfortable!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

"MODESTY" CONDEMNED ME TO AGONY!



The Embarrassing Trouble Many People Suffer!

Terrible, indeed, is the price of "modesty" when you suffer from Piles—even simple Piles.

Simple Piles can torture you day and night with maddening pain and itching. They tax your nerves; drain your strength; make you look and feel old and worn. Millions of men and women suffer from simple Piles. Mothers particularly, during pregnancy and childbirth, are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

SEVERAL EFFECTS

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

TRY IT FREE!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request. Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

FREE!

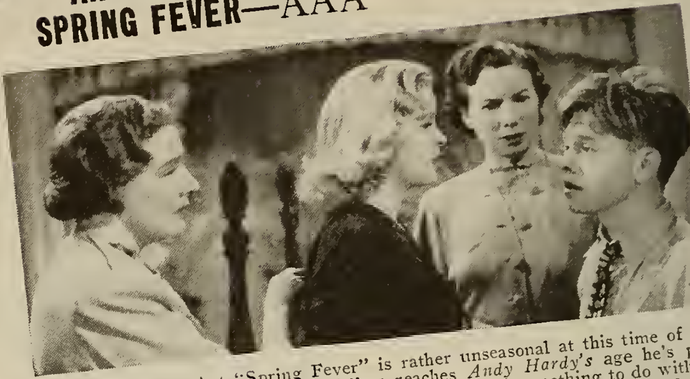
GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 119-F, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________

This offer is good only in U. S.

PICTURE PARADE

ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER—AAA—



You may think that "Spring Fever" is rather unseasonal at this time of the year but remember that when a fellow reaches *Andy Hardy's* age he's particularly susceptible to the malady and that the season has nothing to do with it. Neither has sulphur and molasses. There are different types of spring fever, you know, just as there are different types of streps and one's almost as bad as the other especially when it's the type more commonly known as love. The only difference is that the medicos can cure one but no one has found a cure for the other. Some people try marriage when the case is serious and as Andy's is bad he thinks of that, too. Fortunately, the lady feels different and finds a cure for *Andy* without the aid of a minister—or a doctor. In the meantime you will be enjoying all the ingredients that make a good movie—and one of the best *Hardy's*. Mickey playing *Andy*, as usual, gives a great performance and the others—Lewis Stone, Ann Rutherford, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden and Sara Haden—do their share handsomely, too, but it's all his. An added attraction is newcomer Helen Gilbert and when you meet her you won't blame *Andy* for falling for her. We tripped ourselves.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

WINTER CARNIVAL —AA½—

The chances of your having seen a Dartmouth Winter Carnival were about one in fifty thousand, say, up until now, but the odds have been greatly reduced due to the clever showmanship of Walter Wanger, well known Hollywood producer. Sometime last winter when the carnival of 1939 was being born, Mr. Wanger got the bright idea of making a picture based on the ice spectacle put on by the collegians of Hanover each year. It was no sooner thought than done—and Mr. Wanger and company, *sans* snow shoes and skiis, but with cameras and other paraphernalia necessary to the making of motion pictures, were on their way up the snow-covered White Mountains. The result is *Winter Carnival* for which Mr. Wanger "gratefully acknowledges the cooperation of Dartmouth College, The Dartmouth Outing Club and the Daily Dartmouth". Of course this isn't the show as you see it in Hanover for Hollywood had to have its share in it, too—creating the story, supplying the talent—Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson, Helen Parrish and Robert Armstrong, among others—and the glamor. This may not be a bad substitute but if you can see the real thing do. You won't find it nearly as dramatic but you'll have more genuine fun.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 61*]

one of the pugs got bopped on the nose and started the crimson flow, *Andrea fainted!* She had to be carried out of the place!

Everybody's Doing It

■ Talk of Hollywood is the sudden recurrence of Make-up Roles, all over town. It's almost as virulent as the Lon Chaney days, when no actor could play a role without a ton of grease paint and make-up tricks.

Currently, for instance, there are such examples as the pretzelling of Charles Laughton into the *Hunchback of Notre Dame;* the Chinification of Boris Karloff for *Mr. Wong in Chinatown;* the black-skinning of Ty Power for *The Rains Came;* Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland going blackface in *Babes in Arms*; Clark Gable's harrowing make-up in certain sequences of *GWTW* and Ronnie Colman's ditto in *The Light That Failed*; Humphrey Bogart as the walking corpse in *Dr. X*—not to mention Bette Davis' hard-bitten make-up as *Queen Elizabeth*—or "Dizzy Liz" as Bette calls her.

Irony

■ Irony-of-the-Month: The Ritz Brothers pictures are banned in Nazi Germany. BUT—for a song in their current picture, they had to learn German!

Naughty, Naughty

■ Ilona Massey may be a great star to Hollywood and a glammer-gal to youse and youse and youse, but to her mama, she's just a naughty little child.

It happened when Ilona got a letter from her home-town of Nagykoros, Hungary, wherein her mother said that she'd just seen *Rosalie* screened there. And did mama rave about Ilona's performance? No, what mama wrote was:

"My darling daughter; next time you act in a picture, you must wear your gown cut higher in front—you know where!"

Fat—And Old

■ One of the greatest friendships in Hollywood is that between Shirley Temple and that great Negro dancer, Bill Robinson. Bill's always sending gifts to Shirley, no matter where his work takes him, in the world. And every now and then, he makes her a long-distance telephone call.

Just the other night, the phone in the Temple home rang, and it was Bill Robinson, calling from New York. Know what they said? Well—

"Shirley, Ah'm gettin' fat. I better come out to Hollywood and make another dance picture with you, because Ah'm sure gettin' fat!"

Back came Shirley:

"Yes, Bill—and *I'm* getting old!"

"One-Armed Bandit"

■ Charity, a la Hollywood: In Hugh Woo-woo Herbert's home, there's a nickel slot machine, colloquially known as a "one-armed bandit." It rarely pays off.

[*Continued on page 65*]

"Let's duck...here comes that nosey pest again!"

How Esther raised her baby the modern way..: in spite of a snoopy neighbor

1. NEIGHBOR: Well, well, well . . . if it isn't our new mother . . . Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-r-r-R-R?
ESTHER: No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.

2. NEIGHBOR: Why . . . what do you MEAN! I know *something* about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?
ESTHER: Yes, but you did it the hard way! Me . . . I'm following *modern* methods.

3. NEIGHBOR: Modern methods? Bosh!
ESTHER: It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get *special* care . . . all the way from *special* baby food to a *special* baby laxative.

4. NEIGHBOR: *Special* laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!
ESTHER: It is *not!* If a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods . . . it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative!

5. ESTHER: That's why the doctor told me to buy FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made *especially* and ONLY for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and SAFE!

LATER THAT DAY

6. BOB: Oh boy! . . . you sure told off that old snoop about Fletcher's Castoria . . . but why didn't you tell her how *swell* it tastes, too?
ESTHER: I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it . . . the old buttinsky!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

"The Rains Came"

[*Continued from page* 42]

There was a lovely carved balcony opening off the music room and they drifted toward it. Ransome's nerves tingled as he watched her. All the old lure, the old fascination was still there in every sinuous movement of her body, in every flicker of emotion that crossed her lovely face.

They talked about themselves and quite calmly reviewed the past. Almost monotonously as if she were making it clear that this was merely a dim, dead era they were discussing, Edwina spoke of how she had hated washing her own stockings, doing without breakfasts, only being able to afford the hairdresser once every month.

An irrelevant thought came to Ransome. A woman like Edwina was probably the epitome of all that Fern wanted to be. Yet he wouldn't like Fern to change. Edwina was Edwina, orchidaceous, artificial, perfect—and Fern, well, she should just continue to be Fern.

He nodded and said, "Perhaps I was selfish." He had thought seriously of marriage with her, though. Only they'd never gotten around to it. The days had been so gay and exciting, that settling down had seemed an idea better put off to the distant future. Stumblingly, he tried to tell her this. But incredibly, she yawned like a languorous kitten.

"Am I keeping you up?" he asked. He clenched his fists with a savage gesture. His pulses were hammering and in his eyes glowed a flame of desire.

Then, suddenly he started.

A furious hissing had begun out there in the trees. Now it grew louder. Then, with a fury that almost shook the palace, a torrent of water came down. The first of the rains had come. It descended in a cascade and there was the flash of lightning and the metallic crash of thunder. The next instant the electric lights flickered and died out. The rain was coming down now in a solid wall and the thunder rolled like giant drums. The noise was deafening.

Ransome drew Edwina inside. They were in total darkness.

Her arms went around his neck. She said huskily, "It's as if it were meant to be. The two of us meeting again." She crushed herself against him and brought her lips to his.

Their kiss was long and fierce and something of the storm seemed to enter Ransome's body as the ecstasy of the sweet, wild caress surged over him. Again and again they kissed, there in the throbbing darkness.

FINALLY, the lights came on again and without words, they returned to the drawing-room. As they entered, Ransome noticed Esketh darting a quick suspicious glance at them from his ferret-like eyes, but the Maharani was smiling genially.

He went to the liquor table and was pouring a drink for Edwina when she gestured to Rama who had just arrived. "Who's the pale copper Apollo? He's not bad."

"Major Safti," he said shortly. There was a predatory note in her voice that he didn't like—and after their last few minutes together—well—it was rather a blow to his male pride. "But don't waste your time. He's a surgeon and a scientist. Any interest he might have in romance would be purely biological."

"You make him sound even more exciting." She laughed. "Do you know Tom, I think my husband is going to be ill? He always is in these climates."

"Edwina, I ask you—"

She looked straight through him. "It's nice that there's a doctor here in Rajputana. If Albert isn't feeling well in the morning I can send for him." She smiled mockingly and moved away.

Ransome took a deep breath. She'd do it, too. That was Edwina's way. The more flirtations on the string at the moment, the better. One could just hope that Rama's normal level headedness would save him from a situation.

He arrived home a bit after midnight but as he mounted the steps of the porch he stopped. In the living room a woman's shadow was thrown against the wall.

He hurried inside. Fern Simon was standing there, leaning against the door to his bedroom. Her hands were clasped tightly and her eyes were wide with supplication.

"Hello. What are *you* doing here?"

She spoke in short breathless gasps. "I've run away from home. I'm never going back. And I've figured out another way that you can help me." She reached for a cigarette and puffed on it furiously.

His smile was gentle as he looked at her. She was so dear and gauche and young. It was clear she'd never smoked before.

"Well, what way?"

"I want you to let me stay here tonight." She rushed past his open-mouthed astonishment. "Don't you see? Then I'd have a tarnished reputation and I'd *have* to leave here. They'd send me away."

He poured a drink and downed it hurriedly. She *was* an unpredictable creature. He started to smile. Then all at once he realized that she was shivering in her wet garments. "Look here, before we go any further, you're going to get into some dry clothes."

Over her protests, he shoved her into the bedroom. When she emerged, she was wearing a pair of his pajamas, many sizes too large. The effect was at once droll and appealing. He handed her some Scotch. "Drink this down. It's quite safe. My motives are strictly medicinal." Then he stood off and surveyed her. "Well," he asked quizzically, "what are we going to do with you?"

Some of her assurance had departed. "If you'll just let me stay tonight I'll go away in the morning and I'll never see you again."

Quite soberly he began talking to her. "Look here, Fern, let's be sensible. As your friend, I'm going to give you some rather stuffy advice. What you want to do tonight isn't real. I couldn't let it be real. Go home now and think it over. You'll find a much better way out. It may be a job, it may be marriage. Anyway, it'll be something." He took her hand as if he would comfort a child. But her fingers were soft to his touch and a sudden electric thrill shot through him. He moved away hurriedly.

"I'll do anything you want me to," she said humbly.

"Good." A few moments later when the rain had let up a bit he put her into his car. His man John was at the wheel. Fern was carrying her wet clothes in a bundle.

"But, Mr. Ransome," she said leaning through the car window, "you will promise to let me come and see you whenever I want?"

He nodded resignedly. "Yes, I promise."

"You see, that's important because—" she broke off, then went on determinedly. "because I guess I love you. If I didn't, I wouldn't be going home now."

The car started off and Ransome stared after it. "Oh, my God," he muttered and turned toward the house.

HE AWOKE at noon next day with the cloudy feeling that he had left something undone. He should have remembered the town's grapevine method of communication and issued a warning. He eyed his servant suspiciously and asked, "John, did you say anything in the bazaar this morning about Miss Simon's being here last night?"

"Oh, no, sahib. No. no. no. no," Then John simpered and added, "But I did see something that will perhaps interest you, sahib."

"What's that?"

"It was Major Safti. With him was the Lady Esketh, guest of the Maharani. They rode into the town square, then dismounted and walked about the stalls. They were holding each other's hands and they seemed very absorbed—"

"That's enough, John." The door closed behind the servant and Ransome lay back and frowned. Damn it all, Edwina had no right to do this. Rama was headed for a future that had been charted out for him by the Maharajah. Already, he was looked upon as the royal heir and the Maharani had even selected his bride, a lovely intelligent girl who would help Rama carry on the great work of rehabilitating his people.

It would be too bad if Edwina—then his train of thought snapped. Some people outside were arguing loudly with John, demanding to be let in. A moment later the door was flung open and Mrs. Simon strode in followed by her rather abashed-looking husband.

Ransome guessed the nature of the visit instantly. He might have known that John would babble. He slipped into his robe and spoke genially. "You'll forgive my attire. You see, I wasn't expecting visitors so early."

An exchange of pleasantries was not what Mrs. Simon had come for. She said so in no uncertain terms. The point was, that after last night, with the whole town talking, was Mr. Ransome going to marry her daughter Fern or wasn't he?

Mr. Ransome politely informed her that he had no such intention. The whole thing had been perfectly innocent as Fern would be the first to tell her—

"Very well then," Mrs. Simon snorted. "Suppose the authorities are informed?"

Ransome's face was extremely grave. "I don't know the law, Mrs. Simon," he said courteously, "but I'm sure His Majesty's Government would uphold any taxpayer's right to lend a young lady a pair of pants without having to marry her."

It was a full thirty seconds before Mrs. Simon recovered. Then she spoke in almost a shriek. "Mr. Ransome, you'll marry Fern or I'll carry this to Delhi, to London, if necessary." She marched to the door. "That's my last word. You can take it or leave it. Come on, Elmer."

They left and Ransome worried over the matter for a minute. They'd be pretty hard on Fern now, poor kid. Well, she'd just have to bear it until her twenty-first birthday. After that, she could take matters into her own hands.

[*Continued on page* 66]

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 63*]

And every month, Hugh collects the coins that his guests have dropped into it, and sends them to a charity organization.

Tinfoil

■ Reminds me of Betty Compson's favorite charity, in the Hollywood hey-hey days when she was No. 1 Star.

Betty always sent the tinfoil off her champagne bottles to the Red Cross.

Is Romero Losing His Grip?

■ Wild-Animals-in-Hollywood note: Judy Barrett, Paramount's lovely li'l honey, was driving down Hollywood boulevard the other day when she suddenly screamed horrifically, so that all traffic stopped. She jammed on her brakes, and fled, screaming, from the car.

A traffic policeman ran over, hand on gun-butt, to investigate. And found—three mice, in the front seat!!

Investigation showed that the car had been laid up in Judy's garage for a week or so, and mice had nested in the padding of the seat. When Judy started driving, they crawled out.

My, my! What's Hollywood coming to?—Andrea Leeds fainting at the prize-fights, and Judy Barrett going into hysterics over mice! Cesar Romero must be losing his grip!

What's Hollywood-Coming-To?

■ This is a protest, uttered in behalf of all us columnists, against the recent manifesto from the Screen Actors Guild.

The Guild has asked all its members to cease Hollywood's grand old practice of clowning and gagging on the set. It interferes with work, and is liable to lead to hard feelings on the part of the victims of some of the gags, the Guild protests.

Good heavens—next, they'll want to Say Grace before each take!!

You Slap Me, I Slap You

■ Talk of Hollywood is the battle staged in a Hollywood Boulevard drug store, in which Sally Eilers got her face slapped by a retired Hollywood policeman, named Earl Reed.

It all began when Sally was at the counter, having a milkshake. The seat beside her was empty. Cop Reed's wife came in, and sat on it. Sally objected, explained that the seat was reserved for her maid! Cop Reed's wife didn't like it, and insisted on sitting there. It was a hot day, and tempers frayed. Next thing that happened, Cop Reed's wife got a glass of water thrown in her face. That made Cop Reed mad, and next thing that happened, Cop Reed's hand smacked smartly on Movie Star Sally's cheek . . . !

The story flew all over town in the twinkling of an eye. And as this is written, there's talk that Sally plans action against Reed, for assault and battery.

Gag

■ Sign on Bob Montgomery's dressing-room door at M-G-M:

OUT TO LUNCH
(in London)
Back in 6 to 8 weeks

KEY YOUR
Eye Make-Up
TO THE NEW FASHIONS

New dress colors, hat designs, hair do's—all conspire to draw more attention to your eyes. So it's no wonder Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are an important part of the Fashion picture. Sweeping glamour for your lashes . . . expressive eyebrows . . . soft, shimmering eyelids, and look—there's the stunning effect you want! It's so easy with Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow. These safe, world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are—and always will be—your assurance of beauty that's smart and in good taste. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Insist on the genuine—*Maybelline.*

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in handsome gold-covered vanity, 75c.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in trim zipper case.

Maybelline Eye Shadow in distinctive pastel box.

Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, finely pointed.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

THE EYES OF FASHION
by
Maybelline

For alluring mystery under your most devastating hat, make your eyelashes look long, dark, thick—with Maybelline Mascara. For blondes or titian type, Brown or Blue. For brunettes, Black or Blue.

Eyebrows should be tapered to trim perfection with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil—Brown or Black. If you're youthful and daring, use Blue for eyelid liner!

Accent the depth and color of your eyes with Maybelline Eye Shadow. Choose from six exquisite shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. A shade in harmony with your costume is smartly flattering.

Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!

"THOSE SOFT, LOVELY CURLS ARE enchanting me," Ted whispered. With Nestle Curling Lotion you can quickly have exquisitely natural and longer lasting curls!

NESTLE CURLING LOTION GIVES ME adorable, springy ringlets in *any* weather. It's so simple to use with home curlers, bobby pins or clips. My waves last longer!

Nestle Curling Lotion is scientifically formulated to give you soft, natural, professional looking curls...even in damp weather. It dries quicker and leaves no sticky or greasy deposit. Imparts a soft shine to your hair and produces fascinating curls that last through many more days!

Get Nestle Curling Lotion *today!* In the large non-slip, comb-dip bottle. 10¢ at all 10-cent stores. *Good Housekeeping approved.*

Nestle CURLING LOTION

If you want to know what's what and who's who in Hollywood read MOTION PICTURE Magazine every month. You'll find five gossip departments covering all activities in your Hollywood each month.

MORE HOURS OF
Loveliness
Stay at your loveliest. Keep powder and make-up *on*—and nose-shine *off*—with the new POWD'R-BASE stick.

POWD'R-BASE hampden

Buy your shade at any cosmetic counter.

"The Rains Came"

[*Continued from page 64*]

HIS thoughts swung again to Rama and he realized that there was just one thing to do. He'd have to speak to Edwina about the matter. He decided to have it out with her that night at the Bannerjee's dinner party.

He saw her as he entered his host's house, that evening, but conspicuously enough, Lord Esketh was "home, not feeling well." His fears mounted. From the talk around him, he gathered that Edwina had persuaded Rama to show her around the town and take her over the hospital and the mission. That meant that she'd been with him all day. Plenty of time for a woman as potent as Edwina to do a lot of damage.

He managed to get her aside a bit later. "Look here, Edwina," he began harshly, "I hear you've been having adventures, philandering around hospitals and such."

"Don't be catty, Tom. Just because you're jealous—"

He colored and was silent. Yes, she had struck at the truth, he supposed. Possessiveness was an undeniable part of the male make-up and he'd been wanting Edwina with all his soul ever since last night in the music room. No doubt all his protection of Rama was part resentment. Yet, he had to go through with it.

"I'm being frank—because I see something happening I don't like. When are you leaving?"

She shrugged, "We intended to go tomorrow, but with Albert ill—"

"Too ill to travel?" Unwilling, she shook her head. "Then why don't you go?"

She flared angrily. "You *are* a beast, aren't you?"

He softened just a bit. Poor Edwina, all confused about life and romance. "I don't want to interfere but Rama's my friend. And I'm afraid."

Her gaze was far away. "If you only knew how wrong you are. He's the one man I've ever met I haven't been able to make an impression on." She frowned. "Tom, I have a feeling I'm at Waterloo and I'm not pretending I like it. I can't make him see me—I can't—" Suddenly she flashed an unpleasant smile. "That is, not yet."

With naked enmity they stared at each other.

Then monstrously, a tremor shook the house. Ransome saw Edwina go dead white. Some of the women screamed. "Earthquake!" the men shouted. Now came the second quake. It didn't subside but increased in violence. A few of the women moaned and fainted.

Well, Ransome thought, in that crazy moment when chandeliers and vases came crashing to the floor, the rains had really begun now, but with what a vengeance. They seemed to have brought the end of the world with them. Rain, thunder and lightning broke from the heavens. The trees and foliage outside were a mass of writhing green which seemed to be devouring the very walls of the house. The huge structure swayed from side to side. "Fern," a voice inside him said, inexplicably, "Fern, please be safe."

But the whole of Rajputana was in the grip of a relentless god who was shaking the world to hear it rattle.

The masonry crashed about Ransome's shoulders. He shook himself free.

Then above the confusion he heard Rama shout, "I'm going to the Palace. They'll need help."

The ceiling began to cave in. Moaning figures were strewn about the room as if they had been flung there by a high wind. Ransome saw a table go hurtling through the air. Edwina was in its path. He made a flying tackle and reached her just in time to shunt off the missile. Then suddenly, another roar was added to the noise. Ransome looked up.

"The dam's gone," he said hoarsely and gripped Edwina's arm. "Come on, upstairs." The water would be rising rapidly now.

All during the night, they huddled there in the music room. From the stables the farm animals were bellowing with fright. The screaming of the country people could be heard as they tried to climb the twisted trees. The monkeys were swarming up along with them, away from the flood tide which was rising higher and higher.

It was a night of madness, of devastation and of death.

TOWARD morning, the storm subsided and died. Then, as dawn lightened into day, a bit of sun came out. Edwina moved wearily to the one remaining balcony. She followed Ransome's glance. "The guest palace is gone. I suppose Albert is—" His silence was agreement. She turned to him. "It is beastly of me not to care?"

"No," he said quietly.

"It's not that I'm glad he's gone. It's just that I can't feel any emotion about it one way or another."

Suddenly, Ransome started forward. "Look. A boat." His jaw tightened as he saw Fern Simon, moving dangerously over the water in a gimcrack ornamental skiff. "Easy now," Ransome called as she came up close for a landing.

She climbed up to the balcony, then hung in his arms limply. Her smile was twisted. "Thank heaven, you're safe. I didn't close my eyes all night. I was afraid you'd be drowned."

Then, quietly, she told him that her father was gone, that her mother was safe in the house of Mrs. Smiley who ran the mission school. "If you could get us back there—" She swayed forward with exhaustion and Ransome caught her up and placed her on a couch. There would be time for her to rest while he took Edwina to Mrs. Smiley's. Then he could come back for Fern.

She looked up at him as he stood over her. "You know," she said drowsily, "I didn't mean to put you on the spot. Mother found out I'd been to your house when I came in and she wouldn't believe the truth—"

His eyes were a bit misty. He bent and kissed her lovely wide brow. "Don't worry about that."

"Anyhow, I thought you'd like to know you won't have to marry me." She curled up to go to sleep. "Unless—unless you decide to change your mind."

The trip to the Smiley's was easier than he had expected. But on the way back, going against the current, he encountered trouble. Whirled and tossed about by the water, there were times when he was sure he wouldn't make it. Then would come the thought of Fern, waiting there for him so trustfully, like a little child. It gave him renewed strength.

Finally, panting and almost dropping with weakness, he reached the balcony and clambered up beside her. She opened her eyes and held out her arms. "You've come."

[*Continued on page 68*]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

"**WOMEN choose** their clothes to please the men!" is the world-shaking discovery made by Howard Shoup, the clothes-designer-ofer, out at Warner Brothers . . . It comes as a sort of anti-climactical statement to any gal, in her right mind, over grammar-school age . . . Wonder what the guy thought causes those female budget-nerves at the beginning of each season? Just a change in weather? I never yet bought a new dress just to sit home and read a book in! . . . However, he saved himself by giving me some swell tips to pass on to you on how to dress to please the Man of 1939: . . . Howard designs clothes for Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, among others, and the outfits must please the producers, directors and other men concerned with their pictures . . . So he knows what he's talking about when he says that tho' there are extremes in men's ideas of fashion, just as there are in women's, the average man today likes his gal dressed conservatively . . . Among other things, they like the princess and Empire silhouettes; they like the "masculine influence" in women's clothes to confine itself to a polo coat, vagabond-type hat and semi-tailored suit; plain high-heeled pumps with *no* cutouts; the cotton fabrics . . . And as your gal friend, Chic, has told you many a time, they're a pushover for the crisp coolness of white collars and cuffs on a dark dress.

DOTTIE LAMOUR must have had this "semi-tailored" business in mind when she lunched at the Brown Derby 'tother noon time . . . There are few gals around Hollywood these days more pleasing to a man's eye than the Lamour, and she was especially so in her black linen suit. The perfectly plain skirt of her suit was topped by a jacket featuring wide lapels and high padded shoulders. A white chiffon blouse made in the gypsy style with drawstring neckline and long, full sleeves tied at the wrist gave a definitely feminine note to the outfit . . . A black felt hat with peaked crown trimmed with a braided band of green, red, blue and yellow suede, black shoes and bag completed her ensemble . . . And that's an idea *you* can copy, honey. A bright colored band for your dark sports hat looks smart as the devil. Or you might try using your color note in a belt, like the one Florence Rice wore on a shirtmaker dress of natural color crepe . . . Florence's belt was made of fuschia-colored hemp knotted into an open lacy design, the loose ends tied in a knot for fastening. The color and material were repeated in her cartwheel hat of straw with a crown of the open-work hemp . . If it's cotton material the men are going for this year, then both Virginia Grey and Jean Arthur were wearing outfits at luncheon practically made to order . . . Jean's ensemble of grey-and-white striped *seersucker* was the coolest looking thing I've seen. Seersucker, if you remember, is the same material your mother used to make your rompers. And I think if I were going in for naming the best-dressed gal of the month, it would be Jean in that particular cotton outfit . . . The two-piece suit was made with a skirt in four bias gores and a hip-length jacket buttoning down the front with four huge, white buttons . . . The interesting feature of the jacket was the extra wide cut to the lapels. Incidentally, from snooping 'round I've found that it is either these overgrown lapels or none at all that adorn the newest suits . . . Jean wore under this a plain-tailored blouse of grey linen with a white pique cravat at the neckline. (Ah—that man-pleasing touch of white!) Dark blue shoes and bag, white gloves and large white sailor hat completed the best-looking gal in the Derby.

AS I went out the door I spied Jane Bryan sitting at a corner booth, knitting. Jane is the knittingest gal in all Hollywood. She told me if I'd drop into the Victor Hugo that evening I'd see one of her newest knitted-after-dark gowns . . . So I decked myself out in last summer's black organza formal and hoped no one noticed that the gypsy-striped bolero I wore with it was the same one my kid sister wears with her tennis shorts! . . . Jane's blue-and-silver knit formal was positively exciting looking! The smart gal knitted it herself of a fine blue silk thread intertwined with silver—as form-fitting as only a knitted gown can be. Her wrap was also hand-knit, a collarless boxy coat of heavy silver cord.

Mlle. Chic

. . the right figure!

FASHION PREVIEWS

Edited by Ruth Stone Stylist for

HICKORY

The Foundation of Loveliness

PARISIAN DESIGNERS' names may mean nothing in your young life—but their edicts will affect your Fall wardrobe, clear down to your foundations. They've pruned your waist to a new narrowness and decided that your hips needn't be so retiring—but they refuse to excuse a single wrinkle in your contour. Your figure must be just right!—which is precisely why you'll like these Hickory "Figurite" Foundations of Loveliness.

"FIGURITE" FOUNDATION
Styled by HICKORY

"FIGURITE" FOUNDATION styled by Hickory. First: proper length; Second: exact bust-measure; and Third: correct bra-cup depth for YOU are all considered to give you accurate 3-dimensional fit. You'll feel as if this lovely all-in-one had been molded on your figure. Porous Leno Lastex sides trim your hips. The jacquard design front panel controls your tummy. The back, up-and-down stretch, panel stays put. Self-edges banish thigh-line bulges. Length best suited to your height: short, average, tall. Bra-cups, for that perfect rounded uplift, to fit your bust-type as well as bust-size: shallow, average, full. 32-38. $5.*

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If your corsetiere hasn't the model you desire—she'll gladly secure it for you upon request. If not, please write me, giving your size and dealer's name. Ruth Stone, 1149 W. Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois. A. STEIN & COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Buenos Aires, Toronto. Associate Manufacturer—Dowd Corset Co., Pty., Ltd., Melbourne, Australia.

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"FIGURITE" GIRDLE styled by Hickory. For the ultimate in smoothness, this attractive Leno Lastex girdle is self-edged at top and bottom. The jacquard design front panel flattens your tummy, and conceals two tiny stays to prevent rolling at the waistline. Because it stretches both ways, your hips are effectively—and comfortably—held to trim lines. InvizaGrip garters. Tailored in two lengths: 14 inch—$3.50; 16 inch—$4.00.*

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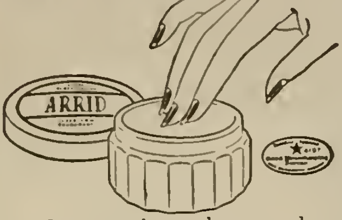

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"The Rains Came"

[*Continued from page 66*]

"Yes, Fern." He was breathing hard as he drew her against his chest. "It was a long way, but I'm here."

The Maharajah was dead. He had been pinned underneath the masonry when the east end of the Palace had caved in. The funeral through the pitifully-shattered town took place the next day.

When it was over, the Maharani said to Rama, "I know I can count on you to help your Queen rebuild our state."

Then she spoke to the little group of friends who were closest to her. She was depending on them, she said, asking them to help keep the plague from spreading, to bring order again out of chaos. She had proclaimed a state of emergency. The police would work with the army.

Then, alone with Ransome, she addressed him. "Tom, when I said I could depend on this little group I meant you too."

He was touched. "I don't know why, Your Highness."

"Because you're one of us. I need a personal aide-de camp, someone who understands my people and can help me help them. Do you think you can do it?"

He bowed and kissed her hand. "If *you* think I can—then I can."

The very next morning he sent a note to Fern. There was much work to be done and he needed an assistant? Would she come?

She was there that same day, having come by the only available means of transportation—elephant back. And then the ceaseless work began. Finding food and supplies for the sick and hungry was only part of it. For hours on end, Ransome rode through the streets in the side car of a motorcycle. It was important to make sure that the plague-ridden parts of the city were dynamited, the open water ditches closed. Shelters had to be found for the homeless, the dead had to be buried—or burned.

Gaunt and unshaven he sat at a makeshift desk in one of the cleared parts of the palace, taking care of the natives as they stood in line. Fern was beside him busily making notes. It was the fourth day after the catastrophe and everyone was clamoring for attention at once.

A call came in from the hospital for two hundred and fifty pairs of sheets. Sternly, he told one of the officials to take what was needed from the Rajputana Textile Company. If the manager objected, he, Ransome would personally give him to his pet vultures who would feed on his liver.

Taking this as actual fact the official gulped and fled.

Ransome fell into a moment's thought. The hospital was probably the busiest place in all Rajputana now. Strange to think of Edwina there, helping out, doing every conceivable filthy and drudging task given her. That's what love had brought about. He felt a curious hurt. She had loved him too but never like that.

But then, he thought grimly, perhaps he hadn't been good enough to inspire that sort of love in a woman.

Well, it would all be over soon. The Maharani had come to him just today and informed him that Lady Esketh was being sent out of India. She wasn't the right sort of woman for Rama. *His* destiny was bound up with the betterment of Rajputana.

"She's young in years, Tom," the Maharani had said gravely, "but she's really old, outmoded. *Her* kind of civilization, the worship of self, is on its way out. It has no place here."

Perhaps it was all for the best. Edwina would go back to London, maybe he'd even follow her and they could take up again where they'd left off.

He looked up to see his man, John, standing there. He was carrying a clinking hamper. "I bring the brandy, sahib."

"Oh, yes, the brandy. Take it over to the hospital."

John's jaw dropped. "All of it, Sahib?"

"All of it." Ransome said to Fern, "Make a note of that, Miss Simon." John salaamed and went. Ransome turned to Fern sternly. "But don't think I'm reforming. When we're through here I intend to go on the biggest, longest, most magnificent bat in the history of civilization." He held up his hand, as an old man in line began to pour forth a volume of broken Hindustani. "I'm sorry, you'll have to wait your turn." The man moved on.

Fern's face was sad. "I feel so sorry for these people. Some of them have lost everything."

"Yes, that's India for you. She'll take every thing you have—" he shrugged, "—but sometimes in the last moment she'll give with both hands." He watched her as she bent absorbedly over her card file.

Once this was over, there was another thing he had to do. Fern was going to get her chance. He'd help her with money and anything else and hang the responsibility. *Someone* ought to give her the opportunity of getting away from that wretched family of hers. As for her being in love with him—well, that was probably all imagination. She was young, inclined to romanticize about people, particularly if she thought them a bit wicked. It would be interesting, seeing how she progressed.

He had just returned from another motorcycle inspection that afternoon when he saw Fern standing outside the palace. Her face was chalk white as she ran to him.

"It's Lady Esketh," she gasped, "very ill at the hospital. The fever." She looked at him searchingly. Now, in this moment, she might learn the truth—find out whether he still loved the beautiful Edwina or not.

But his lips merely tightened and he said, "Come along. We'd better hurry."

At the hospital, Rama was in the outside hall. He flung himself at Ransome. The man was in a frenzy. "I don't know what to do, Tom, I don't know what to do. She won't fight, she has no will to live."

His voice broke as he told Ransome how much he loved her. He'd seen her change before his eyes, from the glossy, crafty woman of London to a merciful human creature, who had nursed the sick and the poor.

"Steady," Ransome said.

Tears were streaming from Rama's eyes. "I want to tear my clothes and wail, Tom. I'm not a doctor. I'm nothing. I've failed. I can't save her life!"

Quietly, Ransome talked. He spoke of the Maharani and of Rama's duty to all the people who worshipped and respected him. He was a symbol to them of the *new* India that was being born out of the darkness of the old. He couldn't betray them now.

Finally, Rama drew away. Staring straight before him he said, "I'm sorry, Tom. I'm all right, now. It won't happen again. Thank you."

The nurse emerged from Edwina's room and beckoned. Lady Esketh was asking for Mr. Ransome and Miss Simon. They went in and Ransome began imploringly, "Rama says if you'd only fight—"

She smiled weakly. "Don't talk nonsense. The Maharani gave me her ultimatum. Nothing's changed since then." She took his hand in her hot, feverish one. "Tom, believe me, I was in love. I *am* in love for the first time in my life. Completely, honestly in love."

"I do believe you."

"Tom, he wanted to come away with me, but I wouldn't let him." She asked childishly, "Don't you think that was fine of me, Tom? Don't you?"

"It was—very fine, Edwina."

Now she began to speak a little more hurriedly as if there wasn't much time to lose. She had just made her will and she was leaving all of her fortune to the Ranchipur hospital, one hundred thousand pounds to be administered by Rama. As for her jewels, they were going to Fern—for a wedding present.

"But I can't take them," Fern cried out through her tears, "And I'm not going to be married—"

There was a gleam of humor in Edwina's green eyes. "Oh, yes, you are. To Tom." She turned to him. "Isn't she?"

The moment was tragic but a sudden gladness went over him. "But—I'd be no good for her."

"Stop bragging. She's mad about you and she thinks you're God." Then she added, taking each one of their hands. "And you're more in love with her than you know. You have been right along."

Ransome's eyes met Fern's and for one instant they spoke to each other thus, silently.

Then Edwina said, "And now—ask Rama to come in."

Outside, Ransome and Fern stood together as Rama walked slowly to the door of Edwina's room. It closed behind him and he was alone for life's last few moments with his beloved.

It was near sunset one evening just a year later that Ransome stood before his oil painting of Rama. The young Indian was dressed in the robes of the Heir Apparent of Ranchipur. In the corner of the picture there was some lettering: "Thomas Ransome, 1939."

Fern, now his bride of six months stood beside him. "Oh, Tom," she said breathlessly, "It—it's really fine."

"Yes." He grinned. "And what's even more remarkable, it's finished."

They didn't need words just then, so they stood very close in each other's arms. Tom thought of the miracle of love that had come to him, of this beautiful child-woman whose step he adored, whose caress was wild rapture. India had given him more than he could ever have dreamed of in life.

The drums had started rolling. It was time to leave for the coronation Festivities at the Palace.

On the Palace balcony, the Maharani spoke to the crowd assembled below. "This time, the dam has been built to stand." She gestured widely. "As long as you live and your children and your children's children."

Now the guns fired another salute, and Rama appeared on the balcony beside the Maharani. A tumultuous cheer went up. Ransome stood with his arm around Fern and almost without knowing it, he said, "He's their leader. He'll take them from the darkness into the light."

Yes, India could take but she had given with a prodigal hand when she had proffered Rama to the people. Through him they would stand erect, they would lift their faces to the sky, they would walk again in the freedom that God had meant for every man.

Ginger Rogers – *Hollywood's sparkling star. See her in* RKO*'s new motion picture "Bachelor Mother"*

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Be popular with your family and friends by treating them to delicious Doublemint Chewing Gum. Its wonderful-tasting and long-lasting flavor of mint leaves helps sweeten your breath. The chewing aids your digestion and helps keep your teeth clean, bright, attractive—bringing your smile more compliments.

And speaking of smiles, none is lovelier than that of **GINGER ROGERS**, as you can see by this picture. Note also her hair and blouse. Both are just right because they truly express her own natural self . . . Chewing is a natural pleasure. Especially chewing refreshing Doublemint Gum which is very popular in Hollywood as it is everywhere else. *You'll* like it. Get some today.

T-219

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Hollywood's Amour Boys

[*Continued from page 27*]

was all in fun, *Second Fiddle* told tales out of school, revealing how Hollywood promotes glamor with amour. But it isn't likely to stop the practice. The practice is too profitable.

PRACTICALLY every eligible bachelor left is an amour boy.

There is James Stewart, for example. Long, lanky Jimmy has an expressive face, but not a handsome one. He didn't start out with glamor; he acquired it. And he did it principally by becoming the town squire—by belying, off-screen, his screen mannerisms, which are those of the shy, awkward, hesitant swain.

All this began when the press-agents persuaded him to have his name linked with that of Eleanor Powell, who also needed romance rumors. The publicity fell a bit flat, because at that time Eleanor was conserving her energy, keeping early hours and avoiding night clubs; Hollywood didn't have much chance to see with its own eyes any appearances of a romance. Since then, Jimmy has rather made a habit of becoming interested in famous females willing to be taken out—to places where there are photographers and columnists' spies.

No Hollywood bachelor has been seen with such a variety of highly desirable girls. He has run the gamut of feminine glamor—beaued all the most alluring eligibles. Remember his "secret romance" with Simone Simon? Remember how smitten he seemed with Rosalind Russell? (Insiders say that Rosalind was actually smitten, and had to get over it.) For a while he was seen with no one but Norma Shearer. Now it's Loretta Young. Jimmy knows how to pick them nowadays, without any help from the press-agents.

Someone who knows him well vows that Jimmy won't marry for years; that he's too career-minded to be marriage-minded. But it certainly helps to pass the evenings, and it certainly keeps his name in the papers, and builds up his glamor, to become the constant companion of one pretty girl after another.

David Niven likewise didn't look too romantic at first. In fact, he was given the roles of befuddled weaklings. He didn't win the heroine until his nineteenth picture, *Bachelor Mother*. But even in the beginning his boss, Samuel Goldwyn, believed that David had romantic possibilities. Otherwise, Mr. Goldwyn's bright young publicity men would never have elected David to be the suitor of exotic Merle Oberon. According to the press-agents at the time, the only thing that kept them from marrying was the fact that Merle was a star, and David wasn't—yet. All of which was so much apple butter. There never was a romance. But the appearance of one kept both their names before the public, and made the public Niven-conscious.

Then Merle went abroad for a year, and stories had it that the year was going to be a test of their love. Briefly, David's name was missing from the columns. Then that was corrected. He started going with Virginia Bruce. Public opinion of the Niven taste went up another notch. Virginia later related that she almost fell in love with David—and would have, if he had stayed serious long enough at a time. But half the technique of remaining romantically eligible is in avoiding seriousness and possible complications. The main thing is to be an entertaining companion, to make the romance rumors as painless as possible to whatever girl may share them. And no one is more expert at this than witty Mr. Niven. It explains his success as a one-man escort bureau—and as a publicity-getter.

In all fairness to David, it must be said that he seems to be wearying of the game. He seems to be devoting himself to an English society girl whose name means nothing to movie fans. He is suspected of wanting to marry her. Another amour boy may be going out of circulation.

BUT for every one who goes out of circulation, there is always another one to take his place. You are, for instance, witnessing the rise of John Howard as a highly desirable young-man-about-Hollywood.

For every star who goes out of circulation, there is always another one to take his place. John Howard has become one of the highly desirable young-men-about-Hollywood. They're trying to pin him down to a romance with La Lamour

John has always been handsome. Up to now, however, there has been a touch of the prosaic about him—a hangover, perhaps, from the days when he had college-professor ambitions. Now his possibilities are going to be given a high-pressure development. There aren't too many bachelor Adonises left, since the recent typhoon of weddings. So John suddenly finds himself in a starring spot—opposite Dorothy Lamour in *Disputed Passage*. There is no doubt about the Lamour sex-appeal. And there is to be no doubt about the Howard sex-appeal, either.

The press-agents whipped up eighty-two

stunts to get publicity for the picture, and made memos of them in a confidential intra-office brochure. And stunt No. 17 in said brochure reads like this: "Howard should have a few dates with Lamour. Anyhow, he should take her to the preview." That is the Howard-Lamour "romance" you have been reading about. It looks like the first of several such "romances" in John's young life.

After three unfortunate marriages, George Brent is "understandably cynical about love." (I'm quoting one of his intimates.) But that doesn't prevent him from maintaining a reputation, year in and year out, as a romantic male.

George is careful whom he courts. He doesn't, you will notice, go with any girl who earns less than he does, or is less well-known. He made an exception in the case of Constance Worth, and regretted such impulsiveness immediately. That isn't likely to happen again. It's much safer, courting some hard-to-get star with a big name. Also, it's more glamorous.

The First Ladies of the Screen have a special attraction for George. He married Ruth Chatterton when she was First Lady. When Garbo was First Lady, he was a constant caller—and the aura of his alleged romance with the elusive Swede still hovers around him. Now Bette Davis is First Lady, and who is knocking at her door? George.

WHEN Richard Greene arrived in Hollywood, to be starred in his first picture, the press-agents introduced him to Arleen Whelan, who was about to be starred in *her* first picture. He took the hint and started dating her—not because of the possible publicity, but because he had fallen for her, hard. The press-agents were pretty happy about the whole thing, until Dick clicked in *Four Men and a Prayer* and Arleen didn't click in *Kidnapped*. The romance had to be broken up. That took some doing, because Dick cared more about Arleen than he did about publicity. Now he is free to be rumored romantic about any one, or every one, of several highly desirable girls. And day by day his own desirability increases. He is in a position to take over Tyrone Power's laurels as an amour boy.

Brian Aherne used to have a reputation for British reticence, for preferring privacy to publicity. But now he is beginning to see the light. He is coming out of his shell, taking in parties, dancing at night clubs. And getting a reputation for British charm. The impression is circulating around that Brian, the recent hermit, likes beautiful women—and, conversely, that beautiful women like him. And how his fan mail is picking up!

When, after his hit in *Union Pacific*, the press-agents started whipping up romance rumors about Robert Preston, he objected. He already had a girl-friend—and he was a one-woman man. Jeffrey Lynn has likewise declined to be publicized as popular with a variety of voluptuous Hollywood damsels. Ditto George Sanders. But these are the exceptions. The rest of the bachelors don't mind being amour boys. In fact, they prefer it.

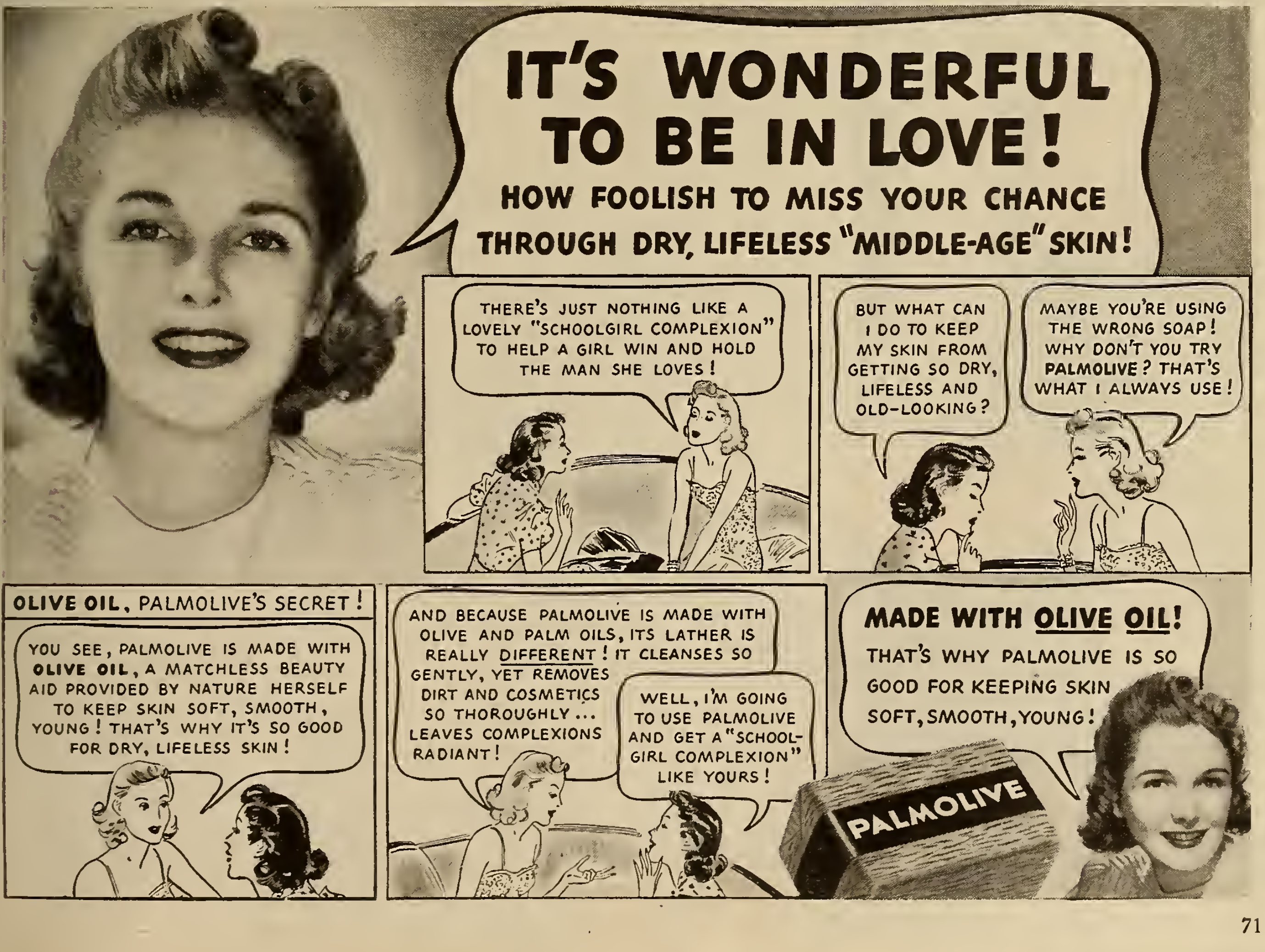
Cesar Romero works overtime to counteract those bearded, long-haired gents he plays. In white tie and tails, suave and civilized, he habituates the night clubs, always with a beauty in his arms. Lee Bowman, who works daytimes at failing to appeal to glamor girls, spends his evenings entertaining them. Edgar Bergen isn't letting the impression get around that he wants to hold only Charlie McCarthy on his lap. Rudy Vallee benignly discovers a new girl a week. Or thereabouts.

Bruce Cabot plays not only the movie field, but the society field, which gives him a double chance for publicity—in the movie columns, and in the society columns. Reginald Gardiner, a comedian by vocation, is a beauty-escorter by avocation. Likewise, Alexander D'Arcy. Both boys are ambitious for fatter parts than they have had to date. And publicity about their appeal to the fair sex should help them to get such parts. Aren't movie audiences composed mostly of women?

WILLIAM LUNDIGAN, Allan Lane and Dennis O'Keefe have been spreading their dates around and, steadily, their movie stock—as romantic leading men—has been rising. Ronald Reagan, graduating from B's to A's, is being given a large batch of romance rumors, heightening his public appeal.

You haven't read any romantic reports yet about Hollywood's newest star—William (*Golden Boy*) Holden. That isn't because he's married. He is highly eligible. But, working eighteen hours a day, he simply hasn't had time to look romantic off the screen. Now that the picture is finished, however, the rumors can begin. And they will. You can be sure of that.

He will learn—as others have, before him—that the more amorous he is, the more glamorous he will be.


IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE IN LOVE!
HOW FOOLISH TO MISS YOUR CHANCE THROUGH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
THERE'S JUST NOTHING LIKE A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" TO HELP A GIRL WIN AND HOLD THE MAN SHE LOVES!
BUT WHAT CAN I DO TO KEEP MY SKIN FROM GETTING SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING?
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS USE!
OLIVE OIL, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, I'M GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE AND GET A "SCHOOL-GIRL COMPLEXION" LIKE YOURS!
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
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ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

Camera, lights and "mike" frame a "homey" study of Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins in a scene from Warner's *The Old Maid*. Director Edmund Goulding is beside camera

PLENTY a-doin' on the *Lady of the Tropics* set at M-G-M—!—from gags to gasps. Like the day Groucho Marx sneaked onto the stage while lights were out, save the lights on the set where Bob Taylor is making love to Hedy Lamarr. Hedy asks: "Do you love me?" Bob hesitates. "I'll tell you later," he whispers. "No, no; tell me now," she pleads. "I can't. Later, I'll tell you," Bob insists . . . And out of the dark, comes a voice: "The dope! Hedy Lamarr in his arms, and he can't make up his mind yet!!!" Uh huh. It's Groucho Marx, clowning again . . . Lamarr is going to oomph it plenty, in this picture. She'll be sexquisite, no end. Note this when you see it: there aren't any stockings on the g-lamarr-ous laigs . . . And there's dam'li'l on the rest of her, at various times. Temperature on the set is teeriffic . . . It takes laughs to cool it down. Like the day the elevator got temperamental—the scenes where Bob and Hedy ride in the hotel elevator . . . It stuck . . . Bob fooled with the buttons, and before anybody knew what was up, whoosh went the car and stuck twenty feet above the sound stage . . . With all that precious freight on board, M-G-M took no chances . . . Bob and Hedy were carried down ladders, before they started fixing the device, lest it break and smear valuable Taylor and Lamarr all over M-G-M's sound stage . . . But you won't see any of this on the screen.

YOU won't see, either, what happened—or, instead, nearly happened to Lynn Bari on the set of *Hollywood Cavalcade*. It's the scene where Jack Mulhall and she are talking. Lynn's in a chair. Jack says a line about somebody talking about a big business boom— "—and then came *the* crash," he says according to script . . . He says it all right. It's Lynn's cue to rise, and she does so. And at that instant, as she steps away from the chair, a big spotlight overhead breaks loose, crashes down, and right into the chair where Lynn was just sitting . . . You won't see that on the screen either. It's one of those things that happen in the studios, day in and day out.

IT'S not always the top stars who provide the gag-of-the-month, on the sets. Over at Paramount, during *Are Husbands Necessary?*, it was four-year-old Carolyn Lee who brought on the laugh of the production with an off-the-script crack . . . She'd just done a nice piece of acting, and after the "cut," director Ed Griffith wanted to reward her. He hustled over to the candy-man on the set, bought a double ice cream cone, and offered it to little Carolyn . . . She turned him down! With this: "No, thank you, Mr. Griffith. It's too fattening!!" O, Hollywood, my Hollywood . . .!! Bette Davis never lets things lag on a set. Not only a great actress, she's a great guy. That's why things were never dull on the *Elizabeth and Essex* or the *Lady and the Knight* set, or whatever they're gonna call the film when they get around to releasing it . . . Like the day she was in the midst of a deeply emotional scene—and suddenly stopped dead in the middle of it . . . "What's up?" demanded Director Mike Curtiz . . . Bette waved toward an offstage electrician, who was valiantly trying to stifle a sneeze, and having an awful time of it . . . "No scene," cracked Bette, "is worth a strangled electrician." . . . And with that, the electrician let go with a "Ka-WHOOOSH!" And everybody was happy.

MIKE CURTIZ himself, though, often lightens up the tedium on that set. There was the touchy period when they'd shot three takes of the hectic scene where Bette, in a fine rage, goes around smashing all the mirrors in sight . . . Thrice, Bette spoiled the scene, because she didn't throw the vases straight, and didn't smash the mirrors. And just when everybody—especially the prop men, who had to replace the mirrors for each scene—began getting no end cranky, Curtiz relieved the tension . . . "Ah, Bette," he cried, "it's girls like you that boys should marry—girls who can't throw no better than you, Bette!" . . . Not satisfied with gagging the glamor out of scenes on somebody else's set (remember that *Lady of the Tropics* episode?) Groucho Marx raises hell on his own . . . That scene in *A Day at the Circus,* where Groucho has to light a cigar, goes wrong. It's take after take—and each time, Groucho has to stoke up and puff furiously at a fresh cigar . . . After about 'steen takes, Groucho busts up the business for a full half hour with this crack: "Say, is this a scene from *A Day at the Circus*—or are we doing *Tobacco Road?"*

THE Dead End Kids get theirs! It's on the all-night take of *The Angels Wash Their Faces.* As always, the kids have been making life hell for everybody else on the set. This time, "everybody else" includes a company of the Burbank City Fire Department, hired by the studio for the night's work, which depicts that big tenement fire scene . . . All night long, the kids have pestered and gagged the firemen. At the last take, the firemen get square . . . Without warning, when Director Enright yells for the final "cut," the firemen *quite accidentally* let their still-gushing hose swish around—and swooooooooish—the Dead End Kids get the damnedest drenching.

The World at Her Feet

[*Continued from page 24*]

sionally as Anton Dolin's partner in London, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Tales of Hoffman*, produced by Max Reinhardt, and toured the continent with a ballet troupe. All this, before she was 17. Today, at 22, she is Hollywood's newest rising star, and the whole town is talking about her.

SHE was born in Berlin of Norwegian parents, and is distinctly of the Nordic type, with blond hair and big blue eyes, which always sparkle with inward enthusiasms and riches. Her legs, I'm sure, will eclipse the fame of all the other celebrated legs of Hollywood. She has the kind of figure to inspire the most blase magazine illustrator. Zorina is a streamlined ballerina, and not merely in a physical sense only. She is modern in every way. As American as the reigning queen of a junior-senior prom, and at the same time as cosmopolitan and international as the fashionable ladies of the Lido and St. Moritz. She speaks six languages, Norwegian, German, French, Italian, Russian and English, fluently.

Her husband, who ought to know, says she is the only intellectual ballerina he has met. No little part of her attraction for him is mental. She has a very keen mind. He marvels at her ability to declaim long passages from Shakespeare. "I could never do it," he says. "She has a sharp ear—learns languages quickly." She is also a talented painter, having studied painting in Italy.

This most versatile glamorita in Hollywood, is as tireless as that other renowned daughter of Norway, Sonja Henie, and her tremendous vitality should carry her far. And yet, withal, she remains charmingly and completely a girl. Her learning and accomplishments rest lightly on her shoulders, and she's shy, which may be misinterpreted by those who don't know her well as aloofness and hauteur to the point of rudeness.

"The greatest difficulty I've had to overcome in my life," she told me on the set of *On Your Toes*, "has been self-consciousness. I lacked confidence. But when I went on the stage I realized that I had to overcome my self-consciousness and develop confidence if I was going to succeed as an actress. I'm still bothered with it, though."

NO MATTER what she does, she must be first. To her being the second best means failure. "I'm very ambitious," she admitted with a smile. "I want to be a good actress, both on the stage and the screen, I want to be the best ballet dancer in the world, and also—" she hesitated for a moment and put the hair-pin she was holding in her mouth, "to be a very good mother to my child when I have one." She looked at her husband. "George prefers to have a boy," she added.

"We'll compromise," he said, with a little laugh. "If our child turns out to be a boy, we'll dress him like a girl."

"No, we won't!" she protested.

"We've agreed to call her Amirande if she's a girl," he explained. "It's a Georgian name."

"It's beautiful," she conceded.

Balanchine was born in Kutais, an old town in Georgia, of a Russian mother and Georgian father. The Georgians are great dancers. A Caucasian sword dance is a spectacular thing. He was taken to St. Petersburg at the age of eight, and trained for the Russian Imperial Ballet. He is a young man in his early thirties, though there is a sprinkle of grey at his temples.

"Just imagine, darling," Zorina said, lighting a cigarette. "With your brown eyes and my brains what a wonderful child our girl will be!"

They love to kid each other.

SHE said she first met Balanchine during a rehearsal at the Metropolitan in New York. It wasn't love at first sight, though she was impressed. "He was very quiet and unassuming, but I knew that he had a tremendous background of culture and knowledge." They next met in Hollywood, at the Goldwyn studio, and their friendship gradually ripened into love. They "eloped" to Staten Island and married secretly while she was starring in *I Married an Angel*.

They say they are very happy, which is obvious. "George is so patient and understanding," she stated. "Just my opposite.

[*Continued on page 75*]

They thought Betty would never be a bride
BETTY WILL BE LEFT ON THE SHELF IF SHE DOESN'T WATCH OUT
DOESN'T SHE REALIZE MEN RUN FROM "B.O."?
WHY, THOSE WOMEN WERE TALKING ABOUT ME! THEY WERE SAYING I NEEDED LIFEBUOY. I'LL NEVER RISK "B.O." AGAIN!
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THE HAPPY ENDING
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"Brother Rat" Is Back

[Continued from page 43]

nights walking up and down Broadway, feeling himself a part of it's glamor, brought him fresh courage.

Today he prefers the by-ways of Manhattan. The waterfront, on South Street, where he can engage in conversation with assorted characters. A gesture to be remembered, an expression to be studied. To be used in some characterization. Or to be jotted down for the not too far distant days when he turns to writing.

When he got to the point where missing too many meals was beginning to show, a small time booking-agent hired him as The Silver Masked Tenor with The Ten Polish Pals, a musical aggregation of limited talents that played for weddings and club affairs. They were booked in a Brooklyn hall where the manager hinted to Eddie that a little attention to the Polish matrons, in the way of a dance or two would react in his favor.

Eddie was determined to be obliging. He singled out from the eager group a not unattractive partner. Suddenly, chairs went sailing through the air, the place was a shambles, and the innocent tenor was unmasked by a jealous husband, to reveal a discolored optic. And unmasked, Eddie chose to remain after that night.

A SERIES describing the heart-throbs of a newly-married couple took form just about then, and Eddie went on the air over an Eastern network with the attractive Gracie. Eddie and Gracie it remained without interruption for almost eight years in "The Honeymooners." Eddie credits his radio appearances for developing a natural style of acting.

His income increased with each lifted option. But he remained in a modest Greenwich Village apartment, budgeting his salary, putting most of it into annuities. One summer he spent acting in a "strawhatter," a little theatre outside the city. It gave him the confidence to approach George Abbott when the season started. No other Broadway producer would have risked the part of *Bing* in the hands of an inexperienced actor.

The producer-director took an immediate liking to Eddie. Opening night justified his confidence. The boy made a personal hit. He had created a new type of light comedy juvenile. Before its long run ended, Eddie left *Brother Rat* to play *Davis,* the Oswego playwright in *Room Service.* Immediately the movie offers poured in. A month after the show opened he decided he needed a vacation. He went on a fishing trip to Canada with his dad.

Everyone gasped. Leave a hit show so soon after it's opening—for a vacation! Unheard of! If he had accepted one of those film offers they could understand. . . .

The remainder of the year found him back in *Room Service.* He bought Government Saving bonds and went home immediately after the show. Nice young things, fresh out of dramatic school, smiled at him, but Eddie spent his off-stage hours in his dressing-room studying ant life. He took the company's ribbing good-naturedly. He has a good sense of humor.

When RKO and Warner Brothers bid against each other for Eddie's services in the screen version of his two hit plays, he calmly went off to Europe with his dad. Tourist. That the studios were still eagerly bidding for him, on his return, was proof of Hollywood's respect for his indifference towards movie money.

They considered it a clever gesture. But it was just Eddie wanting to see Italy. He accepted the Warner contract knowing there would be little opportunity supporting the Marx Brothers. The first rushes of *Brother Rat* sent him scurrying out of the projection room. He thought his nose had been borrowed from Jimmy Durante. Still he didn't like it when a columnist announced that even if he wasn't strictly handsome according to the standards set by Taylor and Power, the Hollywood gals were showing keen interest.

HE'D like to have a way with women. The romantic swagger of young Doug Fairbanks. The Gable "umph." Yet his love scenes before the camera with Jane Bryan were poignant and tender. Fresh and heartbreakingly real. Audiences responded as they seldom do to the professional lovemaking of our more sophisticated heroes.

The studio begged, cajoled and tossed choice scripts into his lap in an effort to keep him on the lot after that preview of his first picture. Eddie agreed to a long-term contract but insisted on taking time out to do *The Boys From Syracuse,* a Rodgers and Hart version of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors.* He liked the idea of singing and dancing, doing a musical comedy. He liked the idea of the long rehearsal hours.

He has surprising endurance for all his rather slight build. His amazing luck continued. As *Antipholus* he added another stage portrait of charm and versatility. He moved to a small penthouse on Riverside Drive. His routine of work and study continued. His intimates remain the not quite "arrived" musicians, composers and singers who share his love of the arts.

He dislikes parties. When he feels like company, he gathers his friends around the piano for a song-fest. He likes folk-songs best. His voice—it isn't a big voice—reflects his joy in singing, warmth and a feeling for humanity.

An average day for Eddie means rising at noon, vocalizing, having a diction lesson, visiting an art gallery or remaining at home to write. He rides horseback for the exercise not too regularly. Athletics have no appeal for him. Tea is served in his dressing-room matinee days and he studies German between cues.

Leaving *The Boys From Syracuse* a few weeks before it closed, Eddie returned to the screen in *On Your Toes* co-starring with Zorina. He is more anxious to do *The Poor Nut* that immediately follows. He lives at the Hollywood Athletic Club as he did before, and tries to avoid autograph hunters. He won't tell the publicity man that he arranged for the funeral of the little Italian bootblack who came backstage to shine his shoes and went across the Hudson to Jersey to console the lady's mother. He won't like the press-agent inspired romances that is part of every studio build-up. Such as the Jane Bryan gossip items.

Jane attended the opening of *Syracuse.* That will take some explaining in Hollywood. She happened to be vacationing in the city. Eddie didn't so much as know where she was staying. And it was Grace, appearing in a minor role in the show who cried happy tears during the performance onstage. Because Eddie had really arrived. They'll probably be real "Honeymooners" before long. . . . Eddie Albert is a very steady young man.

The World at Her Feet

[*Continued from page 73*]

He never loses his temper. But I'm excitable, I flare up easily—and subside just as quickly.

"You know, I'm very glad I married," she continued earnestly. "I've settled, quieted down. Now I can concentrate on my work. Before I married I was always on the go, led a hectic life. Now I don't care to go out at all. We are happy at home, we never feel bored. My marriage has done me a lot of good in another way. It has developed me as a woman, which in turn has helped me be a better actress. I think marriage is an experience no actress can afford to miss."

The secret of her marital happiness? "I'll tell you. I never try to boss my husband, easy-going as he is. No man can stand a domineering wife. What breaks many marriages is a bossy wife. It's natural that the man should be the head of a family, and if there is any bossing to be done, he is the one to do it, not the wife."

To be sure, they have their little arguments. On the question of her weight, for instance. So Zorina will now and then get the notion to diet. Dieting to her means not eating at all. She likes to do things fast. "I've no patience!" On the first day of her self-imposed hunger strike her husband will mope around like the proverbial gloomy Russian. On the second day, his fingers will twitch nervously. On the third day, he will explode, and call her, in a tense but mild voice, "Bird-face!" She mimicked him, with a bird-like expression.

"I love eating," she insisted. "But I eat very little. I can't dance on a full stomach. A good meal will affect my voice so much the sound man here wouldn't recognize it.

SHE can't cook, admits she is a flop in domestic arts. You can hardly expect a ballerina who has literally grown up in trunks to be a skilled housekeeper. "Maybe I can manage to boil an egg or broil a lamb chop. We have a servant who does all our cooking when George is working. When we go home from the studio we don't know what we'll have for dinner. We like it that way. We like to be surprised. Our servant prepares the menus and does all the marketing. In fact, she is the real boss in our home. But when George is free, he will cook the most marvelous meals."

Zorina enjoys blooming health, and her complexion has that fatal school-girl coloring. "I do absolutely nothing for my complexion," she asserted. "I clean my face with soap and water and use a little cream. I've never had a facial or anything like that in my life."

As for clothes: "I hate shopping! But if I see a dress I like, I must have it. I like to dress very simply, and I'd rather have one original, individual model than a trunkful of clothes. I like suits and tailored things, and in the evenings I go very feminine. Before I left New York I was very busy buying clothes, thinking I would need them in Hollywood. I bought two new evening gowns, afternoon dresses, everything. But it was an absolute waste. All I need here is a pair of slacks. We never go out. We haven't had a chance. I've had to get up at six o'clock in the morning. It's terrible! Especially when it's foggy. We live in Bel Air, close to the ocean, and the mornings are foggy there."

She never entertains formally. She has no use for those cocktail parties where you meet hundreds of people you don't know and don't even remember the name of the hostess. She has few friends in Hollywood, most of her friends being in New York, as she's still quite new out here.

There is a swimming-pool in her Bel Air home. "Every day, at six in the mornings and nine or ten o'clock at nights I take a dip in my pool. And let me tell you what I wear at home when I'm not working—a bathing suit."

The thing that has impressed her most about Hollywood is the lack of professional and personal jealousy. The Russian Ballet weaves dazzling pageantries of harmonious movement, but behind the scenes it's a hot bed of envy and gossip. When you have so many lovelies together their elementary instincts are bound to clash, which may be amusing to us outsiders, but was decidedly unpleasant for Zorina. "The atmosphere of Hollywood is so different," she said. "Here everybody tries to help me. And people mind their own business. It's amazing!"

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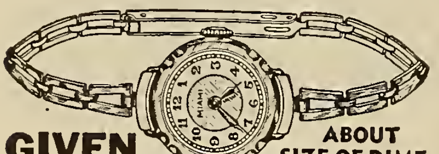

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[*Continued from page 23*]

department. Her grandmother was a great Dublin beauty—who married young and at 30, when her husband died, was left with nine children. The one named Selena sang in a choir. People said that she should be on the stage. Instantly, the young widow stopped her child's choir-singing. She was an Irish Quaker. As such, she had an intense horror of the theatre. Satan lurked there.

A few years later, Selena Carson went to New York. She made people think of Maude Adams, stage idol of the time. She wanted to be an actress. She knew no one connected with the theatre. So, one morning, she stalked into the theatrical office of the Frohmans, boldly announcing that she had an appointment with Mr. Charles Frohman.

"Are you sure," asked a retainer, "that the appointment wasn't to be in London?"

Selena was "quite sure" that she was to meet Mr. Frohman in New York, today, at 10 o'clock.

"That's strange," said the retainer, "because Mr. Frohman has been in Europe for several months and won't be back for two months more."

Selena Carson could never get up the courage to burst into another theatrical office. She became an intelligence agent, instead. Her stage ambitions didn't make another appearance until years later, when they flared forth in her daughter.

SAID daughter was born on a March 19th. Five months later, her mother took her up the gangplank of the *Arabic,* bound for England and a formal christening. She was the only baby on the ship. They made a life-belt especially for her. Aboard was a man in clerical garb who kept patting her head and saying, "It's too bad that such a pretty baby has to die." The remark brought out the intelligence agent in her mother. She caused the man's stateroom to be searched. It was a storehouse of dynamite. He had planned to send the *Arabic* to the bottom of the sea—a fate that did befall the ship on its return voyage. A submarine got it.

Meanwhile, safe in England, the "pretty baby" was given an imposing handle: Eileen Patricia Augusta Fraser Morison. Eileen was her father's idea, Patricia her mother's; Augusta was derived from a Brazilian godfather whose name was Augusto; and Fraser was the name of her mother's favorite brother, news of whose death in France came the morning of the christening.

After that dramatic beginning, Patricia's life went placid for a number of years—except that she acquired a younger brother, Alec, during a Zeppelin raid. When the fracas in France was over, the Morisons settled down in England until Patricia was about eight. Then they moved to New York. Her father went to work for the American Merchant Marine. Then, becoming interested in 16-mm. cameras, he went into the photographic business. He prospered. Patricia was sent to a boarding school in Tarrytown, New York. Then came the well-known depression. After that, she went to public school. And her father, with his business gone, started writing plays and radio scripts.

That, however, wasn't what gave her the acting urge. She suspects now that she always had it; she just didn't find it out for a few years. "As a youngster, I loved dressing up, better than anybody I ever knew. Also, because the family called me Princess Pat, I used to pretend the Prince of Wales was my cousin and was coming to tea. And I used to do imitations at parties. My specialty, as the bright little child brought forth to indulge the family pride, was an imitation of Chevalier—singing with a big lower lip." But she studied to be an artist. Painting was going to be her career.

AT Washington Irving High School in New York, she won a scholarship to study art for a summer at the Metropolitan Art Museum. After that, she went out for another scholarship—one that would take her to Paris. But she never completed her work for it. Director Herbert Brenon, one of her mother's friends, told her that she should be on the stage. Other people had told her the same thing. But Brenon was in the business. She had to find out whether or not he was right.

Her enthused mother enrolled her at Marta Oatman's dramatic school. Six months later, she landed her first Broadway job, in *Growing Pains.* That sounds impressive. But Patricia debunks her triumph. "The play lasted just three weeks. And all I did was to walk on in the second act, in a peach net evening dress."

Next she was in a revue at the Provincetown Theatre, where the Theatre Guild was born. "But this," Patricia points out, "was sort of after the Guild. I had to buy twenty dollars' worth of tickets to get in the show." After that, nothing happened for a long time. Family finances going from bad to worse, she had to get a job. She took some fashion sketches to some big department stores. They didn't like the sketches, but they liked her designing. So she did that for a time.

Then an agent landed her a job, doing two commercial movies for a car company in Detroit. "It was hidden advertising. The climax of each picture was a big chase, which this car inevitably won." No Hollywood scouts came around afterward, and she didn't get Hollywood ideas. Particularly after her experience in modeling some fashion photographs for one of the big fashion magazines. Two sittings, and they told her they couldn't use her any more. She "didn't photograph well enough."

Someone at the publication's office apparently had myopia. And, as a result, all that Patricia had were stage ambitions. She fed those by enrolling in the Neighborhood Players. "And, for a while, I went very radical, very Moscow Art Theatre. But I learned something about acting. We used to rehearse whole plays in pantomime, without saying a line, to learn how to make expressions and gestures talk for us. And, on the side, I took courses in Ease of Movement and Theatre Technique."

ALL of which led to her becoming understudy to Helen Hayes in *Victoria Regina.* More education. When the play went on tour, Patricia didn't want to leave New York. She landed a role in *The Road to Paradise,* which Lenore Ulric was taking around the subway circuit. Warner Brothers asked her to make a movie test with James Melton. He got a contract; she didn't. She made a short with Edgar Bergen, entitled *Two Boobs in a Balloon.* She played a Gracie Allen type; the two boobs were Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. It was so bad that the producers didn't dare to release it—until Bergen became a radio success, sometime later. Then they took a chance.

With that, and after that, Patricia's dreams of becoming an actress suffered a severe blight. The only offers she received were invitations to smart-set parties. "I began to think I didn't have anything for the theatre. Also, I was a little lazy. I couldn't face the thought of making the rounds of theatrical offices, where there were twenty or thirty girls for every part. I tried the Federal Theatre, but I couldn't get in; my family wasn't on relief. I began to think seriously of going back to art."

Then one morning—that was a year ago last spring—her mother read that Marc Connelly was looking for two girls who could sing, for *Two Bouquets*. They had to be young, and they had to be able to act. Her mother wanted her to try out. Two years before, a friend of the family who taught singing had declared that Patricia had a promising voice and had insisted on her taking lessons. She still was taking them—more for something to do than because she believed in her vocal promise. But to her mother's suggestion, she said, "Don't be silly, Mother. This 'search' is only a publicity stunt."

NEXT morning an agent's secretary called her. Some time before, she had stopped in this agent's office, and had heard the familiar words: "Fill out an application. We'll let you know if anything turns up." She had never expected to hear anything. The secretary wanted her to come right down, before her boss arrived for work. It might mean something to her.

Patricia went. She was sitting in the outer office when the agent entered. The agent took one look and asked, "Who are you?" Patricia gave her name. "Can you sing?" Patricia said, "If I have to." The agent said, "I think you'll do," grabbed her by the hand, and rushed out the door.

Fifteen minutes later, Patricia found herself on the stage where tryouts for *Two Bouquets* were about to begin. The orchestra was in the pit. Sixty other girls were lined up at the side of the stage, waiting to be called upon to sing. The director beckoned to her first.

She had never been nervous on a stage, reading lines. But she had never sung in public before. Her knees quaking, and her voice shaking, she asked the pianist, "Can you play 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes'—down low?" After one chorus, the director asked an encore in a higher register. She sang again. She was chosen. It took them three weeks to find the second girl.

Her success in *Two Bouquets*, singing the melodies of Gounod and Balfe, brought the movie scouts to her door. Warners begged her to make another test. "We didn't know you could sing, too," they told her. "We'd like you to test for *The Desert Song*." Her answer was that, if she ever did arrive on the screen, she wanted to act, not sing. Warners gave up, but Paramount persisted. More as a gag than as anything else, she finally made a test. "And was the most surprised girl in the world when they called to say they had taken up my option, and could I leave for Hollywood in a month?"

Three days later, they asked her if she could be in Hollywood in two days. They had a feminine lead waiting for her.

After one appraising look at the newcomer with the blue eyes and long brunette hair, the Powers-That-Be decided: "You'll have to cut your hair or dye it blonde. As it is, it makes you another Dorothy Lamour." Patricia politely, but firmly declined. "Miss Lamour and I both have long hair," she said, "but otherwise we're entirely different personalities." They offered a subtle temptation. "But if you have it cut in a long bob, you'll look like Hedy Lamarr." To which her answer was: "I don't want to look like Hedy Lamarr, beautiful though Miss Lamarr is. I want to be myself."

Confronted with such independence, the Powers-That-Be couldn't do anything to change her except pluck her eyebrows. After that operation, they handed her the script of *Persons in Hiding*. She discovered that the feminine lead was a ruthless gun-moll, a female *Svengali*, who, because she wanted luxuries, talked her boy-friend into becoming Public Enemy No. 1. Her dismay was indescribable. Then she saw acting possibilities in the part. She set out to capitalize on them.

SHE didn't know how well she was doing because, after seeing the first day's rushes, she didn't want to see any more. She didn't like her face, and she didn't like her voice. Paramount had a faint suspicion that it had a real find, but only a faint suspicion. Before the critics' raves started coming in, Paramount cast her in *I'm from Missouri*, in a minute part. One minute she was there; the next minute, she wasn't. The critics' raves inspired Paramount to put her in the feminine lead of *The Magnificent Fraud*, as a superglamor girl. And then into the only feminine role—the title role—of *Untamed*. Drama of a vixen of the Great Open Spaces, filmed

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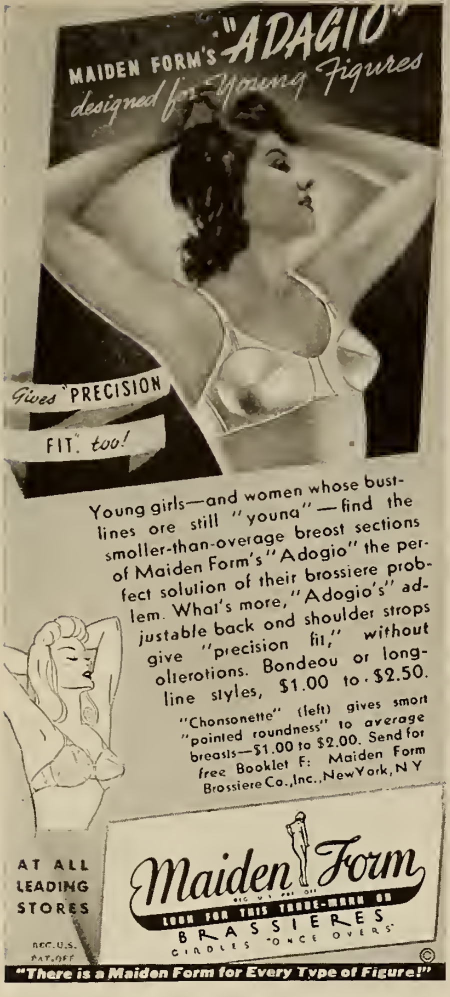

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Heaven Help the Hollywood Working Girl

[*Continued from page* 50]

also hoping she could keep it up because the last thing in the world that she wanted was to have to go through it again.

Now she threw up her hands, made a frightful face, and began bellowing, "Help, help! I'm drowning!"

At first Jimmy was supposed to think that she was only fooling. So she had to yell again, more frantically this time.

Suddenly one of the crew-members who was perched in a tree over-hanging the water's edge thought he saw more than acting on her face. "Hey, hold everything!" he called to the director. "I think she *is* drowning!"

Lucille heard him, but had no strength to yell anything now. She gave him a sympathetic look, managed to nod, and then disappeared from view, entirely.

When they got her out, it was just in time. "That darn cold," she murmured weakly. "I was just too stuffed up . . . I couldn't breathe anymore."

"Never mind," the director consoled her. "Don't you worry, at all. We can still use the first part of the scene; that was swell . . . all we'll have to do is just take that last part over."

"Is that all?" Lucille replied weakly. Then, with a grim smile: "Oh, goody!"

SUCH are the trials and tribulations of many a young actress in Hollywood. It's a part of the business which few outsiders consider when they make those rash statements about how they wish they could be a movie star. On the surface, acting for the movies does appear to be a grand and glorious cinch, one that's royally paid for, but just in case you're planning on such a career for yourself it's only fair to warn you that there's more to it than meets the public eye.

"If you think that little water episode was bad," she grinned one noon at lunch, at RKO, "then you should stick around during one of our 'Fuller earth days'—although there's really no reason why I should wish that on you, because you wouldn't get paid for it. We do, and that makes the difference I guess. Anyway, Fuller earth is what they fling around—by the ton—when we're supposed to be in a dust storm. That's really something, because it takes days to get it out of your nose and eyes and lungs. I had several such days in a row once . . . not only at the studio, but there was a trail of Fuller earth everywhere I went: my car was full of it, and I even tracked it into the house.

"Another real hardship—one that all of us have to put up with—is the brightness of the lights and the sun. You know, most outsiders think that we movie people wear dark glasses only to avoid recognition. As a matter of fact, most of us have to wear them, to protect our eyes. Sometimes it's hard to face even ordinary daylight, because of the strain they've been under while working. It's not only the lights on the set, but even when we do outside shots, the sun has to be brightened up a bit with reflectors and mirrors.

"There was another scene we did for *Next Time I Marry;* I won't forget it for a while. We had to take some scenes out in the valley. It was only eleven o'clock in the morning, but the temperature was 118°—that is, that was the natural temperature. Add to that the heat of the reflectors, and then add still further a fur coat which I had to wear, and you'll get some idea of how warm it was. And the glare! I really couldn't keep my eyes open, it was impossible to look straight into the sunshine—which was what I was supposed to do, incidentally.

"Oh, and I almost forgot: another little disturbance was the presence of a horse-sized Great Dane with whom I had to do some very cozy scenes. Unhappily, I love dogs and dogs love me, and this one, bless his little heart, just couldn't get enough of me. Besides knocking me down and scratching me up, he also managed to get a hunk of my wrists just as a souvenir. I still love dogs, by the way, but I'd prefer to work with the smaller ones.

"THERE are lots of such physical hardships, but they must be pretty obvious to the close observer who knows that there's very little faking done today in most movie scenes of this type. (I just happened to think: another very real tussle that I had once was in *Annabel Takes a Tour*—in the dance hall, when I had a hair-pulling, knock-down, drag-out fight with one of the girls there. I had to finish that day's work, keeping one side of my face away from the camera, because it was thoroughly and realistically scratched up.

"But as I started to say, in addition to these physical encounters, there are other things about having a movie career which can best be classified as just 'nuisances.' The little matter of always trying to be beautiful, for example. You may doubt that grooming and beauty-culture can be a nuisance, but suppose you had to sit in a make-up chair, or under the hair-dryer for an hour or two every morning: you'd soon be pretty tired of it. Yet, that's a very big part of the business. And another thing, most every actress has to be prepared to change her looks, her type, to please her director. You just can't run around looking like you'd like to look—and it's kind of hard to please everyone.

"Take me, for example, for exhibit A—" she laughed. "At last I've persuaded 'them'—my producers—to let me return to normal. Today I wear my hair its own shade, but what a colorful career it's had in the past! And what I've gone through with it up until now is something most every young actress has to let herself in for. Only few of them realize it, until they get started.

"I remember my first show. It was *Within the Law,* and it had started as an amateur production in Jamestown where I lived. But then we got such good notices that we decided to take it on the road, to Cleveland and a couple of other places.

"That's the tour during which my acting bug was really born. Well, anyway, I had to be a redhead in the play, so in the beginning I used to just do the reddening myself. Everything went fine, too, for a couple of months, until one day when my hair came out of the wash-bowl a mixture of red and green. Really; I'm not exaggerating; it was as green, in parts, as grass. And that was just before a matinee; there was no time to do anything about it. They tried to help matters by throwing an amber spot on me. That did dissolve the green, but produced in its place a sort of deep purple. Oh, it was a beautiful sight, I can tell you. But experiences like that do help you lose your self-consciousness. So I suppose in a way every actress should be grateful when she does have to go through something like that.

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It's in Your Hands

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the pores on the back of her hands, hasten chapping. Lukewarm water, with a cool water rinse is her rule. And she's always very careful to smooth a hand lotion or cream over her hands (arms too) after drying them. She doubles up on this precaution during the winter months, whenever she encounters steam heating—and she's extra particular to give her elbows their due share of lubricating lotion. Dotty realizes that while *she* can't see her elbows—other people can!

"Lamour-Lamour" knows that long nails make fingers (even stubby short ones) look long and slender, and dark nails make hands look whiter and more fragile. Combining dark polish and short nails is a bad idea, though. *That* just calls more attention to their shortness, makes fingers look thicker, stubbier. Wear a soft shade of polish, instead, and start growing yourself a set of nails.

Here's Dorothy's method for doing that. Massage a rich cuticle cream or lotion into nails and cuticle nightly. Wear a pair of gloves to bed, if you wish. That keeps the cream on the hands, prevents its being sidetracked to sheets or pillowcases. Reapply the lubricant during the day, if your nails are extremely stubborn. It pentrates faster if you wear it under gloves, while your hands are in action and warm.

Take your general bodily health into consideration when you start growing nails. Brittle, splitting nails may be due to a lack of calcium, minerals or oils. Drink more milk, eat plenty of cheese, butter, oranges, lemons, radishes and chard. Spinach, lettuce, watercress, and raw carrots, cabbage, celery or romaine will all do their bit for your new, long nails. Raw fruits—apples, bananas and grapefruit are good, too.

DID you know that your nails grow out somewhat faster at the sides than in the center? And when a split occurs in the side of the nail it grows toward the center, and causes an aggravating flakiness there, too? Avoid that annoyance by filing any split smooth—immediately! That keeps the nail from catching or tearing. A coat of polish foundation will help protect the nail from further splitting.

Dorothy's hands look slenderer, and her nails longer because she applies the polish down to the very tip, then wipes off the narrowest "hair-line" with her thumb. Polish applied thusly wears longer without chipping—and it goes without saying that a glamor girl like our Dotty would never, never appear in public, much less on the screen, with chipped polish. If you haven't time to redo your nails now—take the polish off until you can!

I've discovered from my own experiments that polish looks better and lasts longer if you buff your nails first, then apply one coat of foundation, two of polish. Let each coat dry thoroughly before applying the next. Do the nails of the right hand first (because it's harder to work with the left hand) then the ones on the left. Use three strokes of the brush—one down the center, then one on each side. That distributes the polish more evenly than if you worked from one side of the nail to the other. Give your polish plenty of time to dry—and don't start doing "heavy work" with your hands until an hour after you have applied the lacquer.

Why not write me for the name of a polish that comes in four of the loveliest fall shades I've seen these many years? The first is a delicate pink—perfect with the plum and purple tones that are going to be smart again this fall, and grand, too, with pink, blue, navy. Wear the second shade—a pink with the slightest hint of yellow in it—with browns and greens. If you prefer a deeper finger-tip accent, select the third shade. It's a clear, bright red, very dramatic on long fingernails. With black, I like the muted rose of the fourth polish.

I wouldn't think of telling you about a product of which I did not approve in every way—so you just know that this polish is of the long-lasting variety. It won't lose its lustre or its color as long as you wear it—and if you apply it in two coats over the polish foundation made by the same company you should be able to wear it about a week without its chipping. The colorless foundation is a grand protector of brittle,

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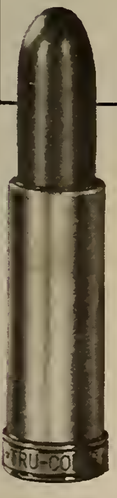

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Creamy ..... ☐	Green .... ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ..... ☐	Hazel .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy ...... ☐	Brown .... ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ..... ☐	Black .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Freckled .... ☐	LASHES [*Color*]	REDHEAD
Olive .... ☐	Light .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
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Heaven Help the Hollywood Working Girl

[*Continued from page* 78]

"I never had another hair experience quite as bad as that, but anyway I did have to tamper with my crowning glory again when I came to Hollywood. That was in 1934 when Goldwyn brought me out here, and Jean Harlow had put platinum blondes on the map by that time, so they requested me to turn platinum, too. Even after I came to RKO, they wanted me to stay platinum. I did, for a while, but it rather upset me—because you see out here you're judged by how you look, not what you are, and people and producers began to get the wrong idea about me. They thought I was tough, and gave me tough parts, dance hall bits, etc. You know what I mean. The awfully light hair made me look that way. So, after *Follow the Fleet* I begged some time off, and went back East to do a show . . . I thought, and hoped, that I'd be able to turn myself again. But not a chance.

"Ann Nichols, the producer of *Hey Diddle Diddle* decided that she wanted me to be a redhead again. Only she wasn't sure exactly which shade I should be, so every week during six weeks of rehearsals I had to do it a different shade for her. She finally decided on a bright red-orange which looked fine under the lights, but made me feel like a walking Raggedy Ann doll on the street.

"BY THIS time you can imagine that I was getting a little tired of all this hair fuss, but the odd part of it is that it wasn't until I got really mad one day, that I finally got the best break of my career. It was after I came back to Hollywood, and Gregory La Cava said that he might give me a part in *Stage Door*, but I'd have to be a blonde again. So I went blonde—only to find out that for some reason I wouldn't get the part after all. But just in case he'd change his mind, I stayed blonde. Six weeks went by and finally one day I got good and tired of it all and went to the beauty parlor, and I made up my mind then that I'd restore my hair to its natural shade, and that it was going to stay that way. (By this time I had what is known as the 'hair jitters,' an ailment commonly known among actresses!) she inserted, laughing.

"Then while I was there a call came from the La Cava office to have me appear immediately for a test—not a test for me, but to help some other girl test for the same part that I had wanted. I was furious. I wouldn't even let the beauty operator finish. I just put a towel around my head and hurried to the testing set. Of course I'd help out on a test, but they'd have to take me as I was. Well, the joke of it was—and a pleasant one for me—that I was so mad that I got the part! I guess La Cava was pleased to see that I could be spunky and nasty; that's what the part called for anyway. So, in a way, maybe if I hadn't had all that hair changing to do I'd still be playing minor parts.

"I guess every actress has to go through that experimental stage, and while it's trying to the disposition, it usually does have a worthwhile affect. I bring it up, though, because I think it corrects another erroneous impression that outsiders have about movie girls; that we're all fearfully conceited about our looks. I promise you that we're not, because in this business beauty and grooming are really part of the work. So much so, that sometimes we get a little tired of it. I know that I, for one, relish a role in which I don't always have to appear at my best. I did a picture recently all in one outfit, and with only one coiffure, and I loved it. It was a great relief, really. Most any actress, if she's honest, will tell you the same thing.

"FORTUNATELY I don't have to diet like some girls do—although there's a lot less dieting in Hollywood than you think, because the work itself is so hard . . . working hours are so long. In fact I think one of the main problems is keeping the weight up. I know I eat a lot, but I can't gain. It's the girl who sits still in an office all day who has to worry about weight. Somebody once asked me if I thought that a movie career ages a girl unusually fast. Well, in spite of the physical hardships, I don't think it does, because it's a business which keeps you mentally on your toes, and any business which does that keeps you young.

"Take modeling, for example: that's deadly. When I was a model I felt twice as old as I do now, and that was six or seven years ago. No, for mental exhilaration this business is really wonderful. But that in a way is a danger too, because there is such a thing as getting too wound up mentally. I know that in my case it takes me about two weeks to unwind after each picture.

"Every time you go out on a date too, it's sort of like making a personal appearance. That's why I don't go out very much any more. Occasionally I go out with Al Hall, a friend of mine, and maybe we go to the movies, or occasionally, very occasionally, we go dancing. He's a director, and so he understands, too, that you can't gad around extensively and still keep ship-shape for work. You see in this career, there is no such thing as closing your office door at five o'clock and then forgetting your work until the next day. There's not only the studying of lines and all that, but the mental strain is a heavy one. Just take the matter of criticism. We're open to it constantly, and it takes a tough veneer to stand it.

"My family, (that's my mother, my brother and my grandfather; they all live with me,) used to think that I was the world's wonder. But that was before they knew much about the movie business. My mistake was that I undertook educating them, and now they know too much. 'Now, Lucille,' one of them will say, 'why didn't you do more with that scene? A little special business or something with your hands? You had a big chance, but you muffed it!' Why even Grandpa knows now when a scene is muffed: it provides the bulk of our dinner table conversation. That's why it's a job which lives with you from one end of the day to the other. And there's no such thing as playing hookie either! Right now I have another cold, (the result of another one of those water scenes, this last time in *Five Came Back*,) but just the same I'm posing for publicity stills this afternoon—if I can *hold* still I mean!" she added, as a sneeze shook her from stem to stern.

"Well!" Lucille rose, to go back to work. "The show must go on—and there's only one more thing I want to say. The show could be stopped, I suppose, but nobody wants it to be. We all want it to go on; we love it that much. Ask any actress what she would be, if she had it to do over, if she had known at the beginning what she knows now—and I'll give you good odds that her answer is the same as mine—that she'd *still* want to be an actress!"

It's in Your Hands

[Continued from page 79]

splitting nails, as well. Costs a mere quarter, and each shade likewise.

YOU should really have a bottle of creamy white nail lotion on your bedside table, and use it nightly to lubricate your nails and cuticle. Even the healthiest nails will be the better for this five seconds a night treatment—and the way dry, splitting nails react to it is something stupendous! They'll grow longer and stronger quickly! Massage the lotion well into your cuticle if it's rough and tough from much cutting. And push it back with cotton covered fingers each time you apply the lotion. That make your "moons" larger and more noticeable, makes new ones show up where none were before. A quarter bottle of the lotion is an investment that pays dividends—want the name?

Do your hands still show the remains of your summer's tan? Are they freckled? Or do they chap easily? Then I know you'll be interested in a creamy hand lotion that will make them soft and smooth as a baby's, pale and fragile looking as this fall's feminine fashions demand. The lotion contains certain oils that bleach the skin gently but surely, all the while softening it too! It's fragrant, and not at all sticky, and you should be sure to keep a bottle in your bathroom closet, another by the kitchen sink, or in your office desk, to use after drying your hands. Stroke the lotion down each finger (just as you would smooth on a glove) with a slight pinch of the finger tips—to help your fingers grow more slender and tapering. You can get a ten cent size as well as larger ones.

Most of us think that we can put our hands into anything—any time—and get away with it. We never stop to think that there are fewer oil glands on the hands than anywhere else on the body. What little oil there is should be precious—not wantonly thrown away by thrusting your hands into steaming hot water, scrubbing them with a harsh soap. Use the same fine soap on your hands that you do on your face. I can give you the name of an excellent one, noted for its mildness, for its thick, creamy lather, for its quick-cleansing properties. It is inexpensive, and you should use it on your face, hands and body always.

You don't need scalding water and harsh soap to get the dirt out of stockings and undies, or the grease off dishes. Soap flakes made from one of the purest and mildest of soaps dissolve completely and quickly in lukewarm water. They cut grease and dirt quickly—but are kind to your hands. Moderately priced for all household clean-up campaigns. I'll send you the name if you like.

DID you ever get all ready for a dancing evening and discover too late that your arms were a deeper shade than your face—and lighter than your back? That's what happened to me the other day. I hadn't realized that my golf dress had let me acquire a deeper tan below the elbow than above—and that I'd turned my back to the sun more often than I had my face. But don't think I let that stop me! I simply uncorked my bottle of liquid powder, and applied it with cotton to my arms, shoulders and throat. I'd chosen a deep shade to match my back and my face powder—so that all of me that wasn't covered by my low-backed evening sweater was one lovely honey-beige tone.

Try powder lotion yourself, if you want to tone down a tan, take on a deeper one, or hide freckles on arms and shoulders. The one I used is inexpensive (a good sized bottle for 10 cents) and comes in several flattering skin tones. It gives skin a smooth, velvety effect quickly, and it won't rub off on your escort's sleeve, or on your own black velvet wrap. Use it to prevent facial shine, too, if your skin is of the oily type, or if you want a particularly long-lasting "finish." You can use it alone, with rouge and lipstick, or as a base for powder.

Write me before October 15th if you would like the names of the products mentioned in this article. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply. My address: Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

GOOD NEWS FOR THOUSANDS WHO ARE SKINNY

SAYS MANY ARE SKINNY BECAUSE THEY NEED VITAMIN B AND IRON. SUPPLIED IN IRONIZED YEAST

Read how thousands of thin, nervous, tired people have gained 10 to 25 pounds, new strength—quick

SCIENTISTS have discovered that thousands of men and women are thin and rundown—often tired and nervous—sometimes just picking at their meals and sleeping poorly at night—simply because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. It has been found that without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

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But just one warning! Due to the success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So insist on genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for IY stamped on each tablet.

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Also **WALKER'S AUSTEX CHILI—TAMALES—MEXICAN STYLE BEANS**

Cutting Fancy Figures

[*Continued from page 56*]

much more cutting, shaping and manipulation to make it appear "fancy" or "assorted."

WHILE the combinations of zestful spreads-on-rye are practically limitless, here are a few suggestions which will be found popular not only for the cocktail or other snack hour, but for the lunch or dinner-time tray of her who is keeping slender with the stars:

SLENDERIZING SNACKS-ON-RYE

Red Devil Spread:

1 cup minced cooked ham or pork
½ cup tomato catsup
2 tablespoons horseradish
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup salad dressing
Salt and pepper
16 Rye Wafers

Combine ingredients and spread on rye wafers. Garnish with thin strips of red or green pepper.

Sardine Snacks:

8-oz can of sardines
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons horseradish
4 drops tabasco
½ cup salad dressing
Salt and pepper
16 Rye Wafers

Drain sardines, and mash. Combine with other ingredients and spread on wafers. Serve with chilled tomato or cranberry cocktails.

Mock Chicken Spread:

1 cup minced cooked veal
¼ cup minced sweet pickles
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon celery salt
Dash of pepper
½ cup salad dressing
16 Rye Wafers

Combine ingredients and spread on wafers.

Other tasty, tangy spreads and snacks may be developed with other minced or chopped foods, seasonings and softened butter or salad dressing, well-blended, and then spread or heaped on freshly toasted rye wafers. For example, use mashed tuna or salmon, or anchovy paste with softened butter, mashed or whipped cream cheese, or finely chopped hard-cooked eggs. All of these gain in crunch-y "bite" when spread or served with crisp rye wafers.

IN THE slenderizing diet or regimen, the use of these crisp, non-fattening breads, together with well planned diets and menus, permit the loss of one-quarter or more pounds daily without resorting either to overly strenuous exercise, or "starvation" diets, both harmful. Space does not permit more than a mere suggestion of a day's plan for figure control (which differs furthermore in individual cases); but following is a luncheon plate packed to the brim with pep and vitality—but with not a calorie in a crate-ful! Try this:

SILHOUETTE LUNCHEON PLATE

1 raw tomato, stuffed with
⅓ cup new peas, cooked
½ cup cooked spinach
½ cup cooked green beans
1 slice hard-cooked egg
3 Rye Wafers
1 glass tomato or grapefruit juice

Arrange peas-stuffed tomato in center of plate. Surround with other vegetables in small mounds, and 3 Rye Wafers to one side, fan-fashion. Substitute other seasonable vegetables such as steamed cauliflower, sliced carrots, summer squash, etc.

Fruits also may be used in the slenderizing platter, and here is a suggested "pattern": Combine sections of orange and grapefruit on lettuce; place one-half large ripe peach on top, and fill with several berries or cherries; add a half-dozen cashew or other nuts, (if diet permits) and pass with tart dressing made with lemon juice—and toasted rye wafers.

OFTEN cheese rather than meat is ordered as the chief protein in the slenderizing meal. Nothing is more delicious, tasty, and appetizing than freshly toasted, hot (and buttered-sometimes!) rye wafers, with cheese. If it be cream cheese, or other soft or "runny" cheese, mash and whip with silver fork until cheese is spongy, and combine with salt, pepper, and other seasonings. Heap seasoned mixture on wafer-fingers, and accompany now with a tall cold glass of fruit or vegetable juices, or again with a hot cup of cocoa or malted beverage. On other occasions a cup of steaming broth or tomato madrilene soup is most acceptable and welcome.

For the family and the children too, such light wafers are to be recommended. When Little Jean and John come home after school, clamoring for something to eat, have prepared for them a plate of rye wafers spread with sweet cheese combinations, or jam and cheese pastes, or let them dip sweet eating chocolate and themselves spread it on the wafers.

The thrifty Mother will not waste her left-over meats or scraps, but run them through the food chopper and season, to use as economical meat pastes for the school lunch box. Get the family into the habit of thinking of rye wafers as a handy "snack" or "munch" at any time, during the day or just before going to bed. Often one wafer will relieve that feeling of sleeplessness and the person can then return to a restful slumber.

Eat sensibly, exercise moderately, and make rye wafers your exclusive "bread." Then YOU, too, can keep slender with the stars! You will of course, be interested to learn further details of these safe and sane plans for figure control. So write me at once, as follows:

Mrs. Christine Frederick
c/o MOTION PICTURE
1501 Broadway, New York City

Please send me the free leaflet: "SLENDERIZING WITH THE STARS," including menus for figure-control without loss of energy.

(This offer expires November 15th, 1939)

Name...

Address...

Town and State..

New Leads on Leeds

[*Continued from page 37*]

AND then, to repeat, she told me . . . she told me because she has been badly hurt—a hurt which crowds against the heart so that words are sometimes necessary to ease the pressure. She told me about Jack Dunn. I had known that Andrea and the young Englishman who had skated to fame, were what Senor Winchell called "hearting." But I did not know how serious that hearting was. I did not know that they were engaged to be married. I did not know that the wedding date was set. I'd had no idea how deeply and truly they had loved one another—Andrea and the young man who had been Sonja Henie's skating partner at New York's Madison Square Garden and the Los Angeles Polar Palace. The handsome, colorful young Englishman whose plans which did not quite mature—successes which were *almost* within his grasp—died of an obscure malady which even after blood tests and autopsy was not finally, satisfactorily diagnosed.

They were engaged to be married. They had set the date for their wedding. February 14th, it was to have been—the 14th of February last. Valentine's Day. All Hearts Day. But in the preceding July, Jack Dunn died. And this was First Love for Andrea. And where are words to be found that can touch a wound like that?

Jack was a year younger than Andrea. And that, she told me, was one reason why they did not marry almost at once. Andrea wanted Jack to have more time. Now that it is Time out of Mind for both of them, that little year seems a very little obstacle to have barred the brief happiness they might have had. But then, Andrea wanted to be sensible. Andrea said, "You know how men are. Look around you and, in nine cases out of ten, you'll find that the girl a man went with five years ago, he wouldn't look at today. My mistake was in classifying Jack with other men. He was not as other men. He had a strange, other-world quality. He had a freshness, a simplicity, a lack of conceit which are beautiful qualities because so rare. *He died because he was too good for this earth.*"

But at the time there seemed to be so much of it ahead of them both . . . she wanted him to achieve Hollywood success before he "settled down." She even urged him to go out with other girls when she was working . . . "Every now and again," she told me, "the columns would report that Jack had been seen here or there with some other girl, that I had been seen dancing with some other boy . . . 'What is the matter with Leeds and Dunn?' they would ask . . . there wasn't anything the matter. We knew what we were doing . . . or so we thought.

NOW Andrea regrets that she did not marry him when he wanted her to so badly, loving her as he did. His adoration of Andrea is known to everyone who knew them, however slightly. On the picture of himself which is on Andrea's dressing-table at home, he wrote: "You will find another Me, I'll never find another You."

There was something prophetic in that . . . something prophetic, too, in the way he said, within three weeks of starting his picture, *The Duke of West Point* (Louis Hayward played the part he would have played), "I don't believe I'll ever make this picture." . . . And when Andrea, who was helping with the script, said to him, "Why, of *course* you will, it's only three weeks off . . ." he answered, "A great deal can happen in three weeks."

Yes, a "great deal" . . . for Jack Dunn—the "greatest adventure in Life," for Andrea—those hours of standing by his bedside while fever raged through him, hearing him call her name over and over again, not hearing her answer because he was already too far away . . . then the brief hours of consciousness when he knew that she was there, when he kept rubbing her cool hands against his burning throat, saying to her, repeatedly: "Where have you been? Where have you been? Don't go away . . . promise me that you won't ever go away again . . ."

And the afternoon when he fell asleep and the nurses asked her to leave lest he wake again, and again persist in talking to her . . . She was assured then that he was "all right," on the way to convalescence . . . the fact that he had been conscious, she was told, was the assurance that he would recover . . . it was for his good that she leave him for a little while . . . and so Andrea went away. And within two hours the hospital called her to tell her he was gone.

A GIRL does not live through such hours as these, unchanged. Now there is an uncertainty in Andrea. It is the uncertainty which dares to face Life, which is never certain. Sweetness, yes, but strength, too, the strength which only comes when one has met pain and loss and endured them with fortitude and decent pride. There is stamina in Andrea . . . all the more sure because she knows now that nothing is sure. I think that stamina was first tested on the night Jack Dunn died. For on that night, of all nights, Andrea had to make scenes for *Youth Takes a Fling* . . .

"I am sorry I had to ask you to work tonight," her director told her, "but *we wanted tragedy in your face, you see* . . ." That was Irony as ever was! That was Life going on its peddle-my-wares-at-any-price routine . . . selling your sorrow, selling your private, inconsolable hours . . . and when they are sold and you are, unbelievably, still alive . . . there will be salt in your spirit, starch in your bones, something forever unbreakable in your heart . . .

That stamina was tested further when, shortly after Jack Dunn's death, Andrea broke her foot. And for months sat at home, her foot in a cast unable to work, unable to take trips, unable to do any of those things which are recommended as distraction for new grief. In those long, quiet months, reading, knitting, thinking, as she did, if Jack were here now, he'd be with me, we'd read together, be making plans together.

In those months Andrea learned the full measure of loss but found within herself the means with which to stand up to it gallantly, like a thoroughbred. She is a wise girl—is Andrea. She is the healthy reverse of neurotic. She doesn't minimize what she has lost forever. She doesn't hope that she will ever forget. She says, "We had the same ideas about marriage, Jack and I. We wanted the same way of life." . . . but being wise and balanced she realizes also that there is no such thing as One Love in a Lifetime . . .

She knows she will meet someone again, some time, somewhere . . . she has in fact met someone now . . . (not an actor, a young man not connected with pictures in any way). How serious this new romance may be, she did not say . . . but she did say, "I'm

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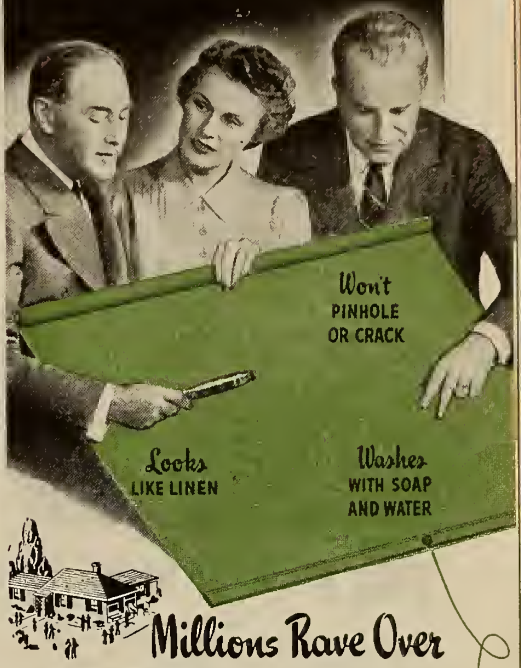

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getting back some of the things I've missed so . . . there is, in this boy I go out with quite a bit now, much of Jack's freshness, idealism, which are the qualities I must find in a man if he is to appeal to me. . . ."

SO, KNOWING what this past year or two has meant to Andrea, has done to Andrea, it is not surprising that she finds it a little more than insipid to be called merely "a sweet girl . . ." After she had told me about Jack she picked up her knitting again, picked up the dropped stitches like she has picked up the dropped stitches of her life, laughed and said, "I'm not satisfied with myself as others see me. I'm not satisfied with what I see when I look at myself in the mirror, either. It's a face that's kind of *soft*," she complained, "eyes too soft, mouth not voluptuous, just a *mouth* . . . I don't like my teeth.

"And my coloring is all the same, eyes brown, hair brown, skin that blends in . . . I haven't the black, black hair, the white, white skin of Hedy Lamarr nor that red hair and those green eyes of Greer Garson! Why, when I see myself on the screen I think I'm doing a black-face . . . all I can see are *those* eyes and *them* teeth. . . .

"I can't even wear startling clothes, so I'm told. I have to wear plain, simple things" . . . Andrea positively shuddered . . . "I go to a shop and try on something that would throw the Hayes Office into hysteria and just as I'm about to say 'I'll take it,' the sales-lady, just passing up commission because she is letting her conscience get the better of her, says, 'Oh, Miss Leeds, this gown belongs on Hedy Lamarr, not on *you*!' And I leave the place with a little gingham number under my arm!

"I can't wear jewelry, not the big, blobby kind I'd like to wear. But," said Andrea, quite fiercely, "I have two gowns coming up, sort of suggested by the native costumes in *The Real Glory,* one black and white and very sensational, the other black with swatches of insolent red, and I'm going to wear them and hope that I'll hear the last of the 'sweet girl' sweetness and light. A 'sweet girl' is next door to the unfortunate damsel who gets the epitaphic, 'she's a *Nice Girl!*'

"WHY, every man I have gone out with says, 'Andrea, I like you because you're so sweet!' I have frequently had it on the tip of my tongue to say, 'Don't tell me I'm going to be a sister to you!'

"They tell stories on the sets and the minute I put in an appearance they stop, begin discussing the weather or how babies are stealing pictures . . . it gets *very* boring. It's worse than being merely boring, it's *injurious* to my work. For they won't give me good, biting dramatic parts to do. Because of this cloying conviction that I'm too 'sweet' to do things etched in acid, painted red.

"Even when I did *Stage Door* and felt that my part in that indicated, at least, that I didn't *have* to be forever blowing pastel-tinted bubbles, they said, 'It was just an 'accident'—must have been!' I like my part in *The Real Glory* . . . she's a warm-blooded, living creature . . . and I *adore* working with Gary Cooper, I don't mind telling you . . . But for the most part I have not even been considered for the parts I'd like to play—parts like Bette Davis' in *Dark Victory* . . . things like that. . . .

"Of course," said Andrea, "it's partly my own fault, I suppose. I never get mad. I never lose my temper. When people say 'Leeds will do it,' whether it's posing for stills when I'm so tired I feel like a still-life or meeting visiting firemen or doing a scene in a way I don't believe in doing it . . . I just DO IT. Maybe I believe my own 'publicity,' laughed Andrea, "but if people would just stop calling me 'sweet' I could really have some rip-roaring times.

"I'm NOT the 'sweet' type," insisted Andrea, her knitting-needles beginning to point and ply like lethal weapons, "I may write poetry but it's NOT about hearts and flowers and meadow-larks and dew. I don't think that Making Fudge is a Big Evening. I did faint at the fights recently, I must regretfully confess. (That's going to set me back a peg or two in my anti-sweetness-and-light campaign!) But many a pre-medic faints when he first goes into the operating-room and that doesn't mean that he won't turn out a surgeon with nerves of steel.

"I don't swoon and turn pale at the sight of a mouse or the sound of a ringing oath. I do know How Babies Are Born. I have Faced Up to the Facts of Life like a brave little man. My literary fare is NOT the Five Little Peppers nor yet the Elsie Dinsmore books. I do read books written for adults with mature minds and intestinal fortitude.

"I HAVE no fear. No fear at all of death. Any fear I might have had Jack took with him when he went.

"I read the most *moiderous moider* mysteries I can get. I drive my car around town, alone and unarmed, at all hours of the night. And this is not because I haven't 'a nerve in my body,' either. People think I have no nerves. Well, I can only say that if I could scream I wouldn't be sick to my stomach, which I am, and often.

"I'm not superstitious. Birds can fly in windows, mirrors break. I can drop combs, walk under ladders, trip over black cats crossing my path without the quiver of a single antennae.

"I have my pet hates—and surely there shouldn't be a single, not even an eentsy-teentsy hate, in a carload of Sweetness and Light!—I loathe people who, when trying to hurry me, jerk my arm, pull at me. I detest affectation in people. Particularly and especially an affected laugh. There is something about an affected laugh which leaves me much as the skin of a new-born baby would be left if rubbed with sand-paper.

"I'm not a mousy little Miss in my tastes, either. I'm extravagant. I love frivolous, frightfully expensive shoes and slippers; cob-webby hose, the kind you throw away after one wearing.

"I believe in Reincarnation. I am a Fatalist—or was. Until Jack died I believed that things were pre-destined, that we 'go' when our time comes, that things happen because they are part of the Plan and, in the scheme of things, entirely for the best. I don't believe that now. I can't. I don't want to believe in a Plan which could include anything so cruelly senseless, so cruelly unnecessary as Jack's going.

"I do not droop and pine and weep my life away. Jack thought better of me than that. I go out with boys, dine, dance. I am, as I told you, interested in the boy I see so often . . . the boy who has so many of Jack's qualities. I am keenly interested in my work. I hope and believe that Mr. Goldwyn is going to give me more of the kind of parts I want. I certainly hope and intend to marry. My desire to have my own home, my own family, children, is still my First Desire . . . my work, I should say, is my Second Love. . . .

"So," said Andrea, dropping her knitting, "don't call me a 'sweet girl' in this story, will you? If you do . . ." and she looked at me as threateningly as the beautiful, warm ivory contours of her face would permit, "*if you do. . .!*"

"I won't," I promised.

I haven't, either. How could I?

Hollywood Highbrow

[*Continued from page 52*]

enough to be concerned about a university professorship, but who landed in a Hollywood studio instead.

It's a fact. That's just what happened. Holder of a Phi Beta Kappa key, Howard fought against becoming an actor from the time he was forced to play *Little Lord Fauntleroy* in curls and lace collar as a child until the time a talent scout approached him after the final curtain of a campus production of *John Brown's Body* and asked him, cold turkey: "How would you like to go to Hollywood?"

And just as cold turkey, John replied: "Not interested." Just like that. Just two words, no more, no less. And that, for some time, constituted the impasse, the status quo, or as they say below the Rio Grande, the Mexican stand-off. John had been a very serious student at Western Reserve University. So serious and so good that he had earned his Phi Beta Kappa key. But Hollywood? Phooie! It didn't fit in with his academic plan that had, for its goal, a professorship of English.

"I went home that evening after the show," he relates, "and started to do a little figuring. And in no time at all I discovered that there wouldn't be enough money for me to take a graduate course in English.

"After thinking it over, I wrote to the talent scout and told him I had come to the conclusion that I had acted a bit hasty—and would he care to talk Hollywood to me again inasmuch as I had reconsidered his offer? As it turned out, he did care. Which was lucky for me.

"After our Commencement exercises in June, 1934, I went to New York for a screen test. Shortly after that, I was given a contract and reported at the Hollywood studio in September of the same year. And I've been here ever since. It's a funny thing, the way time, alone, can change your opinions."

WE ASKED John about his Phi Beta Kappa key and, since this emblem of scholarship is greatly cherished by the few who have earned it, we were somewhat shocked to learn that he had never worn it since coming to Hollywood. He didn't even know where it was! "Lost, most likely," he confessed. "It takes more than a key to unlock the door to success in this town," was the way he expressed it. "Nothing but plain, old-fashioned hard work will get you there.

"I said the hours were easy and I meant it. The real hard work comes when you're not working in a picture and you forego a lot of pleasures for the study that's so necessary to improve yourself the next time out. I'm a plodder, I guess. One of those slow-but-sure guys who are never in good repute with the high-wide-and-handsome boys, but it makes no-never-mind with me.

"I'm still my own pace-maker and I'll tell you this. Slow or not, just give me six more years in this business and I'll have enough money laid aside so that I won't have to worry when the bleak days come and the wolf comes sniffing at my front door. Maybe I won't be living in a hill-top mansion, but on the other hand you won't find me on a pallet on the floor of some on-the-other-side-of-the-tracks hovel."

John has no high-falutin' notions about acting. To hear him talk about his camera work—and you've got to believe him when he does—acting is merely a means to an end—or rather to three ends. He wants to be a director, to write plays and scenarios, and maybe one day be a concert singer. Oh, sure, he's got a swell singing voice. Bass, and plenty good enough, according to his voice teacher, to be of potential concert calibre.

A hard-working gent, this Howard, between screen assignments, he burns plenty of midnight oil studying film production, writing scripts and entertaining the neighbors with his vocal exercises. He's proud of being a plodder. *Disputed Passage* has given him his first big break since his advent into movies—a leading role that has plenty of "meat" in it.

AND speaking of leading men, John has little, if any, patience with any young man of the movies who professes that what he is striving for is a good reputation as a character player.

"It sounds silly to me, that kind of talk," John says. "If leading roles weren't important you can bet the studio bosses wouldn't be paying out the big salaries to the men who play them. Not to want to be a leading man, given the opportunity, has as much sense as saying that one would turn down the chance to become President. Perhaps one doesn't last as long on the screen in leads, but look at the pay you get!

"It seems to me that if a young actor is only intent on character parts he's already in a rut. Certainly, it must mean that he doesn't like to work to perfect himself. I haven't anything against character roles. I hope to play them when I get old. But not now. Not when I've got a chance to play leads. Well, let 'em go after the character parts. It will make it so much easier for us who have other ambitions."

Presenting a touch of background, John was born in Cleveland on April 13, 1913. His father, John R. Howard, a graduate in dramatics of Carnegie Institute of Technology, had been unable to achieve his ambition to become an actor; so, as the next best thing, he became the agent for a firm selling theatrical equipment.

Young Howard was educated in the public schools of East Cleveland. Graduating from high school he entered Western Reserve University where, during his four-year course, he received many honors, including besides the Phi Beta Kappa key, a W. R. U. Honor Key, a scholarship for work in English and a couple of essay prizes. In addition, he was voted the most out-standing man in the Senior class.

ARRIVING in Hollywood John settled down to intensive training in the studio's dramatic school. A few months later, he was given a leading role in the school's presentation of the stage play, *Small Miracle*, and so out-standing was his performance that he was chosen the next day for a part in *Car 99*. After that came *Annapolis Farewell* and the lead opposite Wendy Barrie in *Millions in the Air*. He followed this up with a trip East for the Hecht-MacArthur *Soak the Rich*. In all, dating back to 1934, he's been in twenty-five pictures.

His fan fail started coming in, he says, following his roles in the *Bulldog Drummond* series of pictures which definitely established him as a coming star both in this country and abroad. He's 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds and keeps in condition pursuing his favorite sport, golf. He's unmarried and is regarded as one of the film colony's most eligible bachelors.

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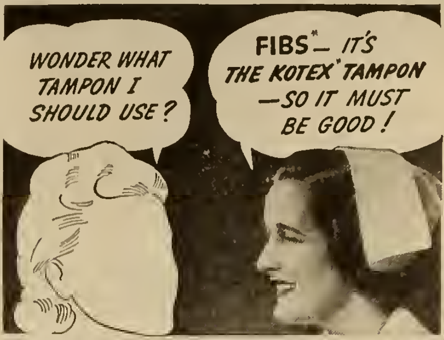
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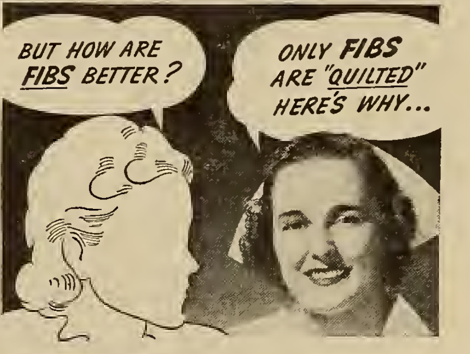
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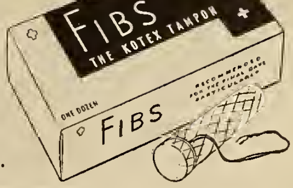

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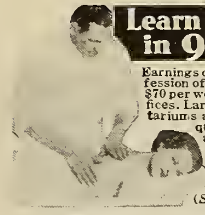

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Screen BOOK 10¢

What Stars Will Survive Television?

[*Continued from page* 45]

Burns and Allen. These, together with a dozen other movie stars and a score of movie players can be depended upon to "take over" at the cost of radio stars now popular on the air but who haven't the personal appearance and acting ability necessary for visual entertainment. It requires more than just good radio voices for television—as television, like pictures, demands personality and "oomph."

AS TELEVISION'S scope and needs increase there will naturally be opportunities for newcomers as well as for old-established stars.

Because this medium of entertainment cannot reproduce depth and detail as the movie camera does it must depend upon close-in action and convincing acting. It cannot utilize striking sets, great mob scenes, unusual effects and lavish costume to supply glamor and offset lack of real dramatic ability. Consequently sincerity, vivacity, sparkle and personality will be at a premium.

In television, players will not be carried to unearned stardom as they have been in pictures and the assembling of powerful casts will not permit a star who has outgrown his or her usefulness to stay up in the top brackets. Television will not furnish glamorous situations and backgrounds to over-sell players—as recently happened to one girl whose subsequent picture was so bad that, to quote a director from the studio that made it: "we had to make retakes before we could put it on the shelf."

This will be favorable to performers such as Bette Davis and disastrous to those who are little better than clothes-horses or mannequins in exquisite surroundings.

Those who have worked with television, such as directors and studio casting officials, know there is a personality "oomph" that stands out in television. They say that television will discover not only new personalities but new types of personalities.

ALREADY those with hopes realize that it is not a question of being a blonde or a brunette or a redhead (make-up being able to cover any color deficiency in television) but how much sparkle is in your eyes and what depth of feeling can your face express.

Temporarily at least, due to the small size of the screens on home receiving sets, intimate action and close-ups will predominate in television programs—just as they do today. This will exclude those radio performers who have been found unfit for motion pictures. By the time television has advanced to the stage of using more long shots, even though that be but a matter of a few months, motion picture and legitimate stage players and stars will have filled all the important spots, leaving very little chance for those radio stars who do not photograph or act well to break in.

Of course there are some air stars, such as Ameche, Benny, Cantor, Burns, Lamour, Burns and Allen, who have "visual personality." But after spending six years, and millions of dollars, trying to develop radio players for pictures the movies have been able to induce the public to accept less than a dozen.

That accounts for some of the apprehension in Hollywood. Hundreds of radio performers making their living before the microphone here are as unfitted to go before the televiewer as they are to face the movie camera. They realize that once television is in they are out.

Add to this the fact that radio realizes that once an important television broadcast goes on the air radio programs go into discard, and that now even talk of television seriously hurts the sale of radio sets, and you will understand why this industry dreads visual broadcasts. Without a clear cut idea of how it can collect on the new it faces the complete disorganization of the old.

So the movies joined hands in concentrating on no progress for television. Foolishly but fervently. During the last six months, however, there are those in the industry who have doubted the wisdom of retarding television and keeping us years behind Europe in this important development. And there are also those who realize that television will not be an enemy of motion pictures, but will serve them mightily. They feel that it will be the means by which motion pictures dominate the air and completely outrank every other medium in entertainment, education and the job of keeping the whole world within sight as well as within sound.

FOREMOST among these is Eddie Cantor. Five years ago he told the writer that he was preparing for television, looking eagerly forward to the day when great shows, using more stars than anyone had ever dreamed of assembling in a single performance, would be put on film and broadcast throughout the country. Shows that would give Hollywood greater production than it ever before knew.

Eddie was not merely weaving wild dreams. He was looking directly into the future. For three years the Don Lee Television Broadcasting System has been broadcasting motion picture newsreels, shorts and cartoons. Every day commercial motion pictures are sent out from New York City by television.

In England and Germany cinema audiences have for months been seeing motion pictures on theatre-size television screens. Pictures sent to hundreds of theatres and thousands of homes in a single broadcast.

RKO'S special television short and trailer made from the picture *Gunga Din* was the first contribution by any major studio to this vitally important development. Antagonistic to television, Hollywood hid its head in the sand until circumstances compelled it to sit up and take notice. Even today less than half the motion picture executives realize that television offers them the greatest opportunity of their lives.

But fortunately the progressive ones press ahead. Gregg Toland, Samuel Goldwyn's ace cameraman, is planning a television short version of their next picture, and Sam has bought the rights to an invention for the securing of third dimension on film that they feel will add a great deal to the depth and quality of television pictures.

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to stir itself, and stars and players are straining at the leash. They know what television means to them. They can't get into "visio" entertainment quickly enough.

Some of the studios are moving forward. Others are holding back. Paramount is not only equipping its new studios for television, but has secured a controlling interest in the Dumont Television Corporation.

Paramount-Dumont already has a tele-

[*Continued on page* 88]

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

Newcomer Brenda Joyce, now parking at 20th Century-Fox, takes off in one-piece playsuit, with jacket, for game of tennis

Russell will have to make the most of their romance, with Edna positively still in the picture.

Bart's been out of town, recently. And Lee has been using a few of Hollywood's safe-and-sane escorts, to while away the lonely evenings. Lee Bowman squired her one night or two; and Johnny McClain did his bit for the bartless beauty.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Judy Garland and Frankie Thomas—
Young, oh yeah; but old enough to promise!

■

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—whether or not that handsome young contract player, whom 20th-Fox is grooming secretly toward another big star-buildup, is REALLY Sonja Henie's on-the-QT heartbeat! Or whether the whispered romance is just another press-agenty dream.

■

THAT last spat that iced the scenery wherever Gilbert Roland and Connie Bennett saw each other, seems

[*Continued on page* 89]

This being a black-and-white photo, naturally Susan Hayward's beautiful Titian locks are lost. Titianettes of America recently crowned her the nicest bonfire of 1939

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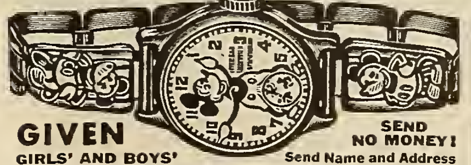

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What Stars Will Survive Television?

[*Continued from page 86*]

casting station in Passaic, New Jersey, which it plans to move to New York City. Even under the present restricted television broadcasting range of about thirty-five miles a telecasting station in New York City can reach over ten million people.

Until the telecasting range is increased the very cost of putting in expensive coaxial cable to carry television programs from station to station works to the benefit of motion pictures. For by putting television programs on film they can be sent air-express to the telecasting stations and from there put on the air.

At present the theatrical interests in New York are far more alert to the possibilities of television than is the average motion picture studio, and many writers, players and theatrical producers in the big city are working on television shows. They plan to put out shows that can go to the various television studios and be televiewed in the flesh.

BUT meanwhile the demand is for motion picture film for telecast.

Finally Hollywood studios sense the possibilities of great "visio" shows on film. Shows in which the finest motion picture talent will be photographed especially for telecast.

Motion picture players, from extras to famous stars, are impatient with the quaking executive who divides his time between worrying what television will do to the theatres of the country and assuring himself that it's just a whim that will wear itself out, and that it isn't practical anyway.

Sensing an eagerness to learn about television, to prepare for it, and knowing that sooner or later they will be face to face with the problem of making-up their players to go before the televiewer for personal appearance on the air, the Westmore Brothers, make-up experts for four different Hollywood studios, have created a television make-up.

Hollywood's great horde of teachers, schools and coaches have added "preparation for television" to their curriculum. Little theatres are developing one-act plays with television technique . . . Studio cameramen and electricians are studying television technique of lighting, and directors and writers are giving attention to intimate scenes that can be lifted out for telecast.

Artists' agents have already added television clauses to their contracts, and studio casting directors are beginning to regard movie aspirants with an eye to their television possibilities.

The air is charged with excitement, anticipation, wonderment, and with the usual share of scepticism, too. There has been so very much adverse propaganda in connection with television. But if it moves so steadily forward there must be some irresistible force behind it.

WHAT will tomorrow's television show be like? Who will make it? Where will it be made? What is Hollywood doing at this moment to prepare for its share in this new form of entertainment?

What is the irresistible force behind television that has finally compelled America to plunge seriously into its development?

All this, and more will be told shortly in these pages.

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10c

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 87]

Angus, the Spence Tracy of dogdom, puts his mind on work, studies script for *Intermezzo,* featuring Leslie Howard

Billy Halop, one of the Dead Enders, has been in doghouse so much in pictures, he became dog fancier, acquired two spaniels

to have been the quarrel that so often precipitates the wedding-bells sequence, in these Hollywood romances. It's getting so that when Hollywood wisenheimers see two lovers in the middle of a violent and bitter battle, they start predicting wedding bells any moment.

And now it seems that Connie and Gilbert really will do the Mr.-and-Mrs. before many months are past. On her current trip to Europe, Connie has indicated to intimates, she'll put the final wind-up on her marriage to the Marquis Henri *de la* Falaise *et la* Coudraye. There's been a hefty chunk of money, in the form of a property settlement, that's been holding up the proceedings. But Connie is at the stage where she's ready to give, rather than continue the present state of affairs.

Sooooo—don't be amazed if you read about a Paris divorce, any day, that'll set la Bennett free to become Mrs. Gilbert Roland, at long last.

■

CUPID'S un-COUPLET:
Marshall Grant and darksome Helen Mack—
Almost at the altar, but then they turned back!

■

NOW Adrian tells friends that he and Janet Gaynor are going to get married in late fall. Or don't you care, any more?

■

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—if it's true that Jeffrey Lynn is secretly married.

[Continued on page 92]

EX-LAX MOVIES

"The girl who punished herself"

BETTY: I don't know which is worse . . . constipation or the remedy!

SALLY: You're silly to punish yourself that way. Why don't you try Ex-Lax?

BETTY: Ex-Lax? You expect that to work for *me* . . . a little chocolated tablet?

SALLY: Don't let its pleasant taste deceive you. Ex-Lax is a dependable laxative—thorough and effective!

LATER

BETTY: No more strong, bad-tasting laxatives for me! That Ex-Lax was just the thing. It fixed me up fine!

SALLY: What did I tell you! We've used Ex-Lax in *our* family for over 30 years.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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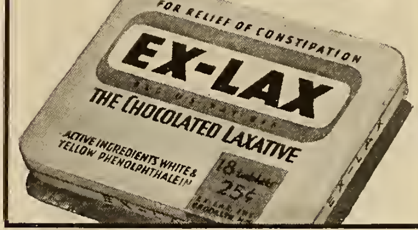
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Lamour + Lamarr = La Morison

[*Continued from page 77*]

in Technicolor, with Ray Milland and Akim Tamiroff fighting over her. It was once intended for Dorothy Lamour.

In Patricia's behalf, the publicity mills are now beginning to grind. But publicity won't have to be relied upon to make this girl a star. She will make herself one. She has beauty. She has brains. And she can act.

The romance rumors about her don't mean a thing. "I'm staying single for a while. A long while. When I marry, it has to last. It can't be any fly-by-night Hollywood romance. I'm a firm believer in marriage as an institution. And just as firm a believer that this career business is a selfish one. You can't divide your attentions—be equally devoted to a husband and a career. Not in the beginning. When I'm established, successful, then if the right man comes along, I'll marry."

SHE has had a dozen crushes, and been in and out of love twice—pre-Hollywood. The career got in the way both times. "But if I had really been in love either time, I would have married the boy, if he had asked me."

She stands five feet three without heels. Men who dance with her are dumfounded the next day when they see her in tennis shoes. She is that small. And getting smaller, she fears. Hollywood being Hollywood, she has to watch her diet. "It makes me feel like a real movie star," she quips.

Not very good at tennis, she is better at horseback-riding, still better at bicycling. "My friends jeer at me puffing along. Let them jeer. I'm by myself. I've discovered that I can't take a lot of people for any length of time, and that bicycling is a healthy way to get out of the social whirl. So few people bicycle."

She lives in Beverly Hills, just off Sunset Boulevard, in a little house shared with her father, mother and brother. It's a rented house, because she doesn't want to feel tied down by belongings. She wants to feel free to pack up and go traveling. (Travel, and learning to pilot a plane, are the only ambitions she claims, outside her career.)

Her brother is studying singing. So is she—with Dr. Marafioti, Grace Moore's former musical mentor. "If I ever do sing on the screen, I want to be good when I do it. I'd like to do as Irene Dunne does—make singing incidental to drama. Not a career by itself."

She talks with a slight accent. She calls it her middle-of-the-ocean accent—because Americans think it is British, and Britons think it is American.

Having discovered that Hollywood is super-liberal with advice, and not knowing which advisers to take most seriously, she is playing safe and taking her own advice. The first tenet of which is: "Above all, no matter what happens, keep your sense of humor." The best bit of outside counsel she has had to date is, she thinks: "Never, never go Hollywood."

"If I ever do," she says crisply, "I'll get a good swift kick." And who will give it to her? Patricia Morison says: "*I* will!"

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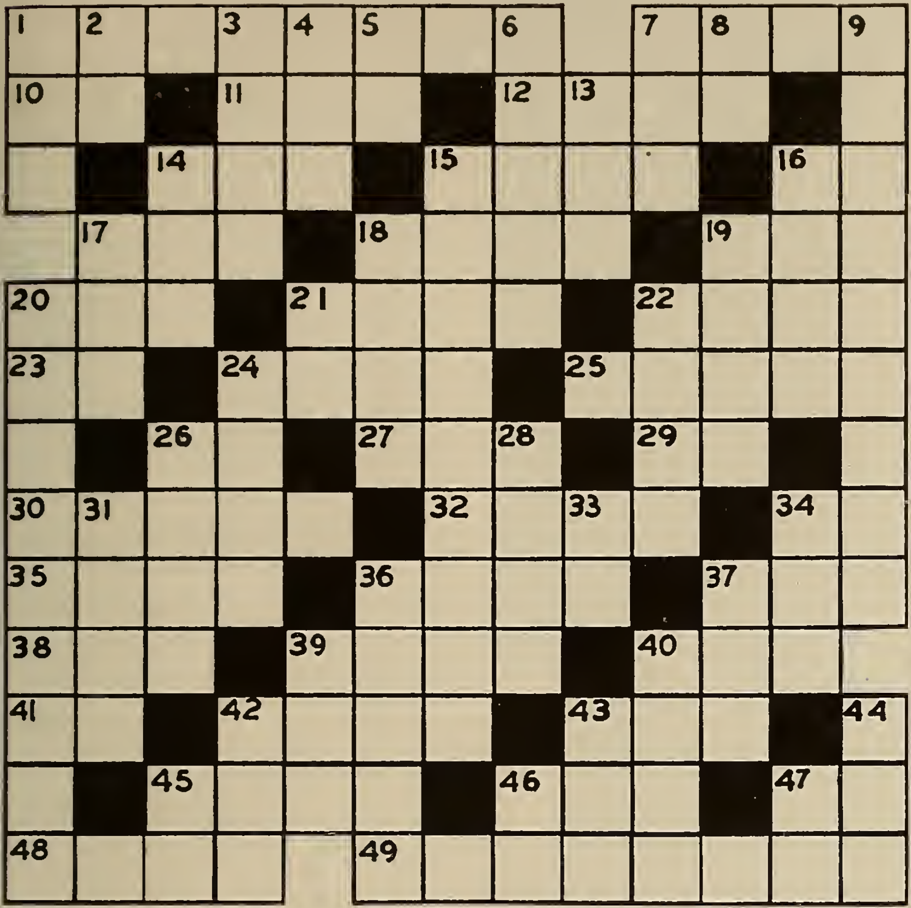
Puzzle This One Out!



ACROSS

1. She is teamed with Pat O'Brien in *The Kid From Kokomo*
7. Rosemary Lane's birthplace
10. *Rose —— Washington Square*
11. *Secret Service of the ——*
12. *—— Dawn I Die*
14. *—— Third of a Nation*
15. Mr. Bailey in *Captain Fury*
16. Olivia —— Havilland
17. Johnny Mack Brown's birthplace (abbr.)
18. *The Man in the Iron ——*
19. Sam Houston in *Man of Conquest*
20. *The Story of Vernon —— Irene Castle*
21. Star of *The Girl From Mexico*
22. *Rosalie* in *Calling Dr. Kildare.*
23. Miss Naldi's initials
24. *Gambling ——*
25. *—— in the Wind.*
26. *Back Door —— Heaven*
27. Short for first name of Mr. Cortez
29. *Merrily —— Live*
30. Garbo prefers to be thus
32. Boris Karloff's real one is Charles Pratt
34. *We're Going to —— Rich*
35. Star of *East Side of Heaven*
36. *Out —— With the Hardys*
37. *Torchy Runs —— Mayor*
38. Susan Warren in *Big Town Czar*
39. What players do for "stills"
40. First name of "grand old lady of films"
41. Mr. Errol's initials
42. Chris' wife in *Stagecoach*
43. "Cap" Streeter in *It's a Wonderful World*
45. *Hold That ——*
46. *—— With Wings*
47. *Good Girls —— to Paris*
48. First name of the gravel-voiced comedian
49. Hollywood's "Oomph" girl

DOWN

1. Star of *I'm From Missouri*
2. Initials of Ann Dvorak's husband
3. Mrs. Putnam in *Street of Missing Men*
4. *Never Say ——*
5. Initials of star of *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*
6. His first name is Rex
7. What Sonja Henie glides over
8. Initials of a star of *Zenobia*
9. *Harriet Ingalls* in *Broadway Serenade*
13. Bob Burns' native state (abbr.)
14. You'll see Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins in *The —— Maid*
15. *Invitation to ——*
16. What stars do at the Trocadero
17. First name of 49 Across
18. Jean's surname
19. May Whitty's title
20. Bride of Tyrone Power
21. Initials of actor wed to Ida Lupino
22. John Dodge in *Secrets of a Nurse*
24. What you hear in a MacDonald-Eddy film (sing.)
26. Joan Crawford recently divorced him
28. *The Gracie Allen Murder ——*
31. *Let Us ——*
33. Mary Treen's initials
34. *—— Slaves*
36. He plays opposite 21 Across in *The Girl From Mexico*
37. Mother in Hardy Family series
39. Something tossed in slapstick comedies
40. He had title role in *Juarez*
42. Rita La ——
43. Marlene Dietrich's native land (abbr.)
44. *Tarzan Finds a ——*
45. Miss Dodd's initials
46. *They Made —— a Criminal*
47. Jane Withers was born in this state (abbr.)

September Solution

B	A	R	B	A	R	A		Y	O	U	N	G
R	■	M	I	L	E	■	B	O	U	T	■	I
E	D	■	G	L	A	M	O	U	R	■	L	N
N	O	T	■	■	G	A	Y	■	■	S	I	G
T	W	O	■	H	A	D	E	N	■	E	V	E
	N	O	L	A	N	■	R	I	T	T	E	R
A	■	M	A	Y	■	■	■	G	O	T	■	S
S	W	E	D	E	S	■	C	H	O	I	R	
T	A	Y	■	S	T	O	U	T	■	N	E	W
A	L	S	■	■	A	R	T	■	■	G	E	O
I	L	■	A	R	M	E	T	T	A	■	L	D
R	■	T	R	I	P	■	E	A	C	H	■	D
E	L	L	E	N		E	R	N	E	S	T	S

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But remember this — only Princess Pat rouge has the *duo-tone* secret. And now you can get it in any of the fashionable new shades. Until you experience the excitement of wearing this duo-tone rouge, you will never know how glamorous you really can be.

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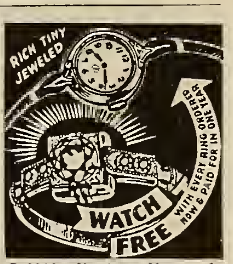
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 89]

Deanna Durbin goes thru chopstick stuff with Gloria Jean. 10 year old Gloria, new child star, makes debut in *The Under Pup*

RUNNING second only to Dorothy Sarongs-and-Swains Lamour, as the No. 1 romancer of Hollywood, is Binnie Who's-Next Barnes! Binnie's just topped Dorothy, however. For, while Dorothy definitely turns her back on ex-hubby Herbie Kaye, Binnie does just the opposite—

Right in the midst of her merry-go-round with Boy Friends, Jean Negulesco, Mike Frankovitch, Cesar Romero, *et al,* she utters a jubilant cry about the imminent Hollywood arrival from London of her ex-hubby, Samuel Joseph, the book publisher.

Says Binnie: "He's still the most interesting man I know."

And Ol' Man Tattler bets that'll burn a hole in the self-esteem of more than one Hollywood ladykiller.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Pretty Andrea Leeds and rich Bob Howard—
There's a bit of romance that's plenty high-poward!

■

HO-HO-HUMMMMmmmmmmm! Jack Oakie and Venita Varden (at this moment of writing) are between battles.

■

P. S.—That item, just above, was written five minutes ago. Change it. They're tiffing again. Seems with the Oakie's, it's always "tiffin' time!"

MY-O-MY-O-MY-O-MY! note—all the way from London, comes the explosive statement which Phyllis Brooks made there, when somebody asked her when she's gonna marry Cary Grant.

"Soon," jubilated Phyllis, and added: "And our married life is going to be ONE GREAT PARTY!"

Wheeeeeeeeee!!!!!!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Doris Nolan and Greg La Cava—
Doing a retake, hotter'n lava!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Robert Preston and Kay (Radio) Felton—
A coupla hearts that are really meltin'. . . !

■

IT'S really serious with Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin!—so serious that Vaughn quite forgot himself the other day, and tried to take a poke at some cameramen who were snapping candid pix of him and his sweetie-pie at one of the Hollywood eateries.

The storm of criticism that followed young Paul's impulsive action got so hot, that the youngsters have now found themselves some quiet, off-the-main-stem hideaways, where they have their luncheon tete-a-tetes.

JOY HODGES airplaned out for a personal appearance tour of the Midwest—but she left her lips, in the form of a perfect lipstick imprint—all over Ted Rogers' face, when he saw her off, at the airport.

■

HOLLY-WOULDN'T be surprised at all if, in spite of all their denials. Ann Sothern and Roger call it a day.

■

ECHOES of Old Hollywood sounded when Gloria Swanson Somborn got married the other day. Seems only yesterday that Gloria's own marriages were the occasional highlights of Hollywood's romance news—and now, suddenly, it's the marriage of her daughter that hits the headlines.

Young Gloria, who is ex-Star Gloria's daughter by Herbert Somborn, the Brown Derby man, married Bob Anderson, son of a California business man. The former star, now out of pictures and herself an offscreen business woman in New York, flew to Hollywood to be at the ceremony.

■

QUITE possibly, by the time you read this, Randy Scott'll have gotten (or be getting) his divorce, so he can be back in circulation again.

Not that he isn't circulating pretty well, as it is—what with Chicago Socialite Eleanor Thompson, not to mention Dorothy Lamour, still in the picture . . .!

However, that Dorothy Lamour business is getting to be a gag. Dorothy's got so many rumored heartbeats that a Hollywood trade paper recently wisecracked that one of her latest swains is the kind of guy who'd kiss a seal for a photographer, just to get into print.

Believing that Pupchen needed a playmate, Joan Crawford gives you Stinkie—who is loved by mummy way up to sky

WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN

A MAN LOVES A WOMAN! From that situation comes the real drama of life. Novels and stage plays are mere imitations. The real life story is the one that fascinates a reader as no fiction story can.

For twelve months a publisher has been searching the world over for the best of these dramatic, romantic true life stories. This publisher knew that when he secured these stories he could publish the most fascinating magazine in existence.

Now, more than a year after the search was started, enough stories of truly superior quality, every one of them about real flesh and blood men and women, have been found to start monthly publication of the magazine.

The name of the new magazine: REAL LIFE STORY. It will be on sale everywhere Sept. 15 for 10c.

In this sensational new magazine you will find gripping true love stories as told by the people who really lived the experiences they relate. These stories are LIFE. They are not sugar coated. They are grim, often tragic, told intimately, with the natural ability anyone has to tell his own experiences for the entertainment and guidance of others.

Some of the stories related occurred in the silk and satin surroundings of the rich. Others have as their background the poverty-ridden tenements of a big city slum. Still others happened in the farm country, or where ranchers fight drouth and famine. No matter where the story was lived, passion has risen in human breasts to bring happiness or tragedy—sometimes both.

Have your newsdealer save a copy of the first issue for you. This magazine will not publish serials. There will be a complete, book-length story in each issue. Watch for:

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DOES HOLLYWOOD TAKE LOVE SERIOUSLY?

SEE PAGE 26

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SEP 30 1939

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Editor

Volume LVIII. No. 4 NOVEMBER, 1939 Twenty-eighth Year

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"Eyes of Romance" WITH THIS AMAZING NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

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Amazing *new* WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied,* return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

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WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ...makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. *For a new thrill,* wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*

MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

By **HARRY LANG**

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

Dragging Summer into Fall, Claire Trevor wears flattering swim suit for last plunge of season—and final coat of tan. Her new picture is *I Stole a Million*

Linda Darnell, starlet, gives you two big, brown eyes, dazzling dental smile and snug figure in playsuit. Didja see her in Elsa Maxwell's *Hotel for Women?*

CUPID'S UN-COUPLET: Greta and Leopold (pronounced Stok-OFF-sky!)

You can now just check that romanc offsky!

■

AND the latest Garboesque rumor is that the latest No. 1 Man in the Scandal-less Scandinavienne's life is a gay-lad named Gaylord Hauser, who's famous for a diet, of ALL things. . . .

And a diet of, imagine!—GARLIC juice, raw fruits and vegetables. But Garbo is famous for her food fads—guests at her house, expecting smorgasbord and hefty Swedish viands, find such tidbits as raw carrots and a leaf of lettuce for dinner, they say.

But anyway, the Hauser IS in Greta's life, somewhere. But there's another man, too. A chap named Bob Reud, and he's a press-agent! Between a food-fadder and a press-agent, isn't Greta in a spot? Reud is almost as much of a mystery as Garbo herself—whether he's just a dear friend, or whether Cupid sits in on the picture, nobody knows—and Reud won't tell. He's turned down thousands of dollars to write pieces about himself and Greta.

Meanwhile, Stokowski is offski with his orchestra. And that's enoughski.

■

STARTLINGEST-TWOSOME-OF-THE-MONTH: Olivia "I'm-a-Victorian-at-heart" de Havilland and Pat (He's-a-

[*Continued on page* 8]

NOTES from A HOLLYWOOD DIARY by Jane Grant

"JAMAICA INN"

Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.

"WHAT A LIFE"

If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss . . . and whammmmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

7 SECOND
MYSTERY
STORY

"HOW DOES MARY STAY SO RESTED? SHE'S ALREADY DRIVEN OVER 400 MILES!"

HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum in the car. Great thing to relieve tension in traffic, says she.

Beech-Nut

TRY ALL 6 OF OUR DELICIOUS FLAVORS and see which you like the best. Besides the popular Peppermint, there are Beech-Nut Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies — Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 6*]

At last Ilona Massey comes out of hiding or wherever she has been keeping herself since *Rosalie*, to co-star with Nelson Eddy in *Balalaika*. Sings 6 songs

Sweden gave us Garbo. Sweden now gives us Ingrid Bergman, who makes American debut opposite Leslie Howard in *Intermezzo*. Starred in 9 films in Sweden

Casanova-at-heart!) di Cicco, Jitterbugging it at a nitespot . . .!

■

YOUR Stubborn Ol' Tattler, sticking to his story like a Hollywood mama sticks to a casting director, still insists that Bette Davis and George Brent will NOT Mrandmrs it. That's Tattler's story, and if Bette and George do it, then Tattler'll eat the complete 1939 file of MOTION PICTURE.

And just to put himself in a tougher spot, Tattler now goes on record as having the fixed, unalterable opinion that Brent or no Brent, freedom or no freedom, Bette Davis has NOT been happy for one complete moment since she and Harmon O. Nelson got that divorce.

Throughout "Ham's" last Hollywood visit, he and Bette spent hours together. And his very last evening in town was hers. And Tattler swears that Bette's heart still beloooooongs to Hammie! As the story about Bette says—on page 25.

■

CALORIC COUPLET:
Ann Rutherford and that Stanford college boy—
It may be a secret, but HOT?—oy, oy . . .!

[*Continued on page* 10]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

SURPRISELESS Surprise-Party of the month—was the one they gave Myrna Loy, on her birthday, on the *Thin Man* set at M-G-M . . . Bill Powell, the unsquelchable, was the genius of the affair. Sick to death of Hollywood surprise parties that never surprise anybody, Bill kidded all surprise parties to a fare-the-well with this one . . . In the first place, early in the morning, there was a huge banner strung across the set, reading: SURPRISE PARTY FOR MYRNA LOY AT FOUR O'CLOCK TODAY!! . . . Then an extra, all dressed up in costume as an old-time Town Crier, paraded onto the set, and all over the M-G-M lot, ringing a loud bell, and yelling the same news—"Surprise Party this afternoon at 4 o'clock for Myrna Loy. Come one, come all!" . . . Bill even went further. He had two Los Angeles radio stations dedicate song numbers during the day "to Myrna Loy, who will have a surprise party this afternoon at 4," and a portable radio was tuned in, on the set . . . And so, was Myrna surprised when the party finally happened. With all that build-up, she was beginning to suspect that the real surprise was going to be that there wouldn't be a party at all. But there was—and it didn't wait until 4 to begin; it began at noon, and there wasn't any more work on the *Thin Man* set from midday on. Everybody brought gifts, from the lowliest extras to Louis B. Mayer, himself. And of course, there was a super-colossal birthday cake, and more flowers for Myrna than you could count.

GAGGIEST party-gift of the month—were the ones that John Wayne got at the stag party his pals gave him in anticipation of the arrival of the new Wayne baby, which arrived the other day. . . . Wayne got, among the gifts, a packet of sleeping powders for himself—and a miniature straight-jacket for the baby! And Ritziest Party of the Month—was the sooo suh-well shindig thrown by Dolores "the swank" Del Rio, and co-host Jack Warner. Decorations for the Del Rio-Warner party topped all of Hollywood's previous records, and that's something! And why shouldn't they—since Dolores' hubby is Cedric Gibbons, interior decorator par excellence, and since William Haines, also one of the town's top interior-decorators, collaborated! . . . It was at the Del Rio home, and it was converted into a Venetian Palace and Carnival scene. Color scheme: cyclamen pink and black, and vivid it was, too. The table cloths were of black patent leather. Huge black umbrellas were covered with pink blooms.

THE guest list, as usual at a Del Rio brawl, read like a social register or blue book of who's who in Hollywood. Loretta Young, in top demand among Hollywood's males, came alone! So did Virginia Peine, whose boy friend, George Raft, was pursuing Norma Shearer Europe-ward! . . . Norma Talmadge played solo. Olivia de Havilland came with man-about-town Bob Ritchie . . . Non-Hollywood comers included Chicago's Mayor Kelly; the Baroness Rothschild's brother, Maximilian Henkle; and Melville Hall, who crashed society news headlines with his recent betrothal to Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps . . . Uh huh, you can always count on society numbers decorating a Del Rio whoop-te-doo . . . Hollywood society present included Joan Crawford, with Charlie Martin, the inseparables; and Franchot Tone, who chatted with them just as nonchalantly as though he hadn't once been Mister Joan Crawford himself! . . . Eddie Norris brought Margaret Lindsay, but danced with ex-wifie Ann Oomph Sheridan. And Janet Gaynor and Adrian.

JUST TO SHOW WHAT PARTY LIFE is like in Hollywood, is the thing that happened when Norma Shearer gave her last public party before sailing for Europe. It was at the Trocadero—and for fully an hour, the party couldn't get under way because newspaper photographers cluttered up the place and got in the way. . . . Private life, like a giraffe! . . . 'Way-Down-South party of the month—was the gonewiththewindish affair given at the Riskin menage, with trees festooned with magnolia blossoms, a full Negro orchestra in Old South costumes, baked ham and Maryland chicken dinner, and all the guests asked to wear costumes of the '60's . . . Dick Barthelmess came as Simon Legree. Benny Rubin wore the laugh costume of the night—an ancient frayed Union soldier's outfit, and Benny made up to look ninety years old. . . . Others who were there were Kay Francis, escorted by Louis Bromfield in the absence of her fiance, Baron Barnekow; Binnie Barnes with Mike Frankovitch. . . . Screwiest party of the month—was thrown, as you might know, by the Marx brothers. It was a going-away party for Eddie Buzzell and Norman Krasna, and it started peacefully and ordinarily enough with dinner at the Troc. . . . But all of a sudden, it went haywire. The Marxes got into a fight with the waiters (nobody knew until later that it was all framed and staged in advance) and stormed out, dragging their guests with them. They went to a garage, where the soup course was laid out on work benches. After that, to a printing shop, where they ate fried chicken 'mid the clatter and clanking of linotype machines and printing presses.

Ed—with another girl and he used to be mine!

Smart girls keep romance!
They prevent underarm odor with MUM!

ETHEL got a shock when they passed her... Ed glancing at her almost like a stranger... Jane with that proud, satisfied smile. Ethel knew Jane wasn't as pretty—wasn't as clever... wondered why Ed picked *her!*

It isn't always the *pretty* girls who win! For even a pretty girl can spoil her chances, if she's careless about underarm odor... if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet... neglects to use Mum!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration... Mum prevents odor *to come*. That's why more women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls like *you*.

MUM IS QUICK! Only thirty seconds for Mum, and underarms are protected for a whole day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Freshness is so important—why take risks? Get Mum at your druggist's today.

AFTER YOUR BATH—MUM MAKES YOU *SAFE*

YOU CAN'T EXPECT A BATH TO LAST ALL EVENING. SO I ALWAYS USE MUM
TO HERSELF: I'VE A FEELING TOM'S FALLING HARD! I'M GLAD I USED MUM!
MUM

Important to You—
Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

I WISH I COULD TELL MY DOCTOR

THE SECRET SUFFERING OF MILLIONS
–MEN AS WELL AS WOMEN!

There is no affliction more common or distressing than simple Piles.

About 75% of the people, it is said, suffer from simple Piles. The trouble is embarrassing. It is wearing. It tells on your health, on your looks.

A TABOO SUBJECT

On account of the delicacy of the subject, many people hesitate to seek treatment. Yet, there is no ailment more in need of attention.

Any person who has any signs of simple Piles should do something about it at once.

One of the very best things you can do to relieve the distress of simple Piles is to use Pazo. Pazo almost instantly relieves the itching and pain. Its very touch is comforting.

TRIPLE ACTION

Pazo is effective because it does three things.

First, it soothes the sore and inflamed parts and relieves the pain and the itching.

Second, it lubricates the dried and hardened parts and keeps them soft and comfortable.

Third, it tends to reduce the swollen parts and helps check bleeding.

This triple action gives real results.

Pazo comes in tubes, with small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This little Pile Pipe makes it easy to apply the medicine high up and within the rectum.

(For those who prefer, Pazo also comes in suppository form.)

AT OUR EXPENSE!

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a liberal trial tube is yours for the asking. Just mail a postcard or the coupon below. Use Pazo according to directions. If you do not get the relief you seek from Pazo in a week's time, consult your doctor.

Write today for the free tube of Pazo.

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STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

Gadaboutowner Errol Flynn visits N. Y. World's Fair en route to So. America. His guests at Romanian House are dancer Renee DeMarco, tycooness Mrs. Angier Duke

KISS THE GIRLS GOOD-BYE: Errol Flynn makes a thorough job of saying good-bye to the office gals in his studio. Don't think those studio stenos weren't that thrilled when he kissed them resoundingly before going off on his latest adventure . . . Professor Flynn, Errol's father, and his young sister accompanied him this time . . . Lili stayed at home, somewhat consoled. Her dignified father-in-law's presence is keeping Errol on his good behavior . . . He's a source of worry to his studio lately because Hollywood has begun to bore him, and when Damita's Flynn is restless, she has a problem star on her hands . . . Last heard from Errol was on his way to South America. Or was it a hunting trip out West? Or hiding out? I'm doubtful whenever Errol announces a destination . . . Mickey Rooney's another brash young man the studio has to keep after to hold him in . . . Metro insists now that Mickey's mom accompany him on all personal appearances and out of town engagements . . . She'll go to Europe with him while the Mick becomes *A Yank at Eton* . . . Brenda Frazier, no less, was dated by Mickey. She's the inspiration for his newest song . . . Mickey can sing you songs all evening without exhausting himself or his list of compositions.

HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST LADY: Coney Island will never forget the afternoon Norma Shearer let down her dignity and ate hot dogs . . . even as did the First Lady of England and the First Lady of Our Land . . . Norma's been trying hard to live down her exalted position as prominent star and the

Czech star, Francis Lederer, and wife, Margo, on visit to Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion at N. Y. World's Fair read touching inscription on fate of his native land widow of a famous producer . . . Some of the fans have seemed to be resentful because of the widely circulated stories of her wealth. They shouldn't be. Norma is a sweet, simple person of real charm that doesn't rub off with the grease-paint . . . You should have seen her being mauled and pushed by pursuing crowds as she and Frank Shields, the tennis star, took in the amusement area . . . The merry-go-round was her favorite. She insisted that all the children clamoring around her be permitted to ride with her . . . and she didn't ride side saddle, either! . . . Back in town George Raft took over Shields' enjoyable duties, and Samba-ed all over town with Norma, who has taken to the new fashion in turbans. Becoming, too . . . Even if George did sail on the same boat, there's no romantic significance attached to their friendship . . . Or the surprise sailing of Jimmy Stewart on a later boat . . . Norma's just having fun . . . Though Jimmy has a way of getting awfully serious about his girl friends . . . Maxie Rosenbloom is giving himself a vacation. I'm elected to show him the town. And help find him a bride . . . He's tired of being a playboy and comedy relief. All applications will be given careful consideration . . . If you're what Maxie calls a "classy" dresser, it won't matter at all that you can't cook . . . And you mustn't mind if he forgets to remove his grease-paint for a few days at a time. He likes to remind himself that he's an actor . . . Charlie Martin wasn't in town two days when an urgent message from Joan Crawford had him winging home . . . They've got it that bad, even if they did have one of their frequent quarrels right after their happy reunion. The handsome young writer was in town on business bent, peddling some stories . . . Maybe Charlie was glad to rush back because Franchot Tone had just put in an appearance on the Metro lot for a new picture!

SUMMER OVER BROADWAY: The street is beginning to stir with activity after a steaming season. And I do mean hot . . . Gary Cooper and Sandra spent the dog days with her family on Long Island, avoiding Manhattan entirely . . . Anatole Litvak joined Miriam Hopkins, trying to stop the separation rumors . . . Betty Grable and Johnny Downs are getting ready for a fall musical . . . Marie Wilson is back on Broadway after a lukewarm out-of-town tryout of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* . . . The play is dated and Marie needs lots of stage experience . . . But she's a brave girl for trying and the town's for her . . . It's Peter Arno who is rushing her this week . . . Vivien Leigh left for England with Laurence Olivier . . . And returned the other day with Mr. O. Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks, looking gay and happy, back. Phyllis didn't add a wedding band to that engagement sparkler that's this big . . . They say they'll be married this fall in Hollywood. The Countess of Jersey, Cary's ex-, returned to these shores on the next boat . . . You knew her as Virginia Cherrill . . . Connie Bennett didn't shed the Marquis, after a search for Henri that took her through every part of France. Hank was playing hard to find, but Connie will divorce him right on this side, so there . . . After launching her protege, Pamela Caveness, Bette Davis went off to the Maine woods where no one could ask if she and Ham Nelson will reconcile (they won't) or if George Brent is It. Something must have gone wrong there . . . Brent is convalescing from a serious operation. If it were love Bette would be at his side, wouldn't you think? . . . . Edna Best leaves for England, only to return shortly with her daughter to make her home in California . . . The English actress never has looked so attractive . . . Hollywood has worked its movie magic on her . . . No public announcement has been made of a divorce from Herbert Marshall . . . It wasn't an infrequent sight these many months to see Miss Best dining with her husband and Lee Russell at the "Troc" . . . Bart has bowed out of the Helen Hayes show, after a lucrative but, critically speaking, unsuccessful engagement on the West Coast . . . Arlene Judge and millionaire, Dan Topping, will end their incompatibility with a divorce . . . which may bring Arlene back to the screen . . . Johnny Weissmuller and Beryl Scott were married in New Jersey . . . Madge Evans and Sidney Kingsley are honeymooning on the playwright's farm . . . David Niven is off to England, so he says, and should do something about the Jacqueline Dyer romancing before his return . . . but he may change his mind and go fishing in Canada . . . Ramon Novarro gets a long awaited break in Paris . . . He goes over for a picture . . . Virginia Field will leave Richard Greene behind for a visit to the homeland, England . . . Alice Faye will go on a furniture-buying spree when she ar-

[*Continued on page* 68]

We invite you to a Preview of
GREEN HELL
co-starring
Joan Bennett and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
in next month's MOTION PICTURE.

"Take my word for it— **Lovely Skin Steps Up Charm!"**

SAYS THIS ENCHANTING MARYLAND BRIDE

My favorite complexion care—that's what I call Camay's gentle cleansing! And believe me, there's nothing like a lovely complexion for stepping up your charm!

Baltimore, Md. *March 3, 1939* (*Signed*) CONSTANCE B. PLUMMER (*Mrs. R. W. Plummer*)

LOOK your loveliest! Like clever Mrs. Plummer, help guard the precious charm of a radiantly lovely skin—with Camay's gentle cleansing!

You will like Camay, for it has that priceless beauty cleansing combination—*thoroughness* with *mildness*. Each time you use it, Camay leaves your skin so clean it seems to *glow!* Yet Camay is gentle. We've *proved* Camay's mildness with tests against several other popular toilet soaps on various types of skin.

Repeatedly, Camay came out *definitely milder*. You'll find Camay marvelous for your *beauty bath*, too...to help keep back and shoulders lovely and as a refreshing aid to daintiness. Camay's price is low! Get three cakes today!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for as little as 10c a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable factory guaranteed. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line spacer and all the conveniences of the finest portable ever built. PLUS the NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

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Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you along with your Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy Du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay...send in the coupon for complete details!

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Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

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PICTURE PARADE

GOLDEN BOY
—AAAA—

"The play's the thing" Mr. Shakespeare said and he was right, too, and whether it's intended for the stage or the screen doesn't make any difference—it is as important to one as to the other. And that's why *Golden Boy*, based on Clifford Odets' play of the same name which won such wide acclaim last year when produced by the Group Theatre, makes as great a picture as it did a play. The cast is different, the director is different, even the playwrights are different, but the story is the same—thanks to Lewis Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman whose screen adaptation remains true to Mr. Odets' original script. So the producers have something really fine to begin with but we must credit them for their part in making this one of the strongest dramas of the season—their good judgment in selecting Rouben Mamoulian as director, and picking Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, William Holden and Lee J. Cobb as the principal characters. *Golden Boy* will appeal to all audiences—there's stirring drama for the women, thrilling action for the men.—*Columbia.*

THE OLD MAID
—AAAA—

Maybe you read the novel (Edith Wharton's), maybe you even saw the play (which won the Pulitzer prize for Zoe Akins), but there's no maybe about the picture—you must see it if only to witness Bette Davis' grand dramatics in the title role, for which she is certain to add another Oscar to her collection. But even if we leave Bette out of it, *The Old Maid* is still worth more than a seat in the balcony—it's worth a lodge seat, at least—for Warner Bros. have imbued this moving drama of two women—cousins—during and after the Civil War with a grand cast, a handsome production and all-round elegance. Miriam Hopkins plays the unsympathetic part so well she almost steals your sympathy from Bette, and there's Jane Bryan to reckon with, too. And in addition there's George Brent, Jerome Cowan, Donald Crisp and William Lundigan, to mention a few. The title may smell rather musty but that's only a delusion for *The Old Maid* is full of color, emotion and life. It's a little on the weepy side but then you know a good cry is good for you once in a while.—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page 76*]

her neck. Sweet and lovely! For the third type coiffure, Pat brushes her hair back from that center part, "clubs" it low on the neck, and covers that with a be-ribboned snood to match her gown.

Choosing a romantic hairstyle to go with that tip-tilted, bustle-back hat is one thing—and having your hair worth looking at is another. The two don't always go together. But you'll find both are pretty necessary—especially if it's romance you're after.

Healthy, shiny hair is just as important in Hollywood as it is in Holyoke, Mass. More so, if anything, because glamor girls must face the camera day after day, week after week. Their hair must gleam with cleanliness, and it must be soft and easy to manage.

Even Hollywood actresses have problem hair, naturally. But they don't sit back and let it lick them! If it is oily, they wash it oftener. They massage their scalps nightly with special tonics to correct the oily condition. They use cologne to set their hair—because that helps cut the excess oil.

Or is it dry? Your glamor girl is careful to choose an oil-type shampoo, to massage a special tonic for dry hair into her scalp frequently. She uses a cream type of hair dressing, or brilliantine, to replace the natural oils that are lacking, and to give her hair lustre and brilliance.

Hollywood hasn't forgotten, as too many of the rest of us have, how to use hair brushes. They're used in the studio, after waving the hair, to brush out that stiff, set look, and to polish the hair so it will gleam under the camera lights. They're used at home, by stars and starlets alike, to stimulate the oil glands to more normal production, to distribute oil evenly on the hair, to give it gloss.

IF YOU want your hair to be as lovely as the stars'—and your letters have told me you do—then please start brushing your hair. Brush all of it over to one side of the head, then over to the other side. Brush it all forward, and then back off your forehead. Use a slightly rolling stroke of the brush, and see to it that the bristles get down through that mop of yours to the scalp. Lean over, and brush all your hair away from the head, still with that rolling stroke. Brush till your scalp tingles, and your hair is every which way—and then brush it back into place. All this takes a mere five minutes—a short time to give for lovely hair.

I'd like to squelch once and for all the persistent rumor that it's harmful to wash your hair often! *It isn't so!* Look at the close-ups of your favorite star the next time you're at the movies. Doesn't her hair look soft and clean and shining? It's even more so when you see it in real life! And you should know by this time that these movie girls have their hair washed at least twice a week, sometimes as often as every day. Every star I've ever met declared that her hair is lovelier now than it was when she first went to Hollywood.

Of course, you'll want to be careful to select a good shampoo, because a harsh, injurious one would harm the hair whether you used it once a month or once a week. Let me send you the name of an excellent cleanser used in many high class beauty shops—and with a reason. The shampoo contains vegetable oils—so that it acts as a reconditioning oil treatment for dry, unruly hair—and it does *not* contain any free alkali or harsh chemicals that might dry out the hair. No matter how often you wash your hair, the shampoo still can't injure it. Instead, it cleans and polishes each hair shaft; it

[*Continued on page 69*]

NEW—SMART—BEAUTIFUL

KARO SYRUP PITCHER

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Catalin Top Removable for Cleaning
Automatic Closure Release
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● The Dripless Sanicut Server closes automatically—no spilling even if tipped accidentally. This Syrup Pitcher is easy to operate, easy to keep clean and is guaranteed against defects in material and workmanship. It makes an excellent gift or bridge prize. Merely fill out the coupon below and mail it with 50c in check or money order together with any Karo Label (Blue Label, Red Label or Waffle Label)—and the Pitcher will be sent to you postpaid.

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This offer, good only in the United States, expires January 31, 1940. It is void in the states of Idaho, Nevada, Montana and Kansas

Active in Society—Busy Keeping House

—BUT they're both quick to grasp this Exciting new "SKIN-VITAMIN" Care*!

n Cartier's—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a
nagnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is
popular in New York and Long Island society.

UESTION TO MRS. MELLON: o you find it difficult to protect ur skin against sun and nd when you're traveling or tdoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

On return from Paris, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on
French Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.

ESTION TO MRS. LLON: Does using more n one cream improve general effect of ur make-up?

ANSWER: "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

After the Theatre—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely
New York apartment, friends often gather for
a late supper.

Shopping for the week end—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

Everybody out! Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

Icebox raiding—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.

TAKE 2 THRILLING STEPS TO FLATTERY for the cost of only ONE

Thrilling Offer—limited time only! Choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Two famous beauty aids for the price of one. Get yours today!

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

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PRISCILLA LANE

Priscilla shines in *Dust Be My Destiny* but there's no dust on the girl with the million dollar smile except star-dust. Hers is no prop smile. When she smiles — which is most of the time — you know she means it. That's because she likes you — hopes you'll like her, too

THE ROMANCE OF
HOLLYWOOD FROM
BATHING BEAUTIES TO
WORLD PREMIERES!

IN
TECHNICOLOR

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

The most brilliant new note in entertainment! A heart-warming drama of today filled with 1001 thrilling yesterdays!

starring

ALICE FAYE · DON AMECHE

J. Edward BROMBERG · ALAN CURTIS
STUART ERWIN · JED PROUTY
BUSTER KEATON · DONALD MEEK
GEORGE GIVOT · EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Associate Producer HARRY JOE BROWN • Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes
Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

FARMER GABLE AND HIS WIFE

When Farmer Gable took a wife they both agreed that farming was to be their dish in and out of pictures. To make the dream come true the farmer bought a 20-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley where he and his Carole now raise live stock, chickens, produce and callouses on their hands. Has the dream come true? Well just look at the smiling faces of Pa and Ma with prize colt. Farming? Why they'll take it any day

"WHY SHOULDN'T I?"

By GLADYS HALL

DEANNA DURBIN, WHO IS NOW IN THE THROES OF FIRST LOVE, DEFENDS HER RIGHTS TO HAVE DATES, GO DINING AND DANCING, DO THE THINGS OTHER GIRLS DO. BEING A STAR HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH LIVING HER LIFE IN HER OWN WAY. WHY SHOULDN'T SHE? WHY NOT?

"IT *IS* Romance, then?" I asked, "I mean, you are having your first romance?"

"Yes," said Deanna at once, frankly and to-the-point, "of course, why not?"

We were not talking about Robert Stack, the new young man who gives Deanna her first screen kiss in her first screen romance in her new picture, *First Love*. We were talking about her first real life romance with young, assistant director Vaughn Paul about which you have been reading and hearing so much in the columns, the magazines and over the airways . . . There are rumors that Deanna and Vaughn are liable to elope at any moment—rumors that Deanna has had "trouble" at home because of Vaughn. These rumors are like wild arrows that fly wide of the target.

"It's the 'Shouldn'ts'," Deanna was saying, "that get me down, make me furious. . . ."

I didn't know what she meant, and said so. The "Shouldn'ts" sounded like they might be characters out of *Oz*. But I had a very strong suspicion that Deanna was not being fanciful (Deanna is seldom fanciful, she sticks to facts and expects others to do likewise) . . . Certainly, there was nothing fanciful about the blue flash of her eyes nor the rage in her young voice vibrating with that stormy indignation with which Youth defends its rights and privileges.

"I mean," she explained, "why shouldn't I have dates like other girls? Why shouldn't I go out with a boy if I want to? Why shouldn't I go dining and dancing, go to the tennis matches, to the beach, the races, do the things other girls do, go wherever I want to go so long as I go to the right places and go home at the right time? Why shouldn't I?"

I said, rather flounderingly, "Because you are a picture star, perhaps. Because everyone in the world knows your face, recognizes you, is aware and has a care about you. . . ."

"I still say, 'Why shouldn't I?'" persisted Deanna, who is nothing if not persistent. She never starts anything she doesn't finish, from a dish of ice-cream to a song, to an argument. Which explains why she's where she is today. . . .

"Well," I said, "I suppose there is *no* reason why you shouldn't—if you can take it."

"'Take it?'" . . . now it was Deanna who didn't get what I meant.

"I mean," I said, "if you can stand being mobbed wherever you go, goggled at and ogled at, hounded by autographophiles, treed by candid cameras, every dance step you dance, the very light in your eyes reported by papers, on the air, all that sort of thing. . . ."

"Oh, that," said Deanna, dispensingly, "I don't mind that sort of thing, being asked for autographs and stared at and all that. I don't like it but it's part of the job and I'm used to it. No, I mean that I am furious when I read untrue things about myself or about Vaughn and me. The fact that I am in pictures and so am recognized should not prevent me from having a perfectly normal life, dates, fun, like other girls of my age. *And it's not*

[*Continued on page* 82]

HENRY FONDA

In translating *Drums Along the Mohawk* to the screen, a vivid story takes on force, action and color. Henry Fonda, as a pioneer settler fighting to preserve his cabin against Indian raids in the bloodiest battles of the Revolution, carries on with true pioneer spirit of our forefathers. Claudette Colbert is a bride worth fighting for. Which makes this picture worth seeing

WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW JIMMY—AND IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER AFTER READING THIS STORY—YOU'LL FIND A GUY AFTER YOUR OWN HEART

By CHARLEY CRAW

SETTING YOU STRAIGHT ABOUT CAGNEY

YOU can tell it by the goats . . .

You see, first you drive until you get beyond all the moom-pitcha stars' palaces with their swimming-pools and their turrets and their badminton courts and their racing stables and their tennis grounds and their ice-rinks and their eight-car garages and their guest-houses and their kennels and their things like that.

You drive right on past Beverly Hills, until you get out into the part of the canyon where there isn't any more concrete road, and where the scrub oak and the long grass and the brush grows thick and weedy. Where you can't look out of the window and see a studio or a Hollywood party or an imported Rolls-Royce or anything that reminds you of movies.

You roll along, then, and pretty soon you come to a nice little house, that can't possibly pack more than six rooms inside it, and you say that here's a place where some nice people must live. And you look around, and you see an alley cat that might have just come crawling out of somebody's ash-can. And a rangy mutt of a hound that (this is important!) couldn't POSSibly win a prize at any dog-show, not even a mongrel-show.

And then you see the goats, and you know this is the place. Two goats, and you smell them, too. You always smell goats, and these goats are no exceptions. There are two of them. One is Minnie and the other is Annie, and that helps you know this is the place you're looking for, on account of if anyone else out here DID own goats (which nobody else does) they would be named Heloise and Ermintrude, or maybe Shirley and Carole, or anything except just Minnie and Annie.

But these are Minnie and Annie, and so you know that you've come to Jimmy Cagney's house.

And when you realize that the house has got only six rooms, two goats, a mutt and an alley cat, and no swimming-pool or badminton court or pedigreed Schnauzers or blooded Arabian stallions or a button you push and out pops Queen Elizabeth or Barnum and Bailey's circus, then you realize that this house tells you, without a single word, just what Jimmy Cagney is.

Jimmy Cagney is a guy who

[*Continued on page* 60]

WHO IS BETTE DAVIS' REAL "HEART" ?

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

SOME SAY BETTE'S HEART BELONGS TO GEORGE BRENT. OTHERS WILL TELL YOU THAT SHE GAVE IT BACK TO EX-HUBBY HAM NELSON. SO-O-O-O YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS HOLLYWOOD'S

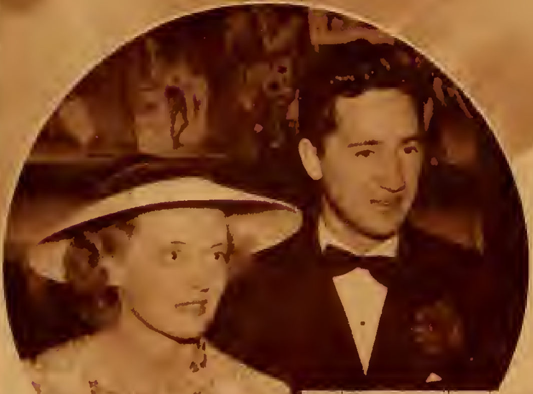
ALL betting in Hollywood at this writing is not on Bing's bangtails at Del Mar nor on the horsies at Hollywood Park. There is a great deal of social supposition, which is almost as good as money under the wicket, that Bette Davis will marry that other Warner Brothers' star, George Brent, the thrice-wed black Irishman who was last seen with her in *The Old Maid.*

For our money, you can scratch the probability off the books (we are certainly sticking our neck out!). And the reason, according to our views, is that La Belle Bette, the whirlwind exponent of the screen's best dramatic art, is very, very much in love with another gentleman. Can you guess who he is?

Now don't for any reason, underestimate the deep affection that Bette has for George Brent; and their proximity as co-stars. They share exalted moods before the camera that seldom can be duplicated in ordinary married life—which is harried by grocery orders and domestic dilemmas.

Too, as actors, they probably complement each other's personality, or, carrying it to the color scale, they may have the same emotional saturation point, seeing, feeling, and expressing emotions in exactly the same degree. All this makes for strong friendship, which might easily be mistaken for love . . . that is, if you don't see Bette when the other gentleman is present.

There is no [*Continued on page 70*]



Bette isn't talking but most of Hollywood believes that she still carries torch for ex-hubby Ham Nelson, above. Yet none would be surprised if she wed George Brent

DOES HOLLYWOOD TAKE LOVE

How would you take it if you were Carole Lombard, honeymooning with Gable at home, but making love to Cary Grant in one film while hubby made love to Vivien Leigh in another?

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE STUDIOS AND FILM COLONY IS LOVE-SATURATED. YOU CAN'T EXPECT STARS TO TAKE LOVE TOO, TOO SERIOUSLY—NOT WHEN MOST OF THEM ARE IN LOVE WITH LOVE

IMAGINE, if you can, that your job is to make love all day long to Robert Taylor. Before the cameras, of course! Then you, a famous glamor girl, go home to your husband, a celebrated screen idol who has spent his whole day at another studio, making movie love to Madeleine Carroll.

Will your professional love-making, and his, affect your real-life relationship? Yes, ma'am, it will!

Various stars have admitted quite frankly to me that screen love-making fans the flame of private-life romance. Working all day in love scenes, simulating passion and to a degree feeling its thrills, doesn't make one blase toward romantic reality. Not on your tintype!

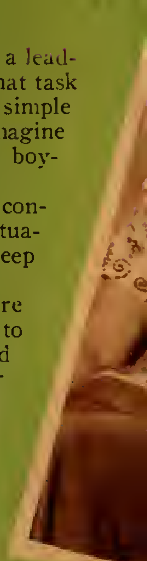
But the whole thing isn't as simple as that. Such confessions do not explain what makes Hollywood a sort of nuthouse of romantic relationships.

It isn't merely that you go home and love your own man more intensely because you've been in Taylor's arms that day, feeling Taylor's kisses on your lips. Rather, it's that you gradually form the habit of blending the identities of your husband and various men who have made love to you in film scenes. After awhile the husband, or any other man, loses individuality as a lover, however individual he may remain as a friend. You're then in an emotional state like that of adolescents when they are "in love with love," rather than any particular person.

Also, you possess an actress' ability to create life-like illusions. You can clothe any pleasing fellow in imaginary glamor, and fall in love with him, off the screen. That's really easier for you than to make ardent love before the cameras to a leading man you dislike. Yet even that task becomes in a little while a very simple one. As one star told me, "I just imagine the conceited moron is my real boyfriend."

This ability is handy when you consider the odd and complicated situations, on screen and off, which keep arising.

Suppose, for example, you were Sonja Henie and had to make love to Tyrone Power, after his heart had been captured by Annabella. Or that you were Priscilla Lane and for art's [*Continued on page 72*]



Brent played opposite Chatterton, married her. Also opposite Bette Davis, may marry her too

SERIOUSLY?

By
DOLLY DUCHPETE

In the Flynn-Damita combine we suspect that one half of it doesn't know within a thousand miles where other half is

Taylor loves wife Barbara Stanwyck. It does not prevent him from loving Hedy Lamarr in film. Maybe he imagines wifey's in his arms

JOAN BENNETT

John Hubbard is taking care of *The Housekeeper's Daughter* (Joan Bennett) when the housekeeper is busy keeping house on the Hal Roach set. Off the set, Walter Wanger is usually the one to look after La Bennett

THE PRETTY BOYS

By
NELL
CORWIN

glove—points the "This Way Out" sign to what one pretty blonde calls the "lover boys." The studio heads, astute and omnipotent as they are, were not the last to sense the public's allergy toward masculine "prettiness." And to act.

Nowadays you hear Freddie Bartholomew referred to as "Butch" and you read that he's constructing a four-tube radio set when he's not playing baseball, football or riding a great big horse. It's all a part of the "anti-pretty" build-up. Eleven-year-old Master Breen is no longer "Bobby" but "Bob," and his studio no longer drools over the "boy-wonder with the Heaven-sent voice."

They realize that his upper register is one of two counts (the other is his angelic countenance) against his winning continued favor with screen audiences; audiences that prefer rough-and-rowdy males. As in the case of Bob Taylor, innocent victim of an early purge, the studios' publicity machines have set to work to revise public opinion and make audiences realize that these un-Gable-ish fellows are really as manly as any Clark or Rooney. And they are.

Bob Taylor, the boy from Filley, Nebraska, was the first cinema lad to feel the sting of the lash, and this was almost two years ago when he stopped in New York to chat with the press en-route to do a film chore in London. Young Taylor, as no one need be told, had a particularly classic brand of masculine beauty, which had been amplified to a fare-the-well.

Starting out in a *Crime Does Not Pay* two-reeler, the studio hastily shoved him into "lover boy" parts that culminated in a couple of beautiful roles in which he wore sideburns, long curling back hair, frilled shirts, fancy cravats, tight pantaloons. Assortedly, they were opposite Joan Crawford in *The Gorgeous Hussy*, and as *Armand* to Garbo's *Camille*.

The custard filling parts were enough to put any actor in back of the diamond-encrusted onyx 8-ball. And Taylor was no exception. Off-screen he was as nice a guy as anyone could want to meet. Friendly, virile, handsome. But the antics of *Armand* were too much for the male escorts of his many female admirers. Also, apparently, for the New York critics. When Bob hove into town, expecting a big hand as Hollywood's newest idol, he got it—straight from the wisecrackers.

The columnists and reporters took him apart like a stewing chicken and didn't bother to put him together again. They referred to him as "beautiful," and asked him if he had hair on his chest. When he came back with a "What do you think?" they made the most, and the worst, of his retort;, of his every retort. For a small-town boy whose only sophistication was that of Hollywood's, which isn't very much, Bob was aghast at New York's brand of smartness. So was the studio, who hadn't figured on that kind of reception for their newest "lover boy."

Immediately the producers got busy. It was necessary that the public like Bob Taylor. The company had poured hundreds of thousands into the making of his films. It would be a financial loss if the public had soured on Bob's personality. And so it was that Taylor's next film (a good one), *A Yank at Oxford,* showed Filley's delight as a rootin'-tootin', two-fisted athlete whose erstwhile smooth locks were considerably mussed up in a couple of narsty sorties.

Since the English film, Taylor has run the gamut of rugged roles, even playing a prize-fighter. But a peculiar thing has happened to his popularity. Although the studio does not admit it, he has lost some of his lady fans and he has not, to any degree even through his change of character on the screen, won their masculine escorts to his new "he-man" personality.

The heavy fan mail favorite at Metro is Gable, whose crown Taylor threatened early in his career. Gable is first, and Taylor fifth in fan mail bulk, with Loy, MacDonald, Eddy, filling in the gap.

IT'S a funny thing about this "pretty boy" business. Even the kids are not immune to it. Bob (ne Bobby) Breen has run afoul of it, at his tender age. And the studios are working to keep the taint from Freddie Bartholomew. Master Breen's outfit [*Continued on page* 89]

Freddie Bartholomew's spirituality is soft-pedaled

Bob Taylor, victim of bad press, is no lover boy now

Bobby Breen—now Bob—goes through he-man-izing process

GRETA GARBO

A new Garbo — one ultra modern and wearing a special version of her famous long bob — stars in *Ninotchka*. In this romantic tidbit (guided by Lubitsch) she turns comedienne. Which should be a welcome change for her and public after playing such ill-fated heroines as *Camille*

Tyrone Power, starring in his most dramatic picture, *The Rains Came*, has just returned from a European honeymoon with Annabella. This beautiful, exclusive color portrait of Tyrone is the second of a series of eight to appear in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Next month—the December issue on sale October 28th—you'll find another of these gorgeous color portraits which are printed on extra heavy stock and free of printed matter, front and back. It'll be one of your favorites—SONJA HENIE

WHY MEN LIKE MARY HEALY

By LEON SURMELIAN

NEW ORLEANS BEAUTY KNOWS ART OF MAKING MEN LIKE HER. COUPLED WITH HER LUSH APPEAL ARE CHARM, TACT AND PERSONALITY. THAT IS WHY SHE HAS MORE DATES THAN ANY GIRL IN TOWN

THE most dated girl in Hollywood is a lush beauty from New Orleans with loads of S. A. Her name is Mary Healy and a year ago she was a stenographer—a rather glamorous one, to be sure, for she was Miss New Orleans in 1935 and had sung with various orchestras in Louisiana, Texas and Kansas City, Mo.

Like every girl with puh-lenty of oo-la-la she dreamed of the glories of Hollywood, of its dashing caballeros, its block-long limousines, its razzle-dazzle and merry-go-round. But she was resigned to a $20 a week pay check and looked forward to a life of love-in-a-cottage, which she still thinks can't be beaten for happiness.

Currently the most decorative rhumba specialist in our nocturnal salons, Mary undoubtedly has the longest waiting list of escorts. Howard Hughes, Rudy Vallee, Edgar Bergen, Richard Greene, Billy Bakewell, Lew Ayres, Ken Murray and other foot-loose and fancy-free guys have in turn discovered her, with Mr. Murray leading the parade of her admirers at the moment. She has always been heavily dated, but had never encountered such a rush for her company.

I think her boss, Mr. Zanuck, has to do something about it. They won't let her study her lines, get enough sleep. Her telephone rings constantly. It's kind of hard on the nerves and the feet, but she loves it.

During a recent visit to her studio Dale Carnegie, in spite of knowing so much about how to win friends and influence people, failed to secure an engagement with her, being impressed by her charm and personality. Here was a living proof of his theories. She was dated weeks ahead and couldn't find an open spot for him in her date-book.

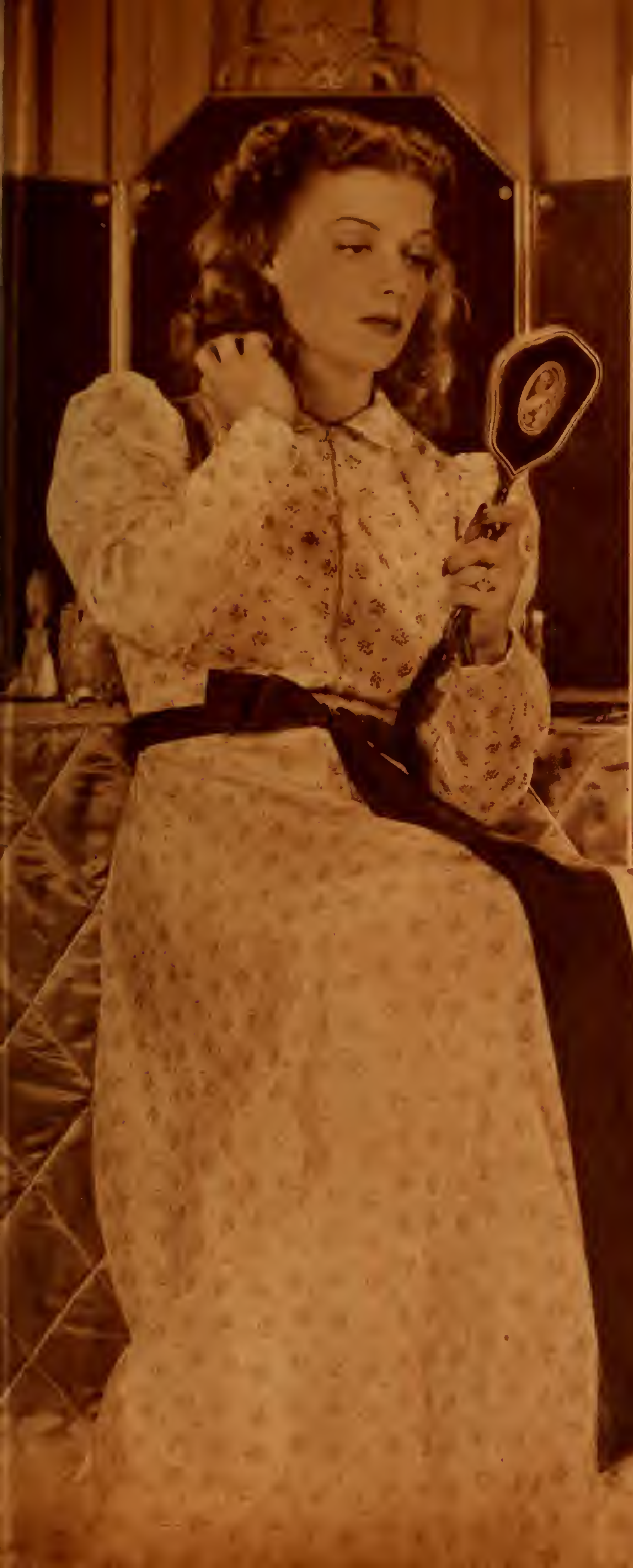
The other day I asked her how Hollywood dates differ from those in her home town or Podunk.

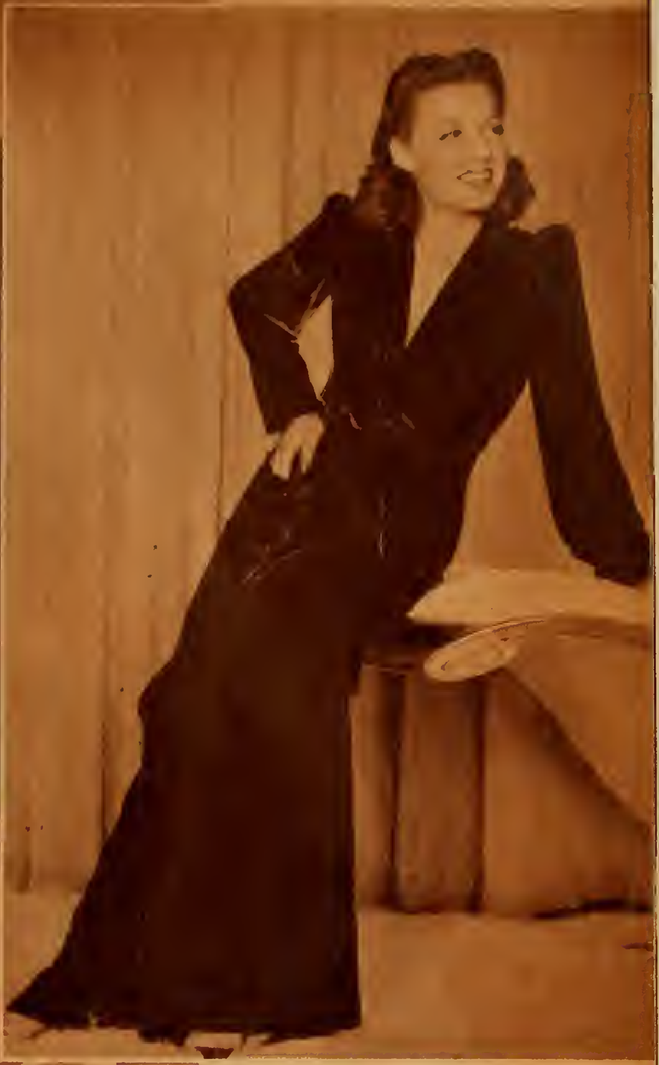
"I don't see any difference," she said. "I just came back from a three weeks' vacation in New Orleans and on the Gulf Coast. The studio sent me down there for the preview of *Second Fiddle*. I went out with seven different fellows, boys I used to know before coming to Hollywood. I enjoyed going out with them just as much as with any celebrity out here. I was wondering all the time if they found me changed, if they felt I had gone Hollywood, high-hat. But they told me I was the same girl, and they seemed to be [*Continued on page 62*]

You'll cut a fancy figure in any of these. Glancing counter-clockwise we have Hickory's new "Figurite" Foundation ($5) that gives you proper length, exact bust measure *and* correct bra-cup depth . . . Formfit's "Pagan Charm" girdle ($5) nips you in at the waist by a bit of concealed lacing . . . That clever bowknot on the Bali Bow-Bra by Fay-Miss ($1) produces an upcurving bust with deep separation . . . Carter's "Sweetheart Pantie" ($3) has detachable garters, and that heart-shaped front panel . . . Your legs will look shapely in Real Silk Hosiery, made to conform to five leg measurements, foot size, ankle, calf, top, length. If you want to know where to buy these items, write to *Candida*, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, N. Y.

Intimately Yours

By
CANDIDA





Variety is the spice of boudoir life, too, Ann Sheridan believes. She likes a toweling robe (from Roos Bros., Hollywood) with marine blue accents for trailing to the shower; a fragile lilac blue chiffon negligee worn over a peach satin gown for breakfasting. A flower-sprigged ivory taffeta quilted robe with a sash of lipstick red velvet ribbon keeps her trim at her dressing table, and lounging pajamas of copper brown velvet score for boudoir loafing . . . Warners' *20,000 Years in Sing Sing* is Annie's next picture

Flash Fashion News concerns Ricarde of Hollywood's romantic adaptations of the costume jewelry from *Gone With the Wind* . . . It captures the charm and richness of *Scarlett's* day . . . and is a smart accent for simple fall frocks

Anita's note to Tony read: "Tonight when you made me vanish, it was forever. When you read this, I'll be aboard the *Clipper*"

Anita knew that Aunt Abby had sent for Don—and at first she was vaguely annoyed. Then she shrugged it off. He meant well in spite of his stodginess. Might as well be pleasant, make up a little for that jilting she'd given him

"I'm the only woman in the world who could live with you," Anita told Tony. "You're the only woman in the world who's going to," he answered passionately

ETERNALLY YOURS

Anita didn't know that Aunt Abby, in hysterical glee, had arranged all the details of the ceremony. And that night, when the boat docked in New York, Anita was Mrs. Barnes

Anita's heart stopped. On the stage doing his act was Tony. "Don!" she cried, panic-stricken, "Get me out of here. He will see me." But she was a bit late. Tony was on his way

THE trail was unmistakable—silk hat, tailcoat, vest, trousers. It led straight to Tony's bedroom.

Anita grinned and that did nice things to her. It brought glints into her round blue eyes and tipped up her cherry-red mouth. Well she thought, to his Palladium public, Tony might be the Great Arturo, Magician and Illusionist Extraordinary, but at home he was just an untidy, adorable, and thoroughly exasperating husband who didn't know the first principles of deception. That lipsticked shirt collar for instance.

She bent over him. "Pops! Wake up."

"What? Oh." He winced hangoverishly. "What time is it?"

"Three o'clock. Afternoon." She held up the shirt and asked severely. "How do you explain this?"

"I fought for my honor and lost."

Anita considered that. It wasn't a bad explanation as explanations went. "You've been losing a lot of these battles lately," she pointed out. Not that she blamed those females. Tony had a swell face—he sort of looked like Pan—and he was well put together, lean hips, nice shoulders, good legs. Still he didn't have to cooperate just because every woman he met had the kissing yen. "You know, this is the fourth this month. Last week the hat-check girl, then Lady Amesbury—"

"Hey!" He sat up. "Moms, I think you're serious."

"I am. The laundry can't wash this stuff out."

He bellowed with laughter and Anita, caught into his arms, giggled with him. "Pops," she said after a really magnificent kiss, "I'm the only woman in the world who could live with you."

He nibbled at her ear. "You're the only woman in the world who's ever going to."

Now that was the kind of talk she liked to hear. She snuggled closer. Yes, marrying Tony had been worth everything. After all, there weren't many wives who could boast of being the "disappearing woman" in their husband's theatre act. It was funny. She'd gone to one of Tony's special women's matinees to have her future told and instead, he'd made one for her.

Of course, there'd been spells of homesickness during her three years away. Not for Don. That marriage would have been a horrible mistake. But there were times when she longed to hear Aunt Abby prattle, to talk to grandfather again. Closing her eyes she could see him there in church, tall and splendid in his Bishop's robes. Well, sometimes soon, she and Tony would be living near them. They'd settle down and have children. That would be fun because babies were very nice people when you got to know them.

CAST

Anita Peabody	**LORETTA YOUNG**
Arturo	**DAVID NIVEN**
Don	**BRODERICK CRAWFORD**
Aunt Abby	**BILLIE BURKE**
Gloria	**EVE ARDEN**
Benton	**HUGH HERBERT**
Bishop Hubert Peabody	**C. AUBREY SMITH**
Mr. Bingham	**RAYMOND WALBURN**
Mrs. Bingham	**ZASU PITTS**
Morrissey	**RALPH GRAVES**
Lola De Vere	**VIRGINIA FIELD**

A United Artists Picture

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Benton had brought in the breakfast tray and Tony was attacking his grapefruit with zest.

"What did you talk about last night to Miss Overton?" she asked idly.

"You—as usual."

"Mm. She must have loved that."

"She did. She nearly bit my ear off while we were dancing. But I pacified her. What else could I do? She's got five million newspaper readers. Look, here's the interview—" His jaw dropped. "Suffering catfish!"

Anita cried, "Tony!" and that was all. There, in large headlines, Bette Overton had informed her readers that the Great Arturo would defy death by making a parachute jump that very day. He would leap from an airplane 15,000 feet in the air, the account said breathlessly, with his wrists handcuffed behind his back. He would have less than two minutes to free himself and release the parachute.

Anita died a hundred times in the next ten minutes. Frantically, she called Tony's manager, only to learn that all the arrangements had been made. The feat had even been announced over the B.B.C. What if Tony *had* been drunk when he said it. The public expected it now. And he'd better hurry because he was due to appear at four o'clock.

Anita's brain was going on all cylinders. Then the solution came to her. Plaster of Paris and a silk scarf for Tony's arm. There. He could go out to Croydon Field and face the crowd with his alibi in full view. Nobody would expect him to do that trick with a broken arm.

Tony grinned as she tied the scarf into a large bow, "Honey, you really cracked loose with an idea." A few minutes later he left.

Alone, a sudden horrible doubt assailed her. "I'll wear my lucky blue

"Moms," Tony said tenderly, "I could kick myself for all the unhappiness I caused you. How am I ever going to get you to believe in me again?" Anita replied, "You're a magician, aren't you?"

suit," he had said to Benton. That meant he was going through with it. Tony had never been able to resist an admiring crowd. She dived into her clothes and was on the street in record time. Her taxi sped to the airport on two wheels and she prayed all the way.

All of London seemed to be gathered there. The announcer was speaking as she arrived. "The plane is *now* at fifteen thousand feet!" The silence seemed to thunder.

She swayed a little as she saw the tiny figure of Tony, high above. He stepped out of the plane and then his body plummeted toward earth. The parachute wasn't opening. She closed her eyes. Then suddenly there was a great roaring cheer and Anita dared breathe again. The stunt had been a success.

Somehow, she got him away from the throng and into a taxicab. Then she turned on him furiously. "You big ham!" She stared. Tony had fainted.

When he came to, he said weakly, "Hello Moms." He saw her quivering lips and took her into his arms. "I'm sorry Moms. I just didn't have courage to do it."

Tears glistened in her eyes. "Thank goodness, you're in one piece. What I've gone through—"

He said softly, "You won't go through it again, Angel Pie. Today, I used a picklock that I had planted in the plane. But I might have dropped that. For the future, I'm going to practice narrowing my hands like this and getting them through the bracelet. It's only a matter of muscular control—"

She looked at him in stark terror. "Tony, you wouldn't!"

"Aw, what can happen? All parachutes are guaranteed to open or they give you a new one. You know, it means ten thousand a week instead of five—"

She was tempted to strangle him with her bare hands. "Tony, if you ever mention this again I'll leave you forever."

"Forever and ever?"

"For keeps." Her eyes squeezed closed. "You didn't make that jump alone today. I made it with you."

He was all contrition then as he brought her into his arms. "You always get your way, Moms."

And so it was, that one word from Anita, and Tony did as he pleased. He made parachute jumps everywhere. They went from Paris to Rome, from Naples to Cairo to Istanbul.

For Anita, it was sheer, unmitigated torture.

They had reached Rio and she was in her hotel one night when the letter from grandfather came. Her fingers trembled with delight as she pulled out the contents. There it was, the beautiful legal paper that was the deed to the Connecticut house she'd been buying secretly. It was a darling house, too. How sweet of Grandfather to have sent pictures of it.

The door opened and Tony burst in. He was carrying a large box. "Close your eyes, Moms," he shouted "Surprise." Some thing was flung over her and when she looked in the mirror she was almost speechless with delight. "Russian sables," Tony cried. "Thirty-five thousand dollars worth."

"Oh, Tony, it's beautiful." But they ought to be saving their money now. "We can't afford it though."

"Oh, is that so, you little nickel-nurser?" With a flourish he pulled out a crackling paper and a long strip of steamship tickets. "Throw a glance at this contract. Two years' straight booking. And see where we're going. [*Continued on page* 56]

ONE IN 130,000,000

RICHARD CARLSON IS DIFFERENT. A PHI BETA KAPPA MAN FROM MINNESOTA, HE'D RATHER BE A PLAYWRIGHT THAN A PLAYBOY. THAT SETS HIM APART FROM 130,000,000 OTHERS

By JAMES REID

RICHARD CARLSON has made five pictures. In four of them, he has been a college hero—either as a student or as a young professor. Consciously or unconsciously, Hollywood has been building him up as The Co-Eds' Delight. But Hollywood has been building up to an awful letdown. He says he won't make any more college pictures. He doesn't want to be a glamor boy.

With a cheerful grin, he says, "I haven't the face for it." What he means is that he hasn't the stomach for it.

This may seem a strange attitude for someone in whom Hollywood has discovered definite possibilities and upon whom, accordingly, it wants to lavish gold and glory. He isn't averse to glory and gold. He simply doesn't crave them as The Co-Eds' Delight. He has, he hopes, other possibilities.

No newcomer about whom there is hullabaloo is supposed to be so unimpressed by the sensation he has made. Neither is a newcomer supposed to have so critical a mind of his own. Who ever heard of the movie moguls' declaring that an ability to think for oneself was a requisite for great screen success?

Hollywood has never met up with anyone quite like Carlson before. He wants success on his own terms, not Hollywood's. Whether or not he will get it remains to be seen. The chances are that he will. Meanwhile, his life is going to be interesting—as his life to date has been.

He started out early to be a nonconformist.

Most of his ancestors were farmers. Nowhere among them was there either a writer or an actor. Yet, as long as he can remember, he has been putting stories on paper, then acting them out.

This was

[*Continued on page* 66]

Ann Sheridan is one of the healthiest, lustiest stars of all

ARE SIMPLE SIRENS SEXIEST?

By **FRANKIE TELLER**

IT'S NOT THE SLINKY, NIGHT-BLOOMING SOPHISTICATES BUT THE SIMPLE SOULS REGISTERING GOOD HEALTH WHO CAUSE MALE SCREENGOERS TO CRY OUT WITH ANGUISHED DELIGHT—"MAMMA, BUY ME THAT!"

SUCCESS stories of the more recent screen sirens reveal a rather startling fact.

The girls whose celluloid shadows really blister and burn are the simple souls. They may be corn-fed country lassies or sea-food mammas from the big city, but a certain lusty good health and innate simplicity is their common mark.

It's these girls who wring from the lips of masculine

Zorina is healthy and sirenish, appeals to men. Wives are learning her technique

Annabella won Ty Power because of her healthy appeal and innate simplicity

[illegible] that cry in anguished delight. 'Mamma, [illegible] me that!'"

Slinky, unhealthy-looking, night-blooming sophisticates have little effect on Mister Screen Patron. Wan and hollow-eyed victims of over-dieting and night life don't seem to pack the required punch.

Maybe, to put forth really vibrating S. A., it takes the heat-and-energy calories a gal stores up when she has a lusty appetite and gets enough sleep!

By sirens we mean not only the Hedy Lamarrs, Ann Sheridans and Dorothy Lamours, but all those feminine stars such as Myrna Loy, Irene Dunne, Sonja Henie, Jeanette MacDonald and others, who have a particular appeal to men. Naturally, most screen heroines are sirens to a degree, now that the screen has grown up a bit, and its heroines aren't so coy, lily-white, and retreating.

The fact that a woman has to be something of a siren these days, to win and hold a desirable man, undoubtedly contributes to the astonishing popularity of the screen's better sex-appealers. Most women prefer to watch Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, Garbo and other outstanding favorites of the feminine audience. But they don't neglect to watch the stars who fascinate their men-folk. They want to learn how it's done!

That Joan Crawford became a star of more appeal to women than to men illustrates an important point. There was a time, when Jean Harlow was alive, that Joan rivalled even the platinum-blonde siren in appeal to men. Joan at the time she made *Dancing Daughters,* was a simple siren, and very young. But her tremendous ambition drove her on to a goal which she reached at the sacrifice of some of her primitive allure. Sex was sublimated into sophistication, acting art, culture. She was no longer simple.

Marlene Dietrich, a German frau of hearty appetite, healthy habits and simple tastes, set up a new high in sex-casting from the screen in *Blue Angel.* The smouldering something in her voice when she sang, *Falling in Love Again* dithered the males in the audience, turned the women green with envy.

Hollywood then took Marlene and made her over. She was an easy victim for the "let's-give-her-a-new personality" boys. If the change that these make-up men, costumers, voice teachers and others gave Marlene had affected her only superficially, she might still be dealing out fever and high blood-pressure from the screen. But the change went deeper. She lost simplicity, and with it some of that remarkable animal appeal. She, like Joan, became more of a woman's star than a sexpert.

[*Continued on page [illegible]9*]

One of the most sex-appealing sirens to turn up of late is the come-hitherish Lana Turner

Producers finally realized that Irene Dunne projects high-powered sex-appeal

Myrna Loy has remained from start a simple, wholesome, healthy sex-appealer

PARTYING WITH THE Stars

In choice seats at premiere of Helen Hayes-Herbert Marshall play, *Ladies and Gentlemen*, in L. A. were Frank Borzage, Franchot Tone-Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor

After play, Norma Shearer gave party at "Troc" for Helen Hayes and co-star Herbert Marshall, invited big names. At table are Hedy Lamarr, Margaret Sullavan, Geo. Cukor

Guest of honor Helen Hayes sat at Norma's table. Man with trick beard is Orson Welles who is lost in revery whether to tackle mess of caviar on plate. Helen has finished hers

Myrna Loy with hubby forgot domesticity long enough to step out for Helen Hayes' new play

And at Shearer party at "Troc" Herbert Marshall, co-star in play, had table with best pal Lee Russell

Cesar Romero, champion taker-outer, takes out Ann Sheridan, which has become a habit with him. Here he takes out oomph girl to preview of Taylor-Lamarr film *Lady of the Tropics*

Partying at "Troc," Stu Erwin and wife June Collyer pause in their dancing to greet Dick Powell and little woman, Joan Blondell, with a "glad to see you, come over join our table"

Also partying at "Troc" at table for two are Joan Fontaine and Alexander Steinert. Joan excitedly points to someone's fancy footwork. Few days later Joan married Brian Aherne

Younger Set, swing disciples, flock to Victor Hugo to dance to Benny Goodman's band. Judy Garland, with Barron Polan, can't make mouth behave. Others are Lynn Bari-Walter Kane

Binnie Barnes, Benny Rubin (new owner of Victor Hugo) and Mike Frankovitch at Goodman show

Robert Kent and wife Astrid Allwyn make merry at "Troc." Sterling Holloway is a bit bored

THE TALK OF

Combattere

■ Talk of Hollywood is still Isa Miranda's persistence in battling to keep her place in the Hollywood picture.

All but licked by her accent, Isa has been studying furiously and desperately to overcome it. One of her original troubles was that they tried to have her speak her lines phonetically—merely by repeating the sounds, without knowing what the words meant. That was one reason Isa's original film appearance was such a bloop.

But Isa, courageous as she is beautiful, wouldn't be licked. She has studied hard—and now, in *Portrait in Diamonds,* she speaks again—and gone is much of her accent. There is no longer the heavy Italian slur in her words; what accent there remains sounds more like a French touch of tang. And what's more, she no longer is ignorant of the meaning of the lines she's speaking; she understands English quite well now—and her delivery is not mechanical, but alive.

You'll see in *Portrait in Diamonds* a Miranda utterly different from the Miranda of Hotel Imperial.

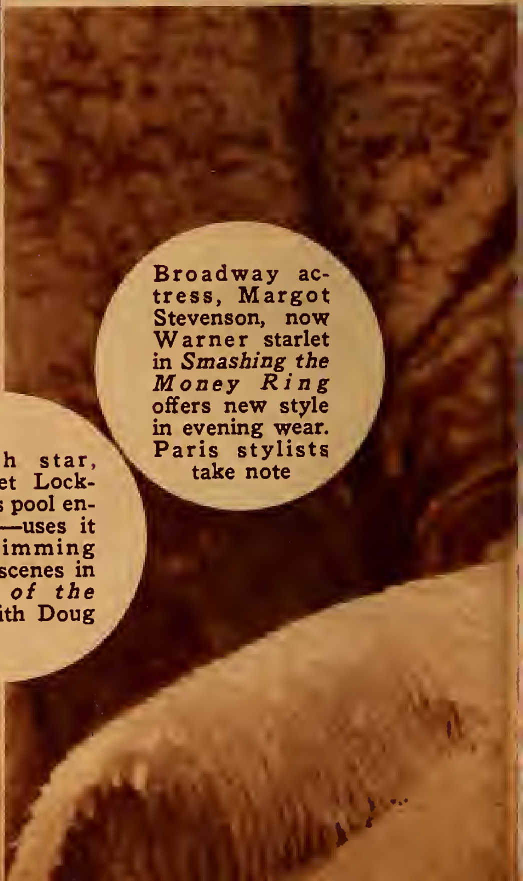
Mrs. R.

■ Domesticity note: There's a new chair on the set for Martha Raye. And the name on it is—MRS. ROSE.

Artie Shaw, joy of jitterbugs, will blow his clarinet for Lana Turner to cut a rug in new college picture *Dancing Co-ed*

Ronald Colman, top-ranking star for 18 years, emerges in Kipling's *The Light That Failed.* Scottie, Mr. Whiskers, is also in film

English star, Margaret Lockwood, is pool enthusiast—uses it for swimming 'tween scenes in *Ruler of the Seas* with Doug



Broadway actress, Margot Stevenson, now Warner starlet in *Smashing the Money Ring* offers new style in evening wear. Paris stylists take note

HOLLYWOOD

Boomph?

■ Ann Sheridan's "oomph" has come back to boomph her . . . ! Center—or *victim*, if you prefer !—of the most stupendous publicity campaign that has ever been engineered by Hollywood's magicians of the press, not even excepting the world-sweeping platinum-blonde ballyhoo that sent Jean Harlow skyrocketing, Ann Sheridan has become overnight the most widely-known woman in America, today.

On so many magazine covers that you can't count them on harp's strings, Ann Sheridan has displayed every angle of her face and every curve of that gudjus bohody. There've been so many stories, so many paragraphs, so many cracks about the oomph girl that nobody who can see, look, listen or read need plead ignorance of her existence. Even, from a breakfast-food manufacturer, comes a plea to Ann that he be allowed to call his new cereal-creation "OOMPH !"

If ever, in short, a press-buildup went over with a bang, Ann's did. And are they happy ? Is Ann happy— ?

NO. . . ! ! !

The great ballyhoo of Oomph has boomeranged, not only on Ann, but on her backers. Ann is in a spot, and so are those in whose hands lie Ann's future.

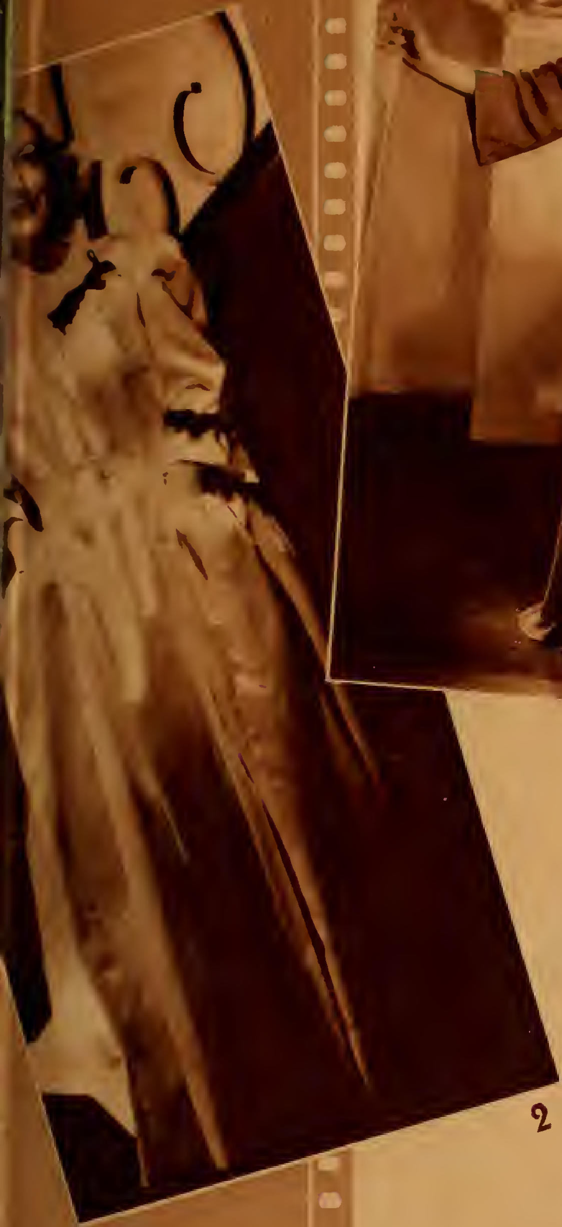
In the first place, Ann has got to deliver a package of goods in her next movie productions that will live up to this unprecedentedly-colossal buildup. And one wonders if it's [*Continued on page* 75]

Having finished *The Women*, *Cat and the Canary*, Paulette Goddard calls it playtime, decks out in two-piece play dress with "open midriff"

Zorina, who goes into dances in *On Your Toes*, rests her toes for a few minutes 'tween numbers. She co-stars with Eddie Albert

The gentleman burglar about to crack wall safe where madam keeps her gems is David Niven who stars in *Raffles, Amateur Cracksman*

DINNER IS SERVED



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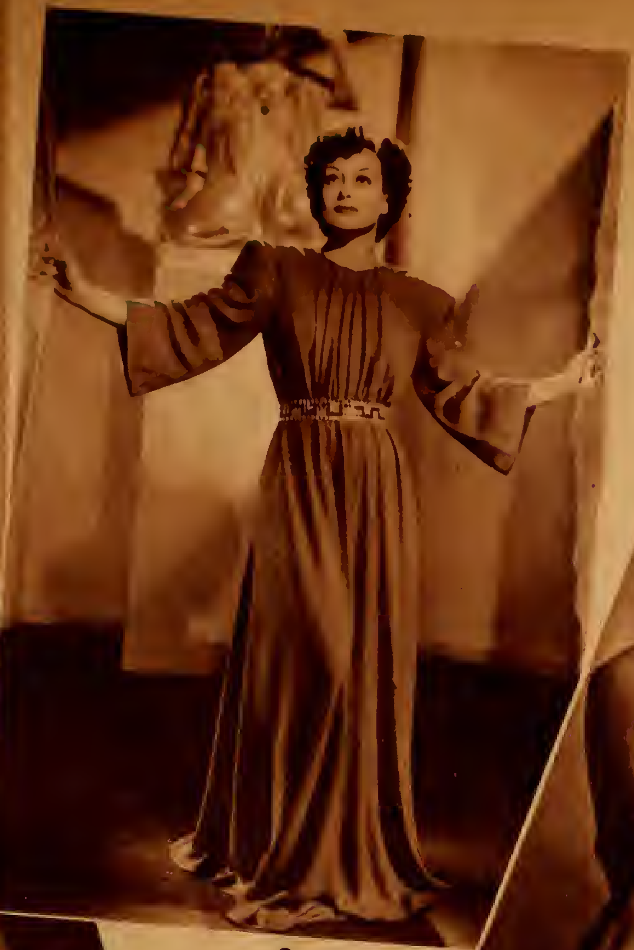

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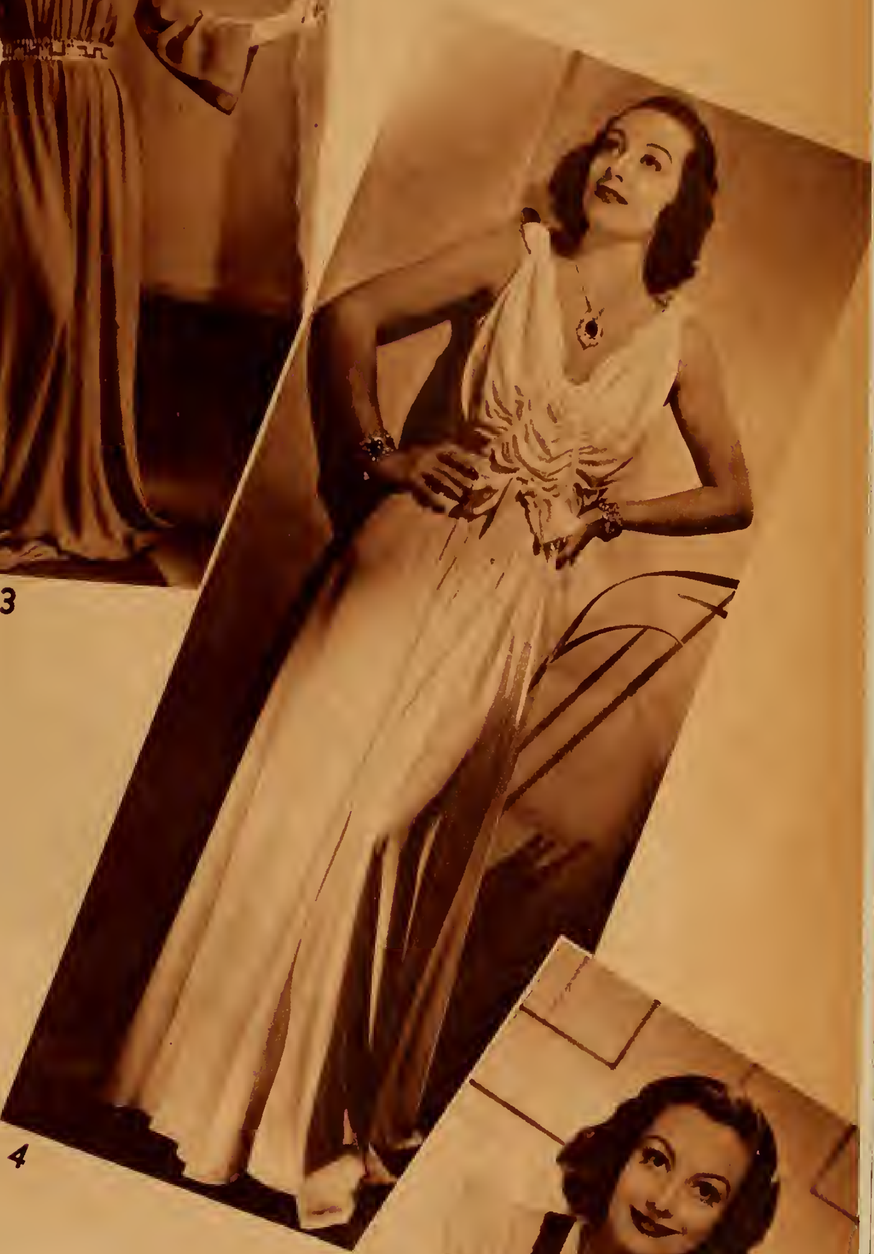

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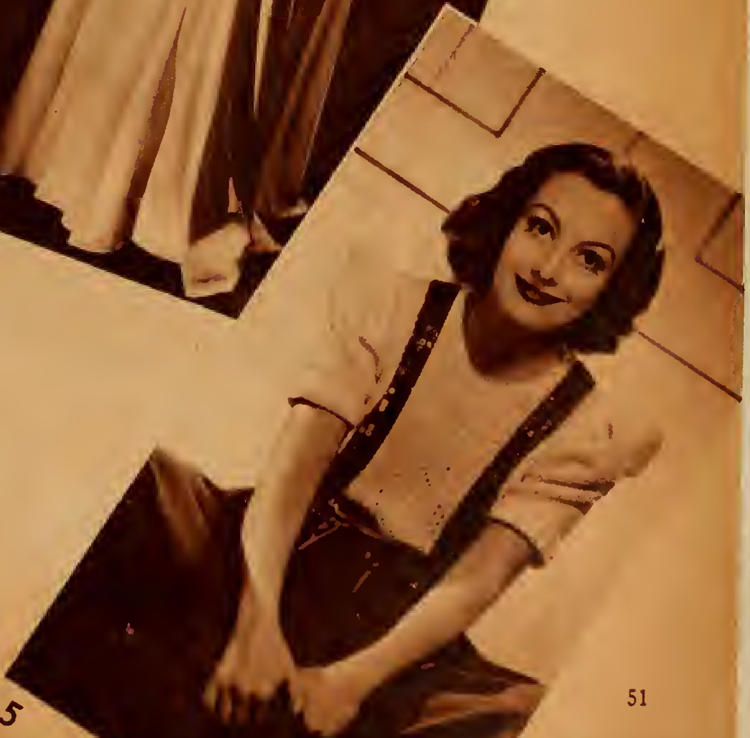

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1. Dinner is elegantly served by this pale blue crepe gown worn by Joan Crawford. Note the draped bodice and pleated ruffles

2. A Dutch treat dinner dress is Joan's white satin with black velvet bows. The Dutch pockets and gathering are important

3. Joan gets blue again—in wool crepe—for dinner. *The Women* will see red—in the brilliant girdle—when Joan appears

4. The dance as well as the dinner will be well served by Joan's heavy white silk crepe gown, draped and gathered above the waist

5. Sweaters for evening are important and so this important lady chooses her's in white. The skirt matches Joan's emerald bracers

DADDY'S "HEART"— AND YOURS

By E. J. SMITHSON

TEXAS SONGBIRD, MARY MARTIN—TURNED DOWN BY HOLLYWOOD—BECAME FAMOUS OVERNIGHT IN NEW YORK SINGING "MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY" IN STAGE HIT. NOW SHE'S BACK IN HOLLYWOOD MAKING GOOD IN FILMS. AND WILL NOW GIVE HER HEART TO YOU

WAY down south in the land of coyotes, cactus and whiskey-drinking, poker-playing, evil old men, the boys of the Texas Panhandle have declared open season on Hollywood talent scouts. They had to. After the Martin Case, they suddenly realized that if they didn't do something drastic pretty soon, sure'n shootin' there wouldn't be a pretty gal left in Texas. And judging from the b. q. (beauty quotient) north of the Rio Grande and south of the Red River, that's the equivalent of saying there wouldn't be *any* gals left.

The lure of Hollywood got Ginger Rogers and Clara Lou Sheridan, two of the prettiest Texans who ever said "Howdy!" We could name off-hand a score of other cuties from the same state who have gone places and done things on stage and screen—girls not so well known, perhaps, as Ginger and Clara Lou, but good enough in their special fields to have had their names plastered on marquees.

And now, adding her name to the long list comes Mary (My Heart Belongs To Daddy) Martin who gives great promise of becoming the object of your affections once you see her in the Paramount production of *Victor Herbert*. No wonder the Texans are sore.

You know something about Mary, of course. Or should. You know that she went to New York, cold turkey, and almost auditioned herself to death trying to prove to Broadway's hard-boiled agents and producers that she had something on the ball.

You've heard how she got her first big break when June Knight left the *Leave It To Me* show and how the role was passed on to Mary.

You've undoubtedly read how the pretty and vivacious Texas girl "wowed" blase Broadway audiences with her "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" song and the refined strip tease act she saucily threw in for good measure.

You know, too, if you're up on your theatrical news, about that unforgettable night when Mary, the only member of the cast who didn't know that her father had died that afternoon in Texas, came out on the stage to sing her "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" song as she'd never sung it before! Every newspaper in the country carried that poignant story.

But there's more to Mary Martin and her coming to Hollywood than all this—a story that leans heavily on the Cinderella side.

Two years ago, Mary was singing "hot" songs in a Hollywood hotel grill-room, for cakes and coffee. The cash customers liked her looks, her voice, and the way she put over her songs. Before that—

"I was racing through the terrible dust storms of West Texas," she says, "trying to keep my three dance studios going. I was doing mighty well for myself, considering my age. The enrollment in each school was increasing monthly and if the money wasn't actually rolling in, I was building up a fairly respectable bank account. I was beginning to feel that I was quite some pumpkins in my old home town.

"Now you'd think that a girl should be at least half-way satisfied if her future was as bright as mine appeared to be. Most girls would have been. But not me. Not the dance instructress, Mary Martin, of West Texas! I'd been bitten by the movie bug, you see, and nothing would do in the way of a cure but a trip to Hollywood.

"There were quite a lot of family fireworks in the Martin home the day I announced my intention of closing up my dancing shops for a try at motion pictures. I was told—and I could see the truth of it, too—that I was giving up a gold-mine. I was making more money teaching dancing than I ever would in Hollywood even if I were lucky enough to get a part. So. . . ."

SO MARY ironed out her prettiest bib and tucker, boarded a rattler with the family's hard-won blessing and came to the town that has broken more hearts in a week than most towns do in ten years.

"My arrival failed to arouse the customary ripple of excitement," Mary confesses frankly. "The town was full of Mary Martins who could sing and dance even better than the Mary Martin from Texas. They'd be expensive at a dime a dozen. Or so I was told after haunting the studios for a couple of months.

"At first, whenever I'd make new friends, I used to delight in elaborate descriptions of my dance studios back home and tell of the money they used to make for me. But I discontinued that part of the Martin saga after the first month because every time I'd begin my recital, my listeners would back away and look at me as though I wasn't all there mentally. They couldn't understand why I ever gave up that for this."

Now it must be said here that so far as her reception in Flickerville is concerned, she exaggerates more than slightly. As a matter of record she attracted the attention of any number of producers who used to drop in the grill-room and listen to Mary sing.

"You've got something that other girls haven't got," they'd tell her. "We'll give you a test."

And they did. A lot of tests. With nary a one getting better than an "N. G." mark. That "something" the producers said she had always failed to show up on the test film for some unexplainable reason. So every time the Testee from Texas would go back to her cakes-and-coffee singing again.

"I was in Hollywood a year," Mary says, "doing nothing more than singing in a mike and taking camera tests. I was getting dispirited and homesick for West Texas and for my dance schools. There's nothing, I've discovered since, that revives fond memories of home more acutely than lack of money. Just when I was feeling my worst, mother wrote begging me to return. Most likely I would have packed up then and there but for a chance meeting with my home-town singing teacher who had established himself in Hollywood with better than fair success.

"'And what was I doing?' he asked. 'In the movies? Or what?'

"When I told him what had happened to me he surprised me by saying that he had a cure for my failure. All I had to do, he said, was to place myself in his hands for a five-months' coaching period and he'd be willing to guarantee success. He gave me such a sales talk that I wrote home asking the family to finance me for another try. I promised that if I failed I'd come home to stay."

WELL, it turned out that Mary's family went into a financial huddle and came out of it with a check to cover daughter's second assault on the movie gates.

"It was like being out on bail," Mary says. "If I didn't make good within five months I was going to keep my promise—go home and stay there. But I swore—in a genteel, Texas way, of course—that that would never happen, not if there was any reward in work. And with that I began my studies under my old singing teacher.

Mary Martin became deluged with letters from every "daddy" in the country upon arriving in Hollywood for picture work

"He made me discard my throaty, hot number style for a new swing technique. It wasn't long before I noted a satisfying difference. And it wasn't long before I was singing over the radio on the Maxwell House Coffee program! Eight weeks of that! Then four weeks in the Trocadero when I sang both 'hot' and 'sweet' numbers.

"While I was singing there, Lawrence Schwab, the play producer, signed me up for a show he had in mind for Broadway. I wired the good news back to my folks, they promptly wired me congratulations and then, a week or so later, Mr. Schwab wired me from New York that he had cancelled his production plans for the show. Right then and there Mary Martin's mountain-size bubble of joy exploded with a bang that could have been heard clear down in the Panhandle cow country!"

Reading the telegram for the second time Mary perked up considerably when she found that her dark cloud of misfortune had a silver lining after all. Mr. Schwab had tacked a "come-on" to his message. Show or no, he ended, he felt more than reasonably certain that Mary could find work in radio and night clubs in New York. After that it was less than a hop-skip—and—jump onto the stage, if not in one of his shows then in some other producer's.

Mary's answer to that, after little or no cogitation, was an emphatic "yes." She bought a ticket to the Big Town and was on her way that same night.

"I couldn't make good in Hollywood," she explains frankly, "and if I couldn't do any better in New York I certainly couldn't do any worse. Well, for the first three weeks on Broadway I did nothing but tramp in and out of agency offices. I got so many tryouts that they began calling me 'Miss Audition.' It was the Hollywood treatment all over again.

"Just when I had my mind made up to do a final fade-out on the show business and go back to Texas and the dancing schools, along came the break that placed me in *Leave It To Me!* I auditioned for the role vacated by June Knight and was selected as a full-fledged member of the cast. Leave it to me, that was, and still is, the happiest moment of my life!"

IT TOOK Mary no more than her initial Broadway performance to win over the cash customers.

"You've got something," the Hollywood producers used to say, "but we don't know what it is. We'll give you a test."

"You've got something," said blase Broadway theatre audiences, "and we DO know what it is. It's personality plus! And we're going to give you a great big hand!"

And they did. Night after night, until the little girl from Texas knew that she had "arrived" on the big time.

The cash customers put their okay on the songs that Mary sang and they put their double okay on the strip tease dance she presented nightly. (Mary, by the way, has a pair of gams that out-Dietrich the great Marlene and out-Colbert the shapely Claudette). Being surprisingly bashful about showing off her shapeliness, Mary thinks to this day that that strip tease business needs an excuse and would like to offer these bare facts in explanation of it.

"I had never seen a strip tease dance in my life," she says. "In fact, until I came to New York and got into *Leave It To Me*, I had never seen an honest-to-goodness musical show in an honest-to-goodness theatre. Well, in *Leave It To Me* there happened to be a part that called for me to dance in a fur ensemble and I discovered, before rehearsals had progressed very far, that the dance was going to be

[*Continued on page* 99]

LET THE GOBLINS GET YOU!

True Hallowe'en spirit is reflected, above, in the buffet spread of delicious cookies, cider, apples and doughnuts

The be-witching black cat cookies, left, will "make" your refreshments and delight children of all ages

GINGERBREAD GOBLINS, BE-WITCHING CAKES, COOKIES AND DOUGHNUTS WILL ADD MAGIC AND MERRIMENT TO YOUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

"BLACK MAGIC," they say, stalks abroad on All Saints' Eve! Let the goblins get you, or witches walk, as long as they are gingerbread goblins and be-witching cakes, cookies and doughnuts!

Hallowe'en, honoring ghosts, witches and hobgoblins of every sort, is the first fall festival, and as such may be a carnival of color and merriment to delight the children, the young folks, or the whole family.

A windy October night, with a generous supply of apples for "bobbing," pumpkins and cornstalks set around the barn, supplies the traditional rural setting against which ghosts may walk. But in the suburban home or city apartment a similar effect may be achieved by "scaling down" both the background and foods. Thus, crepe paper printed in a bright design of orange pumpkins and golden cornstalks may successfully conceal the walls, with a plentiful use of real branches of ruddy autumn leaves to carry out the illusion, and an indoor witch made of a broomstick.

Instead of giant natural pumpkins, use large whole oranges, scooping them out, making slits for the "face," and inserting a lighted candle in each. If convenient bridge tables are used, place such a diminutive menacing Jack-lantern as a novel centerpiece.

Select small red-skinned apples to use as "cauldrons" or containers for fruit salad—utilizing the scarlet but midget crab-apples; include corn in the menu in corn pudding or similar appropriate casserole, as corn fritters with syrup, or as cream-of-corn soup at a harvest dinner. Feature delicious doughnuts and cider, without both of which traditional items there would be no true hilarity on Hallowe'en.

SERVE your refreshments buffet fashion, or on individual plates brought to the foursome at each bridge table, or have all the guests sit down at a single long table in hearty harvest supper style. Striking and dramatic is the orange-and-black color theme so popular for any Hallowe'en party: this can be carried out easily in the paper tablecloth and napkins, and in the charming lace paper doilies used under many dishes.

[*Continued on page* 92]

LADY ESTHER SAYS—

"To keep your Accent on Youth—Join this Revolt against Heavy, Waxy Creams!"

Go get the facts and you'll never use a *heavy* cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!

Heavy creams demand heavy-handed treatment...tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking *older than you really are?* Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.

The speed of life today puts *new demands* upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a *different* type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.

Lovely skin brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself *"young skin care"*—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for *you?*

Convince yourself . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

ARE YOU sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and *look at that!*

Thousands of women are amazed... *yes, shocked then and there*...to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Eternally Yours

[*Continued from page* 42]

She was ice cold as she looked. Sydney, Melbourne, Capetown—but *not* Connecticut. The tour started in thirty days. "Oh Tony," she said, her breath coming fast, "You need a rest. You've been working too hard. I thought you were looking forward to meeting Gramps and my friends—"

"I was but we'd be crazy to pass up a tour like this."

"Wait." She was fighting desperately. She thrust the deed and the pictures at him. "You see, I was so sure—ah Tony, let's try it for a month or two. It might change our whole viewpoint."

He looked at her quizzically. "Say, Pussycat, what's the matter with our viewpoint? Listen. We've got what it takes. You and I don't need a home like other people." He kissed her hungrily. "We've got a much stronger bond between us, haven't we Moms?"

"I—I hope—so," she said dully.

The telephone rang and Tony answered it. It was Tournova, one of their transient theatre friends. "Oh cheer up Olga," Tony said pleasantly, "You're not the first songbird they've panned here. I'll be right down. Meet you in the cocktail bar." He went to the door. "Don't forget to wear your sables, Moms. They'll make that mink of Olga's look like an unborn bathmat."

Dazedly, Anita picked up the theatre folder. Her voice faltered as she read, "For a limited engagement only. The Great Arturo. Sees all, knows all. . . ." She was laughing and sobbing at once.

The next evening the "disappearing lady" was not an illusion. Anita's note to Tony read: "Tonight when you made me vanish, it was forever. When you read this, I'll be aboard the Clipper. Good luck. Anita."

With the note, she had left the deed to the house.

IT SEEMED fun to be back home in New York again. Anita's friend Gloria, and all the other girls were settled down with husbands and babies. Aunt Abby was as vague and talkative as ever. And just being near Gramps again was good for the soul. Yet all the time there was that ache in her heart, that queer nostalgia for home, when here she was, home right now.

Don Barnes came around the second day—Anita knew that Aunt Abby had sent for him—and at first she was vaguely annoyed. Then she shrugged it off. Poor Don. He meant well in spite of his stodginess. Might as well be pleasant, try to make up a little for that jilting at the altar, she had given him.

Gramps didn't approve of the divorce idea, yet he didn't say a word of reproach even when he took her and Aunt Abby to their Reno-bound train. He just looked immeasurably sad.

In Reno, she filed suit, rode horseback and went to the gambling Casinos with Aunt Abby. There was a legal hitch to the divorce at first, something to do with reaching Tony and serving the papers but Aunt Abby took care of everything. Through it all, Anita was numb.

Even on the ocean cruise afterwards, she couldn't seem to come back to life. Until the day they were pulling out of their last port and nearing home. Suddenly, around the corner of the deck, Don Barnes popped up and when he had gone below again, Anita turned on her Aunt in a fury. "How did you get Don on this boat? What did you cable to him?"

"Stop criticizing me," Aunt Abby whimpered. "You should be grateful to be free. A nice boy like Don—and he'll inherit such a snug fortune—"

"But I'm not free," Anita gasped. "My marriage was sheer lunacy but a few words in court doesn't cure it." Words tore from her lips, words that had been pent up inside for weeks. "If Tony came along I'd throw myself into his arms headlong and—" her eyes were wild, "and stay there and hate myself as long as I live."

"Anita! You really frighten me."

Her throat was rough with sobs. Then she looked up at her aunt with glazed eyes. "I'm scared myself," she whispered. A long pause, then, "Aunt Abby, can't the Captain of a ship marry people?"

In hysterical glee, Aunt Abby arranged all the details of the ceremony and that night, when the boat docked in New York, Anita bore the name of Mrs. Don Barnes.

Unable to contain his joy, Don had wired Mr. Bingham, his boss, the glad news. A return wire had come back promptly. The Binghams would expect the bridal pair at the annual benefit in New York that evening and tomorrow they would all go up to the Adirondack Lodge for a house-party.

As far as Don was concerned these were orders. He was a conscientious lad and felt that those older than himself knew best. As to Anita, it was all a matter of supreme indifference.

They were seated at their table in the Rayon Room and Mr. and Mrs. Bingham were in the midst of twittering congratulations when all at once Anita's heart stopped beating. Or seemed to. There, on the stage, doing his mind-reading act, was Tony.

"Don!" she said, panic-stricken, "Get me out of here. He'll see me—"

She was a bit late. Tony was already on his way over. He stopped at the table and bowed to Bingham, whom he apparently knew. Then, in the midst of the introductions, he interrupted, looking straight at her, "I believe I've met Mrs. Barnes before. I have it. You attended one of my special matinees for women, didn't you?"

"Yes," she said tinily.

He nodded. "I seldom forget a face." Suddenly, he seized Don's hand. "You'll forgive me Mr. Barnes, but I noticed your palm. It's very interesting. Hm. Thrift. Large lump of constancy. Mrs. Barnes, you'll never have to worry about his coming home with lipstick, but—" He seemed suddenly alarmed. "Mind if I speak plainly, Mrs. Barnes?"

"It's *his* palm," she said between clenched teeth. Oh Tony, Tony, cried a little voice inside her. I loved you so.

He replied smoothly, "But this remotely concerns you. I see no signs of his hand," he paused for effect, "ever rocking a cradle." Then he looked at *her* palm. "Let me check that." He shrugged. "Just one of those things, I guess."

"What things," Don demanded.

"Your hands don't match."

Anita began to seethe. Tony was being cute, just too mischievous for words. "Come, Don, it's late. We'd better get on."

"Ridiculous," Bingham snorted. "An evening like this happens only once in a lifetime."

Tony smiled. "I'm so glad you folks can keep Mrs. Barnes from running away. It's more than I could do." Anita laughed hollowly and he turned to her. "You know, I can read your mind, Mrs. Barnes. It's apparent you don't believe in me."

"That's right," she said, poisonously sweet.

His eyes closed, trance-like. "You are thinking of something definite. Rio—Rio de Janeiro. Is the location right?"

She said, tremulously, "Yes."

"A deed. I see a deed, clothes, jewels—an airplane, someone running off, a letter." The dreadful heartbreak of that night flooded over him. Then the frenzy of his trip to New York. Weeks of having detectives searching for her. And no clue, no hope. Unable to eat or sleep.

And finally, today, words from the Bishop who had refused to help. Moms was married. Moms was married to *someone else*.

His wild, angry jealousy had fired him again, made it possible to go on tonight with Lola, his old partner.

He spoke now, strangely, throbbingly. "This letter that I see was to a man—who loved a woman madly, passionately, blindly."

She found words. "You're wrong. This—this letter was to a man who loved only himself."

They looked at each other with blazing eyes. "Why didn't she tell that man she was planning divorce and marriage to another man when she wrote that letter?"

"That isn't true!" There was an awkward pause. Then, in a dead voice, Anita turned to the others. "I'm sorry but I'm really not in a mood for this fantastic business. Besides, my uncle, Bishop Peabody, is waiting for me. Will you excuse me please? Goodnight." Without another word, she turned and left.

The Bishop was waiting up for them when they reached Angels' Rectory. Upstairs she brushed aside Don's protests, and said that she must talk to her grandfather.

"Oh, all right," Don said sulkily and threw up the windows to do his bending exercises.

"I'll see you in the morning," she called and hurried down the hall.

Between long, miserable sobs Anita told Gramps of her meeting with Tony. What was she going to do? She'd rather die than have him know she'd made a mess of things. She just couldn't love Don and that was that. And what was more she wasn't leaving Gramps' room tonight.

"Well then child," he said sympathetically, "take my bed. I'll bunk with Don."

"Heavens, no." She picked up the spare blanket and settled herself in a big chair by the window. "I'll be all right over here." A moment later, she said drowsily, "Oh, how I'd like to pay him back. But it'll be just my luck never to see him again."

The Bishop chuckled. "Two to one you're wrong. And the money goes to the milk fund."

GRAMPS must have had prophetic vision for the very next afternoon Tony arrived at the Bingham lodge. There was a red-headed creature with him, Lola, whom Tony introduced as his assistant. It was such bad taste the way she went around calling him "Dah-ling."

Easy enough to avoid Tony during the day but that evening with every one gathered in the large central room, she couldn't very well get up and leave.

Then the Binghams started calling for Tony's hypnotism act. Lola had drunk one highball too many to be of much assistance so the Binghams called on Anita. Evidently

[*Continued on page* 58]

Women everywhere will be grateful!

Miracle Modess brings you "moisture zoning"

Worry no more. You needn't be looking in mirrors or asking people "Am I all right?" . . . The New Miracle Modess has come to your rescue!

Endure no more. If you suffer chafing discomfort on "difficult" days . . . here's news. Read the details of the New Miracle Modess below.

Today, at any dealer's you can buy the new Miracle Modess with "*Moisture Zoning!*" Here's new comfort! New peace of mind!

"Moisture Zoning" acts to zone moisture—hold it inside the pad. Now, longer than ever before, Modess edges stay dry, soft, chafe-free!

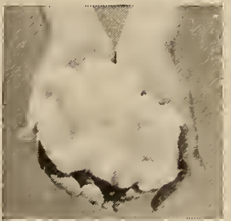
And of course, in Modess the filler is downy-soft *fluff*—so different from the filler in "layer-type" napkins. Modess starts softer, stays softer.

More good news—"Moisture Zoning" brings greater absorbency. And this, in addition to Modess moisture-resistant backing, is doubly reassuring.

Today, get this amazing new Modess—the softer, safer sanitary napkin.

MODESS TRIUMPHS AGAIN!

FIRST WITH FLUFF FILLER



Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from layer-type napkins! The result? Greater comfort—because a Modess pad not only *starts* softer—it also *stays* softer. There's a world of difference in the filler alone!

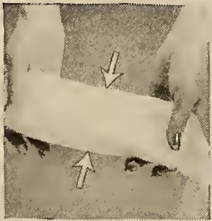
FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING

Modess was first to use a moisture-resistant backing as a precaution against striking through.

NOTE THE BLUE LINE

Modess has a colored thread along back of pad to make sure that you wear it correctly—with back AWAY from the body.

AND NOW..... "MOISTURE ZONING"



Now Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning," which keeps the edges of the napkin dry, soft, chafe-free longer than ever before. Greater comfort, greater safety! So get the new Miracle Modess today at any dealer's. It comes in the same blue box at the same low price.

Eternally Yours

[*Continued from page* 56]

Tony had explained their former relationship and there was nothing she could do but agree to work the act with him.

Even Don said under his breath, "Go on. We can't offend the boss."

She seated herself and Tony put his hands to her forehead. "Remember how I used to cure your headaches this way?" he whispered.

She glared at him. "You're giving me one now."

"Look at me." His flashing eyes bored into hers. Then her lids began to droop. Finally, blackness enveloped her.

When she opened her eyes again she seemed to be in a deep fog. Dimly, she could see lights. Then she heard Tony's voice.

"You will whistle a few bars of Yankee Doodle. Take a cigarette from this table and light it for Mr. Bingham. Bring a rose from that vase to Mrs. Bingham." His voice softened. "Now return to this spot and kiss me."

She walked to him and placed her lips against his. Then suddenly she heard the snap of his fingers and she was wide awake. She looked at Tony's smiling mouth, so close to hers. But a gasp came from her as she saw Don's face. Everybody else was laughing good naturedly.

Don's face was contorted. "He said he couldn't make you do anything unless you were willing."

"Do you imagine I *wanted* to kiss him?"

Nobody seemed to be able to think of anything to say. Finally, Don mumbled, "Let's get out of here and go to bed."

"Oh dear," Mrs. Bingham chirped, looking at everyone, "I intended to tell you at dinner. You see, we have quite a problem. It's about the bedrooms. There are only six and Mr. Arturo and Miss Lola aren't married, so you see—"

"I have an idea," Anita said quickly. "Why don't the gentlemen double up and we girls do the same?"

Tony beamed. "The very suggestion I was going to make. Very clever of you, Mrs. Barnes."

She turned away. A few moments later, Tony carried Lola into her room. When he had left, Don came to kiss her goodnight. Suddenly, he crushed her in a close embrace.

"Atta boy," Lola called drunkenly, "Make her like it."

Abruptly, Don released her. A gentleman to the end, he ground his teeth and said, "I'll miss you, my sweet. Good night."

Early the next morning Anita was skating around the boathouse. She spied Tony and skimmed over the ice toward him. "Tony, I want to talk with you—alone."

"You took the words right out of my mouth." He pointed to an iceboat. "Let's get in that. We'll attract less attention out on the lake."

Their narrow quarters brought them close together and Tony put a protecting arm about her. Anita promptly removed it. Then she said, "Tony, it's a pretty cheap way to get revenge—bringing Lola up here."

"Why Moms." He was delighted. Was this jealousy?

"Moms?" She looked at him, then away. "I know all about Lola and your going to the Connecticut house to live. She told me about it—all night long." She was elaborately indifferent. "She seems to have been very happy there."

"She was only there once." He took a deep, thrilled breath. Anita still loved him. He'd been crazy to think otherwise. It was the deep, abiding conviction of her love that had sent him to the Connecticut house, kept him there all during those dreary weeks when the detectives had been searching for her. It had seemed almost—like being in her arms again.

She turned to him in sudden plea. "Tony, listen to me. I divorced you to give you your freedom and for no other reason. You're getting along without me. Please, Tony, stop persecuting me. Let me have *my* chance."

For answer he skidded the boat sharply to a stop in a sheltered cove.

"Don will kill you for this," she said.

"Don and I had it out last night." Tony grinned to himself. That was putting it a bit mildly. Don had gone after him with flailing fists and he had retaliated with some expert jiu-jitsu twists. Don would be in bed for several days at least. They had made a gentleman's agreement though to say that a loose rug had tripped him up. "I told him I thought you still loved me and—" His voice broke. "Oh Moms, *why* did you run away?"

"I couldn't stand it any longer. I knew you wouldn't change."

"But I did change. After you left, I found I couldn't go on—without you. . . ."

"Pops." Her eyes were wet with tears. Tony grabbed her. Then he kissed her hungrily, her sweet lips, her eyes, her hair.

Next month

Joan Bennett

and

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

in

GREEN HELL

She drew away then. "No, Tony." The crystal tear-drops fell. "I'm married, Tony. And he needs me and you don't. You don't need anyone, Tony. You live in a world by yourself. No one's really a part of it."

"No matter what."

Back at the edge of the lake, she sobbed once and said, "Goodbye, Pops." Then she sped toward the house.

IT WAS a week later and Anita was sitting in the Bishop's study looking moodily out of the window.

"Child, there's only one thing to do—break clean, tell your husband the truth."

She shook her head. Impossible to do that to Don. No, he'd been sweet and patient and—

The door opened and Don rushed in. "Look, sweetheart," he shouted, "the doctor just untaped me and I'm a well man again."

He swung her up and kissed her. Then he put her back on her feet. "Get your wraps on, dear. We'll spend my first day out looking for an apartment."

Gramps was making some queer noises in his throat. "Humph." He tapped the telegram in his hand. "The Great Arturo sends me an invitation to his opening at the Fair this afternoon. Like to take it in, Anita? Doing his parachute jump at three o'clock, he says—"

"No thanks," Don barked.

Anita stared. "Parachute jump?" Her heart was a stone weight. But Tony mustn't. He couldn't. He hadn't tried it since they'd separated. And that day on the lake he had said he couldn't go on without her—she glanced at her watch. It was just two-thirty. "Don," she said hoarsely, "I've got to get there. I've got to get there. Hurry!"

The plane was already soaring in the air when Anita reached the grounds. Then it reached the required fifteen thousand feet and Tony's figure was seen.

"Tony, Tony," Anita moaned silently, "don't get hurt. Please don't get hurt."

He waved to the crowd below, put one foot forward and dropped. Nearer and nearer his figure came to the ground and still the parachute didn't open. Anita's fingernails were digging deep into Don's hand. Down. Down. Down. The wind was blowing Tony over the water.

"Tony!" Anita screamed.

Then, sensing the failure of the stunt, the crowd took up her cry of horror.

But suddenly, miraculously, the parachute burst open and a second later, Tony smashed into the water. The silken folds of the parachute spread over him. A siren shrieked and the voice of the crowd was heard again.

Anita was like a madman as she rushed to Tony's inert form. In the ambulance they reassured her. His wrist was badly torn but for the most part he was only waterlogged. It was an hour though before they would let her into his room at the hospital.

Just at the door, Don stopped her. "Goodbye, Anita," he said quietly. "He said our hands didn't match. Good luck."

"Goodbye—Don."

He turned and left.

Softly, she twisted the knob and went in. Tony's eyes were wide. "Moms. I've been—waiting for you."

"Oh, Pops." She ran into his arms. "Pops," she sobbed, "make me a promise not to take a b-brand new parachute for that one. Say it now."

He touched her lips gently. "I'd make any promise in the world to you, Angel—and what's more I'd keep it."

"Well, young people," said a voice from the doorway, "what about promising to *stay* married this time?" It was the Bishop.

"Stay married!" Anita stared at him.

"To each other, I mean. Your aunt," Abby was standing beside the Bishop, looking like a terrified mouse, "did a little mishandling of things in Reno, it appears. I had my lawyer look into it and the decree's not worth the paper it's written on. Seems that Tony wasn't served properly."

"Oh, I didn't mean any harm," Aunt Abby whimpered.

Anita was radiant. "Gramps. Oh, how wonderful. It's—"

Gramps looked very stern. "It's a pity your Aunt Abby's too old to spank." He turned to her. "Or are you?"

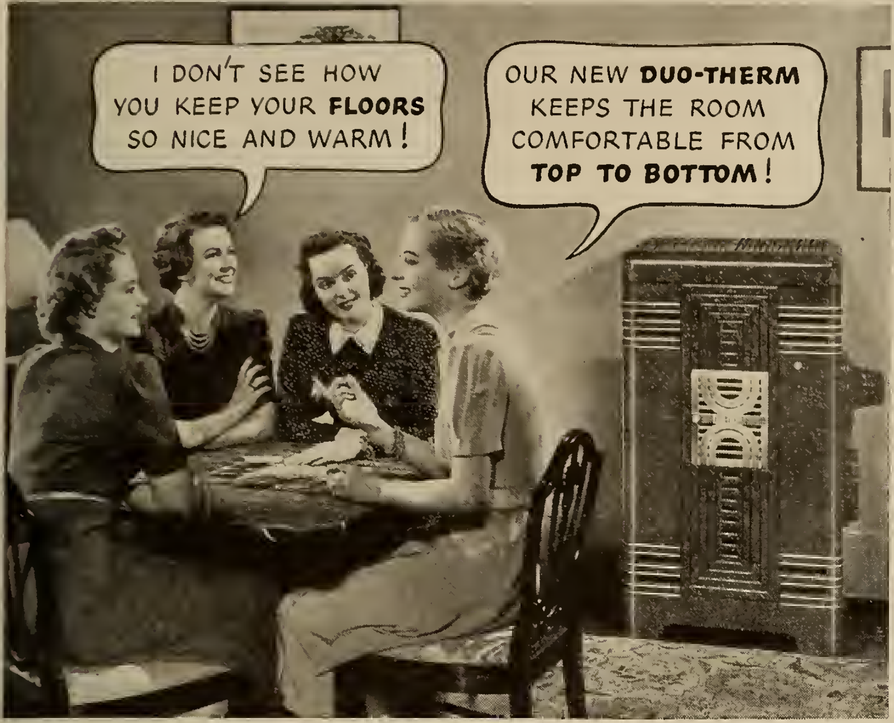
Abby backed away. "Don't you dare lay a hand on me," she shrieked. Then she picked up her skirt and ran, with the Bishop after her in full pursuit.

"Moms," Tony said tenderly. "I could kick myself for all the unhappiness I've caused you. How am I ever going to get you to believe in me again? How are we going to make up for all the days we've spent apart—"

Her eyes were shiny bright as she kissed him. "Well," she whispered, "you're a magician, aren't you?"

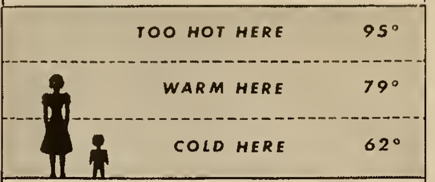
And *that*—settled *that*.

New Duo-Therm brings "ceiling-heat" down where YOU NEED IT!

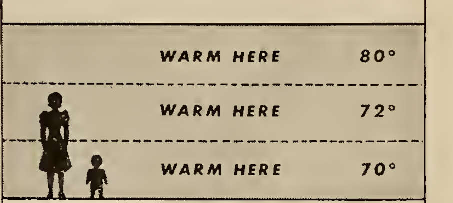

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU KEEP YOUR **FLOORS** SO NICE AND WARM!
OUR NEW **DUO-THERM** KEEPS THE ROOM COMFORTABLE FROM **TOP TO BOTTOM!**

DUO-THERM'S AMAZING NEW "POWER-AIR"* MAKES LAZY CEILING-HEAT WARM YOUR FLOORS!

COMPARE THESE RESULTS:



Ordinary heaters send heat *up*—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)



Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it down—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

Live in greater comfort—with a Duo-Therm!

1.

Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air* will drive heat to every corner! You get uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—and *extra* heat for every room!

2.

A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, plug in your *Power-Air* and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

WHEN a nip in the air says "Winter's coming!"—be ready for it with the clean, silent, trouble-free heat that a Duo-Therm gives you!

A Duo-Therm gives *regulated* heat—just turn the handy dial on the front panel! It gives *economical* heat—the patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives *more* heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! And it gives *plenty* of heat!

You get the top-notch performer of all heaters—and on top of *that* you get Duo-Therm's sensational new POWER-AIR!

An amazing invention! No more "lazy" heat with *Power-Air!* It actually *drives* heat all through your house—circulates heat faster, better to every corner of every room! It gives uniform, top-to-bottom heat—saves at least 5% in fuel costs—gives you greater heating comfort than this type of heater ever could before!

Use it on hot days too! In hot weather—let your *Power-Air* keep you from sweltering! It stirs up a 27-mile-an-hour breeze! Direct Power-Air up, down, right, left—anywhere! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothes, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair. Costs no more to run than a 60-watt lamp!

You pay no more for a Duo-Therm! Even with *Power-Air*, a Duo-Therm costs you no more than ordinary heaters! The beautiful new models, in the smooth Golden Fleck enamel finish, heat from 1 to 6 rooms. See them at your dealer's—and ask him about the easy-payment plan! Or tear out the coupon below and mail it today!

*Patent Applied for

New "Year-Round"

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. MP-911, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Send me all the facts on this new kind of heat!

Name __________
Street __________
City ______ *County* ______
State __________

Setting You Straight About Cagney

[*Continued from page 24*]

doesn't like Hollywood, and so to hell with it!

I don't mean he's got anything against the town or its inmates. He'd just rather get away from them when he doesn't have to take them. And so, ever since he somehow found himself a star, and HAS to work there, he's been trying to get away from it in every way he can.

So come on and take a look at Jimmy's house, and get a notion of the kind of guy he is—

IN THE first place, as I've mentioned, it's got only six rooms and no guest house. That's because Jimmy knows all about these people who drop in on you to spend the night, in maybe April or May—and when Thanksgiving Day rolls around, they're still parked at the dinner table, waiting for the turkey. Jimmy'll have none of that. The people who live at Jimmy's house are Jimmy and Mrs. Jimmy, and the week-enders that make it a six-months stay can go and have themselves a piece of the Marion Davieses or the Connie Bennetts or people whose houses are just hotels. When you visit the Jimmys, you go home that night, or you sleep in the garage.

It hasn't even got a rumpus room, this Cagney joint. There is a shed that Jimmy's going to fix up for a fun-roost, so that when Pat O'Brien or Frank McHugh or Spence Tracy come around and they start acting out stories, he won't have to fix the plaster in the living room wall, next day. But there's no fancy playroom with a trick bar and a men's-and-ladies' room where the paper-roll plays "I Can Get Along Without You Very Well" when you're on the way out. . . .

It's got six rooms and that's all, this house that Jim built. Even so, it's bigger than he wanted it to be. Not more rooms, but just bigger. On account of building ordinances or subdivision restrictions, or something, Jimmy had to build it higher and wider than he'd intended, but even so, he stuck to the six rooms and told the architect to go to hell when the architect said there was room for more.

The servants—there's a caretaker and his wife, and they don't wear butler-clothes and French-maid costumes like in a DeMille epic, either—live over the garage, and that's where Jimmy and the Missus lived, too, for a while before the house was done. And if that isn't characteristic of the Cagneys, I'll eat my next copy of MOTION PICTURE. The lease they had on a place in Hollywood ran out before the contractor had the Coldwater Canyon house done, because contractors in Hollywood are just like contractors in New York or Goshen or Timbuctoo; they never get the job done when they say they will. So the Cagneys, instead of moving into the royal Sam Goldwyn suite in the Ambassador Hotel, or hiring a floor of the Beverly-Wilshire, just moved into the joint over the garage, and fried eggs until the house was ready to move into.

JIMMY'S nuts about the house, now. He can't hear Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing, and that's swell, even though he hasn't got anything against Jeanette. Nor can he hear Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star arguing about ahem-let's-not-mention-what-they-argue-about over their breakfast coffee. He can't even hear a quickie producer figure out his next budget. He can't hear anything that sounds like Hollywood, because he's far enough from Hollywood so he can open the windows and look out and listen and imagine he's in Minnesota or someplace that far away.

That mutt he's got is an index, too. While everybody else was buying dachshunds to outdachs Puppchen and bulldogs to out-blue-ribbon Stu Erwin's and Great Danes to out-dog Harold Lloyd and so on, Jimmy just said nuts and went down to the Los Angeles city pound and said: "You gotta mutt?"

Well, if there's anything pounds have got, it's mutts. Jimmy picked one that must have had a collie for a mama and a travelling police dog or two for a father, and doesn't favor either. It's just a big dog with long hair and a loving disposition, and that's another of Jimmy's nose-thumbings at Hollywood.

The cat? Jimmy had nothing to do with that. The cat just walked in one day, and it's been there ever since.

And as for the goats—well, the goats are a mystery. People just don't mention goats, so you can't find out anything about the antecedents or personal history of Jimmy Cagney's goats. You ask his best friends about them and they say: "Ah, yes, goats; well, did I ever tell you about Jimmy's boat. . . ?"

So you say: "GOAT, not BOAT."

And they ignore you, and begin talking to the blonde at the next table, with the Maewestian below-the-neck profile, and there goes your story about the goats. All you can find is that they are lady goats—or anyway, maybe they ain't ladies, but anyway they're she-goats.

And Jimmy is going to buy a husband for them. Jimmy is a kind-hearted guy, and he'll make SOME concessions to Hollywood. So, after hearing them bleat piteously like so many Hollywood females we won't mention in these days of bachelor-famine in Hollywood, Jimmy has decided to buy a gentleman goat for his she-goats. So ain't Hollywood funny?—you can't get away from sex, can you? And next thing you know, there'll be a lot of kids running around the house.

WELL, anyway, there you are. That's Jimmy's house in movieland. He's got another one, in Martha's Vineyard, 3,000 miles away from Hollywood. He goes there, every time he can get away between pictures. It's an ancient house on 160 acres with apple trees and pear trees, and they don't even call him "Squire Cagney." He's just "Bub" to the old-timers who live there, and they don't know Marlene Dietrich from a cow, which she certainly isn't.

"Hollywood has never been 'home' to me," says Jimmy. "I work there and I gotta lot of friends there, but I like to get away from it, and Martha's Vineyard is away. My friends and neighbors at Martha's Vineyard are oldsters, many of whom have never even seen a motion picture.

"But last year, one of the old-timers, with a long grey beard, said to me: 'Bub, you work in Hollywood, and I'd like to ask you a question.' So I said 'shoot,' and he asked me if it was true that Carole Lombard uses 'durn' instead of 'pshaw,' and it kind of took the kick out of the place for me. Suppose one of them ever finds out that they don't believe in the stork in Hollywood!"

Reason I've made so much of Jimmy's house is because that house is a Number-One index of the sort of man he really is. Jimmy, off-screen, is no wise-cracking, fist-throwing, cop-smearing sonofasomething. He's the antithesis of the screen Cagney. Quiet clothes, quiet voice—so low, you have to cup your ears, half the time, to catch what he's saying. No bad habits. There's the story about the big-shot mid-western racketeer who pulled a lot of wires and managed to be introduced to Cagney, when Jimmy was making one of his personal appearance tours.

The racketeer, a typical hard guy, had idolized the screen Cagney as the glorification of what the racketeer'd like to be, and so, when he met Jimmy at this night club, he tried to be one of the boys—

"What'll you drink?" he asked.

"Nothing, thanks; I don't drink," said Jimmy, in a voice like a Harvard head-master's.

"Well, how about a cigar?" asked the gangster.

"Thanks; I don't smoke, either," explained Jimmy.

Disbelief was dawning in the racketeer's face.

"Well, cheez—ya EAT, don't ya? How about a steak?"

"No, thanks—just a bowl of graham crackers and a glass of milk'll do," said Cagney, who happened to be on a diet.

That finished the mugg. With a look of intense disillusionment, he glared at Cagney, and then stalked away.

As a matter of fact, Jimmy is one of the men in Hollywood who is called "sweet" by his women acquaintances. Maybe he'll hit the ceiling when he reads this, but that's just what they do call him—"sweet."

He's got the kindest heart in town. He'll sit and listen to hard-luck stories all day long, and he'll sympathize and offer all kinds of help. He's a sucker for a touch, and all the broken down hard-guys and ex-pugs and ham-wrestlers in Hollywood know it.

HIS interest in people—both as masses and individuals—is axiomatic. It has led him into making contributions of money, time and personal effort and enthusiasm, to "causes" which appealed to him because they looked like real manifestations of a conscientious, decent social urge. Some of them did not prove to be so. . .

From some of those ventures, Jimmy Cagney got the reputation of being a bit "pink"—even reddish. The only thing "red" about Jim Cagney is his hair. If he can help a person or a people, he'll do it; but he's no ranting, raving radical.

To Jimmy, making movies isn't ART. It's just his job. He thinks people that spell it capital-A-r-t are either kidding themselves or somebody else.

"My job," he told me, "is to provide an hour and a half of entertainment. That's what I'm trying to do whenever I step in front of a camera."

He has no vanity about his work. He knows when he does a good job and he knows when his job isn't so good. He tries to do the best he can, but he still can't understand why people crowd to see Cagney pictures. He thinks there must be a catch in it, somewhere. When *Each Dawn I Die* cracked all box-office records when it opened in New York, Jimmy scratched his head in bewilderment, and then suddenly smiled as though he'd found the answer:

"It's amazing, the way that guy Raft can pull 'em in!" he crowed. And he wasn't posing.

By HAL WHITEHEAD

IT WAS only natural that Harry Albershart, the Mishawaka, Indiana lad, who played brilliant football at Notre Dame, should become star backfield for the Cincinnati Reds, a pro team. . . It was more or less to be expected that the reputation he acquired while playing baseball at the same school would later win for him a job with the Brooklyn Dodgers. . . It might even have been anticipated that a tall, blond athlete, with more than his share of good looks, would eventually meet someone who would tell him that the theatre needed him . . . and that he would land on the Broadway stage some two years later, with a couple of seasons of stock chalked up to his record of experiences. . . . But even he couldn't help being surprised when he stepped from beneath the cameraman's focussing cloth in his own commercial photography agency (a little something he whipped up to keep him going between shows . . . like *Hit the Deck, Zero Hour, Murder With Music,* etc.) . . . and found himself face to face with a Hollywood contract . . . and the new name of Allan Lane. . . . However, the first contract didn't take. . . . So he went back to his very lucrative agency in New York . . . set himself the task of learning the difference between footlight methods and Kleig light technique . . . then came back to Hollywood determined to absorb every ounce of experience he could get. . . . Up to the time of his first trip to Hollywood, he had glided along without much effort. . . . It was the obstacles Hollywood presented that made him realize that acting was what he really wanted to do. . . Perhaps if it had been as easy as the other things he had accomplished, he'd have obtained some measure of success . . . and let it go at that . . . to turn to something else that happened along. . . . Just as he had taken on various and sundry jobs during his stock company days . . . so he accepted every role Hollywood offered . . . whether it gave him chance to read a line or not. . . . Finally RKO-Radio gave him his first leading role . . . in *Night Spot* . . . and close on its heels he shared top honors with Joan Fontaine in *Maid's Night Out*. . . The grand job he did with Sally Eilers in *They Made Her a Spy* convinced executives that he was deserving of his best role to date . . . the male lead in *Panama Lady,* opposite Lucille Ball . . . and also appeared for a short time with Nora Bayes. . . He spends his leisure hours trying to improve his top notch tennis game . . . and his golf score . . . which is now definitely in the tournament bracket. . . So this lad who started out with all the earmarks of a jack of all trades . . . is on his way to becoming master of one.

I wished the floor would open up and swallow me!

Wednesday, September 6th

We were playing "tell-the-truth" at our Wednesday club meeting. It was Joan's turn and they asked her whose wash line had the worst case of tattle-tale gray in town. The next minute, I wished the floor would open up and swallow me. Joan was pointing straight at me!

Thursday, September 7th

I swore I'd never forgive her—but the very next day Joan dashed over with a peace offering. She said she hated to hurt my feelings, but it was time somebody told me to quit using lazy soaps that don't take *all* the dirt out of clothes. She said her washes looked messier than mine till she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap—and she gave me some to try.

Wednesday, September 27th

Well, the club met at my house a few weeks later—and am I glad I tried Fels-Naptha! I'll tell the world there's nothing like its grand combination of richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* for getting clothes honestly clean! My linens and things looked so gorgeously white, the girls were simply dazzled! You bet it's Fels-Naptha and me for life—and no more tattle-tale gray!

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Sunday evening. See local paper for time and station.

Why Men Like Mary Healy

[*Continued from page 37*]

very happy about it, which made me happy, too.

"You know," she added earnestly, "I don't think Hollywood men are as sophisticated as a lot of people think they are. In fact," her sensuous mouth twisted with a smile and her brown eyes twinkled with Irish humor, "very few of them rate as high in my estimation *as escorts* as the boys I've gone out with in New Orleans and elsewhere. I honestly don't find their company any more exciting. About the only thing I missed in New Orleans after spending a year and a half in Hollywood was rhumba. I'm crazy about it, but they don't dance it down there.

"Hollywood men have more money to spend, but what makes a date an exciting adventure isn't money. Give me a man with a sense of humor, who is more intelligent than I am, knows more, and I can look up to him, and it doesn't matter if he can take me only to a show in a neighborhood theatre. The man I marry must have a sense of humor! That comes first with me."

"DO YOU intend to marry?" I ventured to ask her.

"Of course! We Southern girls are brought up with the idea of marriage. I have two brothers and a sister, and all three are married. I'm the baby of the family, and it's my turn next. And I won't wait too long, either."

"Have you already found your future husband?"

The color deepened in her cheeks and she nodded, but not too emphatically. "I think so," she said. "He is not an actor, and he is not in Hollywood. I wouldn't marry an actor; I think one actor is enough in any home. He is studying law and will graduate next year."

Mary is the third Miss New Orleans to crash into pictures, the other two being Dorothy Dell, whose career came to a tragic end in an automobile accident, and Dorothy Lamour. Like the sultry Lamour she has a Voice, the passionate throaty notes of which, combined with the elan and dash of her delivery, inevitably invite comparison with the dreamy moanings of that lush beauty on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, Alice Faye. "A Brunette Alice Faye," they are already calling her, which makes both Mary and Alice rather uncomfortable.

Mary is naturally flattered by this comparison, but she aspires to be the feminine Bing Crosby, who is her ideal singer. "Popular but sweet," as she put it. "They don't have anybody like that. But I'd be happier if they let me do more acting and less singing, although I'd like to do a little singing always." She knows that she would last longer as an actress. But she is modest enough to admit that she doesn't know if she really has what it takes. She sings in Elsa Maxwell's *Hotel for Women* and has been cast as the feminine lead opposite Randy Scott; other studios want to borrow her, and Mr. Zanuck has big plans for her.

"But if I don't reach pretty close to the top in three or four pictures," she confided, "I won't waste my time waiting for a break. I'll go back to New Orleans." She is ambitious, but not too ambitious. You don't see in her face that nervous strain which makes so many pretty faces in Hollywood pathetic. She is a girl of buoyant spirit who takes everything in stride. In *Second Fiddle* she acts with perfect nonchalance, without the tenseness characteristic of beginners. She won't feel very badly if she fails in Hollywood for there is always that love cottage to look forward to.

I AM no authority on voices, and frankly, I'm not deeply affected by any type of crooning. But if vast numbers of our citizenry melt under the mournful notes of our million dollar voices on air and screen it's okay with me. Every man to his taste. But I know something about beauty, internal and external, and as a professional soul-digger I know what makes the human personality tick.

I first saw Mary at the now historic Rathbone tent party for the Hollywood Guild. I didn't know who she was, for she was still unknown. She came with Rudy Vallee. All the glamor girls with the exception of two or three were there, and in that scintillating crowd the young lady with Rudy Vallee stole the show so far as I was concerned. I thought, maybe, she appealed to me individually, maybe because she was my "type." She didn't have the pallor of a tubercular nun, the hollowed cheeks and bony chassis so fashionable in movie-town. She didn't walk like a leopard, a tigress, or empress. Her white lace gown was a bit old-fashioned. She did reveal a healthy, fresh, unspoiled beauty!

Beautiful Color Portraits of Your Favorite Stars

FREE!

In next month's—December's—copy of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, you will find another beautiful color portrait—like the one of Tyrone Power on page 35 of this issue—and it will be of your favorite movie star, Sonja Henie. This is the third in the series of eight exclusive color portraits that MOTION PICTURE is offering free to its readers. Remember to tell your friends about this remarkable free offer. They'll thank you for it.

Somehow you can't help thinking on seeing her: "Here's a girl that would make a good wife and a prolific mother." You notice her brown hair, which streams down in torrents over her patrician shoulders. You notice the clean, wholesome, and yet sexy expression of her face, which has a rare warmth and sweetness about it. Neither the screen nor her still photographs do her justice.

Perhaps girls of her type don't photograph well. She has reduced ten pounds, and weighs only 115 pounds. It's now a year-and-a-half that she had her last square meal. But the camera has a tendency to enlarge, fatten. Gaunt beauties photograph best—though when you meet them in real life you can't help feeling sorry for them.

I WAS not surprised when I learned that she was a Miss New Orleans, that half of the population of that city were in love with her *before* she came to Hollywood, that everybody from Ahearn to Sullivan in the "Irish Channel" of that Southern metropolis is her booster, and her native city takes an immense civic pride in her. She is front page news in New Orleans.

"They told me there were two thousand people at the station to meet me when I went back," she recalled. "And there was a band, just imagine! They took me to the Roosevelt Hotel, where I had sung with orchestras previously, and gave me the presidential suite, as the guest of the hotel. They came in droves to see me, and many of them were so happy that they cried, which made me feel foolish. Gosh, they don't distinguish. I was the biggest star in their eyes. I tried to tell them that I wasn't important, there were hundreds like me in Hollywood, but I gave it up. It was no use.

"Everybody I've known in twenty years called me up. Everybody wanted to know how I liked Hollywood. They asked me that question a thousand times. And then they wanted to know if Tyrone Power is as nice as they say he is. When *Second Fiddle* was previewed, my name was above Tyrone's and Sonja Henie's. I wouldn't mind failing in Hollywood, but you can't let such people down!"

I would tell New Orleans that Mary is not the letting-down kind. But they doubtless know that.

MARY HEALY'S story might be called Cinderella case No. 457,879. "My father, John Healy, was an accountant," she said, as she gave me a brief resume of her life. "He died when I was six months old. My mother, who is the best pal I have, went through some awful struggles to give us a good education, bring us up properly. I was educated at St. Mary's parochial school and at the Redemptorist high school. I wasn't a very good student, but I got by. I took a commercial course, and as soon as I left school, at 16, I looked for a job. We weren't poverty-stricken, but I had to work.

"Well, nobody would give me a job. I would read the 'help wanted' ads in the paper and apply for the ones I thought I might have a chance of getting, but they all asked me if I had any experience, and I had none. Finally our parish priest recommended me to a contractor who needed a typist, and I started work pounding the keys of a typewriter, as so many girls do.

"It was while I was working for that contractor that I won the beauty contest. I was 17 then. I was rewarded with a trip to the exposition in San Diego, and also visited Hollywood. Gail Patrick showed me around the Paramount lot and they advised me to go to New York and enroll in Mme. Ouspenskaya's dramatic school to learn some of the tricks of acting, but I couldn't afford to go to New York, didn't have the money.

"I was offered a job at a night-club but I turned it down. I went back to my typewriter. There was quite a discussion about it in New Orleans papers. People thought

I had passed up a great opportunity. It was nothing of the kind. I didn't care to cheapen myself by working in such a place.

"I sang with dance orchestras in the South, but my mother was ill and I needed a steady job. I got a stenographic position with the New Orleans branch of the Twentieth Century-Fox exchange. Mr. Landaiche, the manager, told me he didn't like to employ any movie-struck girls. I was a good secretary even if I do say so myself.

"Then Ivan Kahn, the talent scout, came to town to interview people for the movies. I couldn't tell him anything about my movie ambitions in our office, but I went to a dance in the Roosevelt with a boy friend, wearing my best dress and a magnolia tucked in my hair. Mr. Kahn saw me, offered me a screen test. I took a train to Los Angeles with my mother after weeks of anxious waiting, was given first a silent test, then a sound test, and signed to a contract. I was a stock girl for a year, studied under the studio's dramatic coach, Florence Enright, watched the stars on the sets, learned about camera angles and things like that, but I was so discouraged that I was thinking of giving up my contract and going back when Mr. Zanuck gave me the break of a lifetime. But now that I think of it, my being a stock girl for a year, walking in one picture, speaking two words in another, was most valuable training."

"What would be your advice to other stenographers who want to break into pictures?"

"Gosh, I don't know. Things kind of happened to me. I didn't plan for a career in pictures. My daydreams centered around that cottage I told you about. I thought that by the time I became 20 or 21 I would marry. My only advice would be this: get all the legitimate stage experience you can. I think success on the stage, even in amateur theatricals, is the surest way of attracting the attention of movie scouts."

MARY lives in an apartment with Dorris Bowdon, who was "discovered" in Louisiana State University and came to Hollywood with her. She, too, is on her way up, has been given the break she was waiting for in *Drums Along the Mohawk*. Dorris is a red-head. They split a modest rental on their apartment, take sun baths on the roof, like to cook their meals. Mary thinks having a room-mate in Hollywood saves a girl considerable trouble.

Her hobby is collecting concert records, and her pet aversion is gossip. She is a great meat eater, and dresses conservatively, black being her favorite color. She was in an all-black ensemble during our luncheon, though it was an exceptionally warm day.

What makes the star-parade of Hollywood such an exciting show is the sudden, meteoric rise of newcomers. Everybody at her studio is raving about Mary Healy. Mr. Zanuck has been an uncanny picker so far. He has revolutionized the traditional process of picture-making by casting unknowns in important roles and creating his own stars. Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Sonja Henie, Alice Faye, Shirley Temple, etc., started with little or no experience and became stars overnight.

The finger of destiny now points to Mary Healy on the Twentieth Century-Fox plant. And the boys in the mailing room, the prop men, electricians, sound engineers, janitors, every man she has ever favored with her smile, is on her band-wagon.

I asked her as a parting shot, "What's your great ambition from now on?"

"It's still love in a cottage," she said.

And that, if you ask me, is the real reason why men like Mary Healy.

"Just listen to 'em!...'Afraid of a little pan of water, eh?' says Duck-Luck... 'Who's afraid?' says Hen-Pen. 'I just don't like water, the horrid kut-kut-kadacket stuff!'...'You chicken-hearted coward!' says he...'You wet smack!' says she...!"

"Oh, stop your nonsense, Hen-Pen—it's swell once you're in! Just hold your nose and shut your eyes... don't you know we'll get sprinkled with lovely, downy Johnson's Baby Powder when we get out? In you go now—KERSPLASH!"

"Look, gang, here comes the Johnson's... hold everything! Prickly heat and chafes won't get much chance at *us!* And oh-h, boy—when that soft white shower comes down the small of your back, you'll get a thrill right down to your pinfeathers!"

"Didn't I tell you? *Everybody* likes Johnson's Baby Powder. The talc in it's specially fine, and it helps keep babies comfortable as can be. It doesn't cost much, either!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Laughton—Phenomenon No. 1

[*Continued from page 29*]

laughter, in one way or another. All, that is, except Laughton. He refuses to let his roles be measured by his outside dimensions. Acting, he says, comes from inside. He insists that, if a fat man can act, he can be a hero, a villain, a lover, a king, a cutthroat, a cripple—or anything else that a slighter man can be.

He completely ignores one of the most important rules of all. Namely: "You can't succeed in Hollywood unless you make a point of being everybody's pal." He makes no efforts to be the jolly good fellow. He has no qualms about arguing with producers and directors. He doesn't flatter Important People by going to their parties or by giving parties for them. He can't relax at parties. Nor does he fraternize with fellow-players. Between scenes, he goes off alone to a far corner of the set, practices up for the next scene. To Laughton, a performance is more important than politics.

And, as if this weren't enough, he pays no attention to Hollywood's favorite precept: "You need publicity to be a star. Get all you can of it." He can't see the necessity for publicity, except in connection with his pictures. He doesn't crave to be on the front page; the drama page will suffice. He promotes no Laughton legends. He leads a quieter life than Ronald Colman, without becoming a Man of Mystery. He is happily married, yet he doesn't stress the fact, build up its contrast with his usual screen fate. He doesn't make startling statements to the Press. He is scared stiff of interviewers. They might ask him something personal.

HE IS Phenomenon No. 1 of filmdom. He tempts the fates, going counter to the rules of Hollywood success. And succeeds in being, this autumn of 1939, the biggest news in Hollywood.

Hollywood is more curious about chubby Charles than about Hedy Lamarr and Ann Sheridan combined.

He was on the top of the movie heap after *Mutiny on the Bounty* in 1936. Any role he wanted hereabouts could have been his—at his price. Why did he pick that particular moment to set out for England? What kept him away so long? And, now that he's back, what can Hollywood and his acting rivals (there aren't many of them) expect from him?

He faced a barrage of questions when he returned. The prospect appalled him. The day after he arrived, he fled to the sanctuary of Perc Westmore, the make-up sculptor, who was to help him transform himself into the hunchback, *Quasimodo*. Not till two weeks later did he emerge, every possible experiment completed. In two days the picture would start. After that, until it finished, he would be safe. Concentrating on the most difficult acting job of his career, he would be too busy, and too exhausted, to give interviews. With the promise of such security ahead, he got up courage, the day before production started, to be questioned—briefly. Between a test and a dental appointment.

I found him outside a villa at The Garden of Allah, blinking at the blazing blue of the hotel swimming-pool. They had told me that he had lost fifty pounds for this role. The change wasn't instantly apparent. The only thing noticeably different about him, after three years, was his reddish-brown hair. It was cropped short, convict-fashion. (He wears a wig as *Quasimodo*.) Otherwise, he was the Laughton of 1936. Pudgy, deceptively unemotional-looking, with the same pouting lower lip, the same brooding eyes. Still the same, off-screen—reticent, self-conscious. It takes him time to thaw out with strangers.

HE FORTIFIED himself with a milk-and-soda, braced himself for the questions. "Why did I head for England after *Mutiny on the Bounty*?" He smiled faintly. "I was escaping from myself, not Hollywood. I had nothing against Hollywood. All I had was an offer to do *Cyrano de Bergerac* over there. It appealed to me more than anything else in sight; that was all. So I went over, and the deal fell through, and I did *Rembrandt,* instead. Then I had a chance to get into the producing end, with Erich Pommer. Every actor fancies himself as a producer some day. The ego in us, you know. So I stayed on in England to do *The Beachcomber* with Pommer, and *Jamaica Inn,* and *London After Dark*. And life became very complicated, but desperately interesting.

"That partly explains why I 'stayed away so long.' Also"—his smile widened—"England is sort of my home. I was born there; I grew up there; all my friends are there. But, apparently, I haven't absorbed the accent. Elsa here"—Elsa Lanchester, his actress-wife, as animated as he is phlegmatic—"is sometimes taken for my English wife, but I'm constantly being mistaken for an American. Years ago, in New York, I did a play called *Payment Deferred,* written by an Englishman. Later I did it on the screen. A friend of the playwright's rushed to tell him about it. 'You should see the film version,' he said, '—with Charles Laughton, the American actor.'

"Ever since I stepped off the boat in New York, this trip, people have been asking me, 'Well, how does it feel to be home?' It's a bit baffling, why Americans should accept me as an American. It's also flattering—not to have to feel like a stranger in your midst, after three years away."

It wasn't a shortage of Hollywood offers, or dissatisfaction with Hollywood offers, that kept him in England so long. He was simply absorbed with that producing business—until *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* came along. "This was something I had wanted to do for years. When Irving Thalberg was alive, we talked about it. I had to get it out of my system."

He insisted on the right to be secretive about his make-up as *Quasimodo*—"to stimulate curiosity." He frankly hoped that people would wonder how "the ponderous Laughton" could transform himself into Victor Hugo's pitiable cripple. He volunteered only that he would look like neither Charles Laughton nor Lon Chaney (who did the silent version). He admitted that, to play the role, he would have to submit to the torture of a harness. "I can't develop a hunchback," he quipped. "I'm not that clever."

One thing he wanted to make clear. "I'm neither a madman nor a villain as *The Hunchback*. He is a simple, straightforward human being, with the normal emotions of a human being. Only his appearance is abnormal. That is his tragedy."

IT IS a story of a great love—*Quasimodo's* love for *Esmeralda.* He would do anything to make her happy. But what he does would pass belief, if audiences couldn't believe her capable of inspiring such love. Perfectly aware of this, Laughton reserved the privilege of choosing his leading lady, himself. Again breaking all Hollywood precedent, he chose an unknown. An 18-year-old unknown, named Maureen O'Hara. He brought her over from England. And if her acting is half as effective as her beauty, she will be a star overnight.

If Laughton claimed all the credit possible for her discovery, you wouldn't blame him a bit. But he hides behind a mountain of modesty. He disclaims any credit whatsoever, gives it all to the girl, herself.

She was going to the Abbey School of the Theatre in Dublin, last year, when she won a beauty competition (British for "beauty contest"). Her reward was a screen test in England. Laughton chanced to see it, looking for "a new face" to play the girl in *Jamaica Inn.* He wasn't impressed. Then, two days later, he discovered that he couldn't get her face out of his mind. He told Pommer about her. Pommer saw the test, said "N. G." Then, two days later, he said to Laughton, "You know, I can't get that Irish girl's face out of my mind." She got the role in *Jamaica Inn.* After seeing her in that, Laughton couldn't think of anyone else for the role of *Esmeralda.* Which isn't too complimentary to some of the Hollywood damsels, but is super-complimentary to Maureen. Laughton is a harsh critic.

Especially of himself. I asked him how he worked himself into a role. He shot a glance of infinite pity in the direction of his wife. "Elsa knows," he said. "After about three days in any role, I make up my mind that I can't do it. I simply haven't what it takes. I go to the Front Office and blubber, 'You've got to take me out of this picture. I can't do it.' They smile witheringly, as much as to say, 'Charles, temperament doesn't become you'—and tell me, 'Go on home and get a good night's sleep.' I go home, but I don't sleep. I turn and toss and tell Elsa, a thousand times, 'You must make me swear I'll give up acting.' This routine goes on for about ten days. By that time, I'm worn out with trying, but I'm beginning to say, 'Maybe I'll get it in time, by sheer repetition.' Four nights later, I decide to forget everything. And wake up the next morning with a clear idea of how to play the part."

IN SHORT, he takes his acting seriously. He plans a characterization the way an architect plans a house—meticulously, with infinite attention to detail. Interior, as well as exterior. He must walk thus. He must talk so. His face must make a habit of certain expressions. His hands must cultivate certain gestures. He must think as the character would think. He admits that this is carrying things a bit far—but this is how he is, for better or for worse?

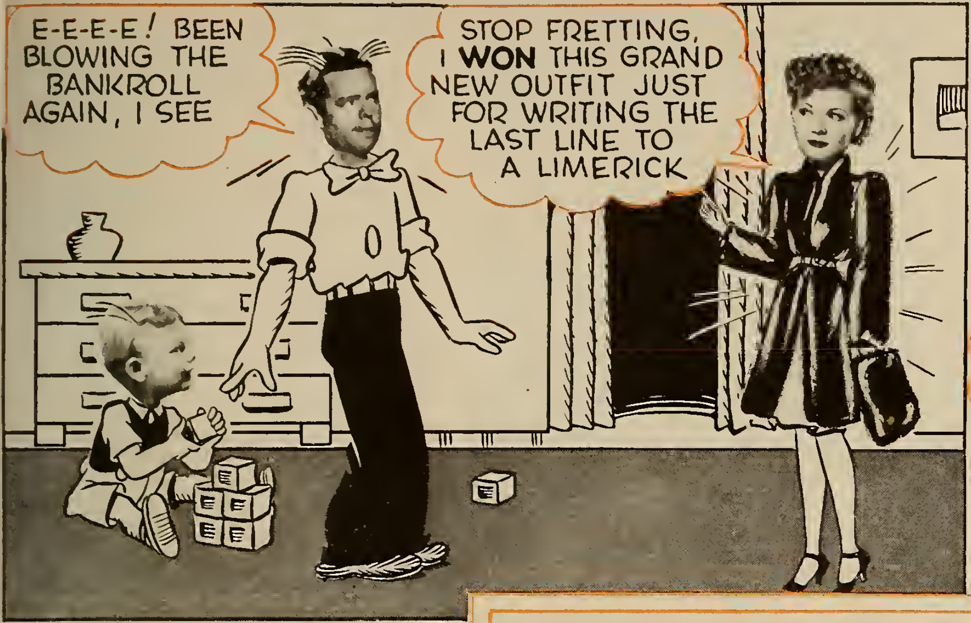
Did the New York reporters, then, quote him correctly as saying of himself, while posing for shipboard shots, "I'm an incurable ham?" He grinned sheepishly. "Yes, I said it. Blurted out what every actor has to admit, sooner or later." Elsa interjected, "I don't suppose he realized, at the time, that he had committed a pun." Charles looked stabbed—as if he couldn't be guilty of punning, consciously or unconsciously.

For an actor who takes his career seriously, he has surprisingly few future plans. "All three of us—Elsa, Maureen and I—are going to do *The Admirable Crichton* next, in England. After that, I don't know. Maybe by that time Television will be upon us. Who knows?"

Whatever his future plans, putting on a big show in private life isn't among them.

A WARDROBE A DAY *GIVEN AWAY!*

IN THE "BLONDIE" OF THE MOVIES DONUT LIMERICK CONTEST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All you have to do is complete this Limerick:

"Hey, Penny!" yelled Arthur one night,
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IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! Think of it . . . *your* last line that completes the "Blondie" Donut Limerick may earn you a complete new Fall outfit . . . may even win you the grand prize of a glorious Hollander Hudson Seal fur coat!

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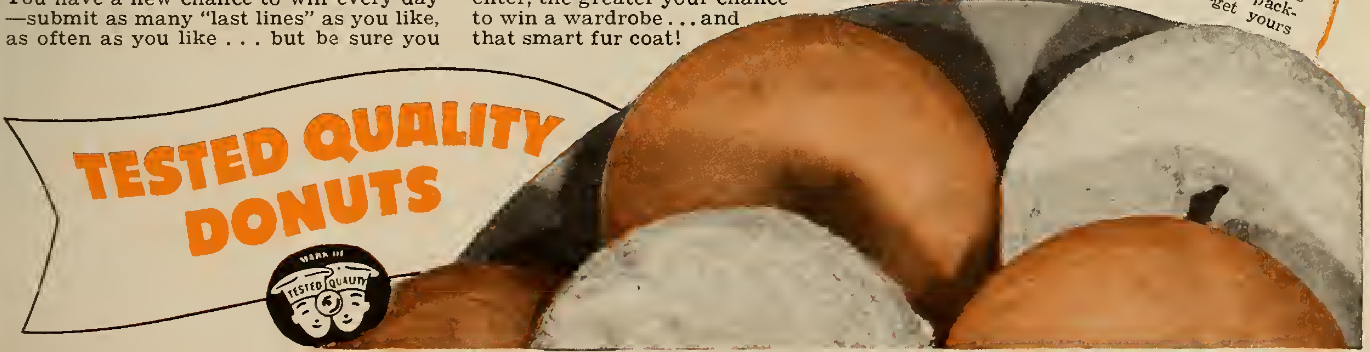


One In 130,000,000

[*Continued from page* 43]

a bit of a cross for his Danish lawyer-father and his French mother to bear. He wasn't like other youngsters. He rebelled against being chased outdoors to play. His idea of fun was to bend over a desk, or bury his nose in a book. Preferably, the encyclopedia.

For a time, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Carlson merely shook their heads over their youngest (of four). Then, when he was part-way through the grammar grades, they moved from the small town of Albert Lea, Minnesota—where he was born April 29, 1912—to Minneapolis. And there he found out what it was like to be a newcomer without ideas of self-defense.

His Minneapolis contemporaries, after the manner of small boys everywhere, gave the stranger in their midst The Test. "Wanna fight?" they asked him. He didn't know how to fight. Singly, and in groups, they fell upon him. They drubbed him.

Those beatings hurt his father even worse than they hurt Richard—who, after the first few, began to accept them as a painful, but inevitable part of life. His father saw to it that Richard had some boxing instruction. Quick to learn, in a few weeks he was repaying some of those bloody noses and black eyes. The satisfaction of doing this awakened a passion in him for other physical accomplishments. (His father saw to that, too.) He started playing football, hockey, other he-boy sports.

This presently gave his parents something else to worry about.

His older sister, his favorite, went off to New York and Chicago to study music. She came back from those centers of Bohemianism with unorthodox ideas about the things that were worth studying, if one had ambitions to interpret life to other people. Richard ardently embraced those ideas. They confirmed a suspicion he had formed by himself —"that the kind of knowledge I wanted wasn't to be had in high school courses."

TO THE distress of his parents, he never seemed to study. He spent his energies on other things. He was on the hockey team, all-city quarterback of the football team. He edited the school paper. He became president of the drama club. He wrote plays. One of them, *The Masquerade*, was a great local hit. He fell in love with the leading lady—a pert little Irish number, a classmate of his. But he didn't find time to study. "Don't worry," he would tell his remonstrating parents. "I'll get by." He attended classes faithfully, relied on a good memory. And he did get by.

Then he entered the University of Minnesota. Immediately he gave up all sports except an occasional game of golf, became a super-student. "I can't explain the overnight change—except that college was different from high school. Here was learning that mattered. Adult learning. I thirsted for it. I wanted to get as much of it as I could."

Someone has defined a scholar as a man to whom learning is important for learning's own sake. Richard fitted the description. But in the back of his head hovered the thought that, the more he learned, the better playwright he would be. He made up his mind. That was his big ambition.

He joined the dramatics club. He acted in plays—the better to understand a player's problems. He helped direct plays—the better to learn what made plays jell. He wrote three plays. One of them, a dramatization of Joseph Conrad's novel, *Victory*, was such a campus sensation that it was used in classes to illustrate the difference between novel and play technique.

IN HIS junior year, love almost upset the apple-cart. He discovered a girl without whom life would be an empty road. And what she wanted most from life was to be with him. Most people spent years trying to find their ideal mates, never found them, and ended by marrying makeshift substitutes. And here they were, only twenty, and they had found each other. Why should they wait years to marry?

As soon as the school year was over, they would sail for France, have a wedding at sea (that appealed to their sense of romance), and have a two-year honeymoon in Paris, studying at the Sorbonne. If their parents objected, they would scrimp along on Richard's savings. To help make the dream more of a future reality, he converted his savings into *francs*.

The sailing date dragged slowly nearer. He had to know how his decision was going to hit his father—who, up to now, had been a pal. He made a trip to the office of corporation counsel Henry Clay Carlson, confided his plans. Carlson, Sr. proved himself an actor. He concealed his consternation. He was too wise in psychology to attempt arguments, dissuasions. He heard his son through, then swung around in his swivel chair, silently gazed out of his office window. Finally, he said, "You've made a grave decision, son—one that will affect your whole life."

That was all he said. He said it soberly. He got across the point that, as an older man, he foresaw possible regrets that a young man couldn't. Whether or not that would have made Richard hesitate, no one knows now. Fate changed his plans. The French *franc* did a nose-dive. When that happened, he didn't have enough money to support a wife, even in a Paris garret—much less go to the Sorbonne.

When summer came, he had to do something to mitigate that blow. He had to go somewhere, do something adventurous. In his youth, Carlson, Sr. had once bicycled from Minnesota to college in Washington, D. C. Proving himself a psychologist now, he suggested a long, solo bicycle trip to his frustrated son. Richard grabbed at the idea.

WHILE he had been traveling alone and liking it, the girl had found a new interest. The romance waned. There was nothing to keep Richard from winding up his college course in a blaze of scholastic glory. He graduated *summa cum laude*, a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from his watch chain. He decided to stay another year, get an M. A. degree. He won not only the M. A., but $2,500 in scholarship prizes—and a job as an English instructor.

For three months, he lectured the young idea on the nuances of Shakespeare. Then one night, after a particularly dull dinner at a professor's house, he said to himself, "This isn't what I want. I want to be something in the theatre."

So Richard took the $2,500, augmented by $1,000 from his father, hired a hall on 14th Street, and started the Minneapolis Repertory Company, with himself as director. He also acted. But he neglected, he admits ruefully now, to appreciate the value of ballyhoo. He didn't have a press-agent. So six months later, he went broke, and the Minneapolis Repertory went *phffft*.

Depressed, he asked Drama Editor Merle Potter what he could do now. Potter told him there were just two places where he could hope to become anything in the theatrical profession—New York and Hollywood. "So I flipped a coin. It came down Hollywood. I headed West, strictly on a gamble. I didn't know a soul here. I had a letter of introduction to Arthur Sheekman, the scenario writer, who used to be a St. Paul drama critic. Through his wife, Gloria Stuart, I got on at the Pasadena Playhouse as a director for their Shakespearean festival. Victor Jory dropped out of *Henry the Fourth* to do a picture. I took over his part. Oliver Hinsdell, then M-G-M talent coach, brought me over to Culver City.

"I did one short, called *Death in the Desert*. I was 'the M-G-M Crime Reporter, bringing to you again the fact that Crime Does Not Pay.' After that short, they offered me a stock contract. I turned it down. I didn't think I was made for movies. I headed for New York. I got there for $47.50, I remember. I went by bus.

"IN NEW YORK, I was incredibly lucky. I had been there two or three weeks, wearing out shoe leather and the seat of my pants, when I was to have lunch with the only Broadwayite I knew. He was second assistant stage manager of *Three Men on a Horse*. Just that morning, unknown to me, they had fired one of the 'bit' actors. The man responsible happened to be present when I called for my pal. He was trying to make an impression on a girl in the cast. Also unknown to me, he asked her, 'Do you like the looks of that young fellow who just came in?' She said, 'Yes.' He called over to me, 'Young man, you're hired.' Without a tryout, without a test, without anything but fool's luck. I went out on the road in *Three Men on a Horse*, and the job lasted thirty-two weeks.

"I landed back in New York with $254. I bought a small boat, anchored it at Greenwich, Conn., and figured I could live on $10 a week till something turned up. The first week, I got a job. Again, through luck. The stock company at Dennis, Mass., was putting on *Three Men on a Horse*. They needed a new lead overnight. All the people who had ever played it were unavailable. The fellow in the booking-office, who happened to be a friend of mine, said I had understudied it. I got a wire to rush up to Dennis.

"After that role, they trusted me with some others. One of them got me a job in an Al Woods road company that fall. All in all, from the time I first saw New York till I landed my first Broadway job, I spent a year and a half on the road, facing all kinds of audiences. It was tough training—but the best to be had. I specialized in character parts, usually with dialects. The kind of parts I'd *like* to do on the screen. My first juvenile role was on Broadway.

"In Chicago, on tour, I had discovered the University of Chicago research library. I read a book there called *The Epic of America*. One paragraph set me on fire, gave me an idea for a play. In New York I set to work on it. Wrote by day, and acted by night."

HE CALLED the play *Western Waters*. It took him six months to finish it. By that time he was at Dennis for a second summer. By the time prospective producers were considering it seriously, he was on Broadway in *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle*, with Ethel Barrymore. Somehow, the movie people got wind of his play. Warners offered him a handsome sum for it. The Dramatists' Guild had a by-law that, if an author sold the movie rights to a play before Broadway production, it couldn't be produced as a play. He turned down the Warners' offer. He gambled on a Broadway production, for the personal satisfaction he expected to get. The moment it went into rehearsal, he dropped out of *Yankee Doodle*, to direct his brain-child.

"I thought I had the Pulitzer Prize play of the year, at least," he admits, with a wry grin. "Then smacko! How I was disillusioned! It flopped, flopped gruesomely. When I finally stopped shuddering, I was about convinced that I should admit defeat, seek the uneventful security of the cloistered life, go back to teaching. Then Ethel Barrymore came along and offered me a part in *Whiteoaks*, and I decided to stay in the theatre."

Playwright Sidney Howard had read Richard's play, thought highly of its author's possibilities. About this time, Howard came to Hollywood to write the screen version of *Gone With the Wind*. One day Producer David O. Selznick told Howard that he wished he knew of some young writers worth developing. The playwright thought of Richard. As an afterthought, he added, "He also directs and acts." Selznick took Howard's word about the young man's ability, but he wanted to see some pictures of him. He was shown some. And, pronto, he signed Richard to a three-way contract—as a writer, director and actor.

Before he could leave for Hollywood, his agent received an astounding wire: "How are Carlson's knees?" The agent flashed back: "Knees okay. Legs well rounded by bicycling. Airmailing picture proof." The picture was of Richard in the tights of *Prince Hal* at the Pasadena Playhouse. That was all Selznick needed to cast him as Janet Gaynor's kilted Scotch lover in *The Young in Heart*.

His hit in that brought him the second lead in *The Duke of West Point*. He scored again. Then, to Hollywood's complete consternation, he insisted on taking full advantage of his contract, which gave him six months a year in New York. He went back to stage-act. Came the summer, and he returned—to make love to Ann (Oomph) Sheridan in *Winter Carnival*, and to Lana Turner, M-G-M's "It" Girl, in both *These Glamor Girls* and *Dancing Co-Ed*.

The suspicion began to get around that, here, girls, was someone to get excited about. The only person who didn't know anything about the suspicion was Richard. He went off and got married. Drove to Las Vegas, whither Mona Mayfield had flown from New York. The wedding climaxed a two-year romance. He had to report back to work immediately. They couldn't be together unless she could be on the set. So he took her along to the studio with him. The studio was very unhappy about this—to Richard's amusement.

He has a sense of humor, this six-footer with the light brown hair and hazel eyes. He admits his luck in Hollywood has been incredible, too, but he can see the irony of his being kept so busy acting that he hasn't had a chance to do, here, what he most wants to do—writing. However, he figures he'll get some done during his next six months in New York.

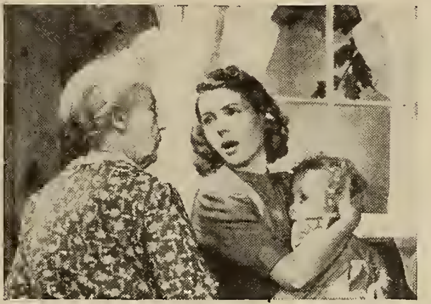
As aforementioned, the future career of Richard Carlson should be something to watch. He'd rather be a playwright than a playboy, or a glamor boy. That makes him one in 130,000,000. Which is the estimated population of the United States, as of 1939.

"Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry!"

Grannie shows Millie a modern way to raise her child

1. GRANNIE: Land's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.
MILLIE: But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.

2. GRANNIE: My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.



3. GRANNIE: He said it's wrong to make children take *anything* they don't like. A child should get a *pleasant*-tastin' laxative...
MILLIE: That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes...

4. GRANNIE: Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be TOO strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only *for children*. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.

5. GRANNIE: He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's SAFE... How about getting a bottle now?

6. MILLIE: Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without a peep?
GRANNIE: You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

Chas H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

TOM ALMOST LANDED IN THE DISH-PAN!

1. "If you don't fix this clogged drain," storms Mrs. Tom Burch, "you're going to be in the dishwashing business!"

2. "Huh? Who, me?" blinks Tom. "Wait! Wait! I'll go and get some Drāno!"

3. Down the drain goes Drāno! It *digs out* all the clogging grease and muck—gives a clear, free-flowing drain!

4. "Thar she flows!" boasts Tom. "Now use a teaspoonful each night—and *keep* the drain clean!"

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Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

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● Don't suffer. Now it's easy to remove those painful corns and prevent their coming back. Just do this:

1 Put scientific Blue-Jay pad (C) neatly over corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special Blue-Jay medicated formula (D) gently loosens corn so it can be lifted right out.

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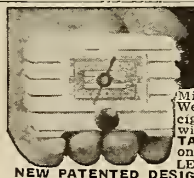
Don't take chances with old-fashioned home paring that means risking serious infection—only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the base imbedded in your toe. Follow the example of millions who have gotten quick relief the easy, scientific Blue-Jay way. Don't suffer needlessly. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25c for 6. Same price in Canada.

BLUE-JAY



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Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 13]

rives—for her new Encino ranch . . . Tony will be doing personals again hereabouts . . . Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are expected for Barbara's first ocean voyage . . . Marlene Dietrich returns to earn some shekels and retrieve her "jools" from the government . . . It'll be a Western and will bring her just a part of the enormous salary she held out for on her last visit . . . That Orson Welles contract that makes him poobah of his RKO picture has everyone groggy . . . It's never worked before . . . Welles won't care much . . . All he wanted was a bankroll for renewed activity with his Mercury Theatre group . . . At The La Conga: Errol Flynn with sister Rosemary . . . having such fun . . . Francis Lederer and Margo who could be a professional dance team . . . the orchestra boys here are planning a party for George Raft on his return . . . They're that fond of him . . . At Twenty-One . . . Cary Grant and Phyllis assuring everyone they're not married . . . George Raft putting on an impromptu show at the Cotton Club . . . Bing Crosby would be awfully jealous of that suit, George . . . At The Riviera: Marie Wilson and Peter Arno, keeping cool with Hudson breezes . . . Hollywood stars who've done the New York Fair recently include Norma Shearer, Charles Boyer, Pat Paterson, George Raft, Rozzie Russell, Jean Arthur, Frank Morgan, Miriam Hopkins, Doug Jr., Roland Young, Jimmy Ellison, Cary Grant, Phyllis Brooks, Adolphe Menjou, William Holden, Madge Evans, Francis Lederer, Margo, Jimmy Stewart, Errol Flynn, Edward G. Robinson, Constance Bennett, Marie Wilson, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Myrna Loy, Heather Thatcher, Frances Farmer, Bob Hope, Gloria Jean.

When the Jimmy Ellisons (Gertrude Durkin) did the N. Y. Fair they didn't miss a trick—not even the Parachute Jump

Sweet and Low

[*Continued from page* 17]

floats away dirt and loose dandruff flakes that have accumulated on the scalp and around the base of the hair shafts. That means your scalp has a chance to breathe, the oil glands and hair cells can perform their separate functions more efficiently—and you'll have a lovelier, healthier crop of hair. The shampoo rinses out super swiftly—and completely. You won't be embarrassed by a gummy film on your hair or your comb. But you will be thrilled by the new lustre and radiance of your hair, by its softness and manageability. The shampoo is available at drug, department and ten cent stores (with a money-back-if-you're-not-satisfied guarantee). Be sure to write me for the name.

THE best shampoo in the world will have a hard time correcting the frizzy condition left by a poor permanent. That's the reason—and a good one it is—why movie stars are always careful about their permanents. They can't afford to have their hair dried out by too much heat—no more than they can let the ends hang limply, because they weren't heated enough! Your glamor girl will get a nationally advertised permanent, so she can be sure of the results.

Why not write me for the name of a permanent waving system that is one of the safest—and the most comfortable—I know? The secret of its success lies in the clips—they're heated *before* they're put on your curls. That means they're cooling off all the time they're on your head! It's practically impossible to get a frizzy, over-cooked wave with this system. The featherweight clips are left on for about a minute or two—depending on your type of hair—and presto! You have curls, natural, soft, glossy curls.

The permanent is nice in other ways, too. Consider that you can walk around, if you wish, while your curls are being baked! Think of the sanitary protection given by the individual package of supplies—just for you and your wave. The scalp protectors, by the way, are especially made to allow the operator to get closer to the scalp, and give you more wave—so you won't have to have another permanent quite so soon! If your hair is very dry and brittle on the ends, you can have a cream treatment there, before the wave, to soften them and prevent their becoming still drier in the waving process. All this sounds super-excellent, don't you agree? Be sure to ask me for the name.

Write me before November 15th if you would like the names of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you send your letter to me, Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Are you thinking that all my fine talk about brushing your hair doesn't hold because you've got a new permanent? That's where you're wrong! Because your new permanent will be softer and lovelier if you give it a little work-out with your brush each night. Do it up later, with your curling lotion and curlers, but don't neglect brushing it.

A hairbrush is a real friend, and I'm very attached to mine. It's smart looking, and it does a thorough job of brushing the hair and massaging the scalp—all in one sweep. That's because the bristles are set fan shape in the white plastic back—and then the back and the handle are curved to fit the shape of your hand—and that of your head. The bristles are extra firmly embedded, you'll be glad to know, so they can't fall out. It's an inexpensive hair beautifier, so do let me tell you more!

It's a smart idea to wear a net cap to bed, because that keeps your wave in place, and keeps the curlers from pulling off when you toss or turn. One of my favorites comes in both turban and helmet (ties under the chin) models. The form-fitting caps are shaped to fit the head, and to protect your wave. They're comfortable, and their pastel colors are good enough to meet the daylight. Why not tie one on before slipping into your party dress, before your date tonight? Then you won't muss your wave! The various models are priced at 25 and 50 cents. Going to take out wave insurance?

HONEY, I GOT THE JOB!
BUT JUST A SHORT TIME AGO . . .
WHY, JOE! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?
LOOKING FOR A JOB, DON! THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN BREAKING RIGHT FOR ME FOR A LONG TIME NOW!
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
LISTEN, JOE-- I KNOW OF A FINE OPENING! AND YOU CAN GET IT, TOO, IF...WELL, IF YOU'LL ONLY SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
MY BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
NO MORE WORRIES FOR US, MARGIE! I GOT THE JOB-- AND IT'S A GREAT ONE, TOO!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
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OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY— PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
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"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream —regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

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"FINGERNAIL"
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This Patented Cap Shows Actual Color You'll Get
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NET 1/4 FL OZ.
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Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.

Who Is Bette Davis' Real "Heart?"

[*Continued from page 25*]

mistaking the warmth of her feeling for Brent when you hear the vibrant tone she gives his name, even in the most casual conversation, such as discussion of a film in which they both played a number of years ago: "Of course *George* should have played the hero, he is so much stronger. I saw it as soon as I saw the picture on the screen," she says.

But ladies of the theatre are capable of strong affections for their co-stars; affections so strong that they are often diagnosed as love. If Bette does marry the Irishman, it's our idea that it is because she has mistaken deep affection for love . . . or that she wants to punish a man who has hurt her.

THERE'S no doubt in our inquiring mind that Bette Davis, who has all the fame that one woman could possibly use—Academy "Oscars," money, fan admiration—received more than a surface wound when her husband divorced her during November, 1938.

There is no doubt (to us) that the man in Bette Davis' life has been, is, and always will be a giant of a fellow, dark, not handsome but ruggedly good-looking, a schoolday sweetheart, her ex-husband—Harmon Oscar Nelson, Jr. It's woven into the pattern of the stars. What isn't woven in, is that Bette took up acting for a career. Acting and marriage often get along like strange cats.

At the time of the divorce Bette acted as a "modern," in the best tradition of the modern novel. She was "friendly" with her ex-husband, wished him well, greeted him gaily when they met. But within her heart—it's our idea—she re-acted as any old-fashioned woman would. She had lost her man. Traded him for a career that was made up of play-acting about love. Was it worth it? She asked herself the question. She alone knows the answer.

Those who know Bette, know just how much the shock of the divorce meant to her. Perhaps she had anticipated it. Yes, she must have—for the rumors had been current for months before their actual separation; even when they were together at a beach town. But when the divorce complaint was filed, Bette and "Ham," as she fondly—possessively—called him, had taken the lovely, rambling Coldwater Canyon home of Robert Armstrong.

It had sunny tiles around an outdoor stove in the flagstoned patio, and a deep dado of color bound the cool plaster walls of the Spanish dwelling. There was no guest room —just enough room for two—and there was a tennis court. It should have been an ideal retreat for two people in love. It had been—except for the Damoclean sword that swung over their heads.

The house and what it stood for must have meant a great deal to Bette, for, after the divorce papers were served upon her, she never went near the Coldwater place. She left it for the studio in the morning, the papers were handed her, and that night she slept elsewhere. To this day, she has never set foot inside the house. Her mother closed it for her, collected her clothes, her knickknacks. Bette took up residence in Brentwood. This episode was the only outward sign that Bette was taking her first divorce like anything less than a modern fictional heroine.

Before any more is told, the background of Bette's romance should be revealed. As history has repeated, the little Davis—she's very small in stature, her size reminding of that other fine theatrical technician, Helen Hayes—was born in Lowell, Massachusetts. Ruth Elizabeth is her real name, and she has a sister, Barbara, two years her junior. Her mother, at the time of Bette's parents' divorce, went into photography as a business and was able to send her daughters to good schools and then the Cushing Academy where Bette met Harmon Nelson.

Bette, herself, admits to then being snobbish. Wanting to make a "grand gesture" she wrote her mother that she would be glad to wait on table at school to help defray her expenses, thinking that her mother would never approve. But she did, and Bette became a student waitress, not without doubt assailing her as to whether "Ham's" love could surmount the idea of his sweetheart doing menial labor. Always, there has been, you will note, the thought of "Ham." It's difficult to free a mind from such sweet bondage.

Of course "Ham" didn't mind about the hash-slinging. He applauded all the struggles that she made for theatrical recognition, on Broadway, on Cape Cod, in Hollywood where she spent a fruitless year being cast as the heroine's sister in countless unimportant dramas. Their romance swelled into marriage at Yuma, on August 18, 1932. That was seven years ago.

Bette was then just another "Hollywood actress," and of small importance to the desert marrying spot. It was before her two Academy awards (for *Dangerous* in 1935 and *Jezebel* in 1938), the splendid trouping she did in *Of Human Bondage, The Petrified Forest, Dark Victory, Juarez, The Old Maid* and her current *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex.*

REV. J. A. SCHALBAUGH, of the Indian Mission at Yuma read the marriage ritual, and Mr. Nelson, aged 25, of Whitinsville, Mass., and Mrs. Nelson, aged 24, now of Hollywood, honeymooned in Santa Barbara. It was so simple, marrying. So difficult to stay married. First, there was the difficulty of "Ham's" occupation. He had his band and being a musician meant that he hopped around the country, playing engagements here, there and everywhere.

That was adjusted. He gave up the band, and went into advertising so that he might be near Bette. But being near Bette was like being thirsty, on a desert, and seeing a mirage. Bette was there, but Bette wasn't there. Bette was no longer his schoolday sweetheart. She was a star, and fast becoming an actress of first magnitude. With the divorce, "Ham" gave up Hollywood, advertising, Bette. He went to New York.

Let's see—they were divorced in November, 1938, weren't they? and Ham left for the East. Well, Ham's back in Hollywood now . . . and what brings about this story is that we think that Bette is glad—glad as only a woman who is hurt and is still in love with the man who hurt her can be. At least that is the way this writer reads the signs. We saw them in the Green Room Cafe on the Warner lot and as a bystander to the by-play that went on, see if you don't agree with us that Bette's real "heart" remains the one that it has always been—young Harmon Nelson.

Four of us were seated at table, Bette with shaved forehead and brows in the red wig with emeralds that is part of her Queen Elizabeth costume, her cousin Johnny Favor, Virginia Wood of Publicity, and the writer.

Bette, under any circumstances, is like a shower from a cold mountain stream. She has the most electric personality to be met in Hollywood outside of Ina Claire's. Bette, too, has a straighter insight into her profession than any other cinema actress that we have ever talked to.

Bette will tell you that she is finding difficulty in reconciling the fact that Maxwell Anderson's beautiful lines in *Elizabeth the Queen* do not tell the historical truth about the Virgin Queen, as she knows it: "We all know," she says in the clipped tones that are her trademark, "that Elizabeth's love life was not over with Essex' death. And that he was not a hero. Far from it! I wish I were just starting the picture now . . . yes, I do. After six weeks of shooting, I would like to use them as rehearsals, and do it all over again. I think I understand Elizabeth so much more than I did."

This is the way the conversation was running. Small, vital Bette dominating it by the shrewdness of her observations, the pithiness of her remarks . . . "I shall be glad to have two months' vacation. I have never had as long a one before, except when I walked out on Warners and I spent that vacation fighting." A man at an adjoining table heard she was going to her home region, New England. "Bring me a lobster, Bette," he begged.

"I shall," said Bette, lips curled over her straight teeth. "I shall bring you one, and it will stink. It will be a very old lobster, by the time I get through lugging it around, but I shall bring it to you!" The man looked happy, and a little dazed. Was the girl teasing him? Or was she being friendly? As we observe it, Bette's incisive wit, the sharpness of her satire, plus her ability to bite it off with perfect enunciation, does not make her a belle among the Hollywood flowers. The boys are a little afraid of her trenchant humor. She is too mentally energetic for them. And yet she is not unpopular with men. They like her—and are afraid of her, perhaps.

HOWEVER, there are exceptions—and they, like George Brent, have taken the time to advance through the outer barbs of her character and have found another Bette inside. A friendly, impulsive, generous Bette who will pay an extra girl's union dues, welcome into her home for a year an orphan with a glorious coloratura voice, who will advance the cause of all doggies by her interest in the Tailwaggers' Foundation, and the blind by her activities in training German shepherd dogs to lead them.

Thus the conversation rippled along until, at the far end of the cafe, Bette saw a familiar face. It was Ham's. She summoned the head waitress: "Will you ask that man over there," indicating him, "to show his visitor's card?" The woman did as directed, and Ham, not knowing that his former wife was present, fumbled in his pocket. Of course he had no card. Then over his browned face came an enlightened smile. "That sounds like one of Bette's jokes . . ." he said to Perc Westmore with whom he was eating.

But the contact was to be more than that. Bette soon maneuvered to go to his side. Twin girl visitors asked if they might come over and greet her. "I'll go to them," was Bette's edict. And that she did, returning by way of Nelson's table. But Tibby, Bette's Scotty, had found her former master, and her tongue was lopping out in juicy delight.

When Bette returned, the conversation veered to another marriage. "No," she answered. "I am marrying no one. My cousin goes everywhere with me." A personable chap, her cousin blushed. Humorously, the suggestion was made: "Why not marry *him?*"

"And would you be the kind of man who would fetch and carry for me?" she asked, looking across the table at him, and the words came out crisply, and crackled. "Would you do just as I told you, and not mind my 'temperamental outbursts'?"

Sharply it brought back memories of the newspapers of November 23, 1938, wherein "Ham" was quoted as saying that "during six years of married life Bette has been so engrossed in her work that she well nigh shut him (Nelson) out of her life . . . She has neglected and failed to perform her duties as a wife . . . has been inattentive, casual and distant to plaintiff to the point of rudeness and embarrassment . . ." et cetera, to a point that brought pain if a woman thought too much about it.

But now we were walking out of the Green Room, Perc, Virginia, Hurrell, Johnny, "Ham," Bette, and Tibby was trotting along, too. Bette fondly searched "Ham's" face . . . "You look tired, Ham," she said tartly. "Too much night-clubbing, I suppose." And she laughed her taunting laugh. It was an old joke to Nelson, and he joined her. "Yes, that's it," he said in mock admission. There was a world of unspoken meaning in the banter.

Blame Hollywood or careers or whatever you want for this conjugal catastrophe, but there is no doubt about the man who is still very much the object of Bette Davis' affections.

MARRIAGE CAN STAY ROMANTIC
IF, THROUGH THE YEARS, YOU GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
I KNOW HOW I'D FEEL IF I WERE A MAN... AND MY WIFE LET HER SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING! THAT'S WHY I'M SO CAREFUL ABOUT MY COMPLEXION AND NEVER USE ANY SOAP EXCEPT PALMOLIVE!
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THANKS FOR THE GOOD ADVICE, DARLING! FROM NOW ON THIS LITTLE BRIDE IS GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE REGULARLY, AND START KEEPING HER MARRIAGE ROMANTIC!
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

START YOUR CHILD OUT with a real chance in life! Many doctors say that nothing takes the place of cod liver oil in helping children to build strong bones and good teeth. And in aiding grown people to recuperate after illness. And now there's A BETTER WAY TO GIVE COD LIVER OIL—SCOTT'S EMULSION.

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Special New Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely!

Blondes, has your hair darkened unattractively? Don't let it stay that way! Remember blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

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So natural they even have *half-moons.*

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Does Hollywood Take Love Seriously?

[*Continued from page 26*]

sake responded warmly to the caresses of Wayne Morris, although in real life your interest had turned to another man. Or that you were Carole Lombard, still honeymooning with Clark Gable at home, but making screen love to Cary Grant in one picture while "papa" makes love to Vivien "Scarlett" Leigh in another! You'd find, in these and many other, stranger situations, a need for your versatile imagination.

THE very atmosphere of the studios and film colony is love-saturated. When players relax in their canvas chairs between scenes, love is their most popular topic of conversation. When two of them meet and gossip on Hollywood Boulevard, or several gather at a party, their favorite stories, wisecracks and rumors contain a love angle. Enemies call each other "darling," strangers are addressed as "honey," and acquaintances kiss as casually as the rest of the world shakes hands.

Consider some Hollywood marriages and divorces. There's Joan Crawford's "divorce dinner" with Franchot Tone. And Joan's comment, "We really are better friends than when we were together." And Walter Winchell's radio announcement to the world and all the ships at sea that Joan's still in love, but Franchot's not! Then there's that wandering Errol Flynn- Lili Damita combine. We suspect that often half of it doesn't know within a thousand miles where the other half is! Remember that odd situation, when Claudette Colbert was Norman Foster's mate, yet lived with her mother while he occupied a separate house? Today, it is reported that Miriam Hopkins and husband, Anatole Litvak, also have separate domiciles. According to the whim of the moment, they live under the same or separate roofs.

Girls like Madeleine Carroll and Ann Sothern have husbands whose businesses keep them hundreds or thousands of miles away, most of the time. Though Ann and hubby Roger Pryor are now together for a while. Gene Raymond returns from making nation-wide personal appearances, just in time to see wifey Jeanette MacDonald off on her concert tour. Tony Martin is touring while his beautiful Alice Faye makes moompictures with Ty Power, Don Ameche, *et al.*

CONSIDER the situation of Alice, Madeleine and Ann when their husbands are far away. After a day of lovemaking with a handsome film hero, none of them can go home at night to papa, because papa isn't there. How do they feel? Relieved, because they are able to forget love for a few hours? Or tortured by frustration? One might ask them, but no girl under the circumstances could be expected to give the right answer. And the question is hardly necessary. Girls who can "emote" as affectively on the screen as these, would get scant comfort out of a book as a substitute for their distant men.

There is plenty of support for the theory that Hollywood influences in general make love more intense, rather than less so. For example, there's the fact that stars playing opposite each other in romantic pictures are very apt to fall in love. "Working all day over a hot love affair" has resulted in many a famous romance, and many a wedding.

George Brent played opposite Ruth

Chatterton in a picture and married her; played opposite Garbo, and was rumored involved in a romance with her, played opposite Bette Davis, and according to studio gossips, is in love with her. Joan Crawford married her leading men. Joan Blondell fell for Dick Powell as a result of cinema love scenes. One of the latest examples is the Florence Rice-Robert Wilcox marriage. And someone recently revealed that Carole Lombard has been in love with Clark Gable ever since they were paired in *No Man of Her Own*, about six years ago! One could cite dozens of other examples, and hundreds that didn't quite reach the marriage stage.

The love bug of torrid romantic scenes sometimes bites directors. One I know tells his friends he married his beautiful actress-wife because he felt her devastating effect as she made love to the hero in scenes he directed.

CONTRIBUTING to Hollywood's nut-house atmosphere is the amazing attitude that columnists and air gossipers take in stories about stars. They often speak of a star not yet divorced as being "engaged" to someone. They sometimes refer boldly to a married woman's friend as her "fiance," calmly ignoring the existence of her husband. They frequently speak of a certain star as "eligible" when the only official reason he has given for not being with his wife is that he must work in Hollywood while she puts their children through school in some foreign land.

Despite the many snoopers, and the well-known claim that film stars have no more privacy than goldfish in a bowl, all the town's romantic records are not public property. Are Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks married? Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund? If so, up to the very minute this is written they've managed to keep their nuptials secret.

How well Hollywood can keep a secret is illustrated by the fact that Toby Wing's marriage to Dick Merrill, the flyer, wasn't announced until a few weeks before her baby was born.

Not only gossip venders but the stars themselves dramatize their love, marriage and parenthood. No other husbands and wives boast more loudly that they are faithful to their marital partners; make faithfulness such a news item. And to hear stars discussing their children, you'd think they were the fondest of all parents.

Next month
the thrilling story version of
GREEN HELL
with
Joan Bennett
and
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Naturally, working in drama, their habit is to dramatize everything. One veteran Hollywood observer blames the marriage-divorce craze on stars' hunger for real-life dramatic incidents. Says he, "Romance, engagements are intriguing, unfinished stories; marriage is a climax and culmination." And he argues that the only dramatic thing that can happen to marriage is separation and divorce. He overlooked the dramatic adventure of parenthood, which is surprisingly popular. It is true that the habit of dramatizing everything from a bad cold to a spaghetti recipe is a stellar characteristic. But it is only one of many that contribute to filmtown's romantic uproars.

CONSIDER, for example, the intoxication of the Cinderella-like social experiences of many stars. Former store clerks, school teachers, stenographers and so on, meet and are wooed by famed and wealthy playboys who like actresses. And where else would these same girls, now possessed of big incomes, be besieged by handsome gigolos and adventurers, probably after their money, but undeniably attractive?

Such girls, finding all their whims gratified, may be merely gratifying whims when they marry in haste, and divorce even more hastily. And it's the same with the male idols. They get the habit of gratifying their whims. But who can say that such simple causes explain short-short marriages like that of Vic Orsatti and June Lang.

No, you can't pin Hollywood's scrambled and varied love life on a single explanatory peg. You must put all the causes together, like a complicated cocktail. Then they answer rather clearly at least one question: How serious is love in Hollywood?

As a part of the lives of all young and even not-so-young romantic players, love is the most serious thing in the world, because it occupies such an important place in their lives, on screen and off. But as a bond between two individuals, it's not often very effective. It is too broad, too generously all-embracing for that. I repeat, Hollywood lovers are chiefly in love with love.

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ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

One of the scenes in Warner's Technicolor production, *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*, shows the camera and lights trained on Errol Flynn who, as *Essex*, co-starring with Bette Davis, returns from battle with Bob Warwick, Ralph Forbes

VERSATILE lad, this Gary Cooper! . . . It's on location, for *The Real Glory*, and the scene is supposed to be a tropical jungle. But the location-hunter has picked a lemon this time, for they discover, after a half dozen extras have broken out with a violent itch, that they're in the middle of a huge patch of poison oak! . . . Scared, they rush to warn Gary Cooper. And they find him standing nonchalantly in the midst of a patch of the poison . . . "Look out!" they scream; "that's poison oak!" Gary grins that silly grin of his and he reaches out and plucks a leaf of the stuff—*and sticks it in his mouth and chews it!* . . . When they get over their swoon, he explains that he's immune to poison oak, and has been since he was a kid . . . "I used to nibble this when I was a youngster," drawls Gary; "it made me quite an important kid in Montana.

MAYBE there is a new Actors' Guild rule against gags on the set, but it doesn't stop gags. It doesn't stop the one George Raft and Claire Trevor framed on Director Frank Tuttle . . . Raft is to do a scene where he telephones Claire, asking for a date. Unknown to Tuttle, Raft and Claire get together with a sound technician, and they wire up the dummy phone so it's a real one. Then, just before the take, Raft says to Tuttle:—"I'm not sure about this action; why don't you show me how?" . . . Unsuspecting, Tuttle steps to the phone, and speaks Raft's line—"Hello, dear, will you meet me tonight in the old orchard?" . . . Imagine his amazement when there comes back to him—and also over a loudspeaker that's been cut in so the whole company can and does listen in on the gag —Claire Trevor's voice, replying:—"I should say NOT!—I'm a married woman, and my heart belooooooooooongs to daddy!!" . . . My, does Tuttle's face get red!! . . . Historic scramble on Bette Davis' last day or so of being Queen Elizabeth:—Visiting the set comes Charles Laughton, who once played that famous old rascal Henry VIII of England, who was Elizabeth's father, if you know your English history . . . Without a pause, Bette hails Laughton:—"Hello, pappy!"

WHEN you see Randolph Scott as *Wyatt Earp* in *Frontier Marshal*, you'll see him keeping his word . . . Some time ago, a prisoner in the Texas State Penitentiary wrote fan letters to Scott, finally sent him a gift of a pair of silver spurs, into which the convict had worked Scott's initials . . . Randy wrote back that the next time he played a western role, he'd wear the spurs . . . So, when you see *Frontier Marshal*, notice the spurs on Randy Scott's boots. They're the ones . . . Gag-of-the-month—was the one Woody Van Dyke played on Bill Powell, preparing for *Return of the Thin Man.* Woody called Powell one day, asked him to hurry down to the studio to help pick out a child to play the baby of Bill and Myrna Loy. Obediently and helpfully, Bill came down, and was ushered onto a stage where a whole group of youngsters prattled and cooed and squalled at him . . . Bill looked them over in bewilderment, was just about to name his choice, when one of the babies in the back row suddenly raised up, looked at him, and in a deep baritone, squawked:—"Fooey to you, Bill Powell!" . . . It almost sent Bill into a relapse—until he discovered that the "baby" was really a midget, borrowed for the gag by Van Dyke from the Marx Brothers' set.

WOULD you feel sorrier for the dog or Mickey Rooney? Seems there was a sequence in *Babes in Arms* where the Peke had to lick Mickey Rooney's face. They had the Peke, but they couldn't get him to lick that face—small wonder . . . They tried molasses, sugar water, honey, peppermint stick, smeared on Mickey's face. No lick. Then they rubbed Mickey's face with hamburger, and even tucked a bit on the corner of the face by the nose where it didn't show—and still the Peke scorned Mickey's face. Director Buzz Berkeley called for a rest—"Maybe the dog's tired," he said . . . Mickey exploded . . . "Maybe the DOG is tired, huh!!—what about me? I'll have distemper before we get this shot in the can!" . . . Silliest moment on the Marx Brothers' set came when Harpo, red wig and all, stepped out of camera range to welcome his wife and little two-year-old son, it being the baby's first visit to a movie set . . . As Harpo approached, little Billy, the baby, squalled in sudden terror. And for the first time, everyone realized that he didn't recognize his dad in that Harpo-famed red wig . . . Instead, Baby Billy wanted to play with "the kittens"—which were really three half-grown lions in a nearby cage . . . So Harpo took off his wig . . . Garboisms from *Ninatchka*—because Greta insists that she can work best at no other temperature, the sound stage engineer has to set the temperature on the set at exactly 70 degrees and keep it there all day . . . Because she doesn't want to hang around the set unless they're ready, there's a special switch on the No. 1 camera, which Camera Boss Bill Daniels flicks when everything's ready . . . It turns on a red light in Garbo's private dressing-room, and she sweeps onto the set.

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 49*]

not beyond any gal's capabilities to deliver one half of what oomph-ied fans have come to expect of her. If Little Sheridan doesn't turn out to be a stupendous compound of Clara Bow, Shirley Temple, the Marx Brothers, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Jean Harlow, the Floradora Sextette and a dozen French postcards, then it's a cinch SOMEbodies are going to be disappointed. That's one hurdle.

The other is what's happened to Ann herself. She's got no more private life. She's no longer a person; she's a national symbol. She has to be "the Oomph gal."

She has had to move, already. Her address became the lodestone for literally thousands of sightseers. They rang her doorbell by night as well as day; they even crashed her home by climbing walls and bursting into her bedroom while she was still asleep! The streets around her house looked like a public parking zone at the World's Fair. Ann gave up. She fled. She checked into a hotel, anonymously. And she's given real-estate agents orders to find her a hilltop house, inaccessible as a German fortress.

Her fan-mail is Hollywood's third top, and climbing rapidly. A month ago, she was 24th in her studio! Ann wonders if it was worth while. And I'll lay a 100-to-1 bet that Ann'd gladly surrender all title to Oomph, and be happy to be just "Lou" Sheridan again.

Only One Rogers

■ All through his movie career Stu Erwin has protested against being dubbed another Will Rogers. I remember when Stu first headed into pictures, they compared him with Rogers, and Stu was sick about it. But he can't get away from it—

And just the other day, on the *Hollywood Cavalcade* set, without his knowledge, 132 extras circulated and signed a petition to the studio, saying "we would like to see Stu Erwin in the type of roles Will Rogers played."

Hollywood Joke

■ The one about the herring is Bryan Foy's. . . .

Seems the herring was asked: "Where's your brother?" He replied: "Am I my brother's kipper?"

LAUGHTER, please.

Hollywood Snicker

■ The one about the Scotchman buying a dachshund is Groucho Marx's.

Seems the reason the Scot bought the dachs was so that the whole family could pet it at once. LAUGHTER, please.

Business Woman

■ Binnie Barnes is not only reputed in Hollywood as the lonely males' best friend; she's also known as one of the town's shrewdest business gals—and fie, fie, there's no connection between the ideas, you nasty thing!

What I mean is: Binnie is a clever real-estate operator. She just closed an apartment house deal—purchase, renovation and resale—which netted her a cool $60,000 profit. She's got several dress shops in London, and owns the major part of one in Hollywood. And they all pay off.

Binnie doesn't worry if she's a long time between pictures.

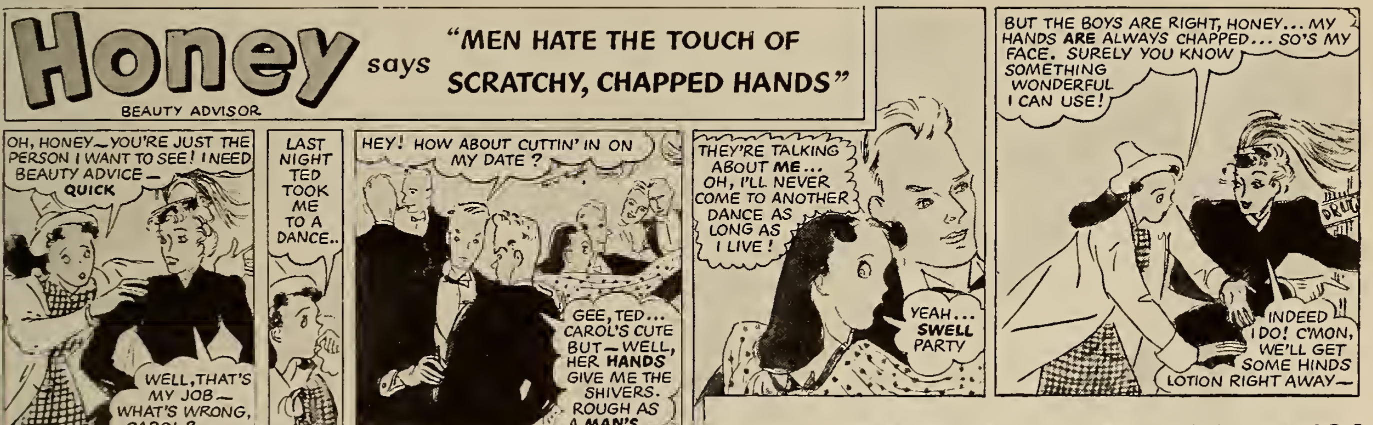
To Maka Heem Beega, Stronga

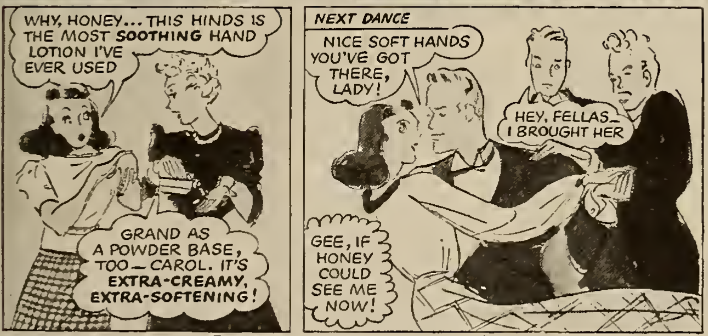
■ Franchot Tone, happy to be back in Hollywood again, isn't so happy about the doctor's orders. So thin after his long illness, Franchot has been ordered to eat a plate of spaghetti before every meal—as part of a campaign to add 30 pounds to his frame.

Snicker

■ Snicker-around-Hollywood is the tale they tell of the two gals standing outside a movie theatre lobby, looking at the big

[*Continued on page 77*]


Honey says "MEN HATE THE TOUCH OF SCRATCHY, CHAPPED HANDS"
BEAUTY ADVISOR
OH, HONEY—YOU'RE JUST THE PERSON I WANT TO SEE! I NEED BEAUTY ADVICE—QUICK
WELL, THAT'S MY JOB—WHAT'S WRONG, CAROL?
LAST NIGHT TED TOOK ME TO A DANCE..
HEY! HOW ABOUT CUTTIN' IN ON MY DATE?
GEE, TED... CAROL'S CUTE BUT—WELL, HER HANDS GIVE ME THE SHIVERS. ROUGH AS A MAN'S
THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME... OH, I'LL NEVER COME TO ANOTHER DANCE AS LONG AS I LIVE!
YEAH... SWELL PARTY
BUT THE BOYS ARE RIGHT, HONEY... MY HANDS ARE ALWAYS CHAPPED... SO'S MY FACE. SURELY YOU KNOW SOMETHING WONDERFUL I CAN USE!
INDEED I DO! C'MON, WE'LL GET SOME HINDS LOTION RIGHT AWAY—
DRUG


WHY, HONEY... THIS HINDS IS THE MOST SOOTHING HAND LOTION I'VE EVER USED
GRAND AS A POWDER BASE, TOO—CAROL. IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY, EXTRA-SOFTENING!
NEXT DANCE
NICE SOFT HANDS YOU'VE GOT THERE, LADY!
HEY, FELLAS—I BROUGHT HER
GEE, IF HONEY COULD SEE ME NOW!

EVEN ONE APPLICATION — *SO SOOTHING!*

YES! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps dry, chapped hands feel smoother. It's *extra-creamy, extra-softening!* Every soothing drop brings comfort to your work-abused skin. Coaxes back the dainty look-and-feel that harsh cleansers, hard water, cold weather, and housework take away. Makes hands look nicer, feel better *right away!* Now contains 2 vitamins—A and D. In 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, $1 sizes at toilet goods counters. New! Hinds Hand Cream. Ask for it too.

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS
BURNS AND ALLEN
Columbia Network Coast to Coast
First Show: 7:30-8:00 E. S. T.
Rebroadcast: 10:30-11:00 E. S. T.

Chapping • Dryness
Roughness • Weathered skin
Hangnails • Calloused heels
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After-shaving lotion

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Contents

THREE MORE ACTIVE DAYS

This is how many women give more time to living, and less to needless pain

LIFE is far too short—and too enjoyable—to give up several precious days each month by giving-in to menstruation's functional pain!

Millions of women now know what has long been common medical knowledge—*much of this pain is needless.* So here we picture an effective and pleasant aid to *active* comfort. The way many women now save that lost time for *living.*

Think of this Midol package not as a slim case of small white tablets, but as *three additional days* which you might have in your month. Three days when you might go on as usual . . . making and keeping appointments . . . enjoying life normally in spite of the calendar!

Unless you have some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make your dreaded days as carefree as others. It is made for this purpose—and usually acts not only to relieve the functional pain of menstruation, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you happily through even your worst day.

Get Midol now, and start *living* the month around again! All drugstores. Midol's flat aluminum case tucks neatly into purse or pocket.

MIDOL

Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PICTURE PARADE

JAMAICA INN —AAA½—

You men are going to thank Erich Pommer, Charles Laughton and Alfred Hitchcock for bringing you—from England—Daphne du Maurier's *Jamaica Inn* for this is the most virile kind of screen entertainment. In fact, it is rather difficult to believe that a woman wrote this grim, salty story of the Cornish coast when it ran afoul with smuggling, piracy and murder. Of course the Cornish coast is very respectable and elegant today, but when *Mary* (Maureen O'Hara) arrived from Ireland to stay with her aunt *Patience* (Marie Ney) and her uncle *Joss* (Leslie Banks) after she was orphaned, a gentleman or a lady wouldn't or couldn't be found alive there, excepting *Sir Humphrey Pengallan* (Charles Laughton). And the reason for *Squire Pengallan's* safety was that he was the secret master of *Merlyn's Gang.* Charles Laughton's study of the deranged *Pengallan* is superb, as usual, and his protegee, Maureen O'Hara, shows a great deal of promise. Others in the cast whom you may or may not know but who are worthy of mention are Horace Hodges, Emlyn Williams, Wylie Watson and Robert Newton, among others.—*Paramount.*

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—AAA½—

Six months is a long time for real love to last in Hollywood, but we're happy to observe that reel love can be more lasting so *When Tomorrow Comes* Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer will be continuing their *Love Affair.* And if you remember how delightful that was, you'll be at your neighborhood theatre *When Tomorrow Comes.* We don't know why Universal changed the original title of *Modern Cinderella* (habit, probably) because this is a real Cinderella story with a princess (1939 finds her a waitress), a prince charming (1939 finds him a concert pianist) and a palace (1939 finds it in Southampton). And instead of the old-fashioned ball, we have a labor meeting (remember this is 1939). For tension there's a hurricane (circa 1938) and instead of the three ugly sisters there's a mentally unbalanced wife to keep the prince from trying the ring on the princess' finger. But we're glad their love was frustrated—for the present anyway—so that we can look forward to another love affair between Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer.—*Universal.*

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 75]

pictures of Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor, in that lo-hove scene from *Lady of the Tropics*.

Finally one gal turns to the other and gasps: "Omigawd, Maisie—I don't know WHICH of them is the most beautiful!"

What, No Credit?

■ There's one credit-line you will NOT see on the screen when you see Warners' *The Roaring Twenties*.

It has to do with the prohibition era. For the job of technical advisor on the inside of the bootleg racket, 20 ex-bootleggers in Hollywood applied. The one who got it asked what Hollywood has never heard asked before—

"Keep my name OFF the credit sheet."

Hollywood Joke

■ This one is Bob Burns'. It's a definition. "Alimony," defines Bob, "is a system where two people make a mistake, and only one of them pays for it." LAUGHTER, please.

New Rage

■ The lowly lunch-pail—that lacquered tin bucket with the thermos-bottle in it—is due for a renaissance in polite favor, if the newest Hollywood rage can control it. Lunch-boxes are spreading from the extra ranks into the top brackets. Latest to carry a lunch box to the studio is Joel McCrea. It's prepared for him by his li'l wifie, Frances Dee. She makes him up sandwiches, a salad from vegetables from their own land, and the thermos bottle is filled with soup she brews from the same vegetables.

Imagine, though—imagine Connie Bennett carrying a lunch box to work!

Prospect

■ After all that ballyhooey about Lillian Gish, looking young as a babe, coming back to Hollywood for a grand movie comeback, the fact remains that it's a ten-to-one bet that you'll see nothing of the kind.

True, Lillian did come back, aiming at a resumed screen career. She ALMOST signed to play a role in *Swiss Family Robinson*, and ALMOST signed for a role in an Abe Lincoln film. But both prospects faded—and now, so has Lillian—she's faded back to the stage on Broadway.

But she's not giving up that Hollywood comeback dream. She says she's heading back, next year.

Me and Muni

■ Maxie Rosenbloom's conceit is a tradition, even in Hollywood, where conceit is taken for granted. Maxie topped all the heights the other day, though—

On the Warner lot, Maxie was escorting two pretty gals around the studio on a sightseeing tour. He saw Paul Muni. Brashly, Maxie dashed up to Paul with the two gals, and introduced them. Then grandly, he waved an airy hand—

"This guy, Muni," he explained to the gals, "is an actor, too. He's got a style similar to mine."

Garbo Pops

■ It's just too, too, something, how utterly hoi-polloi-ish Garbo is going.

Know the latest?—

Why, she's actually shooting darts at a target on the set, with a pop pistol.

And my, my—she lets the extras watch!

Embarrassed

■ Most embarrassing columnist's-error of the Hollywood month—was the one which blazoned, as a new romantic twosome, the nite-spot appearance of Conrad Nagel and Clare Olmstead.

Only trouble with the item is—Clare Olmstead is a MAN!

Correction

■ In the July edition of MOTION PICTURE Magazine, under the title "Hart and Pickford Again," there appears the follow-

[*Continued on page* 90]

There's nothing so intriguing as a youthful fragrance! That's why so many popular young women use April Showers perfume and April Showers scented toiletries. It's the most inexpensive way to assure themselves of a lasting and provocative fragrance. You, too, can enjoy these delightful products which are all exquisite but not expensive. The fine imported talc is a great favorite the country over.

CHERAMY
PERFUMER

WHAT IS
YOUR SMILE
LIKE?

George Nichols, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile" — but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, *your* smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists — it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods — helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

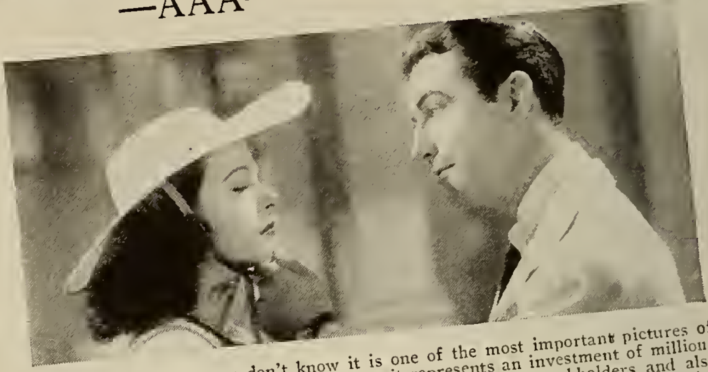
DENTYNE'S SPICY FLAVOR IS A WINNER!

You can't help being won by Dentyne's temptingly spicy taste! A flavor straight from the fragrant spice-groves of the Orient. Rich — long-lasting — delicious! You'll like Dentyne's unique, flat package too—slips so smoothly into pocket or purse. Just *try* Dentyne!

PICTURE PARADE

LADY OF THE TROPICS

—AAA—



And here in case you don't know it is one of the most important pictures of the year. Not cinematically, but because it represents an investment of millions of dollars on the part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and its stockholders and also because it will determine the fate of Hedy Lamarr's screen career. For exactly a year—ever since *Algiers* introduced Hedy to us—this exciting personality has had us all guessing—is she an actress or just an extraordinarily beautiful girl? We're afraid however that we're still guessing—not about her beauty, there's positive proof of that, but about her thespian qualities. For while Hedy makes *Manon* live, the role of the half-caste Malayan was custom-made which meant that instead of the actress having to fit the part the part was made to fit the actress (?). But as far as Robert Taylor goes you can forget any doubts you had about his acting talents for he definitely proves that he has more than a handsome profile to offer. There's also Joseph Schildkraut, Ernest Cossart, Mary Taylor, Natalie Moorhead and an interesting newcomer, Gloria Franklin, in the cast.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

FIFTH AVENUE GIRL

—AAA—

Our tear ducts—and yours—have been taxed so strenuously lately by the epidemic of unhappy love affairs on the screen that we're glad one producer at least had the good sense to realize that what we movie audiences need most at the moment is a good comedy. RKO is the producer and the comedy is *Fifth Avenue Girl,* which to our mind is the quickest and most effective cure for what ails us (movie sadness). It's witty and gay and even if it is a little on the zany side it's a refreshing change. Remember *Bachelor Mother?* Well, this not only reminds you of it, but like it has Ginger Rogers holding the spotlight. And in addition to Ginger there's Walter Connolly and Verree Teasdale—who are no novices when it comes to comedy, either—James Ellison, Tim Holt, Kathryn Adams and Franklin Pangborn, to name a few. When Walter Connolly's family learn about his night-clubbing with Ginger they suspect him of philandering, and so we have a comedy of errors. You probably want to know whether Ginger dances. She doesn't and she doesn't have to for our money, her dead-pan is enough to please us.—*RKO.*

Are Simple Sirens Sexiest?

[*Continued from page* 45]

Hollywood's passionate desire to remodel the personalities of its newcomers is one of the town's funniest foibles, anyway, and queens of allure seem to be particularly allergic to this lily-gilding. Maybe that is because sex-appeal, "it," "oomph" or whatever you wish to call it is a pretty subtle something, after all. A thing all apart from acting ability, it can be brought out if hidden, expressed if it has been repressed. And practice may make it perfect. But it can't be restyled by a lot of artistic egotists without spoiling it.

Myrna Loy offers us a perfect example of that, but with a happy ending. If ever there was a simple, wholesome, healthy, redheaded natural sex-appealer, it was Myrna Williams of Helena, Montana. The little boys in grammer school had felt the impact of Myrna's charm. The men in Hollywood felt it, too. So they changed her name to Loy, and gave her one of the most fantastic, bizarre, "Oriental" and ridiculous "vamp" personalities ever foisted on a poor girl by conspiring press agents, scenarists, make-up men, and costumers. The little red-head's healthy and vital s. a. was completely buried. She got exactly nowhere on the screen.

That Myrna is at the top now is due to the fact that at heart she remained simple, healthy and vital. Hollywood's remodeling altered the surface only, and all that came off in time, leaving no scars. Subsequent attempts to "glamorize" her and give her a phony sophistication have likewise failed to ruin her.

Irene Dunne is such a refined lady, and skilled actress, that it took some time for producers to realize her ability to ooze high-powered sex appeal. Dignity and tragedy overshadowed sex in films such as *Cimarron*, *Back Street* and *Magnificent Obsession*. But in *The Awful Truth* and subsequent pictures, particularly *Love Affair*, the Dunne allure has been released. And how the boys bask in its warming rays!

ONE of the sexiest sirens the screen has turned up in a long time is little schoolgirl Lana Turner. She is around seventeen or eighteen and the past few months has gone out on dates without her mother. Men who saw a picture called *They Won't Forget*, in which Lana made her first appearance, may have forgotten the picture, but not Lana. Particularly memorable was that stroll which won for her the name of "sweater girl."

Lana was then a much-protected girl, less sophisticated than the average high-school girl of her age. Yet that sex-appeal promenade broadcast far higher-powered vibrations than the visible one of her body. Many a girl equally well formed could have gone through the same motions and left no very vivid impression on the masculine cerebrum. Lana did, because she possesses the subtle something that blazes forth from the screen and fires the blood of the opposite sex.

Among the screen's healthiest, most vital girls is Sonja Henie. That accounts for her high-ranking popularity on the screen, just as surely as it helps her weave magic patterns on skates. The fact that Sonja packs potent sex-lure for the majority of men is due in part to that blooming, obvious health and vigor.

The connection between health and simplicity of tastes and soul is obvious. The simple girl who eats heartily of good food, gets sleepy when she drinks, and prefers her eight hours of shut-eye to the dancing, drinking and the general energy-wasting activities of night-lifers is bound to be healthier.

Maybe a dissipated and neurotic woman can do a fine job of acting in certain types of roles, a weak and weary actress in certain others. But only a lusty one can put over "oomph." Merely to lie in feline-like, smouldering langor on a couch, stare through lowered eyelids at the camera, and thereby love-blast a young man at the Blank Theatre in Podunk into weak and trembling submission, takes lots of internal fire.

EVEN the "vamps" of ancient screen history were healthy and usually buxom girls. Theda Bara, Barbara LaMarr, Nita Naldi, Louise Glaum, Pola Negri and others got mystical, orchidaceous and unhealthy-sounding publicity build-ups, but records show they were, in their heyday, hearty girls. So was Clara Bow, more recently, and still later, Mae West.

Mae had physical assets more admired in the gay '90s than today, but she was tops for awhile as a cinema sex-appealer. She rarely had so much as a headache to lower that slow-tempo but highly vibrant emotional current she turned on at will.

Today's healthiest, lustiest screen stars include such torrid new sex-casters as Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour, Zorina, Miliza Korjus, Ilona Massey, "oomph girl" Ann Sheridan, Annabella and others.

Several of our longer-established stars who have blossomed out lately into Number One Allure girls have exceptionally good health, and a preference for the simpler pleasures of life. Ginger Rogers can dance all day with ease, and then go out and play two sets of tennis. Ann Sothern and Joan Blondell have only the foggiest notions of what it is to be ill. The three are now revealing that they possess a high-potential allure which hasn't, we believe, been sufficiently recognized.

Of course, it breaks the hearts of many producers and press-agents to admit that their most potent vamps are simple, hearty, healthy and often discouragingly moral-living ladies. For years, the general conception of a vamp has been a mysterious, exotic, highly-sophisticated, nocturnal, and by inference, unhealthy creature. That encouraged colorful press-agent "copy."

Siren characters were etched who could drink nothing but champagne, inhale no air that was not incense-laden, eat only caviar and lotus leaves. They are pictured a bit more realistically today, and Will Hays has done a fine job tempering the things said about them. Just the same, nearly everyone, by habit, retains a little of the old notion of them.

An interviewer, for example, said to a certain famous siren recently, "What were you thinking of a moment ago, my dear? You looked as though you were plotting conquest of some new, hard-to-get man—"

The sex-appeal queen laughed heartily. "Oh, no," she giggled. "I was thinking that I will have a special treat tonight. The cook has finally learned to prepare my own steak recipe. A big thick cut, smothered with bacon-fried mushrooms in a sauce that you make with grated onions, sour cream—"

The quotation is borrowed from my writer-colleague because she couldn't use it. It didn't fit into the sort of story she was writing about the noted siren.

PREVENT CHAPPING

with the Skin Softener that gives you

COSTLIEST INGREDIENTS

SAVES YOU MONEY**

*1 Italian Balm contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular nationally-advertised brands.

*2 ONE DROP is ample for both hands, per application. More is wasteful.

3 Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin.

4 Promotes healing — counteracts drying effect of hard water, harsh skin cleansers, severe weather.

5 Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Priced at 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

Over 90 Million Bottles Sold

I've found THE face powder that has EVERYTHING!

Wake up the sleeping beauty of your complexion! Amazing new "texture of youth" Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to blend with your skin. This exquisite powder looks and feels velvety ...naturally lovely, even at night, and stays on unbelievably long! Delightfully scented. Go today and see what the youthful Skin-Tone shades of Park & Tilford Face Powder will do for you!

$1 and 50¢ sizes. Trial 10¢ size at ten-cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD
Face Powder

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

Daddy Tracy gives you the apples of his eyes in daughter Suzy, son John. In features, expression, boy is ringer for Pop

Romance that blossomed in the Hollywoods blooms in marriage and honeymoon in Maine woods between Madge Evans and playwright Sidney Kingsley

own life—and whoosh, goes another Hollywood's child actresses over into the grown-up side of the movieland runaround.

■

NORMA SHEARER and Georgie Raft—

There's a twosome to drive you daft! And it's got all Hollywood tongue-wagging. It began with an explosive night's rounding about New York, with Norma and George hitting the World's Fair together, and having the time of their life until George finally brought Norma home to her hotel at four ayem! Shearer was soooo enthusiastic that she made no bones about telling all her palsy-walsies that she'd had "the time of her life"—and then Shearer, the Charles Boyers, Raft, the Eddie Robinsons and a flock of others sailed the next day on the *Normandie*. Incidentally, Jimmy Stewart, who is also in this picture, caught a boat a few days later. Well, they fight duels in Paris. Will it be swords for Georgie and Jimmy?

■

MOST disappointed man in all Europe is Woolly Donahue, who expected Joan Bennett to sail with Connie when Connie went abroad to try to unhitch herself from the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray.

Woolly, spending time and money at Biarritz, was looking forward to having Joan all to himself, without the competition of Walter Wanger. Instead, Joan, after laying all plans to sail with sister Connie, suddenly cancelled at the last minute, and stayed in Hollywood—and even acted as chief interior decorator for Walter Wanger's new suite of offices.

And over in Biarritz, Woolly lies on the warm sands and gets hotter and hotter and hotter when he thinks about it.

■

DESPITE the fact that they've been married long enough to be among Hollywood's confirmed connubial addicts, Alice Faye and Tony Martin are still staving off rumors that "it can't last . . .!"

Latest gesture: when Tony Martin put in a stint at the San Francisco Fair, Alice spent her between-pictures vacation with Tony in San Francisco, and even made personal appearances with him.

■

FLASH!—Jack Oakie and Venita Varden have kissed and made up.

■

HOLLYWOOD BABY-TALK—the only secret Santa Claus has from the Jimmy McHughs is whether or not their Xmas present'll be a boy or a girl . . . it'll be a winter date with the stork for the Henry Fonda's, too; this'll be their second . . . anyway, when and if Carole Lombard presents Clark with an addition to the family, she'll know how it's done, on accounta she practically supervised the arrival of the baby boy that was born to her best pal, Fieldsie, now Walter Lang's wife . . . the William Seiters, who just adopted a baby, are going to have one of their own, soon . . . Don Ameche has announced their new son's name'll be Thomas Anthony . . . and Dick Foran has tagged his newest, Patrick . . . is it true that the Fredric March's are dating Ol' Doc Stork? . . . they've got two adopted ones, now . . . it was a daughter for Willie Wyler and Margaret Tallichet . . . and a daughter, too, for the Donald Novis house, and they've named her Carol Jean . . . for John Wayne, it was a boy . . . and here's an amusing one—

Doug McPhail and Betty Jaynes first met when they were both in the picture called *Sweethearts*, so they became sweethearts; when both were working in *Marry at Leisure*, they married. And now they're working in *Babes In Arms*—and UH HUH ! ! !

■

BUT the hottest piece of baby talk in Hollywood is that Tyrone Power and Annabella are NOT saying 'tain't so.

■

BUT—the Doug Fairbanks, Juniors ARE denying.

■

SACCHARINE STANZA:
Andrea Leeds has got Jimmy Bryant,
All signed up as Cupid's clyant!

LOOKS like Sonja Henie and Vic Orsatti aren't foolin'—and to make it more so, young Bob Shaw, who was Sonja's steadiest boy friend BEFORE she sailed for Europe to run around with Orsatti, is now devoting himself but-how! to Linda Darnell, that skyrocketing young starlet at 20th-Fox.

■

DON'T be surprised if you learn that romance has barged in on Bill Powell's heart for the first time since the death of Jean Harlow. There's an eastern society gal in the picture, now.

■

WOOSOME TWOSOMES—Alex d'Arcy and Arleen Whelan are running a temperature again . . . Ned Marin and Mary Howard think it's Spring . . . Rochelle Hudson, once the town's steppingest-outest twosomer, steadied down to marry Hal Thompson. . . . Jean Acker, who was once Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, is doing the nitespots with Marsh Duffield, who was once Mr. Dorothy Lee . . . Rosemary Lane spells John Hart's name h-E-a-r-t . . . Don Castle and Jane Gilbert hold hands so much they're practically Siamese!

■

TRUST these Hollywood-minded brides to do something different when they get married!—for instance, when Paula Stone

[*Continued on page* 84]

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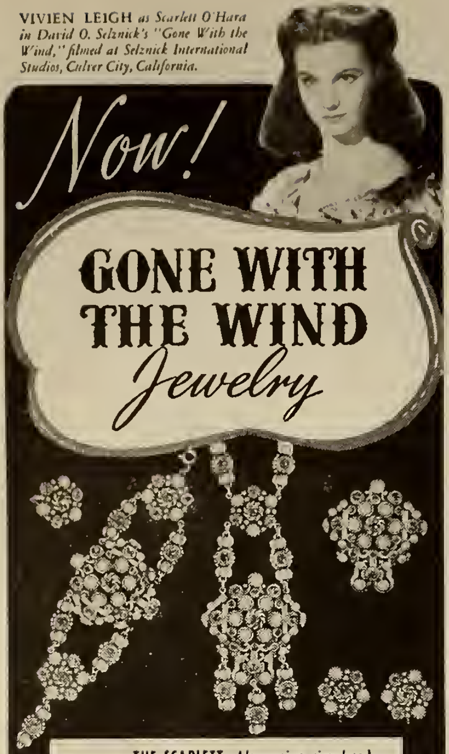

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"Why Shouldn't I?"

[*Continued from page 22*]

going to prevent me. I'm seeing to that.

"If you've noticed, I've gone right ahead going out with Vaughn, going wherever I want to go, doing whatever I want to do, regardless of what is said. I've simply paid no attention to any of it. The fans don't object to my going out on dates like other girls do. Naturally not. But they do object to the silly things they read about me in the papers . . such as that I'm liable to elope with Vaughn at any moment, that I've had a 'fight' with my mother and father because of Vaughn and me . . . silly things like that, things with absolutely no truth in them. That's where the 'Shouldn'ts' come in. . . ."

I SAID, then, feeling the relief one always feels when one can ask an honest person an honest question knowing that one will get an honest answer, I said, "Can I come right out, then, and say that you have no intention whatsoever of eloping?"

"You certainly can," said Deanna, "why, even if I wanted to, I couldn't, not without my parents' permission; I'm under the legal age. And if you have your parents' permission, why elope? I have no such intention, of course I haven't. We've never thought of such a thing. Other people have thought of it for us and I must say I don't thank them. It's just something they've made up, plain *made up*. And I certainly have never had any 'trouble' with my parents, either about Vaughn and me or about anything else. Why, we've never even discussed it at home. Because there's nothing to discuss. My mother wants me to go out and have good times like other girls do. And I go. And I intend to continue to go. And that's all there is to it."

"You just go out with Vaughn, don't you, Deanna?" I asked, "with Vaughn and no one else?"

"That's right," said Deanna . . . and it was then that she admitted, though "admitted" is not the word, she "stated" is better, she simply stated that Vaughn Paul is the first boy she has ever gone out with at all steadily, the first boy with whom she has had sure-enough Grown-Up dates. . . .

It was then, too, that I became sharply aware of the lovely increase of beauty which is Deanna's . . . just six months ago, I thought, when I last talked with her, she was a pretty, healthy child . . . but now there is this added lustre and depth in her sapphire blue eyes. The richer texture of the skin . . . the luxuriance and sheen of her hair, the fullness and redness of her mouth, the shapening curves of her firm, young body . . . why, I thought, she is beautiful.

I REALIZED, too, that she *is* still sixteen, and Sixteen, however "Sweet," does not make for such discernible changes in a girl . . . and I knew, then, that First Love has done this lovely magic to Deanna . . . Young Love, *this is what is happening to Deanna* . . . and it may pass, as it so often does, like the Dream it is . . . or it may, of course, develop into the substance which makes for "Through the Years. . . ."

Yes, there is a change in Deanna—a significant change. For whereas Deanna has been wont to be on the inarticulate side, answering questions asked her with courtesy but also with brevity and not too much interest, now she is very articulate. Indeed, she is positively loquacious, even vehement in stating her rights, as she sees them, in defending what so poignantly concerns her. Emotions, aroused, have quickened her tongue as well as her heart. . . .

SO I thought how, for three years, Deanna has had her life mapped out for her every day of every week, every hour of every day under the guidance of someone . . . her mother, her director, photographers, interviewers, singing teachers, wardrobe. Now Deanna is Growing Up. Now school days are almost over. Now she is adventuring into realms where there are neither maps nor schedules. And she is growing up normally, healthily, happily, just as she would have grown up if she had never sung a note outside of her own front parlor, just as if she had never been photographed by anyone save the village photographer down on Main Street.

And this is due, in great part, to the fact that she comes from wholesome, sane, Average People, with their feet on the ground, their heads on their shoulders, their hearts in the right places and no nonsense about them.

So . . . "know how to behave myself," she was saying, with matter-of-factness of the new Deanna in what the romantic novelists would call "the throes" of First Love. . .

"We go out when we feel like going out, Vaughn and I. Not every evening, no, of course not. But several times a week usually. We often go to the Victor Hugo for dinner and dancing. And we always leave at ten o'clock. That gives us plenty of time to have our dinner and a few dances between courses.

"No, I wouldn't say that this is the 'proper time' for all girls of my age to go home. It's not for me to say. I think it depends entirely on the girl and what she is doing. No, my mother doesn't tell me what time I must be home. She doesn't have to. I know when I should be in bed. I know how much sleep I require when I am working. So ten o'clock is the right going-home hour for me. Occasionally, on Saturday nights we stay a little later because I can sleep on Sundays. No, I never take a cocktail. Not because I've been told not to, but because I don't want to. I don't like the taste of the things."

"BEING in pictures," said Deanna, a little impatiently, "doesn't make a girl any different from other girls. . . ." I raised what I hoped was a quizzical eyebrow at this. I remarked that I had met girls in pictures who might as well have had three legs, they were that different from 'other girls'. . . .

"Well," said Deanna, laughing a little, "it hasn't made *me* any different, I'm sure of that. I'm an actress because that's my job. But I'm *not* an actress, if you know what I mean. I enjoy my work on the sets very much, just as I always have. I enjoy singing very, very much. But I *don't* enjoy typical motion picture enjoyments, if that's what they are called, when I'm off the sets. . . ."

"For instance?" I interrupted. . . .

"Well, when cameramen come up to me, for instance, when I'm out somewhere and ask me to take some pose or to smile, like this. . ." Deanna twisted her young mouth into a "formula" smile, or a parody of one. . .

"I can't do it," she said, "I can't strike attitudes and poses when I'm not on the set. I can't pretend to smile when there's nothing to smile about. I'm not an actress 'at home,' I guess. So I don't. I won't. I always say, 'Take my picture if you like but you'll have to take it just as I am, standing here or sitting here' . . . or whatever I'm doing. . . .

"AS I'VE said, the fact that I'm in pictures doesn't prevent me from having a perfectly normal life, just like any girl. And it isn't going to prevent me, either. Because I am perfectly normal, just like Any Girl. The fact that I happen to sing and that my work makes my face familiar to the public doesn't make a *freak* of me. . . ."

"But," I said, "doesn't the fact that the public is so conscious of you make you more conscious of yourself than just any girl would be? Of your looks, for instance . . .?"

"I don't think so," said Deanna, "I don't honestly think that I pay one bit more attention to my looks than other girls do. I'm pretty tired of make-up and dressing up when I'm through work, you know. I'm certainly not what is called a Narcissist. (My, what big words the child knows, I thought!) I think that my eyes are my best feature and I hate my teeth and that's about that."

"And why, may I ask," I laughed, "do you hate your positively dental-ad teeth?"

"I don't know. They haven't a filling in them. They're sound enough. I just don't like them."

"And in what other particulars are you like Any Girl . . .?"

"Goodness," said Deanna, "I don't know . . . I never thought about it except to know that I *am* . . . I suppose I'm like other girls, other people, for that matter, because—well, because I have some good points to my character and some bad ones. That's just like everyone, isn't it? My worst fault is teasing people, as you could find out if you asked some questions about me. I love to tease people, especially my family. I like to tease my director, too, telling him I don't know my lines just before I go into a scene or pretending I have a frog in my throat when I'm about to record, you know, things like that . . . I suppose I have my good points, too, to offset these 'failings' but I can't think what they are, off-hand. . . ."

I'VE thought for her. And I should say that Deanna's good points are her loyalties. The fact that she is so normal, does hold so tenaciously to the belief that she must live a normal life is loyalty of a sort, a very special sort. It's loyalty to her background, to the kind of people she comes from, to the way she was brought up; it's loyalty to herself, her real self.

She is loyal, too, to her friends, to the girls with whom she went to grammar school—Lois Ransom, for instance. Lois moved to another part of the city and the girls lost track of each other. Deanna reached the stars. Lois, too, tried her luck before the cameras but she didn't reach the stars. She achieved that entirely terrestrial place called "only moderate success." Her best break came recently when Wanger signed her to a small part in *Winter Carnival*.

Well, Helen Parrish, one of *The Three Smart Girls Grow Up*, you know, had one of the leads in *Winter Carnival*. Helen and Lois became friends. During their talks together Lois told Helen how she and Deanna had been friends in school. When the Wanger picture was finished and Helen was back at Universal, she invited Lois to have lunch with her in the studio commissary. She also invited Deanna. And what a reunion that luncheon turned out to be! And before it was over Deanna and Helen, heads together, determined to get Lois a part in *First Love*. They went to work on Director Henry Koster. Presto—Lois has a part in *First Love!*

". . . like to go shopping like all girls do," Deanna was saying . . . "the most fun I've had in ages was the other day when Edith, my sister, and I went shopping on Hollywood Boulevard. And nobody recognized me, not one soul. Yes, I wore dark glasses—not as a disguise, but because the glare of the sun hurts my eyes. . . ."

That, I thought, is somehow completely characteristic of Deanna . . . she has *reasons* for what she does. Usually they are practical reasons . . . she wears no disguises. . . .

"Anyway," continued Deanna, "no one paid the slightest attention to me and I went poking in and out of all the little shops, trying on hats, pricing scarves and gloves and bags, just having fun. Nothing very unusual about that, is there? All girls like to shop, and window-shop, too. . . .

"Let's see, what else? Well, I'm domestic to a certain extent. I do love my home. I don't have much time to fuss around with my room although I'd like to. But I do enjoy cooking. I'm awful at it, though. I always, well, almost always burn the toast. But I like it, anyway. I always like to help on cook's day off. I don't try to cook fancy things, though. I just try to cook meals . . ."

AND that, again, is typical of Deanna . . . no frothy confections for Deanna, the trimmings trying to disguise the lack of calories . . . no, she would give substance and nourishment and value . . .

"Well, I suppose I'm sentimental . . . I keep things if that's what is meant by being sentimental," smiled Deanna, still persisting with her efforts to prove her average-ness . . . "I've kept the first theatre program I ever had. I think I've kept the first corsage Vaughn ever sent me. I keep all my childhood books and old records and lots of my old toys and all kinds of souvenirs. No, I'm not superstitious, not in the least. I'm not the least bit nervous about anything. I used to be afraid of the dark, when I was very little, now I love it; I can't sleep if there's a light anywhere.

"I'm not even nervous on the first day of a picture when every actor and actress is supposed to be in a fearful state. My family and friends say of me, 'she hasn't a nerve in her body,' which is supposed to be a compliment, I suppose, but which does make me sound very unexciting, I'm afraid. I'm happy all of the time, not just some of the time, *all* of it. I was born that way, I think. I'm not one bit of an extremist. I haven't any violent likes or dislikes. I haven't any pet hates. I haven't any phobias. If people interest me, that's all I ask of them. If they interest me, I like them. I'm not even an extremist about my career. I'm not even nervous about my work. . . ."

"Suppose," I said, "suppose that, for some reason, you didn't have your career anymore, what then?"

"I wouldn't mind," said this astonishing young person, "I really wouldn't mind at all," she said, "I certainly intend to give *it* up long before it has a chance to give *me* up. I can't imagine wanting to hang on to something that didn't want you anymore. No, I really wouldn't mind at all. I enjoy my work. But I don't 'look ahead.' I never worry about Tomorrow because I never think about Tomorrow . . . why should I? There's no such thing until it's *here* and then it isn't Tomorrow at all, it's Today. So, if I should not have any career anymore I'd just find something else to do and I'd enjoy doing it, too."

"Can you," I asked, "imagine being married and having a home and a family and being content with that?"

"I certainly can," said Deanna. . . .

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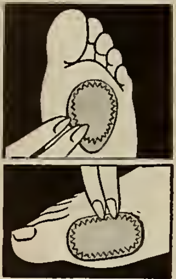

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 81]

New York and its World's Fair provide stop-overs for movie stars headed for Europe. George Raft, Pat Paterson, Charles Boyer and Norma Shearer do the Fair

Girls who've worshiped Brian Aherne will have to find new answer to their prayers. At 37, Britisher gives up bachelor life, marries Joan Fontaine, 21, born in Tokyo

did up and marry Duke Daly, she didn't toss her wedding bouquet at her bridesmaids, but kept it to send to her mother, who couldn't come west for the wedding! And when Madge Evans married Sidney Kingsley, back in Maine, she did it with a ring Sidney borrowed from actor-friend Damian O'Flynn, because Sidney had forgotten to get a ring himself!

■

PASSIONATE POSEY:
Ronald Regan and Janie Wyman—
Keep the temperature steadily clyman!

■

WHAM! goes another of the few bacheloremnants of Hollywood! Brian Aherne is roped, thrown and tied by Cupid, with the assistance of Joan Fontaine!

Joan and Brian, while all Hollywood was wondering just whom Brian's skipping fancy would alight on, sneaked quietly off over a week-end to the home of Joan's ma and step-pa at Saratoga, some 350 miles north of Hollywood. There, in quaintly antiquated fashion, Brian laid his suit before his beloved's mama, and got her blessing—and this is STILL 1939, believe it or not.

It was the biggest social thing that's ever happened there—a Hollywood wedding!

Joan, you know, is Olivia de Havilland's sister. And Brian, you know, dated Olivia, too, during his pre-betrothal days.

■

IT'S all over. Janet Gaynor and Adrian truly have gone and done the I-do business! They are honeymooning in Mexico City.

SERAPHIC STANZA:
Virginia Field and Richard Greene,
Steadiest twosome I've ever seen!
Richard Greene and Virginia Field—
Everything's practically signed and sield!

◆

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—if Nancy Carroll and Charlie Grayson, the scenarist, aren't secretly married?—and ditto, about Marty Borden and Doris Weston!

◆

TAKE it from your Ol' Tattler, there's something fishy about these rumors that Lana Turner and Greg Bautzer have called it OFF . . .!

True, true—Lana has been seen out with Bill Hunt, and she wasn't wearing Greg's ring, either. And uh huh, Greg did step out with Wendy Barrie. But then, who doesn't?

No, Ol' Man Tattler won't take it without a grain of salt. Looks too much like one of these maneuvers to throw the romance-sniffers off the scent. Ol' Man Tattler will definitely NOT be surprised when Lana and Greg suddenly do the elopement trick.

◆

FLASH!—Jack Oakie and Venita Varden have gone pfffffffft!

◆

Tarzan is married again. Recently divorced from Lupe Velez, Johnny Weissmuller gives you his bride, Beryl Scott of San Francisco. They'll not live in a tree!

KAY FRANCIS still insists that all is now frappe'd 'twixt her and her Baron Barnekow, even though the marriage that's been imminent for too, too many months is still far, far from the jelling stage.

Right now, Barnekow is in Europe. And Kay is at this Hollywood party and that, with another escort here, and another there.

But she insists Barnie'll be back, and that she's still gonna be the Baroness.

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Posed by professional model

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, here's a special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets, cut out seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2811, Atlanta, Ga.

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See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

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This massage removes pore-deep dirt, blackheads and whiteheads. It also stimulates the circulation of the blood in the skin—leaving your face gloriously refreshed, stimulated.

You be the judge! Send 10c for generous jar of Pompeian and two booklets of helpful beauty hints. Give yourself this three-minute massage . . . and be convinced by results.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 85]

Adrian and bride, Janet Gaynor, give you close-up of domestic bliss. After keeping you in suspense for months they were finally married in Yuma, Aug. 14

FLASH!—Jack Oakie and Venita Varden have made up.

■

POOR Charlie McCarthy is in a state of jitters. It looks like Edgar Bergen has fallen at last—his heart beloooooongs to Mary Martin, if the signs aren't all wrong, and poor Charlie will just have to move in with that Elmer Snerd goof . . .!

Anyway, with all of Bergen's outstepping around Hollywood, since he and Charlie arrived (and Edgar has been one of the town's champion stepper-outers), he has never shown such utter devotion as he has recently to Mary (daddy's-heart) Martin.

True, true—now and then, he still does take another gal out. But Mary seems to rate No. 1, and there's them in Hollywood as does say it's romance at last.

August was a busy month for Hollywood weddings. Sigrid Gurie, 28-year-old Norwegian actress from Brooklyn, wed Dr. Laurence Spangard, 42, local physician

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

When stars want to get off their feet they elevate them. Patricia Morison elevates her feet in a "rejuvelax" chair. No dignity? Phooey. Be comfy, says she

Hollywood has its Brendas, too. Here's 20th-Fox's Brenda Joyce, newest starlet, who puts on a nautical playsuit to sail before the mast. Skirt doubles as sail

RHAPSODIC REFRAIN: Marian Marsh and Al Scott—You thought they'd pffft?—well, they've NOT!

■

HOLLY-WOULD still like to know—whether Priscilla Lane really is Mrs. Oren Haglund. And what's making it all the more interesting is Hollywood's discovery that Priscilla and the assistant director have invented and are using a sign-language all their own. It's something like the deaf-and-dumb finger-talk, but it's a private code, and so far, none of the lookers-on have been able to figure out what Priscilla and Oren are saying to each other.

■

WITH cynical amusement, than which there is none more cynical than Hollywood's, the town's peppersonners are watching the desperate efforts of the George MacDonaldses to stave off the rumors that they're at the end of the marital highway.

Wifie Jean Parker, during hubby's absence, hasn't been sitting home knitting by the fireside. She's been nitespotting with such lads-about-the-gayways as Jimmy Bush and Tom Neal, who takes her La Conga-ing.

Rumors flew fast that Jean and Hubby George were talking lawyers and settlements, via long-distance phone be-

[*Continued on page 96*]

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SUPPOSE YOU FOUND you were less beautiful than you could be . . . and then discovered a way to new loveliness . . . wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge certainly doesn't give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that 'painted, artificial look'.

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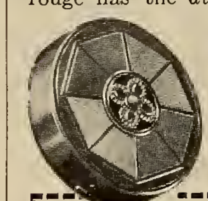

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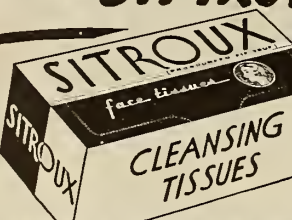

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MEN behind the STARS

SAM WOOD

Director of "Good-Bye Mr. Chips"

IT WAS an ill-fated investment in some primitive one-reelers, 22 years ago, that lifted Sam Wood out of the real-estate business and started him on a career that has long since zoomed him to fame as one of the screen's outstanding directors.

Sam was doing mighty well, financially speaking, as a developer of sub-divisions in and about Los Angeles, when an independent producer, emphasizing the enormous profits to be made in the "game," as the multi-billion dollar industry of today was then referred to, "sold" him on the idea of "angeling" a series of pictures. The venture was on the way to becoming a very definite flop, when Sam awakened to the fact that to protect his "bankroll" he would have to learn something about the business.

Such is the paradoxical story of the debut in the cinematic world of the man who has, from the days of the late Wallace Reid and Rudolph Valentino right on down through the present era of $2,000,000 productions, been discovering and developing young players into great stars, the while turning out screen entertainment that never fails to garner heavy returns.

In the early days of the flickers Sam did much to establish Reid and Valentino, Wanda Hawley, Ethel Clayton and Gloria Swanson as box-office names. In later years, he boosted the late Marie Dressler and Karl Dane, as well as William Haines into the "big money." More recently, he helped the late Jean Harlow up the ladder.

Sam Wood was born in Philadelphia, July 10, 1883, the son of William and Katherine Wood. He was educated in M. Hall Stanton School in the Quaker City, where he displayed his prowess as an all-round athlete. Upon graduation he set out to study the real-estate business, but after a year of selling lots, decided to strike out for the West. His first stop was Central City, Colo., where he helped install the water system. The gold rush at Reno next beckoned, and he took a flier at mining before proceeding to Los Angeles, where he marketed many tracts, establishing himself as a power in the real-estate realm.

In this scene from *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* Sam Wood brought out the beginning of the romance between Robert Donat and Greer Garson—while touring the Alps

Theatricals had always held his interest. He had appeared in benefits, usually with friends who were well-known stage stars. When the movies began getting a real foothold in California, several promoters approached him with stock propositions.

"I soon found out," Wood now laughs, "that anyone not knowing the business had to learn all about picture making."

WOOD studied directing, from its dramatic as well as its commercial aspect, and turned actor in order to learn different megaphonist's methods. He worked with Cecil B. DeMille, who, seeing brilliant possibilities in the enthusiastic six-footer, made him his assistant. Sam was put on his own in 1920.

He directed Wally Reid in eight of that star's best vehicles, including *Double Speed* and *Excuse My Dust*. Then followed a series with Wanda Hawley as the stellar figure, and another with Ethel Clayton in the top roles. He handled Gloria Swanson in nine features, including such hits as *Under the Lash, The Gilded Cage, My American Wife,* and *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.*

As interludes to the direction of eight William Haines starrers, Wood guided Norma Shearer through *The Latest From Paris* and Marie Dressler's last picture, *The Late Christopher Bean.* He made *Rookies* with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. *Hold Your Man,* with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, *Stamboul Quest,* with Myrna Loy and George Brent, *Let 'Em Have It, Whip Saw, The Unguarded Hour,* and *A Night at the Opera,* and *A Day at the Races,* both starring the Marx Brothers, are others of his films. But his real triumph is *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* with Robert Donat and Greer Garson—one of the finest pictures ever made.

Wood has shrewdly invested his studio earnings in business properties and oil lands. He's a rabid football fan, and enjoys any kind of amateur sports.

Wood insists the only trouble with the picture industry today is that it doesn't handle its new personalities in the proper manner. "Producers are in too great a hurry to capitalize on what is known as ability that hasn't been 'sold' to the theatre-going public."

He says there is sufficient talent already in Hollywood, and waiting to be developed, to keep the screen supplied with new faces for many years to come.

"He-man"-izing the Pretty Boys

[Continued from page 33]

realized that the little singing star had two counts against him, as said. One is that he sings tenor, and the other is that he has a seraphic cast of countenance.

These matters did not concern anyone much when Bobbie—pardon, Bob, was a little fellow, bringing in $1,200,000 for a film like *Rainbow on the River*, which is his most successful picture, financially. The ugly fact that Master Bob as an adolescent was rubbing people's fur the wrong way came about suddenly on a fairly recent personal appearance tour. Wise juveniles in the audience began cat-calling our hero. Then Producer Sol Lesser awakened to the fact that he had adjustments to make in his child star's personality.

Lesser was about to start *Fisherman's Wharf* with young Breen and he summoned up his scenarists. "We've got to do something, and fast," he ordered. "What do you suggest? We can't let this reaction against Bobbie grow. We've got to make a man of the little fellow, inject some virility into his films."

"How about a fist fight?" a writer suggested. "They're always good." And a fight scene went into the film. It didn't help much, for the fact that Bobbie was an orphan in the film, and a cruelly treated orphan, too, still painted Bob's character with goo, and lessened the punch of the fight sequence. *Fisherman's Wharf* failed to turn the "anti-pretty boy" trick.

IT WAS time, they decided, to stop drooling over their little lad. Heretofore, they had treated him like a wonder-child (which he is, of course). They decided drastic measures were needed. The first was to masculinize his name. Cut the diminutive stuff. Henceforth it would be Bob Breen. A manifesto went out to the press. And got printed.

The next step was to take a look at Bob's face. It was round and cherubic. They called the cameraman. Could something be done to take away the full-blown peony look? Something could be done.

His answer was to photograph Master Bob (who took the whole thing very philosophically) from the left side and then from the right side. He shot high, low, and medium. Shortly, the lens wizard discovered that shooting low to Bob's left profile made a big difference. Bob took on an almost lean, Tyrone-Power look.

Then the Westmores were called in about his hair. It is thick, heavy, curly. Beautiful hair, and some day he may wish he had it. After deep concentration the House of Westmore handed down a decision. Thin it *here*, prune it *there*, brush it like mad, and and it would probably stay flat. So it was done. A new Bob Breen was emerging.

But that wasn't all. When Bob sang . . . that was all wrong, too. Reaching for his highest note, his eyes climbed Heavenward. Too much like a choir boy, fellow, they told him. You'll have to cut that. Keep your eyes down when you sing.

Bob took the whole thing gracefully. What worried him more than all this silly business about a new personality for his old (the latter had brought him personally close to a quarter of a million dollars) was that when he went on personal appearance tours, he lost his rank of corporal (or was it sergeant?) at Black Foxe Military Academy—and had to drill for a month to regain it upon his return. Academically, Bob is okay.

Particular care is being used in the selection of Bob's forthcoming film stories. In *Way Down South* attention was not riveted so much on star as on melody. In Bob's life, it might be classed as a "small epic." After that will come *The Boy Who Cried Wolf* in which a large dose of comedy will be injected by the star. If they can make him funny, they may stop getting letters like the one from Bob's 22-year-old male admirer who says: "I like Bob but couldn't you make him less pretty by adding a few freckles?"

All this is surface stuff. The biggest thing in Bob's "anti-pretty" campaign is that his sister, Sally, who has sponsored his career right along, and done very well by it too, has retired from the job (she has a new baby, David Franklin Roth, to sponsor, these days) and Bob's new manager is his brother, Mickey. It removes Bob from a woman's world and puts him right smack in the middle of a gent's universe. Everybody is pretty sure that this move is a masterstroke of strategy in the Breen "hair-on-the-chest" campaign.

Bob's only comment is: "Gee, I'm glad I haven't Freddie Bartholomew's English accent to fight, on top of everything else!"

YOUNG Bartholomew is older than Breen by three or four years and the "he-man"-izing processes vary. The studio machine can wave Freddie's first Tuxedo (figuratively, of course) at the fans, talk about his first dates with young ladies, and make them forget their prejudice toward his natural niceties—they hope.

The studio issued proclamations last spring that Freddie would summer (July and August) as a cadet at Culver Military Academy. Very masculine doings, those. That was an announcement bristling with virility and it didn't hurt the film, either. The film happened to be *Spirit of Culver*, in which he played with young Jackie Cooper who, like Rooney, has never needed to establish his juvenile masterfulness.

But Freddie has something—a spirituality, perhaps—that none of the other film lads possess. Audiences may mistake it for "prettiness," or fastidiousness, but it is part of the Bartholomew acting equipment. Studios can link his name with lovely misses like Judge Lindsey's daughter, fourteen-year-old Benita, and next-door-neighbor Evelyn Whitman, in order to engender "love interest;" they can boast about his academic rating (This fall he'll be a high-school senior); spout about his rabid interest in baseball, but Freddie will always retain a precious fragment of that special charm which won audiences to his unforgettable *David Copperfield*. No publicity campaign can ever erase it.

Just how far the "anti-pretty" crusade extends, one cannot be sure. If fight sequences in films are an indication that one is in secret process, then consider the casting of He-man, Victor McLaglen, opposite Nelson Eddy in *Let Freedom Ring*.

One studio praise department sighs with relief because it does not have to bother about establishing the riotous vigor of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. *Prisoner of Zenda*, *Gunga Din*, and now *The Sun Never Sets* has done it for them. There was a time, years ago, when Doug mooned about, longing to film *L'Aiglon* and other subjects far too esoteric for the gum-chewing masses. It's a problem, anyway you look at it.

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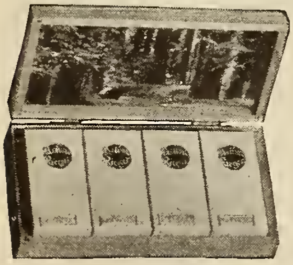
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 77*]

ing: "As for Mary Pickford. There's gossip around town that she's going to end her self-imposed exile from the screen, not to appear again, however, as the curly-haired beauty of yesteryear, but in a biography of Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science."

The well-worn rumor as to Miss Pickford impersonating the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science on the screen is without foundation in fact, and should be set at rest for all time. The July 13, 1939, issue of The Christian Science Monitor under the caption "Plan to Make Film of Mrs. Eddy Denied by Mary Pickford," carries an interview in which Miss Pickford definitely "denied rumors which have been circulating lately, that she intends to appear in a picture based on the life of Mary Baker Eddy."

New Team?

■ The betting in Hollywood's wisenheimer circles is that M-G-M is quietly but surely breaking up the Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald team.

The bettors are pointing to the fact that Ilona Massey, for whom they're whooping praise to the skies since she shines in *Balalaika*, is scheduled to be Nelson Eddy's lead in his next—*Vagabond King.*

Tops In Gifts

■ Top fan gift of the month—is the one Gloria Dickson got from a fan in England, who sent her a complete set of Wedgewood China.

Pat's Hide-Out

■ Just to show what a thousand dollars amounts to in Hollywood, there's the story of Pat O'Brien's cleaning-and-dyeing man. . . .

The other day, the man came breathlessly driving up to the O'Brien home, waving a $1,000 bill.

"So what?" asked Pat.

"It's yours," gasped the man.

O'Brien raised his eyebrows, and wanted to know why. So the cleaner explained he'd found the $1,000 bill tucked into the hidden watchpocket of a pair of pants Pat had sent to be cleaned. And then Pat remembered—

Seems that on his last visit to New York, O'Brien did a radio program stint, and the pay was to be a thousand. For a gag, Pat asked for the money in a $1,000 bill. They gave it to him that way. Then he got worried about the big bill, and instead of putting it in a wallet, where it might be lifted, he folded it and hid it in the watch pocket in the waistband of his trousers—AND FORGOT IT!

How-Time-Flies Note

■ Bill Powell's son enters Hollywood high school this fall! And Victor McLaglen's son enters Princeton!

Lamarr Laments

■ Don't be surprised if, despite all the denials you may hear from the official sources, Hedy Lamarr and M-G-M come to some agreement over stories.

Hedy isn't over-happy about the kind of

[*Continued on page 93*]

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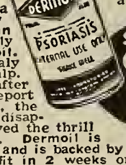

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HOW READERS RATE THEM!

WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE

$15 Prize Letter

I WAS interested in your recent prize-winning letter regarding Garbo's lack of co-operation with her public. This public which, your writer claimed, had won for Garbo her position. It is strange to me that fans demand from their stars a well-oiled folksy exterior rather than good acting. Even if Garbo were capable of putting on such a front, what would be the use? For them she would no longer be Garbo whose elusiveness has held the world spellbound these many years. Garbo owes her fame not to her public who mostly abuse and misunderstand her but to her captivating personality and her skillful and inspired acting. With her fellow-workers she cooperates one hundred per cent. She gives herself entirely to her art—and that is the cooperation that counts and should be appreciated—and no other demands should be made of her.—*Margaret Nilsson, 10 Onondaga Street, Skaneateles, N. Y.*

POOR SPORTS

$10 Prize Letter

Joan Crawford

I DON'T think it's very good sport to hit a girl when she's down—yet every newspaper and magazine I open these days takes a sarcastic little crack at Joan Crawford about something or other. Even, I'm sorry to say, Motion Picture, which cited her "exhibitionism" when she goes to the movies. Gosh, isn't it enough to have lost Franchot, to have got a frizzly permanent, and to have been cast in a series of dime-novel pictures that even the talent of a Davis or Sullavan couldn't have brought to life? I think the great error lies in casting her as a teen-age factory girl or dancer or tenement dweller. Miss Crawford needs maturer roles in really good plays. I've never been a Crawford fan, especially, but I do remember how vivid she can be.—*Mrs. Mary Barger, 103 Prospect St., Marlboro, Mass.*

FAR FROM GOOD

$5 Prize Letter

JUST saw Bing Crosby in *Paris Honeymoon* and of all the utterly impossible stories and situations and actions! The companion feature, *I'm from Missouri* was just as bad. One would think they were made for the entertainment of the feeble-minded. We may be way up in the "Northwoods" but we do know good pictures when we see them. And the two just mentioned are far from good. I'm surprised that stars like Akim Tamiroff and Bing Crosby would subject themselves to such ridiculous actions as those drinking scenes. They weren't funny, they were absurd. Bing's singing is all that kept me, and many other patrons, through the showing. Why do producers waste money and talent on such ludicrous stories? Surely there are half-way reasonable stories and plots to be had. I'm sure all the stars deserve better stories than they have been getting the last couple of years.—*Lenore B. Thielman, 1002 Wisconsin Ave., Gladstone, Mich.*

ANNIE IS AN ACTRESS

$1 Prize Letter

Ann Sheridan

WHY won't people realize that Ann Sheridan is an actress? They are doing her an injustice with all this Oomph publicity; they are masking her ability with a capitalization of her attractiveness. Too much publicity of this type is going to cause many people to refuse to see Ann Sheridan for fear the picture will be a trifle on the unwholesome side. I might say, "Why pick on Ann Sheridan?" I think however, that this type of publicity is absolutely unnecessary. They can't make a good actress out of a dub and people don't go to the movies to see second rate acting. Ann Sheridan is a first rate actress, so why spoil her with a lot of publictiy which makes people smirk when they speak of her. It isn't fair. Ann Sheridan is an actress and the sooner the Oomph is forgotten, the more chance she will have for lasting success.—*Grace Paul, California Sanatorium, Belmont, Calif.*

INDIFFERENT

$1 Prize Letter

I ACCEPT with pleasure your kind invitation to express my opinion about the movies. Maybe I am perverted or just un-

[Continued on page 95]

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10, and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one *hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

THE SUN
SHINES BRIGHT
on thrifty people who dodge winter by GREYHOUND

Come on down and bathe in the sun! You belong on a surf-board skimming along the Gulf Coast—or under a beach umbrella on Florida's sands—up in a western saddle, riding Southwest desert trails—or getting a taste of movie glamour in Southern California. And you *can* be there—Greyhound's low fares simply shrink up the miles between your home and America's exciting winter playgrounds!

Just about ⅓ the cost of driving a car—that's all you pay to enjoy the warmth and luxury, the doubled sightseeing opportunities of a trip South by Super-Coach. Turn sun-worshipper this winter the Greyhound way!

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

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Detroit, Mich., Washington Blvd. . . . . at Grand River
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . . 509 Sixth Avenue, N.
Boston, Mass. . 60 Park Square
St. Louis, Mo. . . . . Broadway & Delmar Boulevard
Cincinnati, Ohio, 630 Walnut St.
San Francisco, Cal. . . . . Pine & Battery Streets
Ft. Worth, Tex., 905 Commerce St.
Charleston, W. Va. . . . . 155 Summers Street
Richmond, Va., 412 E. Broad St.
Memphis, Tenn., 527 N. Main St.
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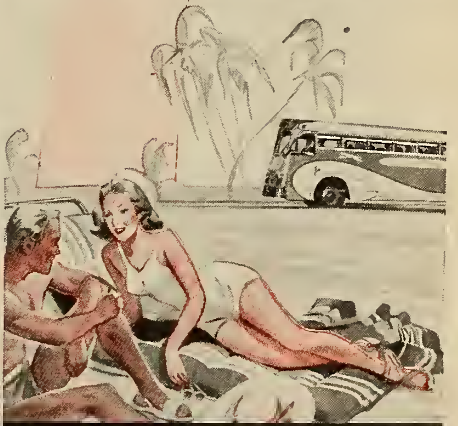

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Mail this for Winter Vacation Booklet

Send this coupon to nearest information office, listed above, for colorful booklet full of pictures and information about FLORIDA and GULF COAST ☐, SOUTHWEST ☐, CALIFORNIA ☐. Please check one desired.

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Linit is the modern starch... it keeps dainty garments looking clean longer...it penetrates the fabric...it restores the original dressing that made them so pretty when new. Keep your cotton goods lovely with Linit.

FREE: Send post card for Linit Chart, it reveals the modern expert method of home laundering. Address: Corn Products Sales Co., Dept. F-11, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Sta., N. Y. C.

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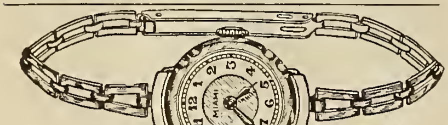
If your baby isn't thriving, ask your doctor about Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk. Thousands of physicians and grateful mothers have attested to its successful use as a diet for infants. Partially pre-digested by malt enzymes. Contains minerals and natural vitamins of the milk and grain. For sample send 3 cent stamp to Dept. FWG-11, Horlick's, Racine, Wis., or Montreal, Can.

Horlick's *The Original Malted Milk*



GIVEN **ABOUT SIZE OF DIME**

NOTHING TO BUY! GIRLS! LADIES! Send Name and Address. Charming Watch or Big Cash Commission. Send No Money. Given for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** Big Colored Pictures with our well known **White Cloverine** Salve, used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL: Choice of 20 gifts for returning only $3. Be first. 44th year. Write today for order of Salve and Pictures, postage paid. **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC.**, Dept. 50-19, Tyrone, Pa.

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Consult your doctor regularly. Ask him about Hygeia Nipples and wide-mouth Bottles. Nipple easily inverted and thoroughly cleaned. Patented tab helps to keep nipple germ-free. Inside valve aids in preventing collapse.

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SAFEST *because easiest to clean*

Let the Goblins Get You!

[*Continued from page* 54]

Lace paper doilies, by the way, may be purchased in attractive colors—yellow, orange and red—with a big shamrock in emerald green, most suitable for the Irish Party, or the regular patterns in a deep lipstick red. These colored lace paper doilies add a big note of gayety for all Hallowe'en party dishes. Follow the orange-black plan in the foods themselves. Thus use chocolate, cocoa and molasses generously in the cake, cookies or doughnut frosting, or in the beverage; use orange colors as in orange frosting for dark or spice cakes; in orange sherbet or ice cream or other desserts, or in orange flavored punches; feature licorice and orange tinted candies.

Equally colorful is the red-and-white color theme developing the gay autumn note of bright red apples, scarlet tomatoes and peppers, lipstick cherries and many other harvest foods. These reds, oranges and blacks are gypsy colors too, and thus just right for any Mexican or Spanish menu or Italian Supper.

For a more sophisticated color plan choose ghostly green-and-white, and carry out completely in white frosted cakes, lime jellies, pistache or lime ices, with highlights of silver in the favors, candies and a centerpiece such as a giant silver paper horse-shoe for "good luck." Green-and-white, by the way, is also ideal for the Irish Ghost Party suggested elsewhere in this article.

NOW for the merry menus! Since informality is the keynote for making any party a success, this is one festivity where the hostess may leave aside all cares and enjoy her own party. Follow a magic menu, do most of the planning and much of the preparation well in advance, and the guests will enjoy serving themselves. Here are merry menus for every color theme:

ORANGE AND BLACK BUFFET
(Adults)

Jellied Cartwheel Salad Mold
Liverwurst Sandwiches, Brown Bread
Yellow Open Cheese Sandwiches, Rye Bread
Deviled Egg Halves Ripe Olives
Chocolate Good-Luck Cake
Orange Sherbet Orange Punch
Coffee

RED AND WHITE MENU (Adults)

Tomato Aspic Canapés
Broiled Ham Slices
Individual Scalloped Potato Cup
Spiced Shredded Beets
Apple Salad, Cream Cheese-Nut Filling
Vanilla Ice Cream, Maraschino Cherry Sauce
Coffee

BOX-PARTY SUPPER (Adults)

Chicken-Vegetable-Salad Mixture
Midget Pickles and Onions
Canned Spiced Meat Sandwiches
Baked Bean Sandwiches, Brown Bread
Doughnuts
Pumpkin Tarts
Cider Coffee

ORANGE AND BLACK PARTY
(Children)

Jack-Lantern Orange-Apple Fruit Salad
Orange-Prune Sandwiches
Pumpkin Face Cookies
Gingerbread Squares
Ice Cream "Gooks"
Chocolate Malt Drink
Orange and Licorice Drops

HERE'S how to make the "box supper" into a smart affair, raffling off a box for each couple. Line box with black crepe paper, cover with sheet of orange cellophane, and paste edges down with Hallowe'en black-cat seals; fill salad into moisture-proof orange cup; wrap eggs in yellow cellophane and fringe top like a party "cracker;" "ring" 3 doughnuts on narrow orange ribbon or tape. Doughnuts by the way, simply "make" any Hallowe'en refreshments. They carry well, and look smart when piled high in carnival style on platters at each end of the buffet table or "ringed" by 3's on individual plates or in supper box. Buy them by the dozen plain or frosted, or spread with orange or chocolate frosting to suit your own color plans.

For adults two other suggested ideas for a Hallowe'en frolic are the Irish Witch Party and the Mexican or Indian Party, both colorful in decorations and foods, and easy to plan. Ireland as the home of "the little people," witches, gypsies and tinkers, makes an ideal background. Ask guests to come dressed as gypsies (slacks, shorts and summer rags) and provide plenty of apples, doughnuts and cider, with a handsome "good-luck" cake on the table. This cake of course contains a ring (marriage), a licorice baby (a child will be born within the year), a thimble for the old maid, silver money for riches, and other fortunate emblems. The menu should feature a steaming cauldron (soup-pot or casserole) of soup or stew, or a crust-topped pie or individual meat tarts, with a big slice of luck cake and many mugs of ale (cider or fruit punch).

The Indian Party makes use of bright trays and colored pottery such as may be bought in any dime store; wicker animals or beaded dolls as favors, with "hot" dishes patterned after those of Spain and Mexico. These will include canned tamales, home-made pancakes (tortillas), corn fritters and syrup, or chili-seasoned fricassee chicken. Mulled chocolate is a happy ending beverage for the crowd.

By all means let the goblins get you! Send immediately for the smart leaflet "BLACK MAGIC," and the Donut Party Book which will be sent you, free.

Mrs. Christine Frederick
% MOTION PICTURE
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please send the free leaflet: "BLACK MAGIC," including Good-Luck Cake, Pumpkin Face Cookies, Orange Ice Cream, and free Donut Party Book.

(This offer expires December 15, 1939)

Name ....

Street Address ....

Town and State ....

The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 90]

roles she's been given. Hedy is not an American; not a New Yorker. She feels she's hardly suited to, and certainly can't do her best in, sophisticated New York roles. That's why, she feels, *I Take This Woman* had to be shelved. Well, now it's *Lady of the Tropics*, which is all right. But on the coming-up list for Hedy on the M-G-M schedule is another New York yarn, Ziegfeld Girl. And Hedy doesn't know whether or not she'll take it.

Doesn't Please Hollywood Mammas

■ Talk of Hollywood is what Wallace Beery is doing with little Carol Ann Beery, since the Beery divorce.

Doting papa though he is, Wally is getting many a Hollywood mother peeved by his over-indulgence of Carol Ann. Topping the latest developments was Wally's appearance at a Hollywood nite spot, with eight-year-old Carol Ann dressed up like a movie star's wildest dream, with evening dress and ermine cape!

Odor

■ SMELLIEST Gag of the Month—was the one they played on Mischa Auer at Universal. They smeared limburger cheese on the handle-bar grips of his bicycle —and on the bicycle seat, too.

Didn't Come a Cropper After All

■ One of the most sentimental men in all Hollywood is Richard Dix. Latest illustration—

Remember *Cimarron?* Remember the horse Dix rode in that brilliant picture? Well, the horse's name was Cropper, and in those days, Cropper commanded top-pay for screen service. He was a handsome steed, and carried many a film hero in his day. But time marched on, and Cropper grew old, and of late, he's been just another milk-wagon horse, pulling a dairy wagon around Hollywood at dawn, delivering milk to the homes of the heroes he used to carry over hill and down dale before the camera.

Dix learned of it. And the other day, he went to the dairy, planked down $50, bought Cropper—and sent the horse to the Dix ranch in the California hills, pensioned for the rest of his life in ease.

Mack Knew "Ma" When

■ Carole Lombard may gnash her teeth, but she can't do anything about it! Mack Sennett still owns all the rights to the movies he made years ago, when Carole was just another buxom-breasted, heavy-hipped bathing beauty of the olden era. And Mack plans to re-issue these two-reelers—and not only Carole, but Bing Crosby and other today topnotchers are in them in the most undignified roles. . . .!

What will Clark Gable say!

Mrs. M. Won't Watch the Kisses

■ Because Paul Muni is bashful—believe it or don't!!—Mrs. Muni is NOT going to be on the set when he has to go through some kissing scenes in *We Are Not Alone.*

Mrs. Muni is one of the most constant visitors on the Muni sets, usually. There is such an accord between these two that Muni rarely feels satisfied with a take unless

"You'll LOVE it! THIS MAGNIFICENT HOPE CHEST GIVES INSURED PROTECTION"

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$29.75 Slightly Higher in West

— A Roos Special Gift Value!

Exclusive Roos UTIL-TRAY is full-length size; rounded corners, lined bottom. Tilts up for easier access to chest

UTIL-TRAY fits snugly into the Waterfall lid—permits filling the chest to full capacity. Tray may be lifted out at any time.

FOUR FEET LONG! *Equipped with Self-Rising* UTIL-TRAY

Clip this ad and leave it out "carelessly" for him to see tonight. He'll thank you for the hint that here's a gift you'd really LOVE. A big, roomy 48″ chest, made with the heart of genuine aromatic red cedar as recommended by the U.S. Bureau of Entomology for moth protection. With it you get a MOTH INSURANCE POLICY, so you know it's safe for furs and woolens. SEALTITE LID prevents escape of protective cedar aroma. Modern Waterfall design, with exterior of matched Orientalwood, Claro, Striped and American Black Walnut veneers. See this featured value now at your furniture or department store.

WRITE FOR *folder S-70 showing many other modern and period styles. We'll send name of nearest dealer.*

ROOS *Sweetheart* CEDAR CHESTS 70 Years of Quality

ED ROOS CO., FOREST PARK, ILLINOIS

"It's a perfect idea, Joléne, designing shoes right here in Hollywood," says—Ida Lupino
appearing in "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED" a Paramount Production

You'll thrill to the exciting flattery of the styles of the stars. Joléne, famed movieland stylist, recreates the costly originals seen by her at Hollywood's famous fashion centers. Select your favorite Joléne style today.

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safely
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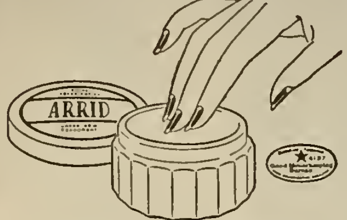

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15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

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AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
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Back Pain and Kidney Strain

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and non-systemic and non-organic Kidney and Bladder troubles may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. In many such cases the diuretic action of the Doctor's prescription **Cystex** helps the Kidneys clean out Excess Acids. This plus the palliative work of **Cystex** may easily make you feel like a new person in just a few days. Try **Cystex** under the guarantee of money back unless completely satisfied. **Cystex** costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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Choice of smart, new jeweled Ladies' Wrist Watch or men's Curved, accurate, guaranteed 7 **jeweled Wrist Watch FREE** of extra cost with every **Matched Bridal Pair** (Wedding and Engagement Rings) ordered and paid for on our new one-year payment plan. Make only 2 easy payments of $3 each, total only $6. **Send no money** with order, just name and ring size. **We trust you.** No red tape. **Wear 10 days on approval.** Your package comes in special **Gift Box,** by return mail.

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his wife has watched and given her okeh.

But for the love scenes, she will not be in her usual place on the sidelines. She hastens to disclaim jealousy.

"It's only because, when he makes love to another woman for the camera, that my presence may distract and embarrass him," she explains.

Wonder how many other wives would go away and let their hubbies kiss other women?

Okay, Bill, You Can Have Your Hoss

■ Talking of kissing—here's a contrast note: In all his more than two dozen *Hopalong Cassidy* pictures, Bill Boyd has had 25 different leading ladies—and has NEVER kissed ONE of them!

Yet for *Lady of the Tropics,* Robert Taylor spent one whole day of takes, just kissing Hedy Lamarr for closeups!

O-KAY, Boyd, you can have your hoss!!!

Yoo Hoo!

■ Cutest sartorial trick in Hollywood these days is the one the boy-and-girl twosomes-around-town have thought up. They wear practically IDENTICAL get-ups. . . .!!

Adrian and Janet Gaynor, for instance, have bright red taffeta jackets, just alike, which they wear at the night spots, yoo hoo! Adrian's is just the teenie-weeniest bit more severely cut, and Janet's has a ruffle or two.

Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor have sports outfits which are made of the same goods, cut in the same general lines.

Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant, just before she left for England, wore polo coats exactly alike.

Giggle pay-off is that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard have overalls—JUST ALIKE!

Burn-Up-Note

■ The Ritz Brothers are THAT peeved. The other day, on the lot, they heard a studio guide explaining to some visitors how you could tell which Ritz was which:

"The tall one," he explained, "is Al; Jimmy's the short one—and Harry is the FUNNY one."

Not Still Life

■ Newest addition to the Gary Cooper private home art gallery is a set of portraits of Gary—but IN THE NUDE!

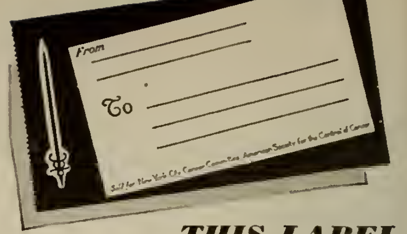
It happened like this. Dean Cornwell, noted artist, was hired by Goldwyn's to do some poster art on Gary Cooper's latest film. The press department asked Cornwell for his original sketches—and not until they arrived did they learn that it is Cornwell's custom to sketch his first drawings in NUDES, not filling in clothes until the original sketches had been viewed and okehed.

So when they got the nudes, the press agents blushed, and hid them. But Gary found them—thought they were SWELL—and took them home.

Dimples

Embarrassment Note

■ Imagine Richard Greene's chagrin. To play Greene at the age of 14, the studio had to hire a little girl and dress her in boy's clothes—because they couldn't find a boy of that age with Greene's dimples!!!



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Thousands of anxious people, every year, are directed through New York City Cancer Committee courtesy cards to hospitals where their cases are diagnosed and treated . . . either free, or in proportion to their ability to pay. Help save these lives! Your dollar will do this. In addition, you will receive a supply of Package Labels, and our Quarterly Review giving you the latest information on cancer.

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For $1 enclosed, please send me a supply of your Package Labels. I understand that in addition you will send me your Quarterly Review.

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Persons living outside New York City and Long Island may write for local information to headquarters: American Society for the Control of Cancer, 350 Madison Avenue, New York.

FREE TO ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS

Free sample of Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND enables you to experience the quick relief this pleasant smoke vapor has brought to asthmatic sufferers for 70 years. At nearly all drug stores, cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Powder, 25¢ and $1.00. Write today for free sample. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. FW-13, Rupert, Vermont.

If you want to know what's what and who's who in Hollywood read MOTION PICTURE Magazine every month.

SWIMPROOF "Dark-Eyes" EYELASH DARKENER

SWIM, perspire or cry and always be certain your lashes and brows remain attractively dark. Use "Dark-Eyes" instead of ordinary mascara. *One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks.* Ends daily make-up bother. Never runs, smarts, smudges or harms lashes. Indelible. Try it! $1 at dept. and drug stores.

"Dark-Eyes" INDELIBLE DARKENER

"Dark-Eyes," 2110 W. Madison St., Dept. 30 M9, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

Name.......................... *Town*...............
Address.......................... *State*...............

Prize Letters

[*Continued from page* 91]

patriotic, but I do not think propaganda pictures have any place on the American screen. I give them credit for being timely and for basing their plots on truth whenever possible but if the real truth were told, Americans are uninterested in the bickerings and intolerances of Europeans as pictured in *Blockade* and *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*.

After careful perusal of MOTION PICTURE, I find that Charles Chaplin plans to produce a picture called *The Dictator*. Just the title leaves my friends and acquaintances and myself completely indifferent. We all love Charlie but it seems to me he could find a more appealingly American picture to make.—*Ara Morris, 385 Park St., Akron, Ohio.*

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

$1 Prize Letter

SOMETHING has happened to sing about, and shout about, and declare a special Thanksgiving about. There is finally a male in Hollywood who has made feminine hearts take higher jumps than the combined efforts of Taylor and Power. He is not handsome. He definitely is not a "great lover" according to the screen versions of the term. His sole claim to fame is the fact that he is a sincerely great actor. Men are loud in applause and praise also; that, glamor boys, being more than you can possibly say. It's taken him three pictures to get firmly established in a corner of America's heart that has formerly been unoccupied. His last picture, *Daughters Courageous*, was his from beginning to end and made him a number one threat to any leading man. He is my choice for a younger Spencer Tracy. He's tops. He's John Garfield.—*A. J. Baird, 2324 Calhoun St., New Orleans, La.*

John Garfield

NO CHANGES, PLEASE

$1 Prize Letter

IN MY younger years I lived in a small town where gossip was the most popular pastime. When one woman told a story it went the rounds of every woman in town and by the time it reached the last mouth it was so distorted, the first woman couldn't recognize her own story. Somehow, that reminds me of the way the movie producers handle plays and novels in adapting them for the screen. Making such drastic changes that by the time the distorted product reaches the screen it would take an imaginative author to recognize his own brainchild.

However, in two recent pictures, *On Borrowed Time* and *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, the movies evidently deviated from past practices, as the original story was closely followed and the productions were truly superb. Keep up the good work, producers. We want our books as is.—*Mrs. Minerva Miller, 2142 East 5th St., Charlotte, N. Carolina.*

RELAX IN SCENTED, FOAMY LUXURY

Enjoy a bath in this perfumed foam that soothes and scents your whole body. Then emerge refreshed, your skin fragrant with the scent of your favorite odeur. Bath Foam softens hard water and eliminates "tub ring", too. At fine beauty shops everywhere.

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95¢ (*4 oz.—enough for 20 baths*)

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My Royal Lady Bath Foam

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BETRAYED BY MY PASSION

From the bloody mining country of Pennsylvania, the first issue of REAL LIFE STORY MAGAZINE brings you this gripping confession. It is a story of unleashed passions, of treachery, and greed—and a woman's bravery!

BETRAYED BY MY PASSION is only one of the *twelve complete* confession stories in the November issue of REAL LIFE STORY MAGAZINE, now on sale. Also included, is a *complete* book-length true novel called "MY MOTHER SOLD ME!"

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5 O'CLOCK TEASPOONS
For your tea parties, of course! . . . also ideal for puddings, fruits, ices and other desserts.

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New Kind of Lipstick
IN the Contest of Love—let the new, thrilling DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK keep your lips looking dewy-moist . . . lustrous as satin—truly kissable! Try it! Discover the seemingly magical charm of DEWY-SHEEN! $1 at drug and department stores.
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MODERN... BOOKKEEPING
Learn bookkeeping by new Job Method. No tiresome study of theory and rules. You learn by doing. Every step interesting. Planned for people who want to learn modern bookkeeping easily, yet thoroly. No previous knowledge necessary — everything covered from ground up. Short — inexpensive—easy payment terms. Write for free information. No obligation. Address Dept. 1130-H.
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PAIN FREE

HAPPY HEAD
KOHLER 10¢
ANTIDOTE for relief of miserable pain due to HEADACHE
ONLY 10c ALL DRUG STORES

The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 87]

tween Hollywood and Chicago, where MacDonald has been busy.

But just when the wisenheimers began watching the divorce-suit filing list, George hurried home—and poof, went the bust-up rumors when Jean and he announced they're taking off for a Honolulu re-honeymoon together.

■

FLASH!—Jack Oakie and Venita Varden have called it all off!

■

NOT that the Jackie Coogan-Betty Grable re-bust-up is new, any more—but maybe you didn't know one of the odd angles to it. . . .

That when Betty finally did file her divorce action, she herself had been in San Francisco, doing a personal appearance at the Fair, and being squired about town by a certain young man who was one of Jackie's best friends, and who, in fact, actually introduced Betty and Jackie to each other when they first met!

—and at the same time, Jackie himself has been salving the pain of parting from Betty by dating up Betty's own best pal, Peggy Carroll!

Both Betty and Jackie, admitting their dates with their estranged spouse's best pals, explained:

"We're just old friends." Hmmmm!

[Continued on page 98]

Sonja Henie won't have everything her own way. Little Irene Dare in *Everything's On Ice* can do about everything that Sonja does. Knows all the routines

In a few weeks "Honeymoon in Bali," starring Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray, will be showing to enthusiastic audiences from coast to coast. But you may enjoy it *now*—by getting your copy of the new MOVIE STORY Magazine which presents a vivid, full-length story version of the film, together with four pages of sparkling scene stills from the picture itself.

Hundreds of thousands of film fans buy MOVIE STORY every month. They have discovered the thrill of previewing, in the comfort of their own homes, every big hit picture produced.

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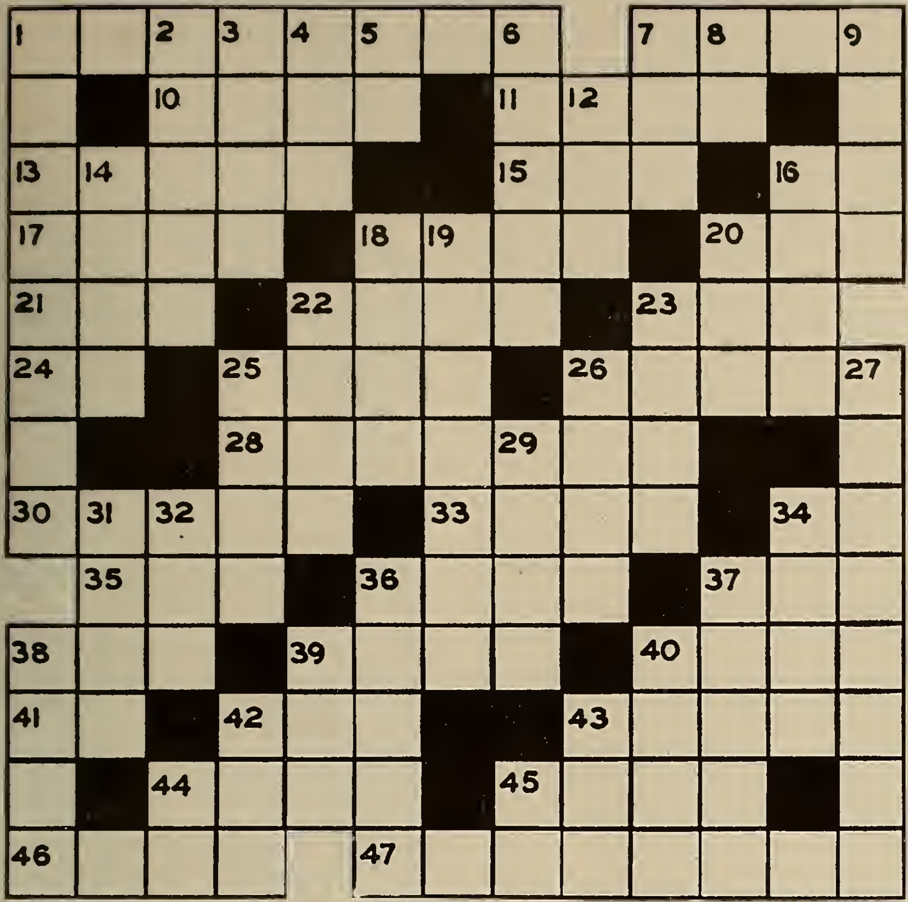
MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!



ACROSS

1. M-G-M feminine star
7. The dog in *Wizard of Oz*
10. Remember —— Asther?
11. Comedian in *Unexpected Father*
13. *Jenny* in *Second Fiddle*
15. Charles Laughton is starred in *Jamaica* ——
16. What Mr. Wills, husband of Joan Davis, is called
17. First name of Mr. Rhodes, comedian
18. She is seen as herself in *Hotel for Women*
20. Sweetheart's greeting to Ferdinand the Bull
21. *Each Dawn I* ——
22. She has chief feminine role in *The Saint in London*
23. Actor wed to Bebe Daniels
24. *Murder* —— *News*
25. Descriptive of film rating only one A in "Picture Parade"
26. —— *of New York*
28. Mrs. Russell in *Charlie Chan in Reno*
30. Dr. Watson in *Hound of the Baskervilles*
33. *Charles Wentworth* in *On Borrowed Time* (poss.)
34. Birthplace of James Stewart (abbr.)
35. What Popeye sails upon
36. The girl in *Career*
37. *They Gave* —— *a Gun*
38. Sombrero of westerns
39. Where Bergen sometimes holds Charlie.
40. What players do to register grief
41. Ed Stanley's initials
42. ——*Town Czar*
43. Descriptive of Harpo's flaming red locks
44. —— *of the Secret Service*
45. Her first name is Billie and she's a former star
46. —— *Angels Have Wings*
47. A star of *Clouds Over Europe*

DOWN

1. Ben Blue is one
2. *Little Orphan* ——
3. What player might do when portraying a flirt
4. Evelyn Brent's birthplace (abbr.)
5. Initials of Onslow Stevens
6. The dog in *Blondie* series
7. Date in April on which George Arliss was born
8. *For Love* —— *Money*
9. Walter Connolly's birthplace
12. *Marcia* in *On Borrowed Time*
14. Her last name is Meredith
16. What you'd expect from Gene Autry
18. Poetic name for Brian Donlevy's birthplace
19. The girl in *Arizona Legion*
20. *Street of Missing* ——
22. Feminine lead in *Grand Jury Secrets*
23. *Prison Without* ——
25. It makes 6 Down scratch
26. *Cornelius McGill* in *Bridal Suite*
27. Charles Starrett was starred in *Texas* ——
29. *Sam Grey* in *Star Reporter*
31. You saw her in *Hotel Imperial* (poss.)
32. *Andy Hardy* ——*s Spring Fever*
34. They threw them for fun in early comedies
36. The girl in *Bulldog Drummond's Bride*
37. *Aunt Martha* in *Naughty But Nice*
38. Principal male character in a screenplay
39. *Mickey the* ——
40. *SOS—Tidal* ——
42. —— *Friend*
43. *They Asked* —— *It*
44. Initials of Clark Gable's bride
45. Claire —— Brey

October Solution

B	L	O	N	D	E	L	L		I	O	W	A
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A	N	D	Y		S	H	E	R	I	D	A	N

EX-LAX MOVIES

"Mother comes to the Rescue"

JILL: O-oh, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?

MOTHER: No, dear. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. Its name is Ex-Lax.

JILL: Yummy, that's fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, and Ex-Lax won't upset your little tummy or sicken you. It's so nice and gentle.

JILL: Ex-Lax was fine, Mommy. I feel so much better this morning.

MOTHER: So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax, myself, last night.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 96*]

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Patricia Ellis is so often seen
With Felix Dupone from the Argentine!

■

FLASH!—Jack Oakie and Venita Varden—oh, well!

■

WHITTLINGS from the Hollywood—gaddaboutest guy in town these days is Bob Ritchie, who manages to turn Hollywood's bachelor-famine into his own good luck . . . latestly he's dated June Gale, Dorothy Lamour, Jean Myras . . . June Lang can't seem to make up her mind between Joe Pasternak and Jimmy Bryant . . . buhlieve it or not, but Rudy Vallee sends a daily bouquet to Dorothy Lamour, toujour, l'amour! . . . Bonita Granville, growing up, is being dated by young "Dodo" Sinclair, who is heir to sooooo much monnie, as well as by Jackie Cooper . . . that kiss-and-make-up act of Addison Randall and Louise Stanley hasn't prevented Louise from being dated by Jimmy Bryant, who's one of the datingest lads in town . . . Reg Gardiner, who used to be Hedy Lamarr's boy friend, doesn't deserve your tears on account of Frances Robinson is consoling him and what more canna guy ask? . . . there are still whispers that Tom Brown and Natalie Draper are reconsilly-minded . . . Charlie Martin just couldn't bear being away from Joan Crawford, so he hurried back from New York like *that* (snap!) . . . Ann Sheridan says rumors that she and radiorator John Conti are engaged is just balloon stuffing . . . Stan Laurel is reported thinking in maritalics again. . . .

A lot of police dog is Wayne Morris' Galahad, almost as tall as his old man. Mr. M. exercises Mr. G. at new home

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Now you can dust away armpit odor and stickiness and check sloppy perspiration with one touch of close-clinging Spiro, the Powder Deodorant. Protects against odor on feet—sanitary napkins. Use after shaving. So safe, actually soothing. New size, costs but a few cents. Sold everywhere. Get SPIRO today.

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IF YOU have ten fingers and can read English, you can play popular songs on the piano instantly.
Not by notes or by ear—but by words!
A new keyboard device shows you instantly just where to place each finger in both hands for every word of each song.
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"Now I Can TELL" says ELEANOR HOLM

Twice Olympic champion and star of the spectacular Aquacade at the N. Y. World's Fair—Eleanor Holm is the most talked-about girl in the public eye today. Story after story has been written about this glamorous and beautiful girl. Some of the stories have been true; many of them have been malicious gossip.

And now, on the eve of her marriage, Eleanor Holm has decided to tell *her* side of the story exclusively for readers of TRUE CONFESSIONS. Don't miss Eleanor Holm's sensational confession in the November issue, now on sale!

The same issue of this thrilling magazine is packed with vital real life dramas such as BLINDED BY MY HATE, ONCE I BELONGED TO HIM, COULD I TRUST HIM?, SPOILED WOMAN and JITTERBUG MARRIAGE.

In addition, TRUE CONFESSIONS presents a gripping book-length true novel entitled MY HERITAGE OF SIN.

10¢

Get Your Copy Today!

True Confessions

Daddy's "Heart"—And Yours

[Continued from page 53]

very hard to do on account of the extremely hot weather. So, bit by bit, with the permission of the director, I first shucked off mittens, then the hat, then the coat and finally the skirt. The act looked so funny that it was decided to make it a part of the dance."

Back in Texas, Mrs. Martin got wind of what was going on—or coming off—during daughter Mary's strip tease rehearsals. She came flying into New York to give the act her maternal once-over. There was quite a flutter of excitement backstage during the tense wait for mama's verdict. Fortunately for all concerned, it was an enthusiastic yes.

"I can't see anything scandalous about it," mama said in her soft Texas drawl. "In fact, I like it."

And that was that so far as the Martin family was concerned.

WELL, you know how it is when girls and boys get the brush-off in Hollywood and make good on Broadway. In no time at all representatives from the movie factories came in droves to the Big Town to stage a talent-stalking act. No holds are barred in the struggle to nab the prize. In this particular battle it was Paramount who finally got Mary's signature on the dotted line of a long-term contract.

And a nifty contract it is, too. A half-and-half agreement between the party of the first part and the party of the second part gives the Texas songbird six months out of each year to do a Broadway show if and when one comes along that she likes. In the remaining six months of each year she will make no more and no less than two pictures—minus the strip tease. (The minus sign coming from the Hays office, which has long since nixed that sort of stage business for celluloid purposes.)

For her first picture Paramount has given Mary the leading feminine role in *Victor Herbert*, one of the studio's big productions. In this one she's going to be a dramatic soprano. No swing, no "hot" stuff here. Playing and singing opposite her is Allan Jones; and Allan, as you know, rates high in the musical scale when it comes to pleasing the ear with his tenor voice.

To her great credit, Mary, since her return to Hollywood as one of its important people, bears the town no grudge for the treatment it accorded her a year ago. In this she's unlike a goodly percentage of those who get the brush-off only to return later as successes. She bears Flickerville no resentment and she isn't going around with the usual "I'll show 'em" look on her face.

"It's all a part of the game," she says. "If you can't take the brickbats with the bouquets, you don't belong in show business."

Mary never had a hobby in her young life until her return to Hollywood.

"Whenever I find time," she says, "I go into the grill-room where I used to sing and listen to them say 'you've got something but we don't know what it is,' and I just sit there and hope that I've still got it and that THIS time they Do know what it is. It worries me."

Well, Mary can take our word for it and needn't wrinkle up her brow about this problem any more. Those producers who gave her tests and turned her down are kicking themselves black and blue because they didn't have show sense enough to know that Mary Martin, the Texas Thrush, had what "IT" takes to make good.

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Bud Westmore, Beauty Expert at 20th Century-Fox, and Alice Faye, *now starring in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture,* "Hollywood Cavalcade."

At last! House of Westmore Cosmetics the stars actually use, for screen *and* street wear, are now available to *you!* They're color-filtered . . . no "aging gray" tones . . . no sharp shadows from harsh lighting! Complete line, including foundation cream *like no other you've ever tried,* powder to match, rouge, cream rouge, lipstick, and eye shadow! Used exclusively in 20th Century-Fox productions. 25¢ in variety stores everywhere. Big economy 50¢ size at drug stores!

Get Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide with Measuring Wheel which enables you to determine your own face type. Tells you exactly how to make up for *your type* . . . for *more glamour!* 25¢ wherever Westmore Cosmetics are sold. If the store near you hasn't it, send 25¢ and your name and address to: The House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. (D-11) 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Wake up your liver bile

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

ADDING It All Up: They're going to give Shirley Temple bigger and better stories . . . Those in charge of her destiny realize that the "little child shall lead them" plot has gone to the well too often . . . They are determined that the child wonder shall retain her hold on the public . . . Even though she is a wonder child and exceptionally talented, she is not ready yet for *Camille* and *Zaza,* despite the fact she has grown older and prettier . . . So what to do? I believe she'll continue to play the "little child shall lead Victor McLaglen, Henry Fonda and the big boys and girls". . . Which is the only possible plot unless she enters the realm of juvenile fantasy like the land of Nod or Never-Never Land . . . But in that realm Walt Disney has a sign which says "No Trespassing". . . Youngsters who have been contemporary with Shirley are fast growing up.

Adult Ways

SOME of the kids are now taking on adult ways (personalities as well as plots) without having had to chuck it all because of adolescence . . . meaning Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew, Deanna Durbin . . . They've grown old gracefully. They've put away their childish things—traded their dolls for lipsticks, their toy airplanes for razors, their juvenile precocities for adult emotions, without batting an eyelid . . . They should keep going now as long as C. Aubrey Smith and May Robson . . . Meanwhile Shirley has new rivals in the child field—Gloria Jean (who has a voice) and Martin Spellman and Bobs Watson (who have emotions). And Sandy Henville will make you forget Baby LeRoy. Or did you ever remember him? By the way, whatever became of the Babe? Probably eating his spinach at a military school.

How Come?

WONDER how staid Londoners took Gene Autry taking his hoss into a hotel public room. If war doesn't break out I wonder how they'll take Mickey Rooney when he arrives in London—and shows them how they cut rugs in America. Somehow Londoners get along a bit of all right with us quaint Ameddicans . . . False alarm—Zorina is not traveling nude on her way to Europe, nor taking sunbaths in drawing-rooms of trains and public and private salons of ships and hotels . . . that was just one of those quaint publicity stories the papers ran to take your mind off Hitler and Lepke . . . First thing you know the press will be having you believe that there are four Garbos (all of whom tank they'll stay in Hollywood if war breaks out).

Hollywood Missed a Bet

WE ALL know there are two World's Fairs—one in New York, the other in San Francisco . . . And with all the big industries represented it seems as if the movie industry passed up a great opportunity to sell itself in a colossal way (and how they love to speak colossally and do colossal things) . . . Here's an Industry boasting of its strength and leadership—up there in the front ranks with Steel, Oil, Autos, Radio, Textiles—and there's no representation of its realities at either Fair beyond some fine films on display—one of which is C. B. DeMille's historical film pieced together from cuts of former triumphs of Hollywood—to make a great story of America . . . Now why couldn't the movie people have exhibited how movies are made?

They should have taken space to set up a movie lot—replete with sets and backgrounds and atmosphere, and all the movie paraphernalia . . . With the cameras grinding on Hollywood players . . . These would not have to be top-ranking stars. The Fair crowds would have taken to the lesser lights just as quickly . . . They could have even made tests of newcomers, even running contests to choose new finds . . . And Hollywood producers combining like the Eastern railroads or General Motors at the New York Fair, could have taken turns in shooting a picture, say a quickie once a month for six months, say—and captured crowds like General Motors at the New York Fair (an exhibit which has drawn millions—and whose lines waiting to see it, make a movie theatre line bent on seeing the biggest hit look like two guys buying a ticket at the depot in Broken Elbow, Texas.

Like a Fair Within a Fair

I BELIEVE the grounds at either Fair wouldn't have been big enough to hold the crowds eager to see a movie set-a picture being shot around genuine players . . . And the producers would have built up colossal good-will . . . making a colossal impression with millions of people from all countries—most of whom have never seen movies made—and the romance attendant in making them . . . Imagine the publicity values, too—with one big company campaigning about its Fair production one month, followed the other months by its rivals—all concentrating to outdo each other in building star names, sets and the like . . . They could even have night shooting to add spice of variety . . . Can you imagine the crowds that would flock, considering the colossal hold Hollywood players have on the public? The producers could have pooled their investment—and gotten most of it back with a small price of admission, plus the showing of their Fair films in movie theatres. Or they wouldn't have to make a story at all—but just go through the business of make-believe. . . .

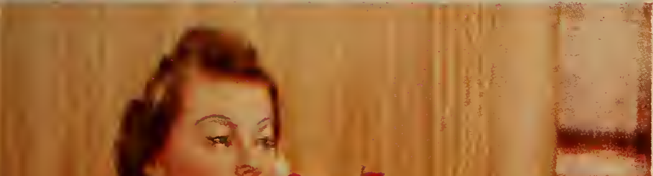
It strikes me that such a venture would have eclipsed anything at either Fair—turned the venture into a Fair within a Fair . . . Such a venture—with its publicity value—would have made last year's idea of selling Hollywood to the public (remember Greater Movies' Greatest Year and Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment?) "small time" and "old hat."

That campaign didn't catch on well . . . It lacked the realistic touch. The automotive industry, oil, radio, steel, foods, electric science—these demonstrate with realism. Hollywood just went to sleep. Maybe they were too busy with their stables. Maybe they lacked vision and imagination beyond the billboard with the same old super-sales talk spouting the same old adjectives—"the most colossal, the greatest ever."

Confessions of a Private Secretary

Slave to a buzzer... that's me!

Yet I wouldn't trade the rush and excitement of my job for anything. But you see, I just haven't time to worry about myself, so my napkin *must* provide perfect peace-of-mind. That's why I use nothing but Kotex Sanitary Napkins, made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check striking through in one spot.



Looks Count Plenty...

in this job of mine. A girl must look poised and efficient and that means I must *feel* my best—can't afford to be uncomfortable no matter what! But with 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins it's now a simple matter for *every woman* to meet her individual needs *in comfort* from day to day.

Lady of the Evening...

still looking and feeling my best at the time so many girls are irritable. Again Kotex Sanitary Napkins come to my rescue, thanks to those *patented pressed ends.* Believe me, they make a world of difference—no more embarrassing bulky feeling—no more worry about shifting, bunching and chafing.

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Try Luckies for a week. Then you'l know why sworn records show tha among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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Your smile is precious, priceless—it's YOU! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage

Don't ignore the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

ANY MAN with an eye for beauty will always admire the girl in a glamorous gown. But how soon he turns away if her smile is dull and dreary!

For a girl can be dressed in the latest fashion and *still* win pity instead of praise—if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush"—if she lets her smile grow dingy.

Don't let this happen to *you!* Don't risk your looks—the winning appeal of a lovely smile—by neglecting the proper care of your teeth and gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a danger signal. Heed it promptly!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* It may mean nothing serious. The chances are he'll tell you that modern, soft-cooked foods are depriving your gums of vigorous chewing—denying them enough healthful exercise. He'll probably suggest "more work for lazy gums" and, as so many dentists do, he'll often add, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to keep teeth clean and sparkling but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the lazy tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—a smile that wins admiration!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

OCT 30 1939

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MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVIII. No. 5 DECEMBER, 1939 Twenty-eighth Year

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AL ALLARD
Art Director

GORDON FAWCETT
Hollywood Manager

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

HERE'S THE NEW MARLENE DIETRICH

A great change has come over Marlene Dietrich. No longer is she the unapproachable, temperamental star, but a changed personality—one who subordinates herself to an appreciation of her true value in and out of pictures. In the January MOTION PICTURE you will be reading about the new Dietrich—and you will be treated to other scintillating stories about George Raft, Bobs Watson, Bob Taylor and a host of others. And don't miss reading the fiction version of "The Broadway Melody of 1940"—illustrated with photos from the picture. Tell your newsdealer to reserve your copy now.

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He *must* take me to see these

"The Cat and the Canary"
for laughs + thrills

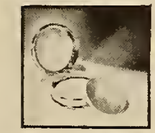
"Disputed Passage"
for a love kick

"Rulers of the Sea"
for a romantic adventure

PARAMOUNT ADV.

TANGEE
Lips made for Kissing
This Cream Base Lipstick Gives Your Lips Tempting Smoothness, Luscious Color
PAINTED
TANGEE

Tangee is like no other lipstick! It's orange in the stick but changes "magically" to your most becoming shade. It doesn't coat your lips with greasy paint but gives you the soft, smooth, colorful lips that women love and men admire. And its special cream base helps prevent "dry-lips" and chapping. Just try Tangee and see what loveliness and charm it gives you!



For Your Cheeks...This "Natural Blush" Rouge blends with your Tangee Lipstick and actually seems to give your cheeks a "natural blush."

Face Powder...With an "Underglow"—Tangee Powder has the Tangee Color Principle and helps give your skin a flattering "underglow."

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one TANGEE. Don't let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Try Tangee Theatrical, too, for special occasions. Its creamy smoothness gives your lips daring, exciting color—yet never looks "painted."

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:*

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 6*]

Parked on upright rest couch, a familiar sight at studios, Deanna Durbin is coached by Henry Koster for *First Love*

and Monte Prosser—Jane Bryan goes for Eddies, what with Goulding one night and Albert the next!—if Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman don't hurry up and get married SOON, nobody'll care any more—Lya Lys and Carl Young, who races in midget automobiles, are racing hearts—Richard Gully and Ruth Selwyn, on a retake—now it's Barry Brennan in Frances Robinson's life—"Shipwreck" Kelly and Marj Weaver, who used to be schoolmates, are likely to become more'n that—Lucille Ball and Al Hall making the cupid-rhymsters happy again—Linda Darnell's boy friend seems to be Maury Grossman, of M-G-M's writing staff—Dorothy Arnold says it's the end of her screen career when she marries Joe Di Maggio the end of this baseball season—Don Ettlinger, who was Gwynne Pickford's beeg moment before she married Bud Ernst, is consoling himself magnificently with Olympe Bradna—it's all off between Judy Starr and Buddy Westmore, on accounta she's now all aflutter over a handsome press-agent named Alan Gordon—Joan Bennett dines SO often with Reginald Gardiner—don't be surprised if Jinx Falkenberg and Bob Taplinger go preacher-hunting—Rosemary Lane seems to be dangling midway between Tom McAvity and John Hart (who looks so much like Bob Taylor!)—Bob Howard and Dixie Dunbar may say "I do" any day, now—and they may NOT.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Diana Lewis and Tommy Neal—
Ten-to-one on a wedding-bell peal!

[*Continued on page* 10]

With the war on, Mickey Rooney won't be going to London. Instead he takes pooch for walk far away from trouble

This is the Nail Polish that swept the country in 6 months

You simply must try it!

Join the millions of women—yes, millions!—who are switching to a longer lasting, high-gloss nail polish—Dura-Gloss! Yes Dura-Gloss is taking the country by storm, because it's an entirely new nail polish. You get richer color, a polish with more "body," that wears longer, resists chipping longer, keeps its brilliance longer! You owe it to the beauty of your hands to try Dura-Gloss—today!

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERSON, N. J.

DURA-GLOSS

Makes your fingernails more beautiful

CHOOSE YOUR COLOR by the patented "Finger-nail" bottle caps, which show you 20 style-approved shades exactly as they will look on your own nails. At cosmetic counters. **10c**

Shown above: HUNTER RED, Fashion's new shade for Fall

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

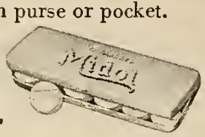
Even Mary's conscience is carefree now!

No broken dates . . . no last-minute apologies . . . no more weak, embarrassing excuses for Mary! Now she relieves "regular" pain—lives actively and comfortably right through those dreaded days.

ARE *YOU* the woman Mary used to be? Shut off from life several days each month by the functional pain of menstruation—really giving up a full month of active living every year because of suffering which you think *must* be endured?

Today millions of enlightened women know what has long been common medical knowledge—*much of this pain is needless.* Like Mary, they wisely depend on MIDOL to help them through their trying days in comfort—as active and carefree as ever.

Unless there is some organic disorder calling for the attention of a physician or surgeon, MIDOL helps most women who try it. It is made for this special purpose—to relieve the needless pain of the natural menstrual process. As an experiment in comfort, get MIDOL now before periodic pain brings more miserable inactivity. A few MIDOL tablets should see you serenely through even your worst day! All drugstores have the trim and inexpensive aluminum cases, just right to tuck in purse or pocket.

MIDOL

Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

They pick out novel things to do in Hollywood. Jane Wyman enjoys pine-needle skiing—next best thing to skiing on ice

HOLLYWOOD EXPECTS—Edna Best to finally go through with that divorce from Herbert Marshall so that (1) she can become Mrs. Nat Wolff and (2) Bart can marry Lee Russell.

—Priscilla Lawson to get a divorce from Alan Curtis.

—Betty Grable to follow Artie Shaw wherever he goes until she's free to marry him.

—Jackie Coogan to snap out of it any day, now, and get his feet back on the ground, instead of becoming a neurotic exhibit over the End of the Romance.

■

PAY little, if any, attention to all the twaddle about Binnie Barnes and Cesar Romero being in the throes of heart flip-flops. It's another of those Hollywood press-agent things. . . .

You see, Cesar and Binnie are playing the leads in the new *Cisco Kid* series, now that good ol' Warner Baxter is out of them. And you know darn' well that no studio press-agent can resist the impulse to swear on a stack of press-books that their screen romancers are "that way" in offscreen life, as well. So, just to make it the more binding this time, some bright boy figured out a gag whereby Producer Darryl Zanuck was supposed to elicit the *promise* from both Binnie and Cesar that they wouldn't get married to each other for at least a year, no matter how torrid their onscreen romance may become.

Well, that was a perfect cinch for both Binnie and Cesar, that promise—

Because Binnie is practically Mrs. Mike Frankovitch right now, you see. You can expect to see the wedding story in your movie column any day, now, as soon as Mike's divorce becomes final. . . .

And Cesar—well, the Romero is still God's Gift to Unattached Females in Hollywood. Cesar would as soon give up his right leg or something, as his bachelorhood! His current dance-partner seems to be Cobina Wright, Jr.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Rita Johnson and George Sidney—
Cupid certainly scored there, didney?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Nancy Kelly and Bert (Radio) Parks—
Just a constant shower of sparks!

■

NOW that Joan Fontaine has neatly and gaudily roped Brian (hot-stuff) Aherne right out of the Hollywood bachelor corral, wonder what effect if any it'll have on Joan's equally lovely but hitherto-much-less-inflammatory sister, Olivia de Havilland . . . ?

Those two sisters are one of those pairs who, like sisters sometimes are, seem so un-alike. Olivia was always the studious, quiet one, and Joan the hot-shot, even in their pre-Hollywood schooldays. Olivia found Shakespeare's works much more interesting than boy friends, but you couldn't say the same for Joan. Even Hollywood didn't change the difference—while Olivia was giving out talk about how Art came before Love, Joan was getting herself engaged (or practically so) to Conrad Nagel, who is old enough to be her father—or anyway, father-confessor.

Then Conrad faded out of the picture, when Brian came in. Brian'd make any Nagel fade out of any love-scene. And before you could even bat an eye, Joan had Brian up before the family for a favorable verdict and wham!—off they went to that gaudy wedding, and now Brian is Mr. Joan Fontaine instead of the most-pursued bachelor in Hollywood. And Conrad, carrying the torch, finds Beryl Wallace, of the Earl Carroll beauties, a grand companion on the rebound. . . .

But to get back to Olivia. The gal

[*Continued on page* 12]

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

IT'S ZENSATIONAL! IT'S ZINTILLATING! IT'S ZUPERB!

IT'S **Zorina**

SHE'S HEAVENLY!

She's the gal who put romance into dance — direct from the role in 'I Married an Angel' that made her the toast of the stage!

IN WARNER BROS.'
ENTERTAINMENT WHIRLWIND

ON YOUR TOES

On your toes . . . it's on the way with loud, long laughs provided by

EDDIE ALBERT

The sensation of 'Brother Rat'—he's a super-sensation in this!

and ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH
JAMES GLEASON • Directed by Ray Enright

Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay • Adaptation by Sig Herzig and Lawrence Riley • Based on the Musical Play by RICHARD RODGERS, LORENZ HART and GEORGE ABBOTT • A First National Picture

TWICE AS SPICY, TWICE AS FUNNY, TWICE AS GAY AS THE BROADWAY PLAY!

"Eyes of Romance"
WITH THIS AMAZING
NEW Winx

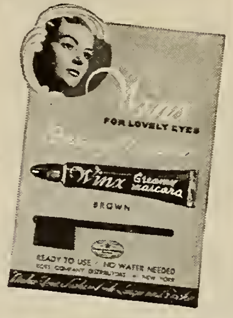
Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new Pink packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing *new* WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied,* return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.



Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ... makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. *For a new thrill,* wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*

MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK
WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

Springboard acrobat is Margaret Lockwood, new charmer from England. Being good swimmer she feels at home in *Rulers of the Sea* opposite Doug, Jr.

Swimmer with neat dental smile, exposing row of perfect teeth is new "find" Dorris Bowdon, seen in *Drums Along the Mohawk.* The drums beat for her

seems to have abandoned her to-hell-with-romance stance, and gone in for the other sort of thing. Maybe she and Sister Joan got together and talked about how swell it is to be married. Anyway, Olivia has been hitting the niteries with several of the lads—including Tim Durant and Pat Di Cicco. Maybe she's having tryouts. If so, it looks like Pat's the head man—Hollywood is already whispering that that's more than just an occasional date!

And, since Pat is still one of the remaining hottest bachelors in Hollywood, it'll certainly score high for the de Havilland family if Olivia and Joan, between them, manage to knock off two of the top desirables . . . !

■

DEAR Marie Wilson: Is it Peter Arno or Nick Grinde? And when?

Yours confusedly,

TATTLER.

[*Continued on page* 72]

England's favorite, Anna Neagle, gives you new portrait study—taken 'tween scenes of her first American film, *Nurse Edith Cavell*—her greatest picture

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

YOUR favorite fashion-snooper has seen many breath-taking fashions in her day. But never, until the other dance time at the Trocadero, has she seen a dress that made her gasp! . . . And that's just what happened when I saw Virginia Field wearing a gown with a waist so tiny you could positively encircle it with your two hands . . . Actually, I don't believe it would have measured more than eighteen inches around . . . My mid-section muscles ached and groaned, just looking at it . . . Of course, this is just the sort of style that makes corset designers clap hands with glee, but I don't think many gals, even in Hollywood, will go for a fashion which has *that* much discomfort to it . . . However, the corset-*type* of costume, particularly for evening, is going to be worn more and more. But it is going to be cut and fashioned to give the appearance of the wasp-waist without having to call in the entire family to help lace you in . . . Dorothy Lamour, that very same night, wore a crepe romaine gown of steel grey with the corselet waistline laced up with grey velvet ribbons . . . Two softly draped panels of yellow crepe were set in the front for fullness . . . Ann Sheridan also used velvet ribbon for the waistline lacing of her black velvet gown. But no corsets for Ann! Her gown was in two sections—bodice and full skirt—and the black velvet ribbon formed a lattice work of lacing to hold the two together . . . Under the four-inch band of lattice work was nothing but Ann!

SO THERE you are. The sky and your own particular fancies are the only things that limit you in choosing your newest after-dark gown . . . You can even adapt the sweater-and-skirt idea for evening wear. Remember (way back last winter) I told you about some of the Hollywood gals starting the evening sweater idea, and it is becoming more popular all the time . . . Barbara Stanwyck, another of the Troc diners that night, wore a white cashmere sweater with a very full gathered skirt of emerald green jersey . . . Her sweater, with short sleeves and high round neckline is trimmed with embroidery in brilliant red, gold and green . . . Instead of the usual Tyrolean type of embroidery which has been so popular on sweaters, Barbara individualizes her gown by having the embroidery spell her name in roccoco letters around the neck and sleeves . . . She told me that she has several other sweaters embroidered in the same way. One has bars of music of her favorite song, and the other has a few lines from her favorite poem embroidered up the front . . . Another devotee of this sports combination for evening, is Margot Stevenson. She wore a moss-green sweater knit in a lacy pattern, over a full skirt of wood-brown *taffeta* . . . You better remember that word taffeta, honey, 'cause you're going to see a lot of it later on this winter. And jersey, too. The two fabrics go hand-in-hand with what the stylists are terming the "return to elegance" of feminine fashions . . . And you would better understand their term *elegance* if you had seen the gorgeous gown of black silk jersey Joan Bennett wore. I don't know of any other material which lends itself so well to the new draped modes. Joan's gown was fashioned with a soft cowl neckline and a draped skirt. Her waistline was marked by a corsage of white violets, and her only jewelry a pearl necklace and earrings.

SPEAKING of corsages, I was struggling frantically trying to pin my corsage to a spot on my gown which was well worn with pin marks, when little Julie Stevens came into the powder room, and gave me the grandest tip. When Julie buys a new gown she decides where a corsage will look best, then proceeds to pad and quilt that particular spot so the fabric will not be torn. (But then Julie probably doesn't have to worry about whether or not she is going to *get* a corsage!) . . . This gal Julie is just full of ideas: After we got the corsage question under control, she showed me the gadget she uses to apply lip rouge . . . It is a tiny chamois "glove" made to slip over her little finger. I watched her use it, and it does a grand job of spreading the rouge evenly, and praise be to Allah, it leaves no pink smudge on your finger! . . . There was a lot more fashion news in person at the "Troc" that night—but I'll have to tell you about it next month. I just have time to let you in on some new hair-do's Perc Westmore told me about . . . Perc says that with the new return to corselet and bustle dresses there is a definite trend to what he calls "bustle coiffures" for fall.

Mlle. Chic

No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—

EVERYONE knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she *keep* one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a *small* thing . . . yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so *surely* guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come.* More business girls—more women *everywhere*—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

SAVE TIME! Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

SAVE CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum *after* dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

SAVE POPULARITY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor *impossible* all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business . . . in love . . . guard your charm!

MUM IS FIRST CHOICE IN HOLLYWOOD

SCREEN STARS KNOW MUM PREVENTS ODOR IN ADVANCE. MUM MAKES YOU SURE OF YOUR CHARM.
TO HERSELF: IT'S HOURS SINCE I'VE HAD MY BATH, BUT THANKS TO MUM, I KNOW I'M SWEET.
MUM

Important to You—
Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

And..
Wear Dresses
SIZES SMALLER

PARIS says, "The hourglass waist is here with its splendid illusion of romantic slimness!"... Yes, and Thynmold's figure control helps you suit the new vogue to your own individuality, thanks to its *laced back!* Let us send you a Thynmold Girdle and Brassiere—test it 10 days—and if you cannot be fitted with a dress *smaller* than you normally wear, it won't cost you a penny!

Appear **SLIMMER** *instantly!*

■ If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat . . . notice the thickness of your waist . . . the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate . . . its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
DEPT. 1312, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me illustrated folder, describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

PICTURE PARADE

THE WOMEN
—AAAA—

When Clare Boothe Brokaw Luce wrote the play *The Women* she considered it a satirical play but we bet the author has had a change of mind since for during its long run on Broadway and on tour people have been arguing—and very convincingly, too—that Mrs. Luce's play is no satire but very serious business. They admit it's amusing—terribly amusing—but it's sad, too—sad because it's true. A great many women won't admit it to others but deep down in their hearts they know and can't deny that women are cats. It's too bad the innocent men are going to be disillusioned about us women but it would be terribly unfair to deprive them of seeing this excellent picture. Our advice is for you to be right there with him when he sees it and to use every wile you know to convince him that *you* are different. In case you're weak on the subject, don't worry, you'll learn a thing or two yourself from *The Women*—Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Joan Fontaine, Paulette Goddard, Mary Boland, Phyllis Povah, Virginia Weidler, Lucile Watson and others too numerous to mention.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

NURSE EDITH CAVELL
—AAAA—

To quote the foreword, "This is a tale based on fact of heroic life and a conflict of loyalties, told in reverence and without bitterness. Nursing is a dedication to mercy and healing. War is a dedication to brutal force. Neither admit distinction of race or person. Each is the uncompromising foe of the other." This stirring foreword, followed by acknowledgement to the Imperial War Museum at London and the Department of State at Washington as sources of information, creates the mood for *Nurse Edith Cavell*, a gripping drama based on actual happenings nearly twenty-five years ago. It is the story of Edith Cavell, the heroic and humane English nurse, who was executed by the Germans during the early days of the World War for helping escaped prisoners return to neutral ground. Herbert Wilcox, the producer and director, has made his first Hollywood venture an imposing one and Anna Neagle, the star of *Victoria the Great* and *Queen of Destiny*, rates encomiums for her beautifully restrained characterization of the title part in this documentary film.—*RKO.*

[*Continued on page* 78]

Menjou and Georgie Raft "stagged" it everywhere. . . . Adolphe flew into town to address an actor's meeting when it looked as though a strike was imminent. . . . He's one of the few actors who doesn't need someone to write his offscreen dialogue. . . . And I do mean Gary Cooper. . . . But one of those slow, crinkly smiles of Coopers are often very eloquent. . . . Gary and Sandra took to the Colony Club . . . where our less social Hollywood celebrities seldom venture . . . the former society girl still prefers the haunts of her debutante days. . . . A new hair style makes her more beautiful than ever . . . small wonder Gary is always at her side. . . . Errol Flynn helped make it a gala occasion when Dezi Arnez, La Conga's Cuban crooner, threw a party for Raft. . . . Sonja Henie fooled no one by sitting at an adjoining table from Vic Orsatti . . . they returned on the same boat. . . . John Garfield complained about the stories they are giving him. . . . He's been reading Group theatre plays and may do one in January. . . . Gary and Sandra put in an appearance late in the evening. . . . And the gayest of these was Errol, the errant husband! . . . He's gone rhumba mad. . . . Errol's father and sister returned to Ireland several days before his mother was taken ill, delaying their departure for the Coast. . . . At "21"—still the favorite luncheon and dinner spot . . . for the quieter evenings. Norma Shearer dined there before going on to the Stork. . . . If Norma is really serious about George Raft, as some would have it, George must have had a change of heart. . . . The Latin from Manhattan is really an old-fashioned man at heart, and always preferred girl friends not too prominently in the spotlight. . . . The Famous Door: Alice Faye and Tony Martin, following the swing bands around town. . . . The Martins celebrated their second wedding anniversary somewhat triumphantly. . . . Alice refused to see the press. . . . Perhaps in retaliation for those oft-printed separation rumors. . . . Judy Garland at the same spot, another swing band addict. . . .

ROUND THE TOWN: Margaret Sullavan left her bridge games and baby to look over some play scripts. . . . The old, restless Maggie is asserting itself. The novelty of playing the young matron is wearing off. . . . Charlie Martin will peddle his play with renewed determination, now that he and Joan Crawford have had another spat. A serious one, this time. But I won't be too surprised to see them together on my next Hollywood visit. . . . They looked too, too divinely happy just a few weeks ago. . . . It's said to be a Group playwright who has Frances Farmer's heart. . . . She and Lief Erickson have headed for the divorce mills. . . . Clifford Odets? . . . When you think how determined Frances and Lief were to break away from Hollywood's tradition of marital heartbreak, sacrificing movie money for the comparative pittance of a Group player, it makes for an ironical ending. . . . Wayne Morris flew into town to be with his wife . . . awaiting the stork in her mother's home. . . . Nick Grinde and Marie Wilson are again an exclusive twosome. . . . Nick hurried East to keep Marie from answering the phone when Peter Arno called. . . . Marie was somewhat saddened because *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* never reached Broadway, but she's doing nicely in personals. . . . She'd like to get married . . . to Nick . . . but doesn't say where or when. . . . Wally Beery and daughter, Carol Ann, checked in at the Waldorf. . . . Wally is pathetically devoted to the child since his divorce. . . . Henry Fonda had a throat operation and recuperated quickly. . . . Bing Crosby had a ptomaine attack that kept him from the local race-tracks for a few days. . . . He's becoming a cross-country commuter now that his horses are running on Eastern tracks. . . . Eleanor Powell will please move over. . . . But way over! Ann Miller who just didn't have any sex appeal, pardon me, "oomph" on the screen according to many critics, wowed the town in George White's *Scandals*. . . . And what is everyone saying? That Ann has more oomph appeal than any other dancer on Broadway . . .!

FREE!

Beautiful Color Portraits of Your Favorite Stars

Next month—in the January issue of MOTION PICTURE—you will find another beautiful color portrait—and it will be of your favorite movie star, Robert Taylor. This will be the fourth in the series of eight exclusive color portraits that MOTION PICTURE is offering free to its readers and it will be exactly like the one of Sonja Henie on page 35 of this issue. Remember to tell your friends about MOTION PICTURE'S free offer.

"Camay is so gentle — it's a Real Treat for My Skin!"

SAYS THIS LOVELY OHIO BRIDE

Camay's lather seems different to me . . . for while it's thorough, I find it's easier on my skin than the other soaps I've tried. Each beauty cleansing is a treat—and leaves my skin so gloriously fresh!

Middletown, Ohio (*Signed*) HELEN ANDERSON
August 1, 1939 (*Mrs. Townsend G. Anderson*)

BEAUTY—ROMANCE! When a girl has *both*—doesn't it seem wise to follow her beauty advice? Charming Mrs. Anderson says, "Camay helped me keep my skin lovely—Camay can help *you!*"

Camay has that priceless beauty cleansing combination of *thoroughness* with *mildness*. It gets skin completely clean... is gentle, too. Time and again, we've tested Camay against several other famous beauty soaps on many different types of skin. Repeatedly Camay proved definitely *milder!* Try Camay for your beauty *bath*, too! It helps keep back and shoulders lovely—is a fragrant aid to daintiness. And Camay's price is amazingly low. Get three cakes of this fine soap today—use it regularly!

Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Patroness of Music

At Her Piano—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton is greatly admired in New York social and musical circles for her charm and talent.

Young Fashion Artist

Begins Art Career—Katherryn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

—BUT THEY'RE BOTH ELATED OVER THE NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" CARE* POND'S NOW BRINGS THEIR SKIN!

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
With so many demands on your time, Mrs. Hamilton, how can you keep your skin looking so beautifully cared for?

ANSWER:
"My skin care is amazingly quick and simple. But I do use two creams. Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth roughnesses."

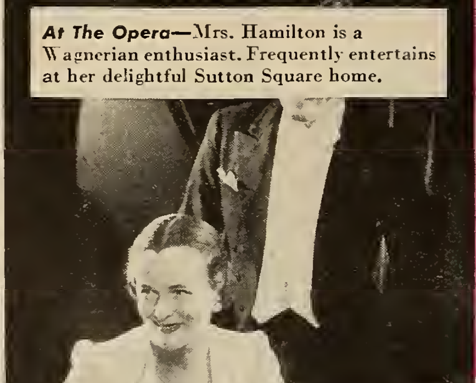
QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
You're known as quite a tennis fan, Mrs. Hamilton. Doesn't all that exposure to sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:
"It might if I weren't careful to protect my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just one application of that smooths little roughnesses right away!"

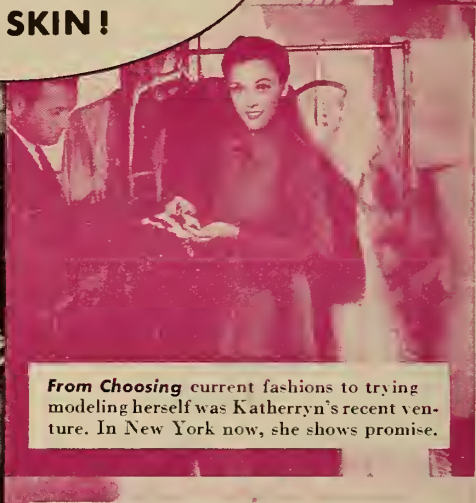
QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
How do you keep your make-up so flattering throughout a long evening?

ANSWER:
"By preparing my skin for make-up with 2 Creams. When I first cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and then smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream, make-up goes on evenly and is really there to stay!"

Begins Day with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewisohn Stadium.



At The Opera—Mrs. Hamilton is a Wagnerian enthusiast. Frequently entertains at her delightful Sutton Square home.



From Choosing current fashions to trying modeling herself was Katherryn's recent venture. In New York now, she shows promise.

Like Most Texans, Katherryn loves riding. But here she's more interested in the thrilling words her companion whispers.

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Katherryn, is there any close tie-up between fashion and complexion?

ANSWER:
"Oh, very close! I soon realized that a good skin peps up even an inexpensive outfit. That's why I'm so careful always to use both Pond's Creams."

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
You mean Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream? Does each do a separate job for your skin?

ANSWER:
"That's just the point. Pond's Cold Cream not only cleanses my skin—it softens it, too. And now they've added Vitamin A I'm just that much more sold on it. It's the "skin-vitamin"—you know.

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Now then, what does Vanishing Cream do for your skin?

ANSWER:
"Well—when I'm outdoors a lot, it protects my skin from exposure. And it's a perfectly marvelous powder base!"

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

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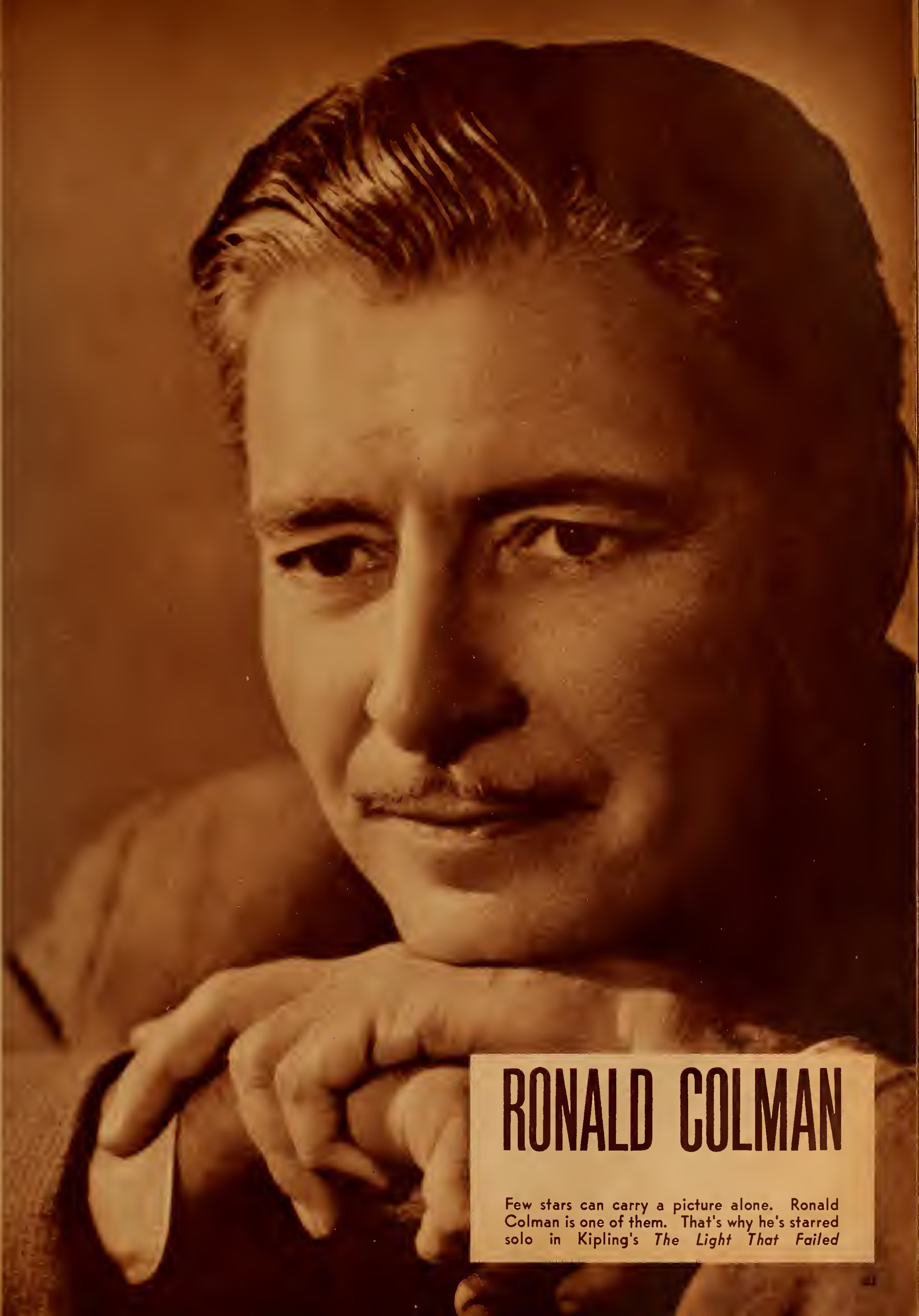
Use these 2 Famous Beauty Aids to DOUBLE your charm

Both for the Price of One!

For a limited time only, choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your regular purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream.



RONALD COLMAN

Few stars can carry a picture alone. Ronald Colman is one of them. That's why he's starred solo in Kipling's *The Light That Failed*

YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS HOLLYWOOD WHETHER CARY AND PHYLLIS WILL GET MARRIED

WHY PHYLLIS BROOKS ISN'T MRS. CARY GRANT—YET

By
JACK REESE

PROBABLY the most mule-headedly stubborn men in all Hollywood are (in the order named)—

1—Cary Grant.
2—Cary Grant.
3—Cary Grant!!!

Also, in this humble reporter's opinion, those are the three main reasons why Phyllis Brooks isn't Mrs. Cary Grant yet.

"Yet" in this instance means "at the time this story is being written."

Maybe, by the time it gets into print and you sit there reading it, Cary will have succumbed to something or other, and taken Phyllis over into Las Vegas or some place and married her.

As I was saying, then, Cary's stubbornness is really, to a sideline observer's view, the real reason why these two ducky-wucky lovebirds haven't gone and gotten married, yet. Everybody in town, and outside of town, too, for that matter, has had them married with more or less certainty for weeks and months.

It was almost a sure bet, then, that when they managed to get together in Europe, not so long ago, that Phyllis and Cary'd take the final step then and there. More than one Hollywood columnist actually predicted it as a cut-and-dried, hard-boiled fact.

So Cary didn't.

Cary Grant simply will NOT permit anyone else to run Cary Grant's life. He is so stubborn about that idea—which amounts to almost a mania in his life—that he will turn all hell loose rather than give any columnist the chance to say: "See, I told you what Cary was going to do and he did it!" Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks probably DID have it all set to marry in Europe. And then Cary read the columnists' reports that they were going to, and he said "let's not."

So they gallivanted all over London and the Continent together; went hippity-hop off to the Riviera on the same train just as love-a-day as any newlywed mrandmrs in the world. They went puflippity-woof off to Rome together and visited the Countess di Frasso (who, in spite of that high-sounding name is really just Dot Taylor of Hollywood). And in a cafe in one of Mr. Mussolini's towns, they ran smack into Tyrone Power and Annabella, and WOW—there was a Hollywood reunion that WAS a reunion. . . .!

And then they came back to America and blandly told the ship news reporters that they weren't married, that they hadn't set the date, and so what of it?

And so far, they still haven't set the date.

Just two nights ago, as this is being written, Phyllis Brooks' mother, who OUGHT to know if ANYBODY does, said that "they're going to be married within the next two months" but [*Continued on page* 70]

You can ask Cary till you are blue in the face if he's thinking of marriage and he'll give you a cold eye. As for Phyl, wrapped up in Cary, she gives out

MYRNA LOY

After *The Rains Came* the favorite of all the males (ask your b. f.) returned home to do the third picture of *The Thin Man* series with Bill Powell. Another treat for her public

ME AND MY GIRL

JOE PASTERNAK, WHO DISCOVERED DEANNA DURBIN, TELLS OF HIS PAST—AND BRINGS YOU HIS NEW SENSATION . . . . GLORIA JEAN

By ROBERT JOSEPH

WHAT keeps a community with the tinsel of Hollywood fresh, and makes a collection of worldly-wise, over-polished motion picture personalities humanly interesting is the fact that an erstwhile cafeteria dishwasher and the daughter of a Scranton, Pa. piano salesman can make film history. Glamor and the frenzied effort to present the Boy-Meets-Girl formula on celluloid in a new and diverting manner are Hollywood's chiefest occupations.

Sometimes, to judge by the quantity of printed and blatted word by ink and air, glamor *is* the main output. Daily an army of pen-pushers and radio blurbists re-gild a worn spot here and a dull spot there in that land of drive-ins, windowless assembly belt factories called studios, and backyard swimming-pools.

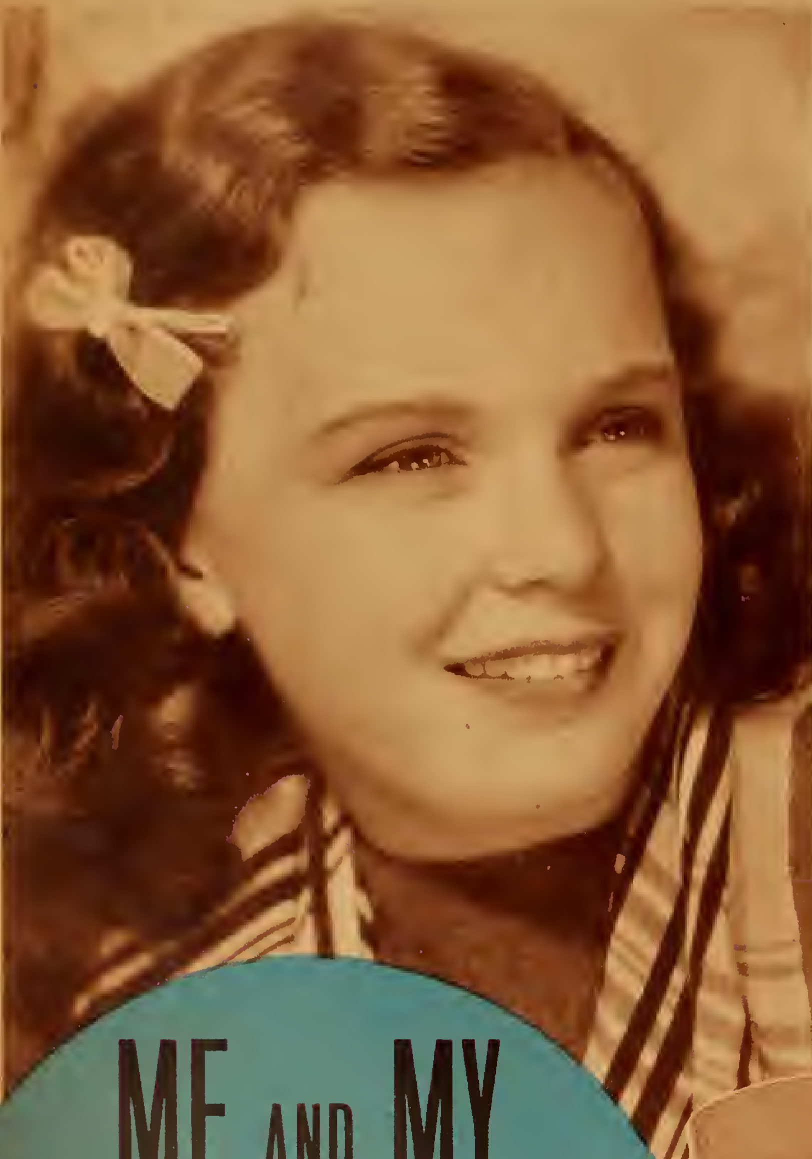
Occasionally, however, there does come that paradox in a world of paradoxes—a real life story that everyone refuses to believe simply because it is so true. And the truth in this case is the story of Joe Pasternak and Gloria Jean Schoonover. Joe Pasternak is a young man who two years ago turned Hollywood upside down when he presented a young miss by the name of Deanna Durbin. Gloria Jean Schoonover is a young lady of very tender years who is scheduled to aid and abet Joe in making more film history.

Motion pictures themselves, radio commentators, newspapers and hundred and one other mediums have given a distorted and phony picture of the way Hollywood works. And this is especially true in the opinion of Producer Joe Pasternak by making people believe that each star, each director, yes, even each producer is a thing apart, a separate and distinct personality without connection or dependence. "One hand washes the other in Hollywood," says Joe Pasternak, "and there never was a star made by individual merit, because a star is born because of the cooperation of *all* those people associated with his success—the property man, the makeup people, the electricians, even the publicity staff.

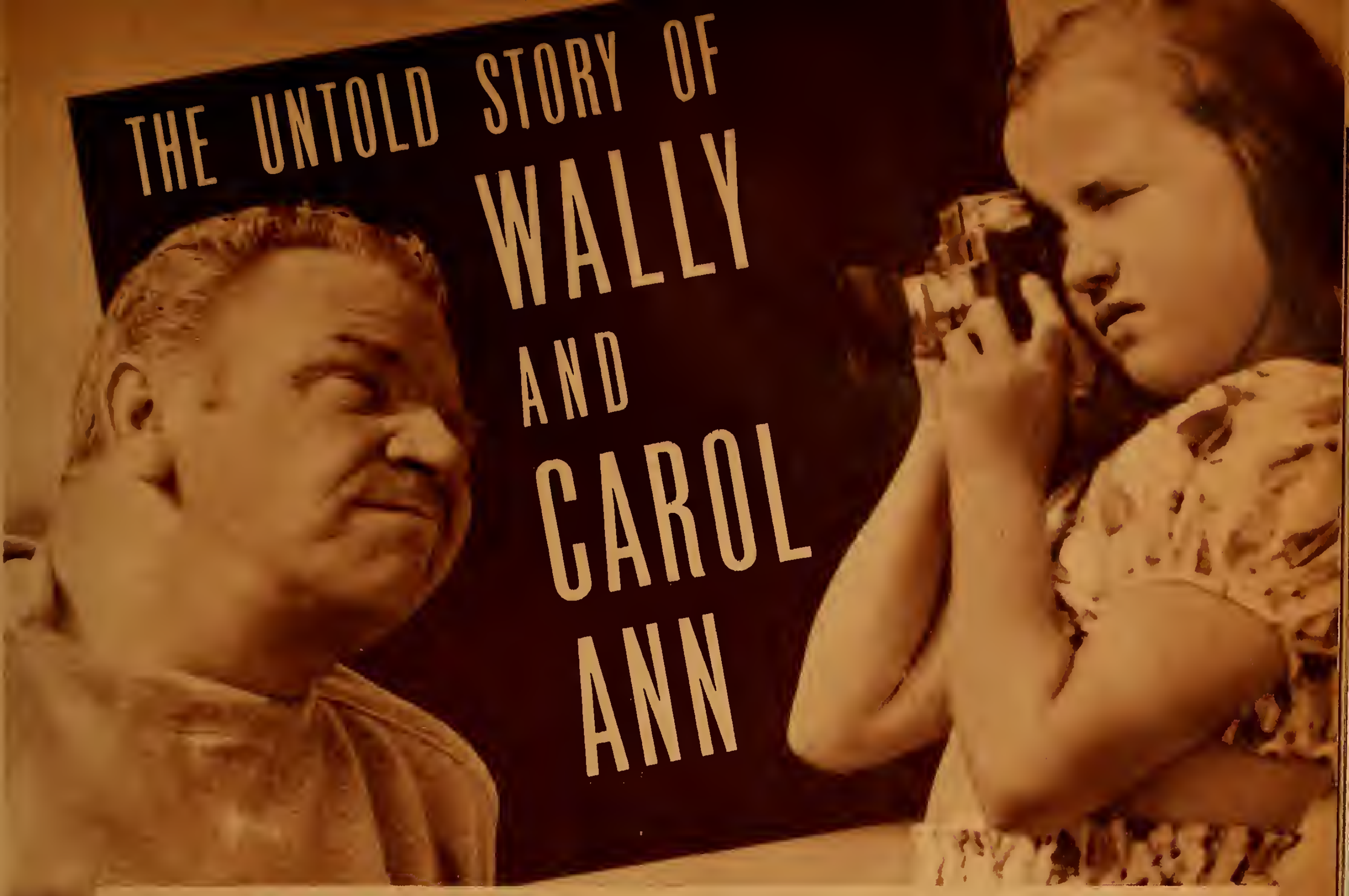
Unlike ninety per-cent of his cinematic brethern, Joe Pasternak knows that the final arbiter, when it comes to a question of screen success or failure, is the little guy who pays his quarter or fifteen cents for a few hours of relaxation and escape.

"Hollywood never makes stars! Hollywood doesn't even start them on their way!" That is Joe's opinion, one which probably will incur the wrath of some Hollywood career makers and glamor boys and girls. In Joe's own words, "If the fellow who pays his quarter approves of all the hard work in writing, directing and producing—if he has been

[*Continued on page 76*]



THE UNTOLD STORY OF WALLY AND CAROL ANN



WALLY BEERY'S HEART WAS AT THE BREAKING POINT WHEN HE NEARLY LOST CAROL ANN WHOM HE HAD MOTHERED SINCE HER BABYHOOD. NOW BACK IN HIS CUSTODY WALLY WILL ADOPT TWO LITTLE GIRLS FOR HER SISTERS

By MERCY GORHAM

EVERY once in a long while, there happens in Hollywood a story so poignant, so dramatically tender and heart-stirring, it dwarfs the manufactured stories that are daily ground out in studios, into pale insignificance. It is then the eyes of the world are turned away from the screen and into the hearts of the players themselves.

Such a story is that of Wallace Beery and his beloved Carol Ann—a story drawing the attention of the world as letters pour in from towns, cities, and even countries across the sea demanding to be told more of the story of Wally's fight for his beloved little girl, now eight years old.

"I think all this interest is stirred up," Wally said "because everyone feels he kinda owns an interest in my baby. I always could feel from their letters way back there, when I first got her that Carol Ann was as much theirs as mine and they were sort of just watching over the two of us."

Because he feels your interest in Carol Ann is so genuinely true and the story of his reunion with her after separation through divorce should be yours, he has given us this exclusive interview to pass on to you the true facts. Facts that lie behind the story of this separation and the drama of gaining full custody of this adored child.

We sat on the back lot of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and talked; the breeze whipping Beery's unkempt hair about as rugged and as bewildered a face as anyone can hope to see this side of Goshen. Wherever that is.

"It seemed to me the honest working men of this country felt they were getting gypped when me and Carol Ann were separated," he began. "They all kinda looked on us two as something they'd set up as a permanent thing in their minds. So, when Mrs. Beery left my home in Beverly hills for Reno with Carol Ann, I figured she'd be back. She was only mad at me a little bit, so I thought, and she'd return. She did come back, too, for a settlement which I made still figuring she'd change her mind. But she didn't. She divorced me and five days later married another man I didn't know. Carol Ann belonged to him then for half of every year."

A circle of red slowly rimmed both eyes in the manner strong men weep. And then, a minute later he was out on a prop boat for his role of tough old tugboat captain in *Thunder Afloat,* laughing and shouting his heart out.

I REALIZED just how good an actor Beery was at that moment.

He came back, sat down beside me, brushed a huge paw over his rumpled hair and went on.

"We been married fifteen years and I was all settled in my life. I'd worked hard and made good money and enjoyed my home. Course I ain't saying Rita hasn't her side, too.

[*Continued on page* 73]

HOLLYWOOD MOBILIZES! STARS OFF TO WAR?

WILL Laurence Olivier say goodbye to everything and be off to war? Has David Niven's life gone haywire, too? Both of them had just finally achieved success, both had at last fallen in love "for keeps" . . . .

What word has Madeleine Carroll had about the two hundred French orphans who've taken refuge in her chateau twenty-six miles from Paris? Can Anita Louise's eighty-two-year-old grandmother, who wouldn't leave her cottage in War-scarred Alsace-Lorraine, survive this catastrophe?

Cary Grant probably won't get married? . . . Have Tyrone and Annabella told you of their dramatic War separation? . . . Richard Greene won't be called to the Front unless the War goes on and on, thank heavens . . . are all of Basil Rathbone's dreams for his son to be smashed, futile? Such questions go the rounds constantly in Hollywood today. *For Hollywood has mobilized to meet the European crisis!*

Everybody in the whole movie colony, certainly each popular star, is vitally concerned with the daily new developments that continue to pour in by radio and newspaper. There isn't much laughter at the "Troc" these evenings. All the night spots are open, even doing good business. But it's pretty serious, a date to dine and dance, now. For who knows what is going to happen next? Europe's War-madness is not a temporary nightmare. . . . On the whole, you would be amazed at the way Hollywood is keeping its head, though.

A lot of prophets said that the studios would blast forth with violently partisan films. They haven't. True, some exciting dramas with a War background are being made. Samuel Goldwyn is starring Gary Cooper in *Blackout Over Europe*, with special air raid effects of metropolitan bombing. Sam got quite a scare when he thought the British government would take David Niven away from him. They'd done one day's work on *Raffles* when he decided to stop the picture. Those who collect Goldwynisms swear that Sam cried, "Here I am with a War on my hands!"

But consultation with the British representative in Los Angeles brought assurance that David wouldn't be needed immediately. David had already departed on a farewell party to Catalina. When the studio resumed production, and telephoned him, he only had fifteen minutes to catch the next airplane back so he arrived on the set in swimming shorts. Six years ago David was a lieutenant in His Majesty's Highland Light Infantry, and being on the reserve list he'll probably return to it.

The pretty non-professional he courted, after looking over the local glamor ladies, will have to wait longer now. David had been so elated at making the grade at last; he'd gone off on so many tangents, fruitless adventures. He'd outgrown his playboy past, had security to offer her. . . .

No, there are not to be anti-Nazi propaganda films, after all. You could hardly have blamed the studios, remembering how Germany banned practically all American pictures several years ago, if they'd opened up with all the power of the screen. But Warners cancelled *Underground*, the expose of anti-Hitler feeling in Germany they'd figured on, when President Roosevelt urged all loyal Americans to be neutral in action. Jack Warner personally announced that he would make no picture that could offend any of the European belligerents. This about-face is a [*Continued on page* 83]

Englishman Leslie Howard is contributing his services in advisory manner

Frenchman Charles Boyer, reserve officer in French artillery, is first to go to war

Laurence Olivier, Britisher, may be called to colors. He says: "I'm ready"

By BEN MADDOX

MOBILIZED FOR THE EUROPEAN CRISIS, HOLLYWOOD IS KEEPING ITS HEAD. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT, BUT BRITISH STARS ARE JOINING UP. FRENCHMAN CHARLES BOYER WAS FIRST TO GO TO WAR. WHO'LL BE NEXT?

David Niven, reserve officer in Scotch regiment, was all set to go, but learned he wasn't needed just now

Joan Fontaine is jittery thru fear that hubby Brian Aherne will be called soon to fly for Britain

Errol Flynn, also British, is going ahead with pictures, but is liable for service

Cary Grant (English) isn't likely to wed Phyllis till certain what his fate will be

Thru injuries met in auto accident Richard Greene won't receive early cal

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Tho sister, Joan Fontaine, is married Olivia will remain true to her art till the right man comes along. She flirts with danger in *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*

NEW ANSWER TO MAIDENS' PRAYERS

GIRLS LOVED TO BE RESCUED BY RONALD REAGAN AS A LIFE-GUARD. THEY COULD NOT RESIST HIS VOICE AS RADIO ANNOUNCER. NOW HE'S THRILLING THEM AS A MOVIE STAR

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

GIRLS have been casting wistful eyes on the tall, lithe, well-muscled Ronald Reagan ever since he first stepped up on the life-guard's platform, and flexed those muscles—a bronze body in the broiling sun—back there some years ago on the beach at Lowell Park, in Dixon, Illinois.

Well, you know how girls look at life-guards, and you know how girls try to be saved by life-guards, and maybe that has somethng to do with the fact that Ronald "Dutch" Reagan chalked up a record for himself of having saved seventy-seven lives in seven summers. But he declines to say how many of them were females.

Ronald Reagan hasn't yet had a chance to display his life-guard prowess—or physique—in pictures. He has been in pictures only two years, and it wasn't until *Brother Rat* that he had an outstanding part, but his fan mail pouring in after that picture showed that Ronnie has something else beside a heap big he-man appeal.

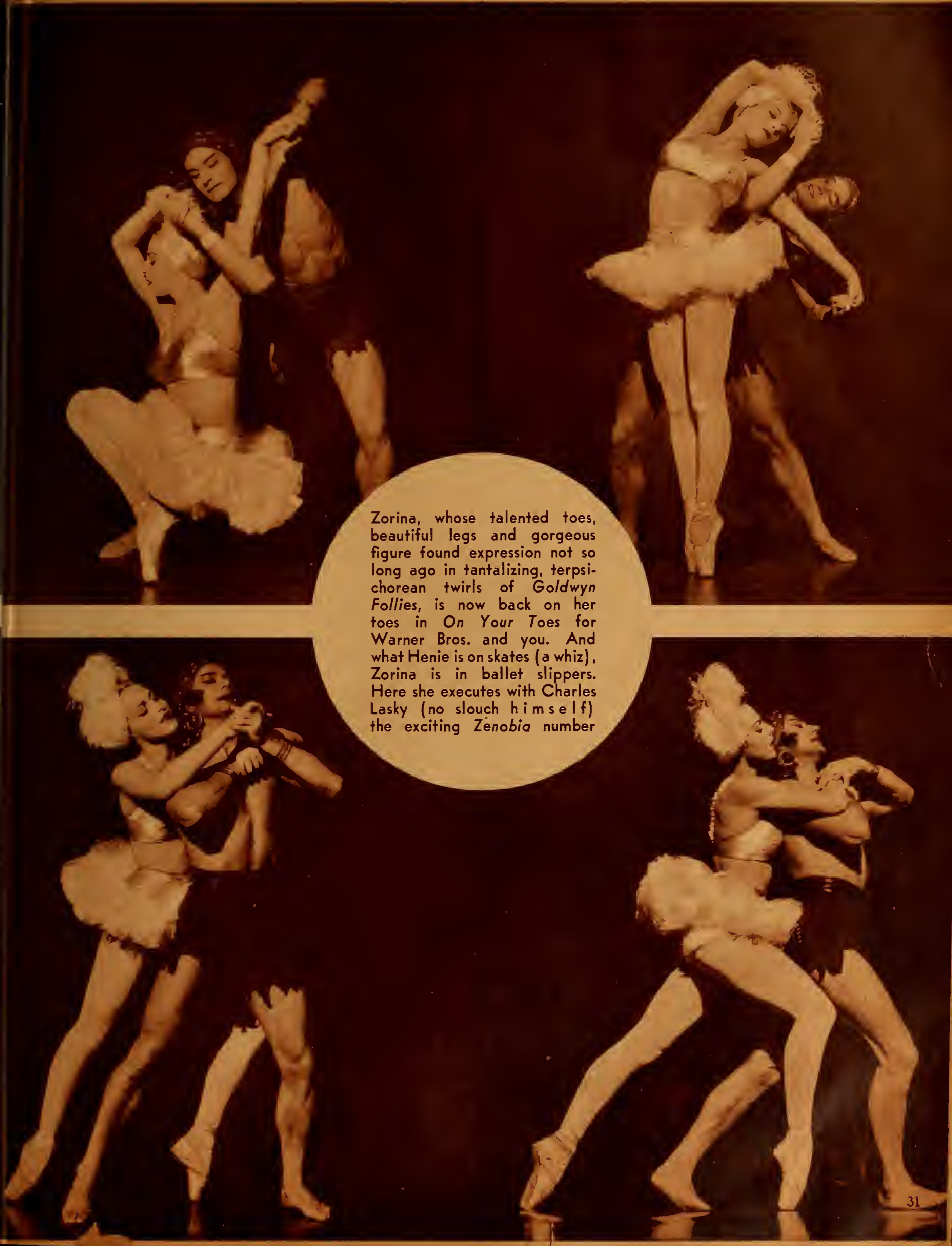
"Dear Mr. Reagan: You have the most wonderful voice in pictures." "Dear Ronnie: I am in love with your voice, it is so soothing and rich." "Dear R. R.: I think you have the nicest smiling Irish eyes, and I do so like your voice. Won't you please send me a picture?" When the women fans begin writing in like that, then it's time for a studio to take heed, and Warner Brothers, no slouches when it comes to heed-taking, have done so. From now on you'll be seeing and hearing more of young Mr. Reagan.

The thing about this young man is that he doesn't seem like the usual actor type; there's no trace of a long line of theatrical folks in his pleasant, natural manner. He seems to lack the usual actor-ego. Very simple, not extraordinary-looking, he seems just like the boy you knew in high-school or college, the boy you didn't know very well, but the one you wished you knew better—because he was the big cheese of everything. A star on the football and swimming teams, a dream on the dance floor, a big shot in the school dramatics, and he even did cute cartoons for the school paper. He not only seems like that, but all [*Continued on page* 85]

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF BALLET DANCERS EXECUTES HER TALENT WITH

ZORINA ON HER TOES

CHARLES LASKY IN THE MOST EROTIC NUMBER OF *ON YOUR TOES*



Zorina, whose talented toes, beautiful legs and gorgeous figure found expression not so long ago in tantalizing, terpsichorean twirls of *Goldwyn Follies*, is now back on her toes in *On Your Toes* for Warner Bros. and you. And what Henie is on skates (a whiz), Zorina is in ballet slippers. Here she executes with Charles Lasky (no slouch himself) the exciting *Zénobia* number

THEY GAVE ILONA A GREAT BUILD-UP, THEN DROPPED HER—BUT THEY COULDN'T KEEP HER DOWN

THE FALL AND RISE OF ILONA MASSEY

By GLADYS HALL

IT IS nearly two years since Ilona Massey came from Vienna to Hollywood. Three days after she arrived she was given a small role in *Rosalie*. And never to my knowledge has any star, foreign or domestic, been given such a build-up and ballyhoo. Why, you couldn't set foot on the M-G-M lot that you weren't all but suffocated by raves about Massey. Producers, directors, cameramen, sound men, publicity men stopped you on your way to an interview with Norma Shearer or Jeanette MacDonald to tell you that Ilona Massey would be the greatest star the business had ever known or ever would know; to press you against the wall with simply passionate exclamation points about the beauty, the sex-appeal, the golden voice, the divine form and face of Massey.

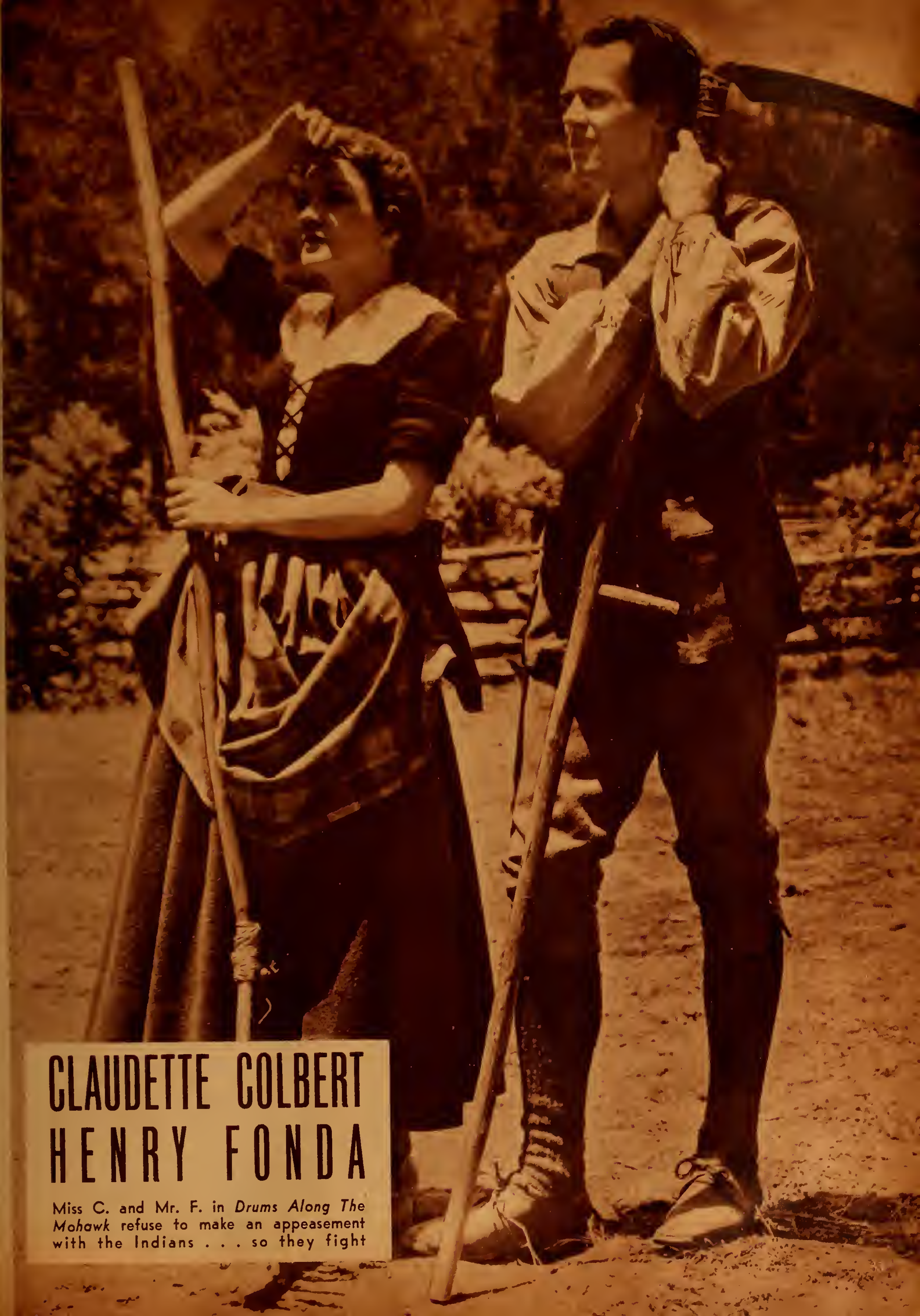
Then came *Rosalie* and the almost "bit" part that was Massey's . . . then no more of Massey at all. Silence where there had been sirens blaring. Evasion where there had been positive hysteria . . . "Oh, yeah, she's still here . . . sure, sure . . . oh, sure, she's still under contract . . . when's she going to work? Oh soon . . ." and then after that, nothing, nothing at all. It looked like quick oblivion for La Massey.

Then nineteen months later came the news that Massey was to make *Balalaika* with Nelson Eddy. And M-G-M was alive again with an ardent awareness of Massey. Being curious about this rediscovery of her I sought her out at M-G-M to get all the answers.

I found she had changed—changed from the time when she was just beginning *Rosalie*—when she was so excited and exultant. Beautiful as she was then, she is five times more beautiful now. Now her beauty is a subtler thing.

She has lost eleven pounds, she told me. Which would account in part for the finer modelling of her face. She said herself, laughing, "that was a healthy, peasant face when I first came here . . . then I weighed 136 pounds, now I weigh 125 pounds. The screen makes everyone look ten pounds heavier than they are, too . . . so that now I do screen differently" . . . but the loss of eleven pounds, I thought, did not wholly account for the difference in the beauty of Ilona. Heartbreak, fear, frustration, disillusionment—these have etched this new beauty of Ilona's.

She said, "As you know, [*Continued on page* 58]



CLAUDETTE COLBERT
HENRY FONDA

Miss C. and Mr. F. in *Drums Along The Mohawk* refuse to make an appeasement with the Indians . . . so they fight

NO. 1 CINDERELLA GIRL OF 1939

FIRST TIME LINDA DARNELL TRIED TO CRASH THE MOVIES THEY TOLD HER TO GO HOME AND GROW UP. LATER SHE MADE THEM EAT THEIR WORDS . . . LINDA'S A BIG GIRL NOW

IF YOU can believe the word of Linda Darnell, the 17-year-old Texas starlet who is rapidly making a name for herself, she surely created an upheaval in the old homestead when she announced that she would go to Hollywood and have a try at the movies.

At the time Linda made this devastating announcement she was only a few years away from her bib-and-tucker, but that made no never-mind with her parents. They knew daughter Linda like a book. Even then, and young as she was, she'd shown signs of feminine stubbornness and determination. Father and mother immediately voiced an emphatic "no!", Linda came right back with an emphatic "yes!" And so the family battle raged with neither side giving way an inch until mother and father, wise in the habits of ambitious children, sent out a feeler on what we now recognize in power politics as appeasement.

Linda agreed, finally, to forget her wild dreams about Hollywood and motion pictures and accept what was offered—as much dramatic training as the school that she attended in Dallas could give her.

"But just the same I kept Hollywood in mind," she reveals. "As time went on I felt reasonably certain that my parents' objections to a theatrical career would be forgotten. The fact that I'd already won a compromise proved it to me. In my first role, given me at the mature age of no less than 10 years, I played the part of *Rachel* in an Easter play."

In 1937, the year that boosted her age to 15, Linda, eager to learn more dramatics, became associated with the Civic Theatre of Dallas and the New Theatre League.

"It was hard work trying to keep up with my school studies, dramatic lessons and acting in the theatre plays, but it was also a lot of fun," Linda says. "Father was still set in his ways regarding my taking up the stage as a career, but I could see he was getting interested in what I was doing. He never attended a show I was in, nor would he watch me during rehearsals, but he'd take me to and from the theatre. I must have been a problem [*Continued on page* 65]

by E. J. SMITHSON

As a top-ranking favorite, Sonja Henie enters MOTION PICTURE'S gallery of beautiful exclusive portraits—the third of a series of eight to appear in this magazine. You'll be seeing her soon in *Everything Happens at Night* with Ray Milland. Next month—in the January issue of MOTION PICTURE—you'll find another gorgeous color portrait, one printed on extra heavy stock and free of printed matter. It will be a favorite of yours—Robert Taylor

STARLET O'HARA

HOLLYWOOD GLAMOR-ITAS WILL HAVE A TIME OF IT TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO ABOUT MAUREEN O'HARA—JUST OVER FROM IRELAND. AND PLAYING OPPOSITE CHARLES LAUGHTON

By

ROGER CARROLL

SHE says, "Anyone who is Irish always acts, in one way or another." Shure, and that may explain why she is an actress. But it doesn't explain why she is a good enough actress to play opposite Charles Laughton, at 19.

At her age, most starlets are playing only Sweet Young Things, opposite Handsome Young Things—in Class B productions. RKO is trusting her with the dramatic, difficult feminine lead of a $3,000,000 production, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

She has made but one other picture, and that in England. Americans don't know her yet.

She is, in a number of ways, an eyeful. Such an eyeful as Hollywood is always seeking, seldom finding. That would explain everything, if Laughton weren't Laughton. He is a cynic about beauties. He has a firm belief that most of them have their minds on attracting—not acting. And he won't be seen with anyone who can't act.

All of which makes Maureen O'Hara the Hollywood wonder-girl of 1939. Still in her teens, unknown, untried except for one other picture, she has walked off with a star-sized role opposite one of the screen's few great actors.

You will read that the only possible explanation of such a phenomenon is that she has an abnormal supply of the abnormal "luck of the Irish." Such a thing could happen only to someone with a name like O'Hara.

But O'Hara isn't her real name. And she needed only an iota of luck to get such a break. Because, all her life, she has been building up to it.

Her story is a tip to the ambitious on the importance of singleness of purpose.

She can't remember a time when she didn't want to act. Her memories go back to when she was five and first turned the backyard of a big house in County Dublin, [*Continued on page 63*]

COLD RUSH

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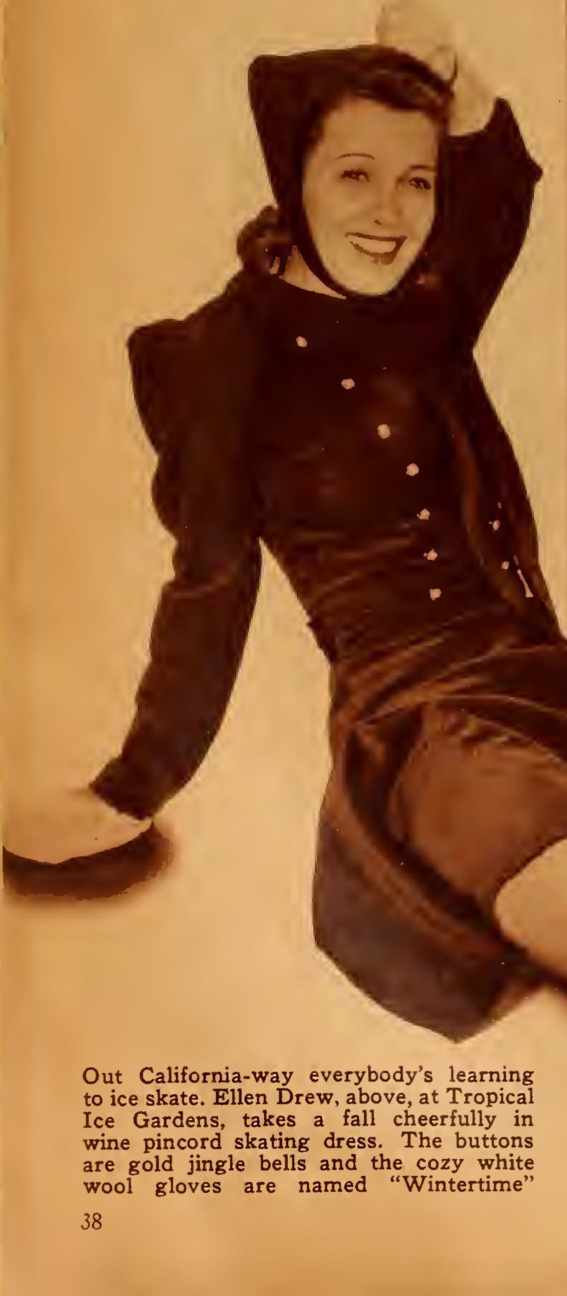
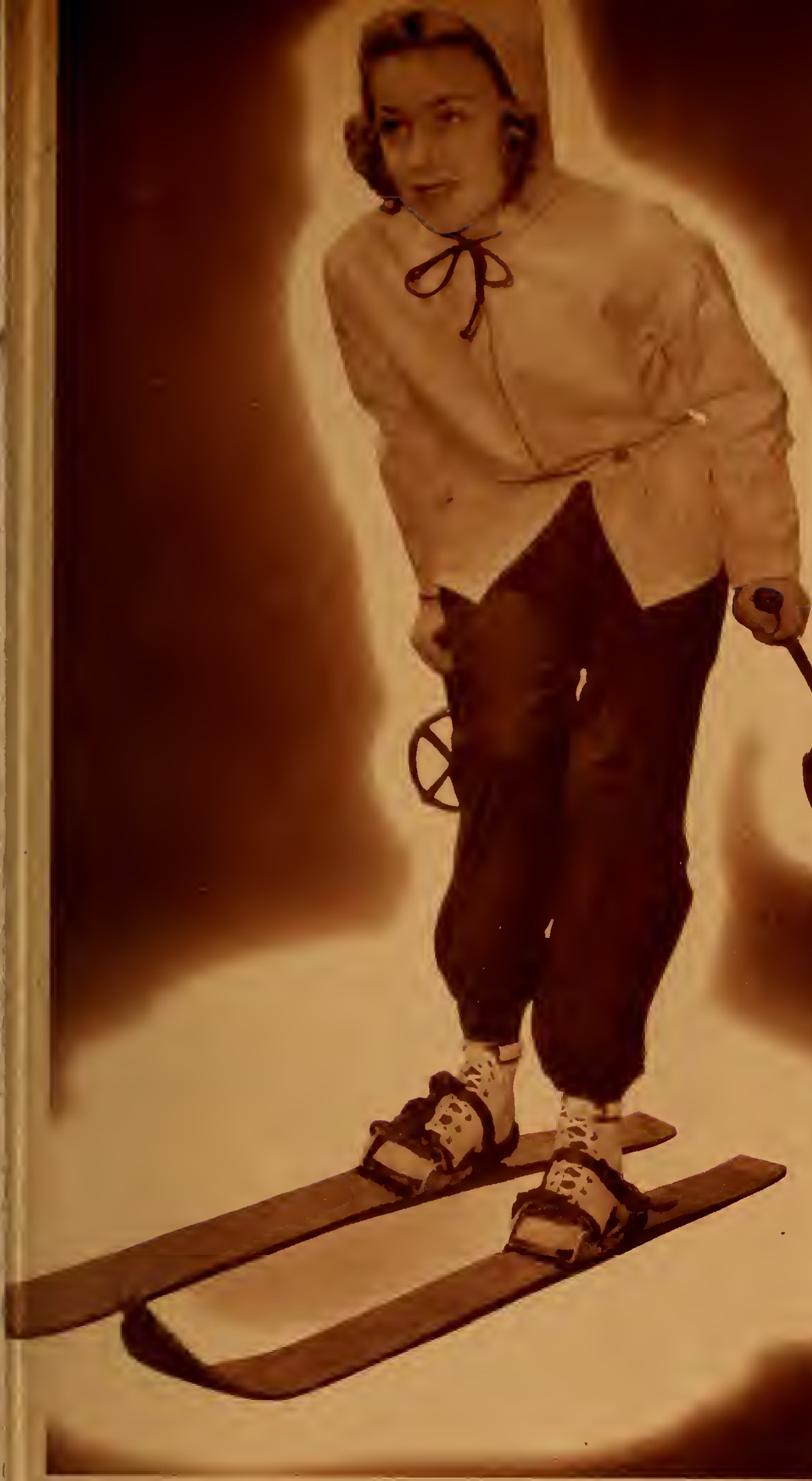
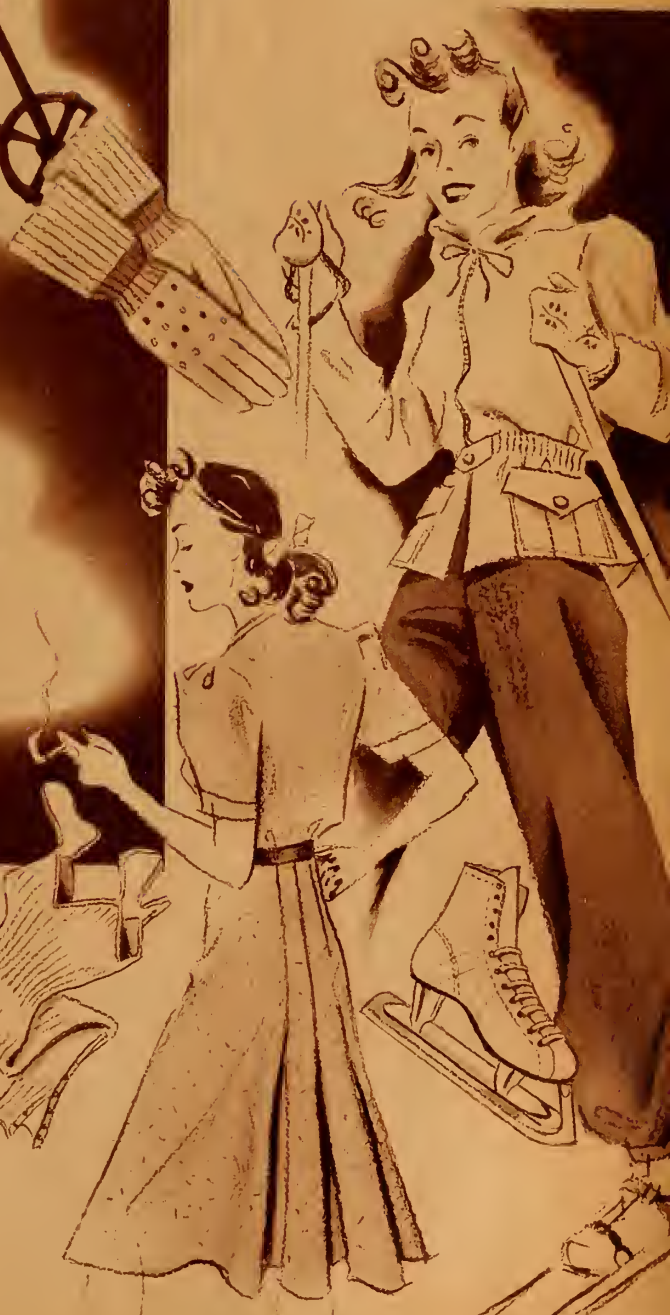


Out California-way everybody's learning to ice skate. Ellen Drew, above, at Tropical Ice Gardens, takes a fall cheerfully in wine pincord skating dress. The buttons are gold jingle bells and the cozy white wool gloves are named "Wintertime"

By CANDIDA



All set for a nice long run is Anne, left, in her McKem styled ski suit of navy trousers, with neatly tapered legs, and hooded natural colored jacket. The jacket has convenient zipper fastening, snug waist. Sketched, below, are two hand-warmers by Wear-Right—gaily embroidered Andover mittens (on figure) and snug white wool gloves. The snazzy skates are from Nestor Johnson. A rear-view of Anne's Westbury dress shows its new fullness. Those knee-length undies for warmth, without bulk, under a ski suit are by Kayser. Look for the items shown on these pages at your local department stores or specialty shops. Or send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C., for prices and details



Copy Ellen Drew and Anne Shirley and look smart and be comfortable while you're skating and skiing this winter—or just lounging around afterward recovering from your falls. 2—Ellen may well smile in that short, wide-skirted costume with baby-bonnet of wine pincord to match. Her three-quarter length socks are a new style note. 3—After getting out of her ski suit, Anne toasts herself before the fireplace in a Westbury dress of rabbit's hair wool, with stud buttons and three unpressed pleats that provide the new back fullness. 4—Anne (whose latest picture stint is *Vigil in the Night*) shows off her wine-colored cable-stitched Catalina sweater and her smart white Star ski boots, worn with the wind-and-water-proof navy blue ski pants. 5—Ellen again—this time munching a hot dog—in a black velvet Louella Ballerino skating costume with snowflakes accenting the tight-waisted jacket. Ellen does some accenting herself opposite Ray Milland in *French Without Tears*

Slowly she opened her eyes. Faces were clearer — one of them was Brandon. She tried to pull herself up. "David—David," —where was he?

GREEN HELL

For long moments Stephanie pondered over the letter. It all became clear to her — David's long silences— his wanderlust

A longing to be in Brandon's arms, to feel the pressure of his lips upon hers, came over Stephanie. Then she seemed to see David's eyes. They were reproachful

Stephanie tried to send Forrester away when he caught her shampooing her hair. He was charming and annoying at the same moment

"You'll take her back?" Scott yelled. "That's what all your preaching means, making us fight it out. Now you're running out on us"

SLOWLY, Stephanie opened her eyes. The faces were in clearer focus now. One of them was large and florid and kindly. That must be the doctor—Dr. Loren. The other then, was Brandon. She had heard the name as she tossed with fever, had caught a blurred glimpse of his lean, tanned face and dark, smouldering eyes.

She pulled herself up weakly. "David—David—" Where was he? It seemed years since that day when the messenger had come to her in Tabatinga to tell her that her husband was ill in the jungle. She had had but one impulse—to fly to him. And so she had started out on that nightmare journey with the guides. They had come up the Javary to Snake River. After that they'd entered the world of the South American jungle, of slimy green swamps and brooding, overhead foliage. Once, in the swirling whirlpools a native had fallen to the alligators. She could still hear his scream. It echoed in her brain along with the weird rhythmic chant of the boatmen and the strange haunting sounds of the hoot-owls at night.

"David," she whispered again.

"Try to rest child," Dr. Loren said gently, "you've been very ill." He patted her hand and left the room.

"Ill?" She looked at Brandon, frightened. "But where is David?" She threw off her covers. "I want to go to him. Please let me get up—"

Brandon caught her in his arms and placed her back among the pillows. Then he looked down at her and a slight tremor ran over him. It was strange to see such pale gold loveliness in this place, to gaze upon feminine beauty once again after the long year in this green hell of heat and lurking danger. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Mrs. Richardson, but—"

Her eyes dilated. "He's dead," she said, "David is dead." Actually, she had known. Something in the pulsing beat of the jungle had told her. She asked flatly, "How long ago?"

"Several weeks. The Remo tribes attacked us. It was a poisoned arrow—" He found it difficult to go on.

She sobbed quietly for a few moments. Then, because her heart was hungry to hear about the man she had loved, she asked, "Did you like David?"

He said simply, "Very much. I didn't understand him at first but later we became great friends."

She nodded, glad of his words. David *had* been strange and always very lonely. Yet he had hated crowded places. That was why this expedition had appealed to him. It would take him away from himself, satisfy some inner urge that she had never quite understood. She said aloud, "Yes, that was David. He always wanted to escape from civilization, to be free."

"Free? That's right. He said—" Brandon stopped short. Clearly he recalled David's actual words. It had been the night before the Remos' attack. "Do you suppose?" David had asked, "that a man can love two women at the same time—and in his heart be faithful to each yet want to be free of them both?" Brandon hadn't known then that he was married.

Stephanie was waiting. "He said?" she prodded.

Brandon pulled himself together. Then, deliberately, he lied. "He asked me if I thought a man could

NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURES

CAST

Brandon	**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.**
Stephanie Richardson	**JOAN BENNETT**
Scott	**JOHN HOWARD**
Dr. Loren	**ALAN HALE**
Forrester	**GEORGE SANDERS**
"Tex"	**GEORGE BANCROFT**
Richardson	**VINCENT PRICE**
Graham	**GENE GARRICK**

A Universal Picture

Copyright, 1939, by Universal Pictures Company. Story and screen play by Frances Marion. Directed by James Whale. Produced by Universal.

love a woman more than anything in life."

Her eyes filled with pitiful tears of gratitude. "Thank you for telling me that."

He nodded. There was a lump in his throat as he strode to the door. Well, he thought, a lie was sometimes worth the telling.

Two days later, on a lovely afternoon, Stephanie lay in one of the hammocks outdoors. The sun was brilliant and the birds were trilling in unison with the phonograph at her elbow. She looked around her and smiled. By day, the jungle didn't seem half so ominous. The house, built of bamboo and reeds was quite picturesque with its background of native grass huts set high on stilts and even the bayon trees with their dark twisted roots had a beauty all their own.

She had met all the members of the exploration party. There was the Englishman, Graham, a rather negative sort whose greatest pleasure seemed to be in obeying orders. Tex and Scott were a merry pair, the former a burly Westerner with a confessed weakness for the "girls." Scott, a tall, lean, young fellow was, as Stephanie had amusedly noted, chief hero-worshipper at Brandon's feet.

She hadn't yet decided about John Forrester. The man was darkly handsome, wore a perpetual air of ironic amusement and was incorrigibly gallant. She wondered how many hearts he had broken. Just this morning he had brought her some green orchids. "I'm going to go into the jungle and find you a pure white orchid too," he had promised.

Dr. Loren, of course, was a darling. It was he who had told her about the expedition. For years he had believed in the theory that here in this spot there had once been a great Inca civilization, that under the surface of this ground they would find magnificent shrines filled with treasures of gold, underground temples that would put ancient China to shame.

And he had been right. Just a few weeks before they had blasted through to a subterranean passage and stumbled onto one of the temples. Now they were trying to reach the tombs themselves. Success was assured, providing they could stave off the danger of the head-hunting Remo tribes.

There in the bright sunshine, Stephanie shivered. Head-hunters. She had heard of them and their horrible, sacrificial rites.

"Hello," someone called.

She looked up, then smiled and waved. It was Brandon, the enigma of the group. Always, there was a curious hardness in his eyes as if he were steeling himself against—well, everyone. She had been a little hurt by his avoidance of her. She motioned him to a chair as he approached. "You look as if you'd been working hard today, Brandy."

"We have. But I think it's going to be worth it. Tomorrow I'll take you up there on the hill to see. Would you like that?"

She colored with pleasure. He was actually making overtures. "I should love it. It must be fascinating, digging in those ruins." She laughed lightly. "Now, you see, if I were a man, I could help."

"I wish you were," he said solemnly and then stopped

[*Continued on page* 60]

"This is almost goodbye," Brandon said very quietly. Then his voice roughened with emotion. "Stephanie, I must say it out loud, not just to myself. I love you. And I can't bear to let you go away from me"

By
WILLIAM F. FRENCH

ALL'S WELLES IN HOLLYWOOD

THEY SAY THAT HOLLYWOOD HAS MET ITS MATCH IN ORSON WELLES, WHO IN BRINGING MARTIANS TO INVADE AMERICA, SCARED IT OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH

"HOLLYWOOD has bitten herself a mouthful."

That's what the wise ones say, now that RKO has induced Orson Welles to come out here and throw his hat in the movie ring. And they hope for ring-side seats when someone tries to out-shout or talk down this lad whose thundering voice frightened half the state of New Jersey—and a goodly portion of New York City—right out of its jeans.

In his bed-time story over the Columbia Broadcasting System last Halloween, Orson Welles described the landing of the warriors from Mars so vividly that hundreds of Manhattanites fled their apartment buildings and dashed madly for the safety of Central Park.

Although Welles wants to forget this incident, it's still a nice trick for him to have up his sleeve in Hollywood. Even if he didn't leave much in the deck after the hand he dealt himself for his first rubber with films.

He made a nice deal with RKO. That studio says that never before in the history of pictures has anyone been given a contract like the one Orson Welles signed. It's what is known as a four-way contract—with trimmings. He is to produce, write, direct, act the leading male roles in the picture, have his own production unit, supervise the cutting of the picture and make its trailer. Then, of course, he is to be given an opportunity to try out certain sound effects and other technical ideas he has had in the back of his head for some time.

In the great scads that have been written about this amazing young man who literally oozes theatrical accomplishments and whose daring originality marked him, at the age of twenty-three, the most unusual figure of the American stage, nothing has been said of another side of his nature—his masculine love of things technical and mechanical.

At the writer's mention of the new method for making third-dimension motion pictures, his interest became white hot.

"That's something I want to learn about—want to see," he exclaimed eagerly. "I want to learn all I can about dimension in photography. I'm spending my time with sound and cameramen, asking questions and getting in the way. I love the miniature department and the special effects. I realize now there's nothing I can conceive that they can't produce, and nothing I can want in the way of equipment and special effects that they can't deliver.

"I love to dig [*Continued on page 67*]

THEY HAD TO LIVE AND

Ginger may be a clever dancer but knowing life made her an actress

WHAT does a girl need, to become a movie star today? You have a right to ask, seeing some of the new finds Hollywood is going frantic about. They have pretty faces, with nice eyes and white teeth. They have pretty figures, with the curves in the right places. They have good manners. They have good postures. They have pleasant voices. And what else—that would rate them the big roles they're getting, and the publicity they're getting?

Doesn't a girl need to know how to act nowadays, to become film-famous?

Several producers, taking a superficial look at Hedy Lamarr, have decided "No." They have searched out dazzling young unknowns, put them under contract at small salaries, then thrust them into big productions, given them big build-ups, and hailed them as "overnight stars." These producers are in for some awful letdowns. Which will be nothing, compared to the letdowns the girls are in for.

Glamor isn't enough. Ballyhoo isn't enough. Luck isn't enough. There is no short-cut to stardom. There is no substitute for acting ability.

Someone has defined acting as an imitation of life. The definition can stand reviving. It brings up an important point: You can't mirror life until you know life. You can't mirror human nature until you know human nature. You can't express emotions until you know something of emotions.

It's unreasonable to expect such knowledge from bright-eyed beginners. It's unfair to expect them to compete with stars who have been through the mill of experience.

Bette Davis, for one. She never won a beauty contest. Nor a sex-appeal contest. But there is no question about Bette's rating the title of star. She is "the best actress on the screen."

No studio handed her stardom on a silver platter, with a side dish of ballyhoo. Experience—and experience alone—gave it to her.

She has seen enough of life to be able to play either trollops or queens, gay young girls or sad old women. But it is no accident that she has scored her greatest successes, playing women who want something desperately from life, women capable of fighting against soul-crushing odds, holding fast to a pact with themselves, no matter what happens. She can make you feel every emotion they feel. She knows, from experience, what it's like to be that kind of woman.

VERY young, Bette wanted to become an actress. She realized that most people expected actresses to be beautiful. So she prayed to be beautiful. Then, at a Christmas party, she brushed too close to a lighted candle on the tinseled tree. Her filmy dress became a torch. She was horribly burned about the face. No one ever suffered more, and lived. For months she was blind, her eyes covered with bandages. Then one day she saw again. But with eyes that would never be normal, would always protrude. That was a heart-breaking handicap. She set out to make an asset of it.

That wasn't easy. At first sight, people couldn't think of her as an actress. The Dennis Players [*Continued on page 79*]

Before she played tragic women life had brought Garbo a deal of suffering

Barbara Stanwyck's emotions are real because she has experience in emotions

Joan Crawford's stardom comes from a active life crammed into a few yea

SUFFER

THERE'S NO SHORT CUT TO STARDOM. TO MAKE A GOOD ACTRESS A STAR HAS TO KNOW LIFE, HUMAN NATURE, ITS EMOTIONS

By
DENNY MORRISSEY

Hedy Lamarr had had enough experience to be unforgettably real as girl blessed with beauty, but cursed with much unhappiness

No one handed Bette Davis stardom. Emotional experience gave it to her

DOING HIS BIT FOR DEMOCRACY

RAYMOND MASSEY IN HOLLYWOOD PLAYING "ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS," COULDN'T BE HAPPIER AT THIS TIME THAN DOING THIS PICTURE—AND SPREADING LINCOLN'S IDEALS IN A WORLD THREATENED BY TYRANNY

ON THE sidelines of an 1850 set on an RKO sound stage, a tall, gaunt man who looked like Abraham Lincoln said to me, "I have a burning, vitriolic hatred of the Fascist idea—as anybody who has any ideals of democracy must have." The man was Raymond Massey. The man playing the title role of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois.*

He told me, "I couldn't be happier at this moment than to be doing this picture. It isn't just another picture. It is a serious analysis of Lincoln, of the things that he believed in, lived and died for. It comes at an electric moment. We're fighting for the same things today—'that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.' "

He gestured toward a script nearby. "All through Lincoln's utterances run remarks that have poignant application to present events. Take the Lincoln-Douglas debates, for example. Substitute the word 'tyranny' for 'slavery,' and every word might be spoken by President Roosevelt.

"Then there is the final scene of the picture, the final speech. Lincoln stands on the railroad platform at Springfield, about to leave for Washington, for his rendezvous with destiny. He says, 'We gained democracy, and there is now doubt whether it is fit to survive. Perhaps we have come to the dreadful day of awakening, and the dream is ended. If so, I am afraid it must be ended forever. I cannot believe that ever again will men have the opportunity that we have had.' "

He uttered the words with a somber intensity that left no doubt of their meaning to him, personally. He left no doubt that the chance to play Lincoln was, to him, more than a chance to play a great dramatic role. It was a chance to spread Lincoln's ideals, in a world threatened with tyranny.

And he should be able to do a good job of it.

For seven years, he wanted to play Lincoln—his favorite character in history. He couldn't find "the right play." One day Robert Sherwood told him about a Lincoln play he had in mind. He urged Sherwood to put it on paper. The result was *Abe Lincoln in Illinois.* It opened on Broadway in 1938. Ever since, except for the week between his last stage appearance and the start of the picture, he has been *Lincoln.*

For his performance in the play, he won a [*Continued on page* 88]

By JAMES REID

LORETTA YOUNG

If Loretta looks too, too wistful blame it on Davie Niven with whom she stars in *Eternally Yours*—and who may soon go home to join the colors

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Glamorita Lana Turner pauses to give you an eyeful of what the well-dressed deb will wear this fall. An off-the-face silver fox hat, and a silver fox muff

Marjorie Weaver takes to a pedestal, hopes you won't be letting her down when you see her in *The Simple Life*

Virginia Field, who off set is Richard Greene's Big Moment, plays Loretta Young's rival in *Eternally Yours*

Paulette Well Guarded

■ Talk of Hollywood is the double guard that accompanies Paulette Goddard wherever she goes! They're two former G-men, and they're anti-kidnap experts, and they never relax their vigilance. Nobody explains, not even Paulette, nor Chaplin. However, don't forget that Charlie's next film, *The Dictator* which is in the making, is an out-and-out take-off on Hitler. And those who have heard him do his stuff, report that after endless study of Hitler's speeches via radio, transcriptions and newsreels, Charlie has learned to imitate Der Fuehrer with murderous travesty—shrill, hysterical climaxes and all. And yet not a word of it is real German . . . !

Red All Over

■ Priscilla Lane got her worst sunburn of the year because of her cat! It sounds silly, but it happened. Like this:

One day, when she was alone in her home, Priscilla settled down in the briefest of sunbathing attire for a sunbath in a hammock on the lawn. In the midst of it, she heard her pet kitten mewing—and found it marooned on the roof. Priscilla got a ladder, climbed up to rescue the cat—and then the ladder slipped and fell down, marooning Priscilla, too.

There was no shelter, and it was three hours before anybody came to rescue Priscilla.

It's SOME sunburn!

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Doug Jr. has his most adventurous role in *Ruler Of The Seas*, story of the era in the British Merchant Marine when steamships succeeded the sailing vessels

Dolly Haas, who was a sensation as European star, finally gets a break in Hollywood in Warners' *We Are Not Alone*

Greer Garson, who has red hair and green eyes, has nice legs, too. Soon to be seen with Robert Taylor in *Remember*

Playing with the sun while making *Playing With Dynamite*, Jane Wyman (far left) and Sheila Bromley get a last coat of tan from a fading summer sun

Depth, Too

■ Best Hollywood Analysis of the Month is Burgess Meredith's, anent Ann Sheridan:

—of Oomph-gal Ann, Burgess says: "She's simply got THIRD-DIMENSIONAL SEX!"

Jolly Old Maxie

■ Believe it or not, but every afternoon at 4, Maxie Rosenbloom comes to the Brown Derby and orders Tea and Crumpets!

Behind the Screwball

■ Strangest marriage contract ever signed in screwy Hollywood is the one that Bing Crosby's brother, Everett, ratified with Florence George. It prohibits wifie Florence in this language:

"I promise, agree and affirm not to find, buy, beg, borrow, steal or accept from any person any pets from the date hereof and during the rest of my married life."

Reason: Florence is known as one of Hollywood's most inveterate pet-picker-uppers, and she has owned dogs, parrots, cats, monkeys and other pets galore. [*Continued on page 77*]

Fur Furor

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The fur furor is sweeping the country this winter and whether you're a school girl in Holyoke, a star in Hollywood or a sophisticate in New York—or points north, east, south or west—you won't be able to avoid it. Not that you would want to. Certainly not after seeing the stars' reactions on both these pages.
1. Louise Campbell's fur furor spent itself in a silver fox great coat with collarless neckline and bishop sleeves
2. Joan Bennett's indulgence is a short sable jacket—with huge muff to match
3. A knee-length coat of beautiful white fox is Gloria Dickson's luxurious reaction
4. Schiaparelli's dyed black nutria trimmed with black broadcloth and huge kid leather buttons "got" Dolores Del Rio
5. Louise Campbell couldn't restrain herself and went for mink, too. So would we
6. A natural beaver sport coat helped to excite Dolores Del Rio's passion for fur
7. Ditto, the loose black Persian lamb

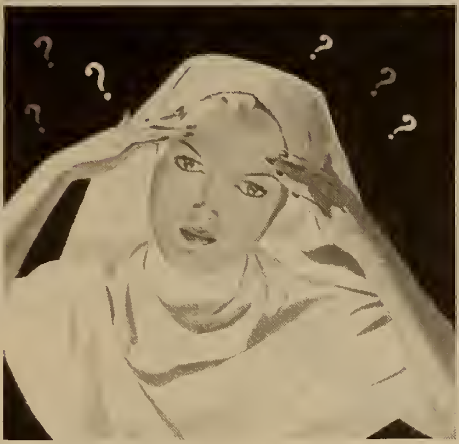
BRENDA JOYCE

After *The Rains Came*, Brenda Joyce appears in *Here I Am a Stranger*. Brenda needn't feel strange after the impression she made as *Fern*

Lady Esther says—

"Forsake all Heavy, Waxy Creams for 1 month and keep your Accent on Youth!"

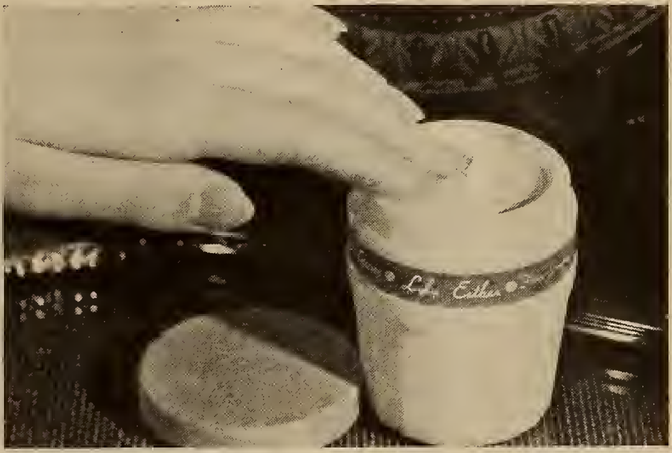
Go ask youth—and a whole chorus will tell you to *stop using* heavy, "waxy" creams. In a blind test, young women under 25 voted overwhelmingly—over 2 to 1—for Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!



Why let heavy creams defeat your loveliness? Why chance looking *older than you really are?* Give up those heavy, "waxy" creams that demand pulling of delicate facial muscles—and turn, with youth, to my *more modern* cream!

Modern life with its fast tempo is a challenge to your face cream. Indeed it calls for a completely *different kind* of cream from the heavy types popular ten years ago. Modern girls realize this, and have adopted my 4-Purpose Face Cream.

A softly glamorous complexion points the way to tender glances . . . to compliments and romance! Why deny yourself life's gayest moments? Why not look truly appealing? Give *your* skin "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and see each day bring fun . . . more happiness. You can be so alluring when you're *sure* of charm!



Just one month will show you that Lady Esther Face Cream is a *modern* cream that keeps your Accent on *Youth.* It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you make the test I suggest below and see if Lady Esther Face Cream isn't the *one* and only cream for *you?*

See the difference . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

TODAY, there is a very easy way to discover whether you are using the RIGHT face cream. You simply compare your present cream with Lady Esther Face Cream.

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Remove it with cleansing tissue, *then look at it.* Then do the same with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with fresh tissue and *look at that.*

Thousands of women have been amazed . . . yes, *shocked then* and *there* . . . to see dirt on their second tissue. For Lady Esther Cream removes pore-clogging dirt that many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT.

Renounce all heavy creams for *just a month.* You'll find Lady Esther Cream, unlike many old-fashioned creams, cleanses thoroughly without harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a fresh, youthful-looking skin!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (50)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

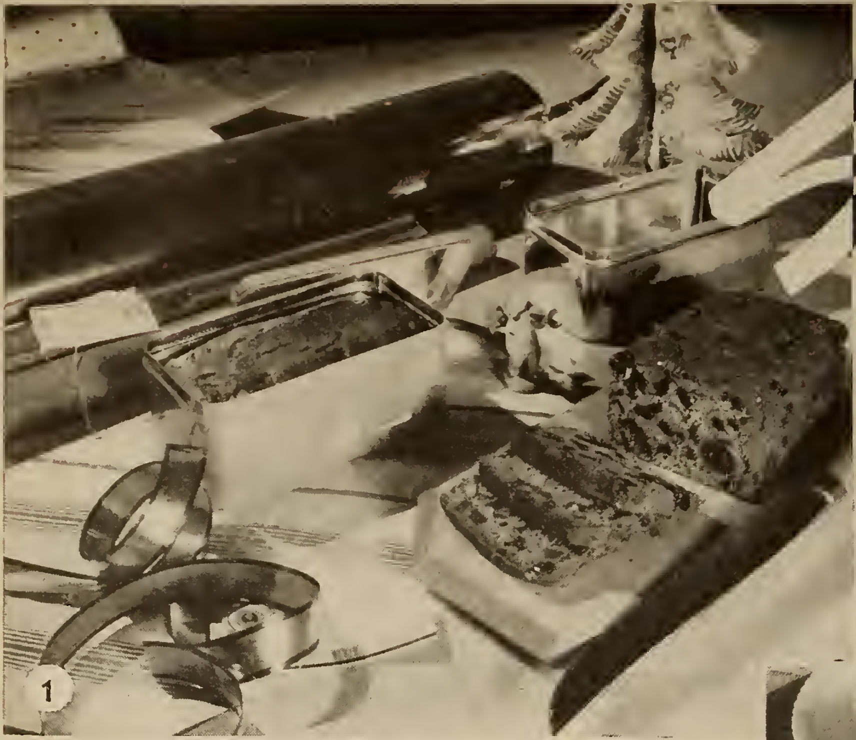
FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Sweet ...AND SIMPLE

By Mrs. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

MOTION PICTURE'S MODERN VERSIONS OF THE TRADITIONAL PIE, CAKE AND PUDDING MAKE SWEET AND SIMPLE "HAPPY ENDINGS"

1. Packaged Fruit Cake Mix provides pudding, cake from same tin
2. Traditional dessert in lighter form—Chiffon Mincemeat Tarts
3. Cranberry Christmas Cake makes colorful dessert for dinner
4. Holiday wrapped Fruit Cakes make welcome Christmas gifts

WHAT dessert shall be the "happy ending" of the holiday dinner?

Usually any festive occasion menu is so richly satisfying in its main courses that the dessert calls for an exceedingly "light touch" if the guests are to have a safe and truly "happy ending!" Time and again the hostess finds that after offering a bountiful holiday board from soup to nuts—with turkey and all the trimmings—that a regulation dessert remains almost untouched and left on the plates. But you *can't* have a holiday dinner without the traditional pie, and cake and pudding! It just wouldn't be a holiday without them!

Pie, yes, and cake and pudding too, but in *modern* versions which feature the light touch in their ingredients and preparation. Delicious, but more dainty, sweet, but not cloying, there are up-to-date versions of all the familiar holiday favorites. Here, for example, is mince pie, but in what a feathery form! Your guests will thank you for serving them these:

CHIFFON MINCEMEAT TARTS

1	pkg. cherry-flavored gelatin	8 baked tart shells
1¾	cups hot water	Whipped cream
1	cup moist mincemeat	Minced walnuts

8 candied cherries

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Chill until slightly thickened. Add mincemeat to ½ gelatin mixture, turn into tart shells, and chill until firm. Cover with remaining clear gelatin, and chill. Top with whipped cream, sprinkle lightly with nuts, and garnish with candied cherry. (Makes 8 tarts).

WHO said "put in your thumb and pull out a plum-pudding!" Christmas comes but once a year and a pudding it *must* have. But try this one, whose time-saving preparation intrigues not only the homemaker, but also the many girls who enjoy holiday food and fol-de-rols which they can concoct and bake in their spare ovenette. Plum-pudding and fruit cake [*Continued on page* 82]

Want a rosy, thriving baby? *Study Martha!*

First Year: A GRAND START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS

"Doctors speak so highly of them—that's the best reason for choosing Clapp's Foods," Martha Michener's mother says. "But it was nice, too, that Martha was just crazy about the flavors!

"You can see why Clapp's are so good—the Clapp people have 18 years' experience. They were the first to make baby foods, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else."

"Weighing day was great fun! Martha always made a splendid gain—one time she put on 4 pounds 3 ounces in 3 months! She was so active and sturdy, too, the picture of health. Plenty of vitamins and minerals in her Clapp's Strained Foods, all right.

"Her baby book shows that she started to feed herself the day she was a year old!"

17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce . Peaches and Pears

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Runabout Years: DOING BEAUTIFULLY...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS

"Never any of this won't-eat business with Martha. Lots of babies get fussy as they grow older—don't take kindly to coarser foods. But Martha went on to her new Clapp's Chopped Foods without a bit of trouble.

"They have the nice flavors she was used to in her Strained Foods, of course, and they're so evenly cut, just the texture doctors advise for older babies."

"Martha likes variety—she has 3 toy elephants of different colors—and she's the same way about food. Clapp's gives her a wide choice—she still gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods, including the substantial Junior Dinners and that grand new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Yes, we're very proud of Martha's health record. If you want a baby to have the best, I'm sure it pays to insist on Clapp's!"

12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Dessert—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

THAT *Certain* PARTY

By DENISE CAINE

ANN RUTHERFORD KNOWS THAT THE FOUNDATIONS FOR A SUCCESSFUL EVENING ARE LAID RIGHT AT HER DRESSING-TABLE SO—SHE MAKES THE MOST OF IT

YOU don't have to be the best looking girl at the party to be popular. One belle in my home town had a hooked nose, another was a little more than pleasingly plump. But did they get around! They had that certain something men love—an interest in other people. They were full of life, and ready to do anything that came along. They made the most of what good features—lovely eyes, silky hair, a pretty mouth—they had, and always managed to look smart and well groomed. And especially at parties.

There's a lot to this business of knowing you look *your* best. I used to have one dress that always put me in a party mood. And I wore it ragged, because its pale sea green made me feel like a water nymph. It brought out every red light in my hair. It did things for my figure. I could count on having a good time whenever I put it on. And because I knew I looked well, I could dance and talk and laugh—or just listen—without ever feeling self-conscious.

It doesn't have to be a dress that works this party magic. A new and becoming hairstyle may do it for you. A dash of just the right lipstick may do it. Some tricky little hair ornament may set the evening off on the right foot. I'll bet that Ann Rutherford's lace "Dutch" cap had a lot to do with that pleased little smile on her lips! But most of all, just knowing that you are perfectly made up, and that you won't have to fumble for your powder puff or lipstick during the evening will help you forget yourself—and pay attention to him.

The foundations for a successful evening are laid right at your own dressing-table. What you do here—and how well you do it—may mean three extra cut-ins on the last dance. If that is important to you—and it is to almost every girl I know—you might try some of these tricks.

REMOVE your stale make-up with soap and water and cream, and then treat yourself to a facial mask. It's a natural for party beauty! Because a mask tones and refines the skin and makes it feel and look firmer, fresher and finer textured. It tightens enlarged pores and helps remove blackheads. It smooths away tiny laughter lines and frown lines. A good mask gives your face a lift—and you one, too. It leaves your skin soft and flushed and pretty. Remember, men "go" for girls with lovely skins!

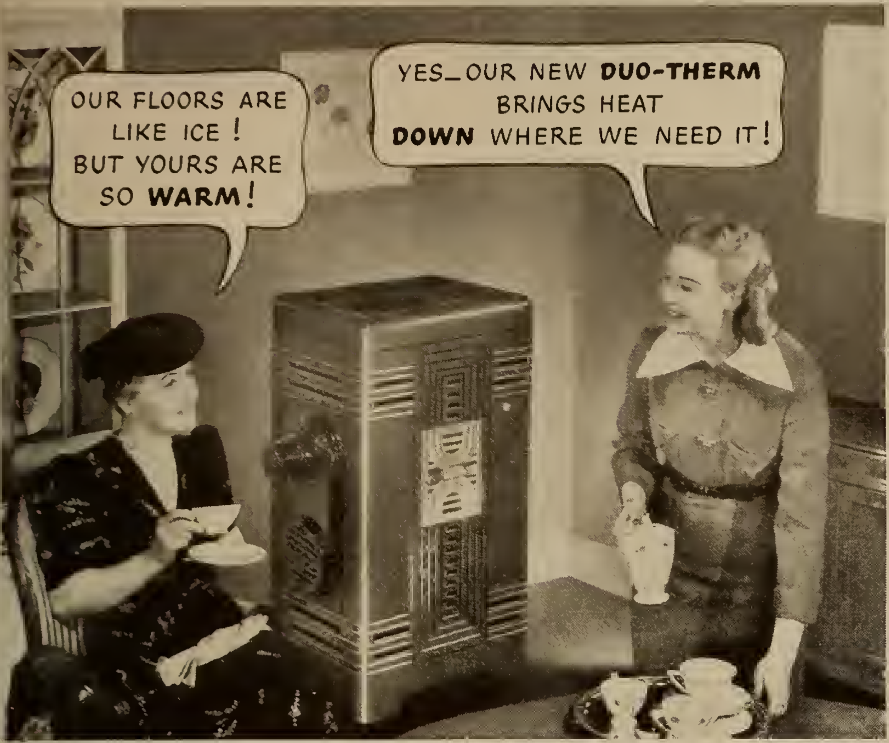
Your mask should be applied only to a thoroughly clean skin—because it can't work its magic through three layers of dirt and two of make-up. You should leave it on for about 15 or 20 minutes—or until it dries. Lie down for a quick snooze or relax in a tub of lukewarm water if you're pressed for time. Use lukewarm water and a washcloth to remove your dried mask, then apply a light film of cold cream if your skin is dry and very sensitive.

Do write me for the name of a mask I use faithfully. It's a luxury—but an inexpensive one. Because you can make it at home, in five minutes flat, and the main ingredient costs only 15 cents for a jumbo box! One of the nice things about this particular mask is that it is beneficial not only to normal skin, but also to oily skin, dry skin and sallow skin, depending on whether you mix it with milk, egg whites, tissue cream or buttermilk! Complete and easy-to-follow [*Continued on page 74*]

DO YOU NEED

A becoming new hairstyle for that party? Advice on bringing out your best points? Aid with a skin or hair problem of any kind? Denise Caine will be glad to help you. Send her a stamped, self-addressed envelope today, and tell her your troubles. Address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Duo-Therm's new "Power-Air" heater
KEEPS FLOORS WARM—by force!


OUR FLOORS ARE LIKE ICE! BUT YOURS ARE SO **WARM**!
YES—OUR NEW **DUO-THERM** BRINGS HEAT **DOWN** WHERE WE NEED IT!

Enjoy warmer winters—with a Duo-Therm!

Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air** will drive heat to every corner! You get uniform, "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—and *extra* heat for every room!

A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, plug in your *Power-Air* and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

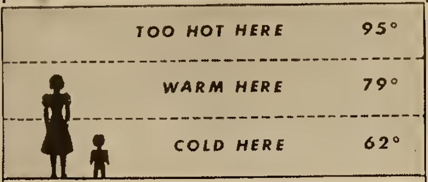
EVEN if this should be one of those bitter, old-time winters—you'll be warm and comfortable with the clean, cheap, silent heat this new fuel-oil Duo-Therm gives!

It gives you *more* heat from every drop of oil—because of its patented Bias-Baffle Burner! It gives *regulated* heat—at the turn of a handy dial. It gives a flood of *extra* heat when you open the radiant door!

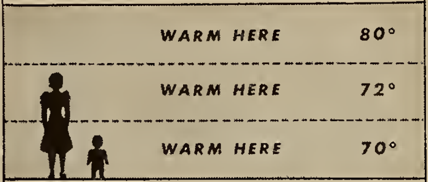
And in addition—it gives you what *no other heater* can give you: *POWER-AIR!*

Greater heating comfort than ever before! Duo-Therm's amazing new *Power-Air* drives heat all through your house—circulates heat faster, better, to every corner of every room! It brings lazy ceiling heat down where you need it—gives uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—saves at least 5% in fuel costs! And it does *more* . . . .

KEEPS HEAT MOVING—
GIVES EVEN, TOP-TO-BOTTOM COMFORT—
COMPARE THESE RESULTS:



Ordinary heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)



Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it down—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

Gives you cooler summers, too! In hot weather—your *Power-Air* will pour out a cooling 27-mile-an-hour breeze! You can direct it anywhere—up, down, right or left! You can use *Power-Air* to dry wet shoes, clothing, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair.

And *Power-Air* costs little to run! It takes no more current than a 60-watt lamp.

A Duo-Therm costs no more! A Duo-Therm, even with *Power-Air*, costs you no more than ordinary heaters! See the beautiful new models at your dealer's—today. They come in the handsome Golden Fleck enamel finish—they heat 1 to 6 rooms—they're sold on easy payments. Or mail the coupon—now!

*Patent applied for

New "Year-Round"
DUO-THERM
Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. M. P.-912. Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Tell me about this new Duo-Therm heater!

Name ____________
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The Fall and Rise of Ilona Massey

[*Continued from page 32*]

three days after I arrived in Hollywood I went into *Rosalie*. I did not have to wait at all. I thought it would go on like this forever. I was so touched by the sweet people here, by Eleanor Powell and her kindness in trying to help me, by the kindness of Nelson Eddy, Mr. Van Dyke, and M-G-M's ace talent scout who has become my good friend. So I said, there is no jealousy here as there is in Vienna.

"Then *Rosalie* was finished. Then they said, 'Maybe *Balalaika* will be your next part.' You could take that 'maybe' two ways. I took it to mean that if I did not make *Balalaika* I would make something else. Then nothing happened, nothing at all. I did not understand, at first. At the time I was not afraid. . . .

"IT IS a sad feeling . . . you know that you are under contract somewhere and you feel they don't want you. Even if it is not a big salary you are getting, you don't like to take it. I am not used to getting something for nothing. I didn't feel good about it. I didn't feel happy. I knew enough to be sure that people were thinking about me . . . She isn't any good or she wouldn't sit and wait so long . . .

"I would come to the studio, every day . . . that made it harder for me, of course. It would have been easier if I could have hidden my pride and my heart at home, not showing my face with its too anxious eyes. But I had to come to the studio every day for my voice lessons, to make my tests. I would come here and everybody would be working, everybody but me. I didn't visit the sets. I didn't give myself that much torture. But I did eat in the studio commissary because I didn't of course, have a dressing-room of my own anymore. And here I would see everybody in make-up, watching the clock.

"I would see people around the lot, stars, directors, other people . . . they would say what they always say to everyone . . . 'When are you going to work?' . . . I would answer, trying to look what you call casual and gay, 'I don't know, I don't know' . . . so that, you see, you go around and have nothing on your mind, nothing at all but—when *am* I going to work?

"It is like a crying all the time in your heart. So that you don't want to go out and see people. You don't want to have parties or to go to parties. You are ashamed. You are not feeling sociable. So this means that you are much alone, all the time alone, with that crying.

"You do not make friends because making friends means a giving of yourself and you are giving all of yourself to this waiting and wanting. You do not fall in love because there is no room for love in a crying heart. You do not care for clothes, so you run the risk of losing interest in yourself. You do not want to talk with other actors and actresses because they are working and, without meaning to, they rub the salt into the wound. So I only worked at my dramatic lessons, at my tests. I went to the movies every night to pass the time but more to try to learn . . . Garbo, she is my ideal . . . Bette Davis, she teaches me many things . . . from the others, too, I listen and learn.

"I MUST tell you about the first test I made . . . just after I had finished in *Rosalie* but before it is previewed . . . Then I was so happy. Everything was mine, I thought. There I was, up among the stars. I made this test. I didn't bother much about my English, how I talked it. I didn't bother much about my make-up. I was feeling too satisfied to take the pains. Now I know that that was my most dangerous time. My head, it was too big to have the sense.

"So I made this test and when it was shown all the studio people who were watching it cried out to me, 'Marvelous! Sensational! Colossal!' I did not know these are the words they say, out of kindness, about every one. I believe my own publicity—a fatal thing to do.

"So, riding on the crest of the wave, I went to the Big Boss of my studio. I asked him, please, would he come to see my test. I told him how everyone was excited about it. I told him how good I was. He came to see it. When he came out he said to me, just one word—'Lousy.' Then he told me how bad I was, how disappointed in me he was, how bad I talked, how bad I looked, how fat I was, how no one would believe that the man was in love with me, how I am not an actress in that test.

"He is the best friend I ever had. I am thankful that I did at least have enough sense to know that. He was telling me the truth. And it is only the truth which can help. It is like the surgeon's knife. It cures while it cuts. It is so easy to say, 'You are sensational, you are stupendous, you are colossal—*goodbye*'. He did not take the easy way. Because, as I know now, he still believed in me.

"THEN began the long months in which nothing happened, nothing at all. Others would be cast in pictures. There was nothing for me. Only once in all that time did anyone even speak to me about a part. It was Bob Leonard, the director. He talked to me about doing a musical. I was starving for a picture. I think it is that starvation and not that I have not eaten which has taken the weight off of me.

When you see ***Balalaika*** you'll see Ilona in the arms of Nelson Eddy, singing with him—her first appearance since *Rosalie*

"But I kept thinking about it and finally told Mr. Leonard: 'I don't think you should take a chance with me. I am not for that part.' I am glad now that I said this. I know now that it is not a game, this making pictures. I know how much they spend on pictures. They cannot make a picture just to please a pretty girl . . .

"Yes, there were times when I wanted to go home, back to Austria. Times when I thought it was no use and would never be any use. I am a natural worrier. But I didn't let myself worry too much or I would have been a nervous wreck.

"I am not the kind of a person to give up easily," said Ilona, then, "I have had too many beatings. One more I can take. Nothing in my life has been easy. I am used to this. . . ."

And I thought, watching the strong lines of her face, a beautiful face but not a merely "pretty" face, mind you . . . I thought, she would not be the kind of person to "give up easily."

I THOUGHT of how she was born Ilona Hajmassey, the daughter of Hungarian peasants . . . of how, as a small girl on her father's land, she had trudged behind the plough, tilling the fields with her own hands . . . of how when the war came the family lived on black bread and water—rations as lean as the starvelings who ate them. Yes, the sturdy stock of her peasantry stood her in good stead, no doubt of it . . . she had survived lean rations before and days without hope and nights with fear . . .

I thought of how, at fourteen, she became a seamstress in Budapest and how she must have learned there, too, the lesson of grim patience . . . knowing, as she did, that she had a voice which should have won her fame and fortune . . . but a voice which went undiscovered and untrained because no one had the time or the money or the foresight to listen to her or do anything about it.

Think of millions of stitches she must have put in, waiting, wondering when a break would come, how it would come, if ever. Surely such hours as these braced her chin during the long nineteen months of putting in the stitches of patience in Hollywood. And then at last her job in a chorus in Budapest, where she danced for two years . . . listening to people tell her, "perhaps you may develop into a fine dancer. but *never try to sing with that voice of yours.*"

And she would listen, but not believe; she would cup her belief in herself in her sturdy, work-calloused hands. She took voice lessons secretly. She went alone almost penniless to Vienna. She became understudy to the prima donna of the Vienna State Opera House . . . and when the prima donna did, at long last, fall ill, Ilona sang *La Tosca*. And that was the beginning of her operatic career. That was her debut which her parents attended in peasant costume.

And then later when she was singing *La Belle Helene*, when she had become the toast of Vienna, Benjamin Thau, M-G-M executive, saw her, heard her and signed her to a long-term M-G-M contract.

You know the rest. You may recall, too, how Ilona and Hedy Lamarr, arriving in Hollywood almost simultaneously, shared a house together for a time, speaking the same language, coming from the same country,

[*Continued on page* 90]

1881 ® ROGERS ®
Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths
PRESENTS...

THE TABLE OF GLAMOROUS
JOAN BENNETT
Starring in "Housekeeper's Daughter"
A Hal Roach Production

The Glamour Chest

You needn't be a Hollywood Star to have a service of 1881 ® ROGERS ® silverware for your own! Not when the Glamour Chest waits at your silverware dealer's right now! See the stunning designs . . . the Free Tarnish-Proof Chest . . . the completeness of these budget-priced services for eight! And—your dealer will gladly arrange planned payments.

40 PIECE SERVICE for EIGHT—Tarnish-Proof Wood Chest contains 8 Teaspoons, 8 Salad Forks, 8 Hollow Handle Knives, 8 Forks, 8 Dessert Spoons. Chest is FREE with set. $19.95

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52 PIECE SERVICE for EIGHT—FREE Tarnish-Proof Chest contains 16 Teaspoons, 8 Dessert Spoons, 8 Hollow Handle Knives, 8 Forks, 8 Salad Forks, 1 Butter Knife, 2 Serving Spoons, 1 Sugar Spoon, and, as OUR GIFT, a Pierced Pastry Server ($2.50 value) FREE. $24.95

Del Mar
Surf Club
Meadowbrook
Janet

★ THE ★ SERVICE ★ OF ★ THE ★ STARS

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Green Hell

[*Continued from page 42*]

in confusion. For a brief second, there was a throbbing silence between them. Then, "I mean, if you were, you could stay—"

"I'd like to," she said evenly. "I only wish I could. It's so beautiful here—"

"Yes." He was aware of the heady scent from the lush verdure. "I'd hardly realized how beautiful it really was until now." Abruptly, he jumped up. "Well, since you're having dinner with us tonight, you'd better get some rest."

Her eyes sparkled. "And I'm looking forward to it so."

His rare grin lighted his face. "This is going to be quite a memorable evening—a real guest for dinner."

THE evening meal was indeed a gay little event, with all the men on their best behavior. As the result of a wild scramble for neglected razors everyone was very shiny and scrubbed and Stephanie rose to the occasion gallantly, in an effort not to intrude the note of her own grief. Finally, though, with dinner over she went outside on the verandah.

It was a lovely starlit night. She could hear the crickets chirping and the nightbirds making their melancholy calls. A shooting star flashed across the sky.

Brandon was at her elbow. "Did you make a wish?"

She smiled and turned to him. "Yes. Would you like to know what it was?"

"Burning with curiosity."

He was close to her and she quivered as his hand covered hers. She looked toward the Inca ruins. "I wished—that all your dreams come true and a safe landing—*home*."

He spoke huskily. "That's a very sweet wish."

They stood there, nerves afire, in a magic circle of enchantment. Then she turned away. "It's been a lovely evening. Goodnight."

"Goodnight—Stephanie."

She was out early the next morning, shampooing her hair at the little waterfall when she heard Forrester's whistle. In laughing protest she tried to send him away.

Instead, he began talking earnestly, rapidly. He had seen her for the first time a year ago, he told her, the day before the expedition had left. She had been with David at a little cafe in Tabatinga. He even remembered the hat she wore, a large white one with pink roses on it. The orchestra had been playing "I Kiss your Hand, Madame."

She drew in her breath sharply. "To think —you should remember that."

He smiled mockingly. "A man doesn't forget the first time he sees a beautiful woman."

"That sounds very practiced." She turned away. He was charming and annoying at the same time. "Will you please go now? Your flattery is turning my head—when all it needs is a shampoo."

He bowed. "I kiss your hand, Madame." Humming the tune to himself, he strolled away.

That afternoon Forrester was banished completely from her mind as she and Brandon made a trip to the ruins. Stephanie gazed on the huge, grotesque pillars, representing ancient gods in the forms of animals, on amazing bas reliefs of fierce dragons, in whose eyes there had once been jewels.

When they came into the outside world again she was silent with awe. Somehow, the tropical sunset seemed a fitting climax to the day.

Brandon clasped her fingers. "Your hands are cold. Let me warm them." Suddenly, he touched his lips to them and said, "A man's future can't be entirely carved of stones and ancient gold. What do you suggest I do with mine?"

Her voice was tight. There was something drawing them close and she hadn't much will to resist. But she could try. "Why don't you write a book? Most explorers do."

His eyes burned into hers. "I might. I'd describe the strange jungle silence, the way it is now at sunset, spreading a net around us, holding us here—"

Her blood thrummed in her veins and an intolerable longing to be in his arms, to know the pressure of his lips upon hers, came over her. Then she seemed to see David's eyes, reproachful, sorrowful. She turned away. "I think we'd better be going back."

They walked along in silence but at the door of the house they stopped. Brandon was searching his mind. Only this morning he had resented this girl, had told Dr. Loren that when Gracco, the guide leader, came back from his boar hunt, he was to conduct Mrs. Richardson back to Tabatinga immediately. Now he felt differently. "You don't know what this day has meant to me," he said tensely. "It's as though I'd come out from under a dark cloud."

Her eyes were wistful. "You've had some great unhappiness in your life, haven't you?"

"Yes, in a way." He was silent. There'd been Linda who had betrayed him so lightly, then laughed in his face when he'd found her out a week before their wedding. But now, for the first time he could think of her without pain. "I suppose no one escapes."

They turned as Forrester mounted the verandah. "So you two have been exploring, eh?"

Stephanie nodded. "Yes. Oh, it was a marvelous day."

"Really?" Sardonically Forrester surveyed them both. Then he held out a spray of white orchids. "Well, I've been doing a bit of exploring myself. I found these for you."

She gasped and reached for the lovely blossoms. "How beautiful. Like huge butterflies."

Brandon was annoyed—the more so, because he didn't know why. "Where's Dr. Loren?"

"Out looking for Gracco. He should be back soon. If Gracco's with him," he turned to Stephanie, "it means you'll be leaving tomorrow." Loren, storming about the place a while ago, muttering things about women bringing unrest into men's lives, had said as much.

She flinched as if from a blow. It was rather sudden. "Oh." She opened the door into the front room. "Then I'd better start packing tonight." Brandon followed her in. She looked at him wistfully. "I feel rather sad leaving here."

"This is almost goodbye," he said quietly. Then his voice roughened and he grasped her shoulders. "Stephanie, I've got to say it out loud, not just to myself. I love you. And I can't bear to let you go away from me. I love you, darling." Passionately, he crushed her in his arms and their kiss was long and bitter sweet.

Then she tore away from him. Her eyes stung. How easily, how quickly, she had broken faith with David.

Scott spoke from the doorway. He was looking at her coldly. "I brought the mail. Thought maybe you'd want these letters. They came for your husband."

Silently, she took them and went to her room. She was just closing her door as Scott began to speak to Brandon in angry rebuke.

How soon, he was demanding fiercely, was Mrs. Richardson going? Gracco couldn't be found but in the meantime somebody would have to take her back because *certain people* were acting mighty queer with a woman around the place.

"I'll take her back to Tabatinga," Brandon said coolly.

Scott's voice rose. "You will? So that's what all your preaching about sticking on the job means. You made us fight it out, you made us lick the climate, the fever, everything, and now you're running out. You know that none of us can run this camp without you, but because of a woman—"

Stephanie closed the door and leaned against it heavily. Scott was right. The sooner she left, the better. If not, the jungle would play tricks on her and Brandon. They'd mistake the sordid for the real, the lie of passion for love.

Mechanically, she began to open the letters. Most of them were of routine business matters. Then she slit the last envelope. A snapshot fluttered to the floor. Bewildered, she picked it up. It pictured a boy of ten and a girl of eight. Now her pulse quickened as she began to read the letter.

"Dearest husband," it began, "the children can't understand why you don't come home to them. As for me, David, six years of waiting is incredibly long. I love you and I'll always love you. That's why I refuse to divorce you, Helen."

For long, black moments Stephanie stood there. The very air of the room seemed poisoned. Now she understood so many things—David's long silences, his wanting to stay in Tabatinga and other remote places. She'd never really been his wife at all.

Hysteria caught her up. She must talk to someone. She dashed into the other room and stopped short as she saw Dr. Loren. Then she flew into his arms and poured out her rage and despair.

Finally, when she was a bit steadier, he said softly, "My child you mustn't blame him too much. Everyone has secrets. I suppose that's why we are given hearts—to bury them in."

She looked up at him and now her eyes were hard and bright. "Oh, I'm glad I know. I would have gone on loving him, grieving for him all my life—" Her voice broke again.

The door was flung open and Tex walked in, his arms filled with flowers. Graham was with him. "Aw," he said disappointedly, "we was gonna surprise you, give you kind of a party to forget you was leavin' us—"

"Forget!" Stephanie shrilled. "That's it, try to forget. How stupid of me. Of course we shall have a party. Have some fun. All of us." Then, as a sob broke from her throat, she dashed into her bedroom.

ALL evening, as Stephanie danced the rhumba with Forrester or pounded the Indian drums with Graham her thoughts were elsewhere. Finally, she walked outside. Way in the distance there was just the glimmer of a lantern light at the ruins. The jungle was still and humid like an animal at rest.

Dr. Loren was sitting there in the dark. She spoke to him. "Why did Brandy stay away all evening?"

He looked off to where Brandon was clambering down the ruins. "He loves you." Then he added, "It's unfortunate—but in time perhaps you could love *him*—"

She burst out in passionate challenge. "How could you ever expect me to love anyone again, to trust, to believe in anything?"

"In that case," Dr. Loren said impressively, "you wouldn't want him to make a foolish mistake that might wreck his whole life?"

"Of course not."

"Then he *must not* leave here with you. If he went away it would destroy everything he's built up. His men believe in him and he mustn't break faith with them. I'm not blaming you, but the success of our whole expedition is at stake." He added, forcefully, "Besides, I would hate to see him suffer again."

Yes, Stephanie thought, Brandy had been hurt too, by a woman. And he had remembered only the bitterness. Graham had told her about it tonight. Now, her face was pale and sad in the moonlight. "Don't worry Dr. Loren, Brandy won't go back with me."

Forrester stepped out just then. "Oh, here you are young lady. Why, do you know you almost made us forget we were lonely men—" He broke off as Brandon came up the steps. "Oh, hello, Brandy. Where've you been all evening?"

"I found Gracco's trail." Brandon kept his gaze from Stephanie.

"Get the lanterns and the guns. We'll go after him."

When the others had left the verandah Stephanie spoke in low, urgent tones. "Brandy, I overheard the quarrel between you and Scott and I know what the men are thinking—"

"I don't care what they're thinking."

"But you can't let your friends down like that."

He gripped her fiercely. "Stephanie, we're not talking about it any more. I'm going back with you."

She turned away as the search party joined him. Then swiftly, she made a decision and went to put it into effect. Forrester was still indoors and she hurried to him. Breathlessly, she whispered, "Come back before the others." She forced an invitation into her voice. "Do you understand?"

His nostrils flared. "Of course. I'll be back."

When the party was gone she waited there in her room, swamped in loneliness and frustration. The pale green moonlight streamed in the windows. From the gramophone came a queer, haunting tune. She started as she heard Forrester's knock. She opened the door and he stood there, smiling possessively.

"Stephanie, darling."

She draped herself against the door frame alluringly. "I thought you'd never get here, John." Her pulses were hammering. If only Brandon would hurry. "Will you wait outside just a moment? I was looking for my perfume. Somehow, a woman never feels at her best without her favorite scent—"

He stooped and kissed her throat. "Not more than a minute though."

Sixty seconds was all it took before Brandon came tramping up the steps. She could hear him talking angrily with Forrester in the front room. Then came the sound of a blow. Her door was flung open.

"You ought to hate yourself for spanking that child!"

Peggy shows Bill the modern way to bring up their child

1. **BILL:** You keep out of this, Peggy . . . I've got to make this boy listen to reason!

PEGGY: You're certainly going about it in a funny way.

2. **BILL:** Don't you worry—he'll take that stuff if I have to hold his nose to do it.

PEGGY: That's going from bad to worse. Don't you know that using force on a child can shock his entire nervous system?

3. **BILL:** Who said so?

PEGGY: The doctor! Where do you think I've been all morning! I told him about our struggles in getting Junior to take a laxative. The doctor absolutely "put his foot down" on force.

4. **PEGGY:** Then I asked him about giving Junior some of the laxative you take, and again he said NO. He said an adult's laxative can be too strong for a tot. So he recommended a modern laxative made especially for children.

5. **BILL:** Is there such a thing?

PEGGY: Certainly! Fletcher's Castoria. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It's mild, yet surprisingly thorough. It won't form a habit or cause any griping cramps. And it's *SAFE!*

6. **BILL:** He certainly takes it easy enough.

PEGGY: I'll say he does! Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it. I don't see how any home can get along without it!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

Brandon spoke to her harshly. "Did you tell Forrester to come back here?"

She looked at him defiantly, though pain lanced her heart. But she must play the role she had set herself. "Yes, I did. Why do you ask?"

He seemed almost to reel. Then he said bitterly, "I suppose—because I'm a fool." He glanced at Forrester. The latter was holding his jaw and glowering at him. "I'm sorry. I—apologize." Then he looked back at her. "You'll start for Tabatinga tomorrow. Forrester can take you. Even Scott can go along if he wants to."

Without a word she closed her door and leaned against it. Despair engulfed her from head to toe. How he must loathe her, despise her now.

Suddenly, the sky was ripped across with lightning. Then came a clap of thunder that seemed to shake the world. She burst into the other room. Brandon and Forrester were still there. "We won't be able to leave," she cried.

"Of course you will," Brandon said vindictively.

The lightning and thunder spoke again. From outside, came the shouts of Loren and the rest of the men. Now, the storm broke in earnest. Everyone rushed to nail down the blinds.

All through the night the tropical hurricane made havoc around them. Trees were thrown wide into the air and the bamboo huts were shattered into splinters. Once, as Forrester held Stephanie protectively, she wailed, "We'll be here weeks longer. And I can't face it."

Suddenly she heard a shout. It was Brandon. There was a new danger. The water was washing away the dirt of the ruins. They would be flooded out, drowned like rats. There was only one thing to do—dynamite and change the course of the water.

No one noticed that Stephanie was with the party as they started out. Manfully, she battled the elements with the others as they forged their way to the ruins. The men set their torches. Then they prepared to dynamite the wall leading into the other valley.

After a moment there came the roar of their man-made thunder, drowning out the sound of nature itself. Now the swirling waters were rushing the other way and there before them was the mouth of a cavern.

"Stephanie!" Forrester shouted suddenly as he saw that she was with them.

She accepted his protecting arm and moved with him into the cavern. They moved along single-file. Then they all stopped. The sight before them was uncanny, macabre. All of the catacombs were filled with skeletons or mummies, some standing grotesquely. But on great chairs of gold sat two of the mummies laden with fabulous jewels. The whole place was covered with riches.

Dr. Loren spoke in a voice profoundly awed. "This must be the burial crypt of the Inca chiefs and their queens." He stared at an inscription and slowly read, "Death—travels with gold."

Stephanie's eyes were blind with tears. Ah, yes, death. For, tonight love had died and her heart had died with it.

The storm was over and it was late afternoon of the next day. From early morning the men had been stripping the temples of the gold bringing it out in their wheelbarrows.

Scott was in the main room, quite drunk and singing lustily. Brandon passed by him and he called out in maudlin reproach. "Aw, Brandy, I didn't mean anything. Don't be sore with me. No woman's worth quarreling over, no woman on earth."

"Get out of here," Brandon snarled. He turned to Stephanie and said in a remote voice, "Scott doesn't mean anything by it. He's all right. Guess we've all gone haywire."

Her nails dug into her palms. "I can understand why he feels that way. I'm just—a woman."

His smile was bitter. "Well, we got what we came for—fame and money. One of us died for it and perhaps the best in *all* of us has died for it." He started out, then stopped and said, with deliberate cruelty, "You can count on David's share. It belongs to you now."

"Thank you." She could barely form the words. "I—appreciate that." Well, she had done her job well. But that was what she had wanted, what Brandon would have wanted if it had been his decision to make.

She walked outside. Night was falling swiftly and a full moon was rising. Forrester came up the steps and took her into his arms. "Darling, you look unhappy." She didn't answer. "Stephanie, dear, I love you."

She stiffened. Oh, no. John mustn't be hurt by her deception, too. "Please don't say that to me again."

"But, darling, I do. Stephanie, I've never asked this before of any woman but—when we get back to Tabatinga, will you marry me?" He misunderstood her silence. "You don't have to answer now. I'll wait, dear—all my life."

As he walked away, a horn was heard outside. In a moment, all was confusion. The horn was Gracco's signal and by the sound of it the guide was in trouble. Stephanie went cold all over as she heard Brandon get ready to go out. There was danger out there. She could hear the men talking about it. The head-hunting Remo tribes, outraged at the desecration of their dead were here for vengeance.

She ran to him. "You mustn't go, Brandy," she said, twisting at his coat sleeve. "You'll be killed."

He pulled away. "Will you let me alone? I tell you it's all right."

"It's not. You can't fool me." He turned his back. "Then if you do go, there's something you must know first."

"What?"

Her eyes glistened with tears. "Can't you see what I'm trying to tell you? No one means anything to me, Brandy, but you. I love you."

He drew in his breath sharply and faced around. Then, despising her for what she would do to Forrester, he slapped a stinging blow across her cheek.

Dully, she watched him go, watched him start into the shadows. Her face burned but she was unaware of it for the great fear that was devouring her. Then she sensed something and stiffened. "Brandy, Brandy," she screamed, "come back."

He veered and began to zigzag towards the house. Two arrows were stuck in his shoulder. Now the men in the house were firing into the underbrush. Some of the Remos came out of cover and started to run. After an eon Brandon reached the verandah. She stood there, numb with anguish as Dr. Loren began to work on his wounds. Everyone seemed to have forgotten that she was there.

"Why go through all this," Brandon muttered, "you know it's no use. I hope I go quickly."

At that moment Loren saw Stephanie. "Quick," he said to her, "get me some hot water."

When she returned, Brandon had been taken to his room. She began to plead to go in but Scott resolutely kept her out. They were cauterizing the wounds, he told her. That was Brandon's only chance.

It was Forrester who saw the helpless tears running down her face. "You love him," he said wonderingly. "And you never told me."

"How could I," she wept. "I didn't know until now. And if I had known it wouldn't have mattered. He hates me, *he hates me*."

Dr. Loren came to the door and beckoned. "He's calling for you."

She bent over the bedside. "Oh, Brandy, darling, I love you so—"

He looked at her with glazed eyes. "Stephanie, that's very sweet of you but you don't have to lie to me. I love you and I'm content—with that—" Then suddenly, he fell back in a paroxysm of agony. His eyes closed and he was deep in a coma.

In answer to her cry Dr. Loren rushed in. Then he shook his head. "Child, there's no use in deluding ourselves. Brandy is dying. He may linger for days or weeks but—"

"Like David?"

He started. Then, "Like David. Poor fellow, I've often wished I had spared him all that prolonged agony."

She stared at him. There was a look in her eyes of another world. "You could spare Brandy now? While he is sleeping?" The Doctor began to speak, then faltered and nodded. Her voice was a thread. "It wouldn't be wrong, Doctor? Now, now, before he wakes." Loren hesitated, then picked up the hypodermic needle. She took it from him. "Let me do it."

She was alone with her beloved. Calmly, she bared his arm for the act that would release him from pain. But suddenly she realized what she was doing. She flung the needle away and began to sob through her prayer. "In Thy mercy, O loving God, let him live, let him live."

And then a while later, she dared to look at him. He was sleeping peacefully, *sleeping*. All through the night she just sat there, watching and waiting unaware even that Dr. Loren was there beside her.

In the other room, the men were making plans to repulse the return attack of the Remos. Their ammunition was low and they were out-numbered ten to one.

Towards dawn, Brandon woke and spoke to her. "I had a dream," he said wonderingly, "about us—"

She kissed him gently. "It was true, darling. I love you." Her tears fell on his face. "But we only have these few hours—"

Dr. Loren spoke, then. "Ya," he said somberly, "when I was a young man in Sweden there was a girl who looked at me with shining eyes like yours, Stephanie. I said I would love her forever. She has been dead all these years, waiting for me and—" an arrow tore through the room, "forever is now."

The guns began to bark and the javelins whistled around the house. Brandon reached beside his bed for his gun. There were two bullets in it—one for him and one for Stephanie.

Then suddenly, there came another drumbeat, with a different, strange rhythm to it. "The Kulinaus!" someone in the house shouted. That was Gracco's tribe—come to rescue their kinsman and his friends. Through the window Stephanie could see the fierce battle of the Indians as it raged for long, terrible minutes. Then finally, the Remos were fleeing and danger receded like a terrible tide. This place that had been a hell was heaven now.

Brandon cupped her face in his hands. "Yes," he said softly, "forever *is* now, Mrs. Brandon."

"Say that again, darling."

"Forever is now?"

"No—'Mrs. Brandon.'"

"All right—Mrs. Brandon," he repeated tenderly and kissed her sweet, eager lips.

Starlet O'Hara

[*Continued from page 37*]

just outside the city, into a neighborhood theatre. She was born in that house on August 18, 1920, under the non-box-office name of Maureen FitzSimons.

Her father was, and still is, one of Dublin's leading hatters. Her mother was, and still is, a beauty—and an occasional actress in the Abbey Theatre.

Charles and Rita FitzSimons originally acquired the big house because they couldn't find a small one. They didn't realize, at the time, how blessed they were. Or, rather, how blessed they were going to be. They didn't foresee six calls by the stork. Peggy was the first bundle. Maureen was the second. Then came, in lively succession, Florrie, Charles, Margot and Jimmy.

Peggy was a quiet, serious child. Maureen was noisy and impulsive. She had ideas, and she made them exciting. Where she led, the others followed.

At the age of five, she didn't know what a theatre was, and she didn't know what acting was. All she knew was that it was fun, making believe. Pretending that the backyard was a magic place where wonderful, fairy-tale things could happen.

ALL children like to act. But Maureen didn't much like to do anything else. There were two reasons—besides the fact that, with Rita FitzSimons for a mother, she had acting in her blood.

For one thing, she hated her nickname. She was called "Fatz"—because the first part of her last name was Fitz, and she was fat. She desperately wanted to play games in which she would be called something else. Anything else.

And she didn't like being a girl. Skirts were a nuisance. She wanted to be a boy. Every night, she would pray for God to change her into a boy—only to discover, next morning, that she was still a girl. She could tell, because her hair hadn't grown short. She tried cutting her hair, but her mother told her that nobody but the Lord could change her into a boy. She prayed harder. Still no miracle happened. It finally dawned on her that she could never be a boy—except in make-believe. So she concentrated on make-believe. Her favorite role was *Prince Charming*.

Rita FitzSimons noticed this. She noticed, too, that Maureen had a way of persuading the other moppets in the neighborhood to help her play her favorite game. But Rita didn't think too much about it. All children liked to act.

It came time for Maureen to start school. The Sisters of Charity school. Almost the first thing that happened there was a playlet, with everyone in the class taking part. She ate it up. In time, the playlet was presented before doting parents. Facing her first audience, Maureen was so far from having stagefright that, on the spot, she made up additional lines for herself—to the complete confusion of the rest of the cast, who didn't know what to say except on cue.

Such theatrical precocity couldn't be ignored. Rita FitzSimons started taking her second daughter backstage with her, giving her a taste of the theatre. She also took her to the best dramatic teachers in Dublin.

Maureen was grateful, even then. She knew, even then, that she wanted to grow up to be an actress.

Until she was 11, she attended the Sisters of Charity school. Then, until she was 17,

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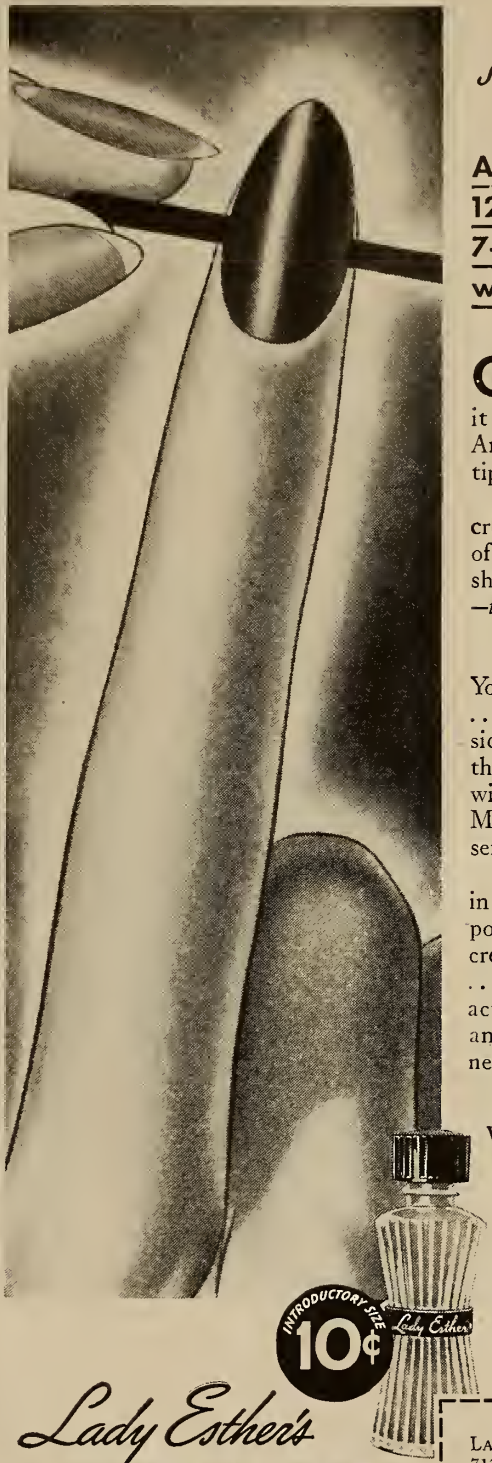

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the Dominican College in Dublin. The good Sisters managed to curb the tomboy in her. But the actress in her withstood regimentation. Ingeniously (some said "mischievously"), she constantly found ways to amuse her classmates—and the Sisters. The Sisters didn't let Maureen know they were amused. When she departed, they told her mother, "God bless her, we'll miss her. But we're glad there aren't any more like her."

FROM the time she was 6 until she was 17, she spent an hour and a half every Tuesday and Saturday at the Burke School of Acting. It is a famous place—famous for giving its students "stage presence" and taking away their Irish accents. (Many a future barrister goes there.) But being a Burke student wasn't enough for Maureen. At 15, she enrolled in the Abbey School of the Theatre as well.

Both schools were under the impression that she was the only FitzSimons offspring acquiring the professional secrets of the theatre. It was a mis-impression. Every secret that she learned, she imparted as soon as possible to her sisters and her brothers. Their father used to say that he didn't believe that tale about the Mad Hatter. It was his experience that the hatter was the only sane member of his family. All the others—Mama included—were always acting.

As Maureen stretched into the teens, she stopped being fat. (Or, if you prefer, Fatz.) But she never stopped acting. Nor was she content to perform only for her family, her classmates and her teachers. She craved larger audiences. She studied dancing so that she could get in the ballet of the Dublin Operatic Society. And every time there was a drama festival anywhere in Ireland, she was in it.

A drama festival is something peculiar to the British Isles, unknown here. A community advertises that it is about to put on a certain series of plays—usually Shakespearean. All the players will be amateurs. Anyone can try out for a part. Hundreds do try out. Then, from among the few who win roles, the community picks the best actor and best actress, and gives them medals.

Maureen won all the acting medals in sight and, on the side, all the elocution medals. And stuffed them all in a dresser. Medals weren't her main ambition. She was only working up to her Guild Hall exam.

This exam is something else peculiar to the British Isles. It is a stiff test of knowledge of the theatre, given once a year to drama students. They must be able to play, on short notice, any scene ranging from comedy to tragedy. They must know how to wring every drop of expression from any line they may be asked to read. They must know how to make their faces express any desired emotion. They must be prepared to analyze, on call, any character in any famous English play ever written.

To pass such an exam takes some doing. Few do it. Until Maureen came along, no one had ever done it at the age of 16. She not only did it, but got another medal—for having the best examination of the year.

HER next and only goal was to act on the stage of the Abbey Theatre. That called for patience from the impatient Maureen. She had to finish school first. Her wise mother insisted on that. And the Abbey insisted that it couldn't use her until she was 17.

She finished school in June, 1937. She was 17 in August, 1937. And, immediately thereafter, she got her first role at the Abbey. Some kind of celebration was in order. Her mother decided to let her go to her first ball. That changed everything.

At the ball, there was a beauty competition. Maureen tried to duck out of it; she didn't like such things. She was forced into it, "to be a good sport." And the judges handed her the crown of gold tinfoil. You can understand why, after one look at her appealing Irish-oval face, her dark auburn hair, her steady gray-green eyes.

One of the judges was Harry Richman, the American crooner. He made a point of looking up her mother, urging her to take Maureen to London for a screen test. Rita FitzSimons proved then and there that she wasn't career-mad for her daughter. She smiled away Richman's suggestion as American blarney.

But two weeks later, long after all this had been forgotten, an urgent message arrived from a London film studio. Harry Richman had told them about her. He thought, and they thought, that she might be the girl to play an important role in a forthcoming production. Would she come to London for a screen test—immediately?

Now, up to that moment Maureen had hardly given the movies a thought. In all her life, she had never seen more than three pictures a year. Besides, the Abbey had just offered her a lead in its next play. A lead at the Abbey! That was what she had been working toward all these years. Still, if people became famous in the movies, they became world-famous. That was something to consider. And they became financially independent in a very short time. Maureen being Maureen, the thought of independence was also something to consider.

She might get another offer from the Abbey, because the Abbey people knew her. But if she turned down this offer of a screen test, she might never get another, because the movie people didn't know her. She went over to London. And before she went, she made a special trip to Cork to take out Irish success-insurance. She kissed the Blarney Stone.

She didn't stutter in front of the microphone. Neither did she, after all those years of practice acting, falter with camera-fright. But something was wrong with her test. Something hard-to-put-a-finger-on. She didn't look as good on the screen as she did in person.

The studio took its time, telling her the bad news. Gave her time to figure out for herself that no news was bad news. So that when the news did arrive, she had her chin up, prepared. And she and her mother were all packed for the trip home.

THEN, the day they planned to sail back across the Irish Sea, Charles Laughton phoned. He wanted to interview her. More curious than hopeful, Maureen postponed sailing long enough to see him. He told her that he wanted to make a test of her. She tried to talk him out of the idea. "We'd both be wasting our time," she said. "I've already made one, and it was no go." He smiled drily. "I know," he said. "I've seen it. I think we can all do better." That sounded like a challenge to Maureen. She took him up on the offer.

How had he happened to see her test? He was looking for a "new face" to play the girl in *Jamaica Inn*. Her test fell into his hands along with several others. It had appalled him. He hadn't been able to dump it out of the projection machine fast enough. Then, two days later, he discovered that he couldn't get "that Irish girl" out of his mind. Hence his phone call.

Her second test was also a challenge to him. He took super-care with it. He rehearsed her relentlessly. He inflicted different combinations of make-up on her, different hair-do's, different kinds of clothes. She came out of it with a seven-year contract, the role of the girl in *Jamaica Inn*, and —a new name.

FitzSimons wouldn't do. It was bound to be misspelled and mispronounced. And adding another "m" wouldn't fix things up. It was too long for marquees already. After two weeks of brooding, he came up with the name of O'Hara. So, as Maureen says crisply, O'Hara it is.

She scored a great hit in England in *Jamaica Inn*; a greater hit than Laughton had counted on. He had nothing for her to do as an immediate follow-up. For *London After Dark*, he had picked as his leading lady another girl destined to be another O'Hara: Vivien (*Scarlett O'Hara*) Leigh. Maureen put in her time studying singing. Giving herself another asset.

LAST summer, she went back to Dublin to see how the rest of her family were coming along with their acting. She had hardly arrived when, out of that blue Irish sky, came a command to be in London two days hence, prepared to leave for Hollywood. Laughton had suggested her for the role of *Esmeralda* in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. RKO had taken a look at her in *Jamaica Inn*, which had just arrived in America. They wanted to test her.

Maureen and her mother left so hurriedly that they forgot toothbrushes, combs and half their clothes. They left so hurriedly that Maureen barely had time to say goodbye to her more-or-less-secret bridegroom: George Brown, who had been unit manager on *Jamaica Inn*.

One test was enough to convince RKO that they hadn't wasted money, paying her fare to Hollywood. Unknown or not, she was *Esmeralda*.

Maureen isn't taking it big. She doesn't behave like a star-to-be. She behaves like a high-spirited 19-year-old whose main intention is to enjoy life. Laughton watches her in amazed fascination. Five minutes from now, he knows she will be able to register heartache in front of the camera. Yet right now, behind it, she is bantering with an assistant director.

To get her to talk about herself, you have to prod her. And when she does talk about herself, she mutters. She constantly tries to change the subject—to one of the other FitzSimonses. To her mother, whom she treats as an understanding and amusing older sister. To Peggy, who entered a convent to become a nun the same month that she, herself, entered the Abbey Theatre. Or to Florrie, Charles, Margot or Jimmy, all of whom are only waiting the day when they can get in the Abbey.

Maureen is friendly. But she isn't given to palaver. She likes Hollywood as a place to work, but she'd rather play in Ireland. She supposes, candidly, that she would never have minded if she hadn't got here, as long as she could have acted there.

She hates fancy clothes. She's glad that she goes all through the picture in one costume—a gipsy dress. Catch her offguard, and you'll find her barefooted. It's a hangover from her tomboy days. She never wears long stockings, when she can get away with wearing socks. And she never wears dresses, when slacks are permissible.

She owns no high-heeled shoes. And she frankly states why. "I'm already five feet seven." She knows how to prepare an Irish stew, or anything else on an Irish menu. She also has a knack for watercolor painting. Her favorite sport is steeplechase riding.

The Hollywood glamor girls are going to have a time of it, trying to figure out what to do about Maureen—now Starlet, but Soon-to-Be-Star-O'Hara.

No. 1 Cinderella Girl of 1939

[*Continued from page 34*]

child to him, but he never came right out and said so."

Frankly, we think that Linda errs on the problem child business. In fact we'd be willing to wager a herd of Texas longhorns that Father Darnell entertained no such silly ideas. We have an idea that his stand-offishness regarding the stage and daughter Linda's share in it was due, mainly, to his refusal to get too enthusiastic about her progress. We say this with all due deference to the veracity of the lovely Linda. We say it because just the other day we met up with a Dallas citizen who is a rabid Darnell fan but who claims he got pretty tired about 1937 listening to her father brag loud and long about his talented off-spring. This may be news to Linda. We hope it is.

LINDA graduated from grammar school and was well into the second half of her senior year at Sunset High School when a bolt of the Hollywood movie lightning struck her. On November 17, 1937, Linda and her mother came across a little piece in one of the local newspapers stating that a 20th Century-Fox talent scout would be at the Baker Hotel and would be very glad, indeed, to interview any and all Dallas young people who might possibly be interested in screen careers.

"I refused to go at first," Linda says. "I was sure the scout would say I was too young, but mother insisted that here was the opportunity I'd been wishing for since I was ten and it might never come again. 'It won't hurt to try,' she kept saying and so, finally, I got over my fright and arranged for an interview. It was over in no time and then we went home and waited.

The verdict wasn't long a-coming. The talent scout called up the Darnell home, got Linda on the phone, and told her that he'd been greatly impressed with her beauty and poise and that with the photos of her to take back to Hollywood he'd give his bosses a sales talk. She'd hear from him shortly and unless he was vastly mistaken she'd soon be getting word to head toward the film city.

"I didn't know whether to believe him or not," Linda says. "I thought it was his nice way of telling me to go back to my dramatic studies, that I had failed to come up to the qualifications that make promising movie material. It was, I told mother, nothing but a plain, old-fashioned 'no' and he could just as well have told me so without all the camouflage. Mother had her version of it. She tried to explain that talent scouts were too busy to waste time on youngsters unless they showed some promise. He was telling me the truth, she said, and would I please stop worrying and be patient.

"Well, I waited and waited and waited as patiently as I could and just when I had finally given up all hope I received a wire from 20th Century-Fox. If I wished to come to the studio for a screen test would I let them know! All expenses would be paid of course."

This was on February 7, 1938. "At half past three in the afternoon," Linda remembers vividly. Even Calvin Roy Darnell forgot his objections against a movie career and became the leading spirit in the family celebration. On February 13, Linda, her mother and Calvin Roy, Jr., (the young brother came along as a sort of proxy for Father Darnell, who couldn't get a leave of absence from his work at the Dallas post-office) arrived in Hollywood.

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"Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children"—

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This offer, good only in the United States, expires Jan. 31, 1940. It is void in the states of Idaho, Nevada, Montana and Kansas.

IF MANY DETAILS GET YOU DOWN JUST USE THIS GUM FROM FLAVOR-TOWN

Ever get nervous or upset? Then, try a package of Beech-Nut Gum. It's always refreshing and restful. It comes from Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.)—famous for quality and flavor. Six delicious varieties.

Beech-Nut

One of America's GOOD habits

"I REHEARSED for three weeks in preparation for my screen tests," Linda says. "Florence Enright, the studio dramatic teacher and coach, took infinite pains with me and finally decided that the sketch I was to act in was ready. It was a piece called 'Two Nuts On A Sidewalk.' The other 'nut' was Robert Allen who is now one of the top-notch leading men."

The test was made on a Friday—a black Friday as it proved later to the Dallas beauty. The casting office saw it on the following Monday. "Three weeks later," Linda says, "they called me in. The test was one of the best they'd ever seen, they said. And then, without any more preliminaries they broke the news. And almost broke my heart. They said I was too young. They told me to go back home and grow up. And when I got to be a big girl they'd bring me out again."

And that, according to the way Linda saw it, was the supreme brush-off. The casting office couldn't think up a more clever excuse than that she was too young! You could have heard her vehement protests clear down to the Texas Panhandle!

As a matter of truth, Linda *was* too young to know much about the way a major studio works. She didn't know, for instance, that the casting offices waste little, if any time, pouring the old oil over screen material. It's always "get out" or "stay in" with no time-and-a-half for extra words. In other words it's all business. And you have to like it or lump it when they dish out their decisions.

Well, after a few days of showing her a good time, studio "execs" put her and the other Darnell's back on the train and pretty soon our Texas beauty was among the home folks of Dallas.

"I guess I cried all the way back," Linda confesses. "The journey home was doubly disappointing to me because Mary Healy and Dorris Bowdon, who had also been brought to 20th Century-Fox for tests and with whom I had spent considerable time, had won contracts. I was the only one who had been given the bounce."

Linda managed to hold her head high during the sad moments when she had to receive friendly condolences from the neighbors and in no time at all she was plugging away at her dramatic studies. The talent scout wrote her a nice long letter in which he asked her to keep in touch with him and to be sure to send him photographs of herself now and then so he could note the changes. He hoped she'd grow up soon, he said, and that sort of burned Linda up since she considered herself grown up.

"NOTHING happened after that," she says, "for quite a spell. No more news from the studio. Not a word from the talent scout. And then I got busy for myself. I stepped out and won a regional radio contest and came to Hollywood to take part in the finals. When that was over I had a movie contract with RKO! With options, of course."

Linda, being pretty happy over the whole thing, went out to 20th Century-Fox to spread the good news (and to indulge in a bit of feminine revenge) and when the casting office boys learned about it they offered the usual congratulations, said they were delighted to learn of her good fortune, but added that if nothing came of her contract with RKO to let them know and they would see about something at their studio.

"But nothing happened," Linda says. "RKO held onto the contract and I held on to my breath waiting for a movie break. Finally I went back home and when the time arrived for a renewal of my option—and no notice came one way or another, I notified 20th Century. On April 2, 1939, I received a telegram from them saying that the last photographs I had sent to the talent scout had prompted him to invite her to come to the studio for another test. And this time it was a different story."

From the moment she walked into the casting-office the signing of a contract was a foregone conclusion. The boys went into wild raves. She had grown, matured, gained additional poise, and was a photographic knockout. The test was a mere formality. And pronto, Linda Monette Eloyse Darnell—if you want her full name—became Hollywood's No. 1 Cinderella Girl of 1939.

Not only that, but in less than a week she was playing the lead in Elsa Maxwell's *Hotel for Women*. As we write this she's playing the feminine lead in *Playtime Wife* with Tyrone Power.

LINDA frankly says she hasn't been around long enough to know what the score is so far as the motion picture business is concerned. But she has made up her mind about a number of things. Take men, for instance. Actors, to be specific. She's pretty definite about them when it comes to sizing them up as possible husbands.

"I'm not thinking seriously of romance, nor of marriage now and won't be for a long, long time," she says. "But when, and if, I do the man in the case won't be a movie actor. They're too vain, too self-centered to make good husbands. They're vainer than most women. They keep talking shop too much. They chatter endlessly about themselves and their careers. The only person they can be in love with is themselves. They're fascinating, sometimes, but impossible as lovers and husbands. I wouldn't be married to one on a bet!

"When I do get married I hope to find someone outside the studios. I hope and pray he'll be just as nice, as kind and as lovable as Dad who still remains my ideal man. When I get married I want my marriage to last and I'm sure it wouldn't if my husband is an actor. There would be too much shop talk and not enough love talk. There would be a continual clashing of temperaments. One of us would be sure to progress quicker and farther along our careers than the other and that wouldn't help to keep us happy. I may be wrong, but that's my story and I'll stick to it."

As we told you, Linda will be 18 come this November and we have a hunch she's been doing some straight thinking on matters of love and marriage and will stick to her ideas and ideals. She's that kind of a girl.

Linda is five-feet-four, weighs 109 pounds, has brown hair and browner eyes. She's a roller skating addict (when she finds time), and being a Texan she can ride a horse like a ranger. She thinks Gregory Ratoff who directed her in *Hotel for Women* and who is also bossing her around in *Playtime Wife* is the grandest man in Hollywood even if he does scold her a dozen times a day on the sound stage.

She hates gossip and detests those who come around with whisperings about people. "I walk away from them the moment they start in," she says. And does. She's the terrible-tempered feminine *Mr. Bangs* when she can't do things the way she's directed in a picture and scolds herself all over the lot when a retake is necessary through a mistake of hers.

She's a big girl, now, and is destined for bigger and better things on celluloid. And you can bet on it that 20th Century-Fox isn't going to send her back home again to grow up. Much as we hate to use the expression, she's the No. 1 Cinderella girl of 1939.

All's Welles in Hollywood

[Continued from page 43]

into sound effects. We are going in for dimension in sound in my picture. I am going to plan it all out with the boys in the beginning—before we go into production at all.

"There are such wonderful possibilities for accomplishing amazing effects in the studio that I'm getting a tremendous kick out of the business of motion pictures already.

"My first picture, taken from Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* will be an out-door picture with excellent opportunities for the camera. It is a short story that I am writing to play length, so when finished the script will be largely original.

"While I keep in hourly touch with the studio, I do my writing out here."

WHAT is Orson Welles like? My notion is that he's so many-faceted that he's like a mirror. What you see depends upon how you look.

The girl friend was a little dubious when she heard I was visiting him at his home. Remembering what she had read in the elite mags regarding his eccentricities, she feared his response to my gas-house technique. And when I returned to recount our *tête-a-tête*, she accused me of having interviewed the wrong man, suggesting that perhaps I had been talking to some genial neighbor.

Orson Welles is big, has a deep, convincing, full-toned, ear-pleasing voice, bushy hair and a terrific energy. He sprawls, talks easily, is decidedly human and his extreme youth seems well concealed behind his beard. If his age were not in every cook book I doubt if one would suspect him of being only twenty-four.

He greeted me in the hall, told me to find a soft seat and then started mounting the stairs. Half way up he turned to ask me what I wanted to drink. When I said I would ride along with him he responded that he would not recommend it, as he was on the dad-gummed water wagon.

A minute later he was in the sitting-room with me, totally lacking the expectant air of a man about to be interviewed. We started chatting about Hollywood and California and discovered ourselves in Connecticut—where he plans to build a home. He loves North Carolina and has left a part of himself in the Adirondacks. San Francisco fascinates him.

"I think Hollywood is great," he says, "but I haven't seen anything of it. In the habit of putting the night spots to bed back East I turn in with the birds out here in the hills."

Like many others, Orson Welles has fond memories of San Francisco. It was there, at the age of eighteen, that he wore false beards to night clubs to add age and dignity to his appearance. And it was there that Katharine Cornell, with whose theatrical company he was traveling, discovered him behind one in a restaurant, and publicly reproved him for wearing it. But young Welles could "take it," as his record shows.

FROM the age of eight Orson Welles' life had been crammed with color and accomplishment. Before that time he had appeared as the child of *Madame Butterfly* with the Chicago Civic Opera, but it was not until the death of his mother that his existence became kaleidoscopic.

Then he started roving the world with his

Beware of the
ONE*
NEGLECT
that often
Kills Romance

"An ideal couple" said all their friends when Jim and Vera were newlyweds, a few years ago. And "an ideal wife" thought Jim . . . But that was before they were married.

A lovely child the next year *should* have made their marriage still happier . . .

Plenty of money; in fact they seemed to have *everything* to make a marriage successful.

Yet they drifted apart. . . and their friends wondered why. So did Vera.

She was careless
(or ignorant) about
FEMININE
HYGIENE

****This ONE Neglect*** few husbands can forgive. If only she'd *known* about "Lysol"!

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FOR 50 YEARS many doctors, nurses, clinics, *and thousands of wives*, have recognized in "Lysol" a simple, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene which any woman can use with confidence. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide. "Lysol" solutions spread and thus virtually *search out germs*. Directions for the many important home uses of "Lysol" are given on each bottle. Buy "Lysol" at your drug store.

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1889—1939, 50th ANNIVERSARY

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Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".
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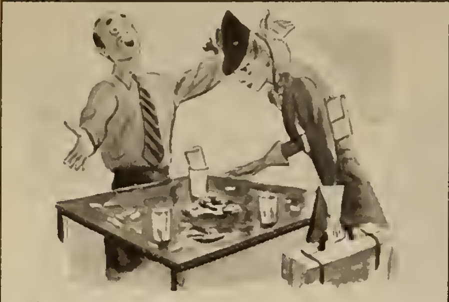
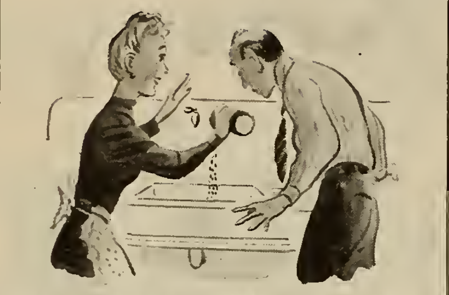
MR. HUNT GETS A LESSON !



1. "Welcome home, honey!" beams Mr. Hunt. "Everything's fine—except the kitchen drain got clogged, and I haven't washed the dishes for a week!"

2. "A clogged drain—with Drāno in the house?" explodes Mrs. Hunt. "Hand me that can of Drāno in the cupboard —and watch!"



3. In the drain goes Drāno—out goes the clogging muck! Drāno gets down deep and *digs out* all the grease, grounds and stoppage.

4. "See, darling?" smiles Mrs. Hunt. "Drāno *cleans* drains—and a teaspoonful each night helps *keep* them clean, free-flowing!"

P. S. After the dishes — use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

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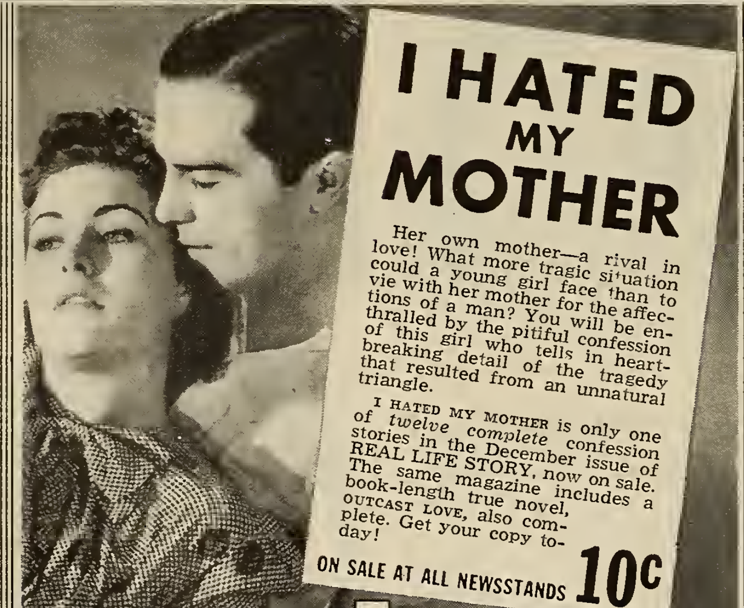

I HATED MY MOTHER

Her own mother—a rival in love! What more tragic situation could a young girl face than to vie with her mother for the affections of a man? You will be enthralled by the pitiful confession of this girl who tells in heartbreaking detail of the tragedy that resulted from an unnatural triangle.

I HATED MY MOTHER is only one of *twelve complete* confession stories in the December issue of REAL LIFE STORY, now on sale. The same magazine includes a book-length true novel, OUTCAST LOVE, also complete. Get your copy today!

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 10c

Real Life Story MAGAZINE

father, an inventor with continental tastes and a love of high living. For three years Orson sampled life at its brightest on three continents and finally landed in Dixon, Illinois, where his father bought a hotel with an eye to settling down. But the hotel burned—and they were on their way again.

At eleven Orson was put in the Todd School at Woodstock, Illinois, where, under the direction of headmaster Roger Hill, he completed eight years of academic work in five years.

From 1926 to 1931, or from eleven to sixteen, young Welles was allowed to steep himself in the theatre. At the age of thirteen he directed his school's version of *Julius Caesar*, playing two of the leading roles himself.

Although Orson directed as many as eight plays a year while at the Todd School and generally played an important part in each, he found time to develop such a knack for scene-painting that he executed a mural for a class-room.

Following his graduation from Todd in 1931, young Welles attended the Art Institute of Chicago until hay fever drove him to Europe in search of relief. In Dublin he convinced the management of the Gate Theatre that he was a Theatre Guild star. Although not yet seventeen he claimed to be twenty-five and talked himself into an invitation to appear in the Gate Theatre as a guest star.

Almost a year in Ireland, during which time he played many roles for the Gate Theatre and was loaned by them to the Abbey Players as a guest star, and then back to Woodstock, Illinois.

Disappointment there, and keener disappointment on Broadway, where he could get no engagements of any kind, and he embarked for Morocco in disgust. A guest there of a Moroccan chieftain he had known in Paris, he wrote a school edition of Shakespeare which turned out very successful commercially.

BACK in the states in 1933 he met Katharine Cornell, and was hired by her to play in her company. He toured with her, playing in *Candida, The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *Romeo and Juliet.*

When this tour ended in the spring of 1934 Orson Welles returned to Woodstock. With his former headmaster, Roger Hill, he started producing plays in a summer theatre, and completed a successful nine-week repertory of several plays.

Here he met Virginia Nicolson, whom he married that Christmas.

At the close of the summer theatre season, Orson Welles went to New York and again entered Katharine Cornell's company, playing *Tybalt* in the famous New York run of Miss Cornell's *Romeo and Juliet.*

It was at this time that Welles met John Houseman, who was later his partner in the successful Mercury Theatre. Their first venture together was in a play that ran only two performances.

It was also during this winter that Welles "crashed" radio broadcasting—at the princely salary of $20 a week. But his magnetic voice had found its own, and within a short time he was playing dozens of roles a week on the air.

He developed the thrilling, hair-raising character of "The Shadow" on the air. And he also developed in his recording of transcriptions of this program a means whereby to pass a signal to his wife to tell her that he was thinking of her as he worked. The little pause that preceded the "Shadow's" laugh carried that message.

Meanwhile Welles was working toward the final success of the Mercury Theatre. With his radio work, his acting, his writing, his producing and directing plays for the

Mercury Theatre and his recordings of radio programs he drew heavily upon his reserve of energy. Eighteen and nineteen hours a day he worked.

He and Houseman took over production for Federal Theatre Project Unit No. 891 and made this previously flopping WPA theatre unit highly successful. As he piled up success after success, writing, producing, directing, acting—the country began to acclaim him as the most amazing man of American theatre history. At twenty-three he was a successful producer, theatre owner, writer, actor, director and radio artist.

THEN came his Halloween "Visitation From Mars" over C. B. S.—and the front pages of every paper in the country and Europe carried scare headlines of the amazing results of his awe-inspiring voice on the air.

After that it was a question of what studio could coax him to Hollywood—and how far films would go to meet his demands. He absolutely refused to consider offers to act, to direct or even to produce. And he was not interested in writing for the movies.

Ever since he was thirteen this lad had run the whole sheebang. That was the way his brain worked. He simply wasn't geared down to one job. It wasn't a matter of pride or conceit with him, but merely what experience had taught him was the most efficient way to work. He had been most successful when he had been directly responsible for the entire job. He was equipped to do every part of it separately—and to fit it all into a smooth working unit under his personal direction.

So that's what he would do in Hollywood. That or nothing. Hence the four-way contract with trimmings.

RKO believes Orson Welles will accomplish something as startling in motion pictures as he did in the theatre and on the air. Which is a terrific order.

Welles, on his part, regards the possibilities of the studios almost unlimited. He feels that Hollywood will give him tools to work with such as he has never known before.

Yet, marvelous as motion pictures are today, Orson Welles believes they are about to enter a new and greater phase. He believes motion pictures will take over television.

He is a one thousand per cent believer in television and frankly admits that one of his principal reasons for entering pictures is to prepare for television production. In his opinion there is no future for "live talent" shows over the ultra-short waves—that the great entertainment of tomorrow (an immediate tomorrow, incidentally) will be in the form of television shows on film. Such shows, he believes, will combine all the best that the stage, radio and motion pictures have to offer.

With his background of the theatre and radio, and his research into television, he now wants actual motion picture production experience. He wants to know how best to put the future air shows on film.

"I do not think television is an enemy of motion pictures," he says, "but really their servant. I regard television as a vehicle to transport the entertainment and educational matter that will be calmly and intelligently prepared in motion picture studios. I feel that my future lies in making film versions of television entertainment."

And Hollywood believes that once that marvelous brain and terrific energy focus on the screen the public will see some of the things it has of late been demanding of the picture industry.

Anyhow, I'm putting in my bid for seats for the premiere of RKO's *Heart of Darkness* right now!

Hollywood's lovely new starlet **VIRGINIA VALE** *featured in* **RKO-Radio's** *new motion picture "Three Sons"*

Freshen up your taste with

healthful, refreshing, delicious

DOUBLEMINT GUM

"Look alive and act as if you enjoy life" is one of the popularity secrets of Hollywood's attractive young starlet, VIRGINIA VALE.

A fresh, pleasant taste in your mouth does much to make you feel more alive — and look it. And here's where healthful, refreshing, delicious Doublemint Gum can help you — the daily chewing freshens up your mouth, aids your digestion and helps your teeth stay clean, bright and attractive.

In energetic HOLLYWOOD and all over where people want the best (and get it), Doublemint Gum, with its cooling, long-lasting mint-leaf flavor, is a great favorite, as it's sure to be with you and your family. So begin right now to enjoy it as millions of others do.

Get several packages of wonderful-tasting DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM today.

T-241

PREPARE YOUR BOY for life's hard knocks. Strengthen his body. Give him cod liver oil. Many doctors claim nothing takes its place in helping children build strong bones and good teeth. Also in helping adults recuperate after illness. And now there is a BETTER WAY TO GIVE COD LIVER OIL...SCOTT'S EMULSION!

1—Scott's Emulsion has *all* the values of cod liver oil and is four times more easily digested.

2—Easily Digested—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach, whereas digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil passes into the intestines.

3—Easy to take—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.

4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Next month
MOTION PICTURE
features the thrilling story version of BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940
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A SKIN SOFTENER THAT HELPS CORRECT
DRY SKIN

Are your hands DRY and "scratchy?" Regular use of Italian Balm will help correct this condition almost at once. This famous SKIN SOFTENER furnishes moisture and soothing agents which promote softness, smoothness, beauty. Italian Balm's scientific, soothing properties will amaze you. Only 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

Campana
Italian Balm
Over 90 Million Bottles Sold

Why Phyllis Brooks Isn't Mrs. Cary Grant—YET

[*Continued from page 22*]

that they haven't set the date as yet. But she was sure, mama insisted, that wedding bells'd ring "within two months."

After which, mama raised her eyes ceilingward and, with a whimsical smile, added:

"Anyway, I hope so."

As for Cary himself, you can ask him until you're blue in the face, and all you'll get out of him is a be-damned-to-you! It's his philosophy that his life and his private affairs are his own, and nobody else's business.

And now you know as much as anyone in Hollywood knows about whether and when Cary and Phyllis are going to be married. So let's skip blithely from the sublime (h'm!) to the ridiculous—and let me tell you what Phyllis Brooks is going to fall into when she finally promises to share Cary's "board and bed."

I mean—that bed! ! !

That bed of Cary's—and it MAY be the darnedest nuptial bed Hollywood has ever heard of!—is the Hollywoodest thing about the man. When Phyllis sees it on her bridal night here's what she'll see—

A specially-made bed, which is all of seven feet long, and all of five-and-a-half-feet wide! It's built in with a surrounding barricade of backboards and sideboards into which are constructed—all accessible to easy reach without disturbing one's reading—such handy-dandy equipment as:

Bookshelves.

Radio.

Electric clock, with alarm attachment.

Ash trays, cigarette boxes, match containers.

Candy trays (always filled with Cary's beloved hard candy).

Ice chest, usually well-stocked with milk, which Cary adores.

Writing material, with adjustable writing-desk and reading-stand, with special lights.

Overhead, at the backboard, are two trick lights, so that either one may be turned on or off. In other words if Mr. Grant feels like reading when Mrs. Grant feels like doing something else, why Mr. Grant can turn on HIS light and leave Mrs. Grant in a nice quiet darkness, so she can go to sleep. See?

ANYWAY, that's the famous Cary Grant Bed. I've heard more than one Hollywood female announce to the world at large that she'd be glad to marry Cary Grant for that bed, if for no other reason.

Not, mind you, that I mean to even suggest that there's no other reason for marrying Cary Grant. On the contrary, that guy's gone hotter in the last year or two than many another of Hollywood's sex-appeal males. It all began, so the insiders will tell you, when he and Virginia Cherrill went through the emotional ordeal of getting divorced. Cary was just another actor, then. His career wasn't paramount in his scheme of life, as it is now. As a result, the break-up between himself and Virginia almost wrecked him. He all but cracked under the emotional stress.

There's no denying that immediately after the Cherrill-Grant smash, Cary took hold of himself and began going places. I can see him, on the rebound, taking stock after a huddle with himself; I can see him talking it out with himself, as he does in private; and I can see him coming to the cold-blooded, calculated conclusion that only one thing should matter

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

from then on—and that one thing was to be Cary Grant—out to carve himself a career.

Cary has stuck to that program. And as a result, he is one of the hottest bets in pictures today. In demand by every studio professionally, and by just about every unattached female in town, non-professionally. He and Franchot Tone are tops in the field as Hollywood's most desirably sophisticated bachelors. Both have been married, and that lends a fillip of interest that heightens that sex-appeal that englamors them.

But Phyllis, against the competition, manages somehow to keep the inside track with Cary.

She adores him. If she doesn't, then she's a darn sight better actress than a lot of critics give her credit for being. On account of if ever adoration, unadorned and unashamed, was registered on any femme pan in Hollywood, it registers on Phyl's when she gazes upon Cary. Her friends say she completely submerges herself in him. Everything he does is heroic, to her. When he says something funny, she laughs—even if nobody else does. She can sit with him by the hour and just feast her eyes on him, like a serious art student studying a Franz Hals masterpiece.

Under this treatment, Cary expands, and it'd be a rare man who wouldn't preen like a peacock under such obvious adoration. After all, Cary IS a movie actor, and there is a cliche that a movie actor is always at his best when an admiring female is his audience. If Cary Grant needed any tonic for his ego, then Phyllis Brooks certainly is that tonic. Note that I said "if."

As a sideline, now, it's interesting to check on the rather remarkable similarity between Cary Grant's two romances— the one with Virginia Cherrill and the one with Phyllis.

He met both of them at Hollywood parties —Virginia at a Marion Davies affair, and Phyllis at one given by the Countess di Frasso. Both gals even look alike; certainly their intimates think they think alike and react alike. Both are "modern" in a wide-flung sense of the word—yet both of them do believe in matrimony.

Virginia enforced her belief, and married Cary. But it went bloop, as you recall. Virginia has told intimates that she got a bit tired of what she used to think were Cary's wonderful traits, like his sense of humor, and his charm and his manly beauty.

PHYLLIS certainly hasn't grown tired. But, on the other hand, she certainly hasn't married Cary, yet.

For one thing, Phyl isn't jealous. I remember one day at the 20th-Fox cafe, when Cary and Phyllis were lunching at one table. In came Sonja Henie, with whom Cary had been seen a lot just previously, and even to the extent that there were Hollywood rumors that Sonja was cutting in on Phyl.

Well, from the moment Sonja and her party sat down to lunch at a table adjoining Cary's, Cary addressed himself almost entirely to Sonja. He all but ignored Phyl, across the table from him. And did Phyl burn? She did NOT—she just sat there, worshipful eyes huge, gazing upon her Cary with an expression that any Hollywood director would interpret as meaning "mah man cain't do no wrong nohow . . . !"

But while that was true, this also was true:

When Phyllis first started teaming up with Cary in the Hollywood romance-scene, she made her ultimate objective quite evident by what she did:

She conferred with publicity persons whose job it was to put out press-agent stuff about her.

"I want it understood distinctly and positively," she ordered, "that from now on, no matter what you put out about me, you MUST NOT link me romantically with any man EXCEPT CARY GRANT!"

That was three years ago. She's still sticking to it. And sooner or later, the odds are, she'll become Mrs. Cary Grant. Cary doesn't insist one way or the other; he just doesn't talk about it, even though she does.

He certainly won't set any date—even a secret one, with Phyllis. Those who know him say that Cary wouldn't set a date for the main reason that when that date rolls around, he might not feel like wanting to get married on that day. He's like that. Even if he set, say, December 1 for his wedding date, it might turn out that he'd be at a party or someplace on the night of November 30, and he'd be having such a good time that he wouldn't go to bed until very-very late—and he wouldn't want to be bothered getting up out of that seven-by-five-and-a-half bed and getting married on December 1. So he doesn't set December 1, or any other day.

So when they do get married, it'll probably be one of those on-the-spur-of-the-moment things. Off to Las Vegas or Yuma or Reno in a hired airplane, and wham, they're married. It all depends on Cary's mood and whether or not Phyl happens to be handy when the mood turns out to be a marrying one.

So that's that. Somehow or other, I seem to have gotten sidetracked. This started out to be a story about Cary Grant. And it turns out be a story about MRS. Cary Grant.

When and if, that is!

TIME FOR A SHOWDOWN!
(AND MARY TOLD HIM THE TRUTH!)
LOOK HERE, MARY! I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT AROUND FOR YOU LIKE THIS! WHAT'S MORE, ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M NOT GOING TO!
JUST AS YOU LIKE, PHIL!
AND WHILE WE'RE BEING SO FRANK, I HAVE A SUGGESTION FOR YOU! SUPPOSE BEFORE WE GO OUT AGAIN YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT--ABOUT BAD BREATH!
PHIL SEES HIS DENTIST...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M NOT LATE, AM I, MARY?
NO. BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF OUR EVENING, PHIL--SO I GOT READY EARLY!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
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GIANT SIZE 35¢
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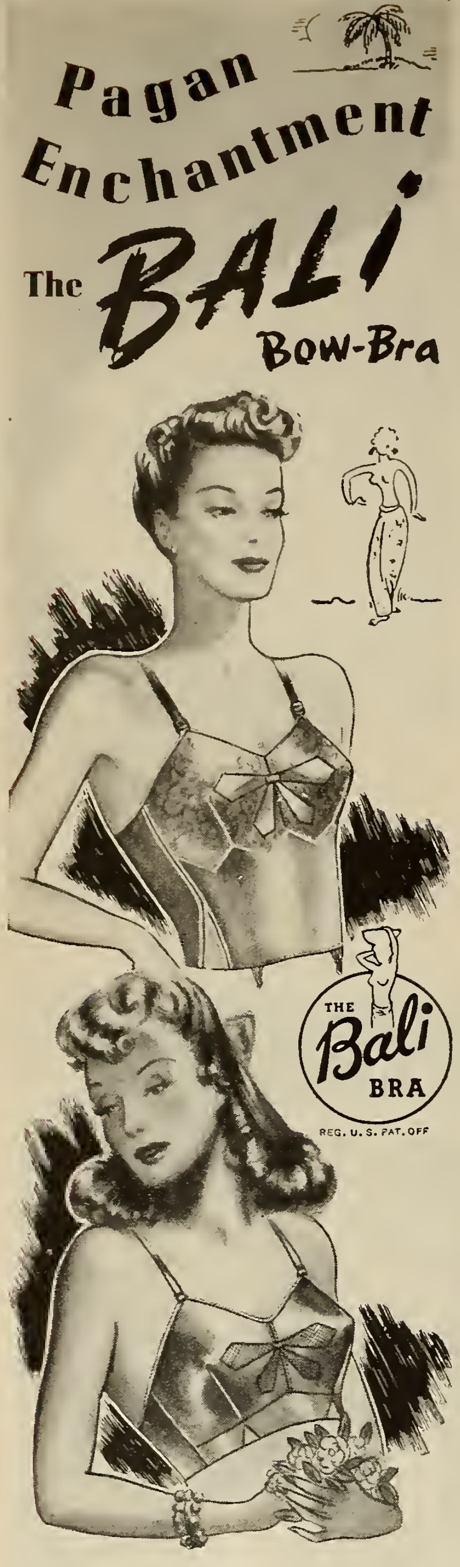

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

'MID all the marital bust-ups in this Hollywood, it's nice to see that there are still young couples who can stay married a year or three, and still like each other. . . .

Like the John Paynes. They just had a second wedding anniversary. And John Payne gifted Wifie Anne Shirley with an 80-carat topaz that's so gudgeously heavy and tremendous that poor li'l Anne practically sags to one side when she wears it.

And the Humphrey Bogarts. They had their first wedding anniversary, and like the Payne family, they had a gifting party. Humph gave Wifie Mayo Methot a solid gold cigaret lighter, with compact and bracelet to match.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Robert "Rolls Royce" Oliver and Mary Martin—
Looks like a romance there "fer sartin!"

■

WHILE Johnny Weissmuller and his new bride are waiting for NY Fair's-end, before making any honeymoon plans, Johnny's ex-wifie, the caloric Lupe Velez, has found herself a new maaaaaaaan!!!!

[*Continued on page* 92]

Glad tidings are being aired in Hollywood that the Doug Juniors expect a blessed bundle before spring. But they deny it

Marjorie Reynolds is Monogram's eye-appealer. Plays *Betty Lou* in *Tail-Spin Tommy* series. Also supports Karloff

Ty and Annabella cut European honeymoon because of war. But bride flew back to bring parents, brother, child to USA

The Untold Story of Wally and Carol Ann

[*Continued from page 25*]

But I wasn't prepared to be cut adrift and then Carol Ann going, too—"

He was back in the boat, shouting and laughing louder than ever.

Friends tell of the dazed agony of Beery when the thunderclap of losing both wife and child hit him. The huge white mansion on the corner of Alpine Drive and Sunset Boulevard looked like nothing so much as a massive monument to grief with its drawn shades and deserted driveways. The long white wall along Sunset Boulevard side that all winter long had been gay with huge pink roses now looked more like a prison wall than a garden boundary.

More than one person in passing thought aloud, "I wonder what he's doing over there all alone."

We were told the story of life inside his home also. Of how Wally would come home after his work at the studio and walk through the wide, empty rooms, and suddenly stumble against a scooter of Carol Ann's or touch a hand against a doll, one he'd *helped* to dress, believe it or not.

Like a huge bear with an ache inside he'd wander out to the garden where Carol Ann used to play while Mrs. Beery sat by. Driven by pain he'd rush from the house to Delhaven's pastry shop in Beverly where he'd sit for hours over a cup of coffee, loathing to go home and only doing so when fatigue drove him to it.

The time came when he couldn't bear it and he telephoned Mrs. Beery, now Mrs. Foyt, in Reno. Carol Ann, he explained should be back in the Beverly Hills public-school with her little friends and playmates. She shouldn't be losing that schooling. Mrs. Foyt, who always understood the devotion between Wally and this child of the half sister of her mother, agreed, *for a short period.*

With a lighter heart than he'd had in days, he drove next Sunday morning to the airport and his private plane. He was flying to bring back his sweetheart and his heart was singing.

At the Reno airport Carol Ann was brought to him by Rita. The way she flew to his arms was more than a certain hard-boiled mechanic could bear, for promptly turning his head he proceeded to blow his nose like a trumpeting elephant on a rampage. Through the skies together they flew home and next morning the pupils of 4B smiled a welcome to Carol Ann.

The joy of being with Carol Ann was a matter of life and death to Wally Beery (and no exaggeration) from that moment on. The former Mrs. Beery had a new husband and a new life before her. Wally must have this child he adored, and who adored him, to live.

Printed reports to the effect that Wally had already gained full custody of Carol Ann were completely untrue, Wally assured us.

"I'm going to tell you something else," Wally said that day on the set. "And 'cause I'm giving you the first and only story about all this I'm going to let you have this secret plan of mine.

"I'm adopting two more little girlies."

We fairly leaped from our chair.

"No, you can tell it," he grinned in answer to our sputtered protest. "But you're the first I've told. Except Carol Ann, of course.

"I was thinking maybe it wasn't fair to Carol Ann to be brought up by me all alone and have no one else but me so I asked her about it last night after we finished her home work.

"'How would you like me to get you two little girls for sisters, Carol Ann?' I said.

"For a minute she looked at me and then cried, 'Oh, grand, only get two that have the same birthday as mine so we can all have a party on the same day.'"

WALLY was sure it was the cutest and smartest thing anyone had ever said.

"Well, one thing, Mr. Beery, we feel sure you are the best mother any little girl could have," we said.

"Oh, sure," he agreed, "say, I carried Carol Ann all over Europe in a basket when she was only nine months old and I carried a box of didies in the other hand. I've always been a mother to her."

Our mind went back seven years to the day Mrs. Beery had cautiously suggested they give this baby girl, whose mother

[*Continued on page* 75]

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That Certain Party

[*Continued from page* 56]

directions for making the mask are on the box—would you like to know more?

Do your eyes sparkle with fun? It would be a smart idea to saturate cotton squares with a reliable eye lotion and press them over your lids while the mask is drying. That smoothes and refreshes the skin around the eyes (you shouldn't apply the mask itself within a half-inch area anyway, because it might "draw" the tender skin here too much). At the same time, it clears and brightens your eyes. Wink the lids several times so the lotion can act directly on your "sparklers." I'll be glad to give you the name of a lotion that can be used on pads, or dropped in the eyes. An oculist prepared the formula, so you know it's as beneficial as it is beautifying. Twenty cents buys a purse size, dropper stopper bottle—and there are larger sizes at 60 cents and $1. Interested?

Did you ever get bravely started on a story, and find yourself the center of all eyes and ears? And did you ever wonder, halfway through that story, whether or not your nose was shining? It's happened to the best of women. And that's why I think that powder foundations are just about the greatest discoveries since women started dusting rice powder on their noses to hide a little of that shine. Because a good foundation cream will "fix" the powder firmly so that it doesn't have a chance to fly away; it will keep powder on, and velvety smooth, all evening long.

ONE good foundation cream hails straight from Hollywood—where it is a favorite of movie stars and starlets alike. You couldn't ask for a better powder base for evening wear than this. Because all aging tones, like grey, all tones that make the skin look dull or sallow are filtered out by a special process of manufacturing. Blended lightly over your face and throat, the cream imparts a bit of its own glowing color to your skin, and makes you look radiant—under all lights. It's heavy enough, you'll be glad to know, to hide freckles and slight blemishes (its zinc oxide base helps heal them, too). Yet it's light enough to spread easily, without pulling the skin. Better still, it won't clog the pores, or ooze through your powder after it's applied. Costs a quarter in dime stores, and comes in several skin flattering shades. Ask at the same time for the make-up booklet giving complete directions for making the most of your good features—and of your coloring. It's written by a Hollywood make-up artist and costs 25 cents.

A long lasting rouge is just as important to party make-up as a good powder base. Because electric lights take all the roses out of your cheeks, and make you look pale and tired. Besides, if your rouge disappears quickly, you'll fade out of the picture long before the stroke of twelve. That's why I like to use cream rouge in the evening. It can't blow away. It remains the same color all evening long as when you applied it. And it gives your cheeks such a "natural" glow! That's because it blends so easily into your foundation cream (it should be applied before powder) and can be shaded off at the edges, just like your own coloring.

Time was when you couldn't buy cream rouge except in the high-priced lines, but now, I'm glad to say, it's available in ten cent stores, for a thin dime. One I've been experimenting with lately has a delightfully spready texture. Apply it sparingly—it's much easier to add more than it is to take any off—then blend evenly. Try carrying it up near your eyes—that puts more sparkle in them! Apply powder generously with a full puff, then whisk it off with cotton after about five minutes. Then, if you feel that you need just a bit more color, dust on the least touch of the dry rouge made by the same manufacturer. The dry type comes in four smart shades, the cream in light and medium shades that blend with your skin. Price is 10 cents, each . . . You'll like this manufacturer's powder, too, and not only because it costs but a dime for a generous box. The five shades are *that* flattering! It's texture is fine—the powder is both light and clinging, and won't give you a caked make-up look. Want the name?

ARE your eyelashes as long as you'd like them to be? You can make them look longer—and your eyes look larger at the same time—if you'll touch them up lightly with mascara. I'm in favor of blue mascara for party wear—it makes you *feel* glamorous—but black or brown will do things for you, too. Mascara won't make you look theatrical if you apply it only to the upper lashes and are careful to separate them, when they're half dry, by brushing up with a clean brush.

I've just found a grand make-up trio that you should include in your party routine. It consists of a fine mascara, a creamy eye shadow, and a lipstick. The lipstick comes in four smart shades that are made to harmonize with the various shades of the shadow—so your lips can't clash with your eyelids! It's of the creamy smooth type, but you'll find it quite indelible, especially if you apply it generously, let it set for about two minutes, then blot off the excess with tissues. It gives the lips a moist, kissable look—try it and see! And be sure to combine the raspberry shade with mauve eyeshadow and blue mascara. You'll bowl over the stagline!

The mascara, you'll want to know, comes in cake and cream forms, is easy to apply, and harmless, of course. It won't smudge into under eye circles—they don't belong at any party!—nor will it run. A special new ingredient makes it smoother and finer in texture than ever before—so that it leaves the lashes smooth, soft and silky . . . The shadow is just about as smooth spreading as you could wish. It comes in five shades, so you can match your eyes or your gown. Try wearing an undertone of blue, over the whole lid, with a faint line of mauve along the rim, or brown with green—just to be different! The lipstick, mascara and shadow all cost a dime apiece.

The finishing touch to this article—as it should be to your party preparation—is perfume. I found some delightful scents that are all copies of much more expensive ones—and amazingly close to the originals they are. My choice is lilac, because it's so fresh and springlike (we need a bit of spring with winter coming on apace!) but perhaps you'll fall for one of the more heady, spicy or sophisticated ones. Only a dime apiece.

Write to me before December 15th if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The Untold Story of Wally and Carol Ann

[*Continued from page 73*]

had just died, a home. Timidly she approached the subject, not sure of Wally's reaction. To her surprise he agreed and the baby, just a few months old, was brought home. For a day or two Wally went about his business as usual but the little smile of her, the way she held on to him, lingered through his rough and tumble day's work at the studio, until finally she became the very breath of life to him.

It was one of Hollywood's greatest sights to see the huge lumbering Wally and the tiny mite of a girl, her hair in two old-fashioned braids, tagging along beside him; eating luncheon together at the Brown Derby or Vendome. Tourists stopped and gazed in tender wonder at the pair. In fact it was one of Hollywood's hardest-boiled producers who one day said, "There, by golly, is the sweetest love story this town ever produced."

They were a familiar sight on the boulevards and in the shops; with Wally patiently sitting by while Carol Ann tried on dresses for his inspection. The serious illness of Mrs. Beery at this time threw the two more and more together while Wally made no effort to conceal his overwhelming pride and love.

"AND now what are your plans for Carol Ann?" we asked him. "Mothers may be interested to know how you, a man, will take care of your little girl while she is at your home. Do you choose her friends, for instance?"

"No. She picks her own little playmates from the children in her room at public school," he said, "and I trust her judgment. She brings them home and they swim in the pool and enjoy her toys which she is always ready to share."

"What about future plans?"

"She wants to be an actress," he confided, "and I'm going to see she gets started right. When Carol Ann is about eleven I'm going to work her into my pictures. She can have a part in each one so she can learn with me beside her and to help her. Then," he said this slowly, "as I fade out of the picture, she'll be ready to go on, alone."

No greater love hath any actor than this, my friends.

"She'll go right on with her schooling while she's learning this business," he said. "They have schools and grand teachers on every motion picture lot."

Not even the glory of his own work is too great to share with little Carol Ann, you see, and while he didn't say so, I knew that back in his mind was the idea that Carol Ann should have her chance while he was still here to help and aid and share.

"I hope to have my other two little girls soon. I'm starting proceedings now.

"We want to go to Budapest again so Carol Ann can get some more of those little dresses over there that have the flowers and things worked on them."

"Little embroidered peasant frocks?" we suggested.

"Yeah, them," he said. "Last time we was there, a couple of years ago, she picked out some that were just the right size for her and then some larger ones so they'd do the next year. Now she needs some more."

"It seems to me she's a very wise little girl for her age." we said.

He smiled from ear to ear as he sought for words and failed.

"And now there are the two of you and that big house in Beverly," we said. "Could you tell me about that?"

"Oh, we just live quietly," he said. "I come home from the studio after work and Carol Ann comes home from school and she plays till dinner time and then she does her homework only I'm not so good helping her because they do it so different."

HE SET down on our notebook the problem.

$$\begin{array}{r} 698 \\ -559 \\ \hline 139 \end{array}$$

"Now I always began over here with the nine from eight, but Carol Ann sets little figures above each number and begins at the other end. So I just say, 'you do it your way honey, and I'll wait for you.'"

"Wait for her," we repeated.

"Yes, we're making a trousseau for the didy-doll and—"

"Now, you don't sew," we interrupted.

"Oh, sure I do," he said. "We make long trains and everything. We put trains on everything she wears. Course we just cut 'em out of lace curtains. Then we read a story and go to bed."

He saw me look down at his outsized paw and sheepishly hid it behind him. He knew we were visioning a needle and thread and wedding veil and—

Anyway, he was back on that boat laughing and yelling for dear life again as we were finding our way off the set in a mist that somehow had come to our eyes probably because the horrid lump in our throat would not stop pressing. . . ."

"Thank God he got her back," was all we could say over and over, as we found our way out.

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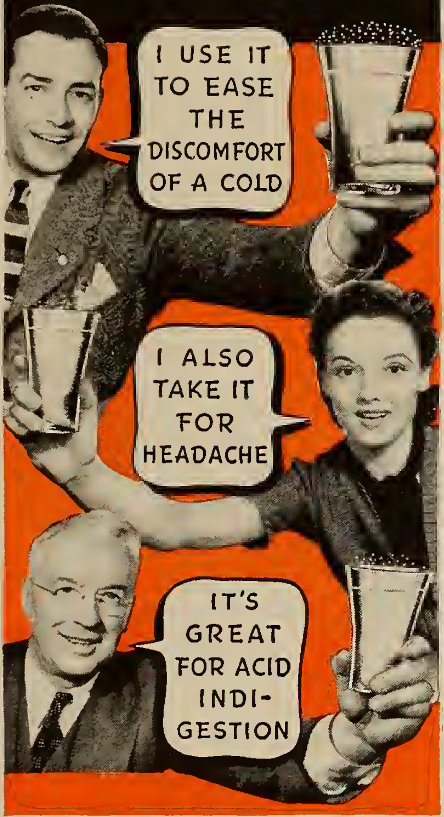

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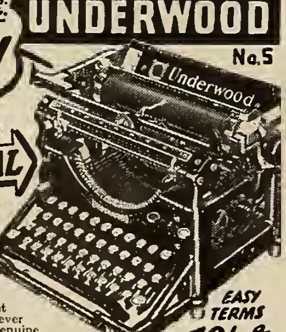

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Me and My Girl

[*Continued from page 24*]

stirred emotionally, and approves of all that has gone into the making and is satisfied that his money has been well spent—*he* is making a star."

There is good reason that Joe Pasternak should know his field so well, and have the common touch ordinarily lacking in the majority of men holding key positions in the film industry. Joe did not spring full-fashioned from the head of Darryl Zanuck or Louis B. Mayer, two of the top men; he began *below* the bottom. "Beginning at the bottom" in motion picture vernacular means that you're a relative starting as an assistant director at $200 a week.

Back in 1922, two years after Joe left the Old Country (Hungary) for the U. S. A., he was swabbing dishes and mopping floors in a Broadway cafeteria. During his off hours he used to cram in as many as three picture shows a day.

One day, inspired by Thomas Meighan, Larry Semon and Charlie Chaplin, his favorites, Joe walked up four flights in answer to an advertisement which promised to make *him* an actor for $78. The ad didn't read "for $78" exactly, but that was all he had and all they did take him for. For thirty days he learned nothing but facial expressions, showing extraordinary promise. At the end of a month they handed him a diploma and told him he was an actor.

So with a neatly rolled diploma under his arm, Joe quit his cafeteria job and took the subway to Long Island City where that glittering world of miracles—Paramount Studios—was located.

He did land a job at Paramount—in the studio commissary as a dishwasher for the munificent wage of $15 a week, $7 more than he had been getting.

Pretty soon the boss promoted Joe from the back to the front of the house, and he became a waiter. "Smiling Joe," they called him and he became one of the most popular waiters on the floor.

Dwan liked the young kid who seemed to take such personal interest in his menu. One day he asked "Smiling Joe" if he'd like to work in pictures as an actor. Joe almost dropped a tray of dishes. His big dramatic moment came in Allan Dwan's production of *Zaza,* starring Gloria Swanson. Joe was terrible.

He was, as they say in the profession, "at liberty with immediate prospects." Dwan rescued him again with an offer of a seventh assistant director's job. Joe jumped at the chance. This was his big moment.

When the Long Island studio closed in 1923, Joe was on the outside again. But he had become infected with that virus known as "show business." Like other young men who followed Horace Greeley's advice, he set out for Hollywood—and opportunity.

The same affability that gained him the name of "Smiling Joe" in the Paramount cafeteria won him many new friends on the Universal lot. Among these was "Uncle" Carl Laemmle, boss of the outfit, who liked to surround himself with capable young men. "Uncle" Carl had a knack shared with only one other executive in the business—Sam Goldwyn—the ability to select up-and-coming men of merit. Joe became pretty close to Laemmle, shared many of his confidences, and in time became one of his most trusted advisers.

When Universal Pictures' Berlin office got out of hand "Uncle" Carl selected Joe to straighten things out.

Before he left he was given a position as associate producer, an anomalous post somewhere between prop man and studio head. Since Hollywood likes to go in for fancy titles and since the Berlin office was ready to click its heels at the slightest sign of superimposed authority Joe marched in like Der Fuehrer.

Within a few months the German branch of the business was out of the doldrums. Joe had whipped a production schedule into shape second to none. Among others he produced a series of eight pictures with Franciska Gaal. In one of the films he discovered that the cast was getting out of hand, and but for the efforts of the writer assigned to it, Joe might have lost all that he had gained during his stay.

The young writer was really directing the picture, and making a good one at that. Joe rewarded writer Henry Koster with a director's contract, and he was to make a number of Universal's most important pictures in Germany.

PASTERNAK and Koster, by this time close friends, left Germany in the spring of 1936 and came to New York.

Joe and Koster flew to Hollywood. Their arrival was timed with the actual consummation of Universal's sale to a new outfit. Their contracts were recognized, but in a somewhat offhanded fashion, so that they found themselves relegated to the furthest outpost on the lot with implied instructions to sit out their contracts without disturbing too many people.

Then one fine morning Joe and Koster reported at the studio head's office with a screen test of some kid named Ida May Durbin. No one ever heard of her, and as far as the front office was concerned no one would. On the promise that they would make a very inexpensive picture, far below cost, and without bother to anyone Pasternak and Koster were given a small appropriation and smaller cooperation.

The picture was *Three Smart Girls.*

The success of that infallible combination—Pasternak to Koster to Durbin—set Hollywood on its ear. It proved that the public *would* accept musicals, providing they were ingeniously made, without too lavish a display. Deanna Durbin climbed high into box-office rating from nowhere to leadership. But two years later, after a series of Deanna Durbin pictures, there were difficulties. Deanna was growing up. She had to have more adult roles. Naturally there was hesitation. Pasternak and Koster had evolved a highly successful picture formula; why upset the balance with a change as drastic as letting Deanna grow up?

Joe went in to face the standpatters.

"She's no longer a child," he told them. "Even if there are a lot of people who would like to see her stay 14 years old—as the little girl who solves everyone else's problems—we can't work against Nature. She's a growing girl, and should be presented with problems and battles of her own."

With Deanna out of the short sock and into the silk stocking age Pasternak was unconsciously casting about for a young successor. Deanna had to be built into adult roles, and someone had to be found to take her place. He met the successor very much against his will in New York last fall.

When he left Hollywood for the East he stressed the fact that he was on a vacation

[*Continued on page* 91]

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 49*]

Ma, Ain't Hollywood Wunnaful?

■ Good Heavens! note—on the amusement pier at Venice, where so many movie stars go to make fun, there's a concession which is coining money. It features a trained dog with huge eyes, and the sign over the ticket booth says:

TEN CENTS to see THE DOG WITH the JOAN CRAWFORD EYES!

Ducky Time Had By All

■ Hollywood Scene: It was during a take for *Fast and Furious*. Ann Sothern and Franchot Tone were making fierce and furious and burning love for the cameras. Suddenly, offset, there was a rumble, and Joan Crawford's dressing-room was hauled onto the stage. And right behind it came Joan herself, on her way to make a retake for *The Women*.

So Joan stopped and watched ex-hubby Franchot make fierce and violent love to Ann—and then invited him and Ann into her dressing-room, to have tea.

In they went—and then up showed Charlie Martin, who's due to follow Franchot as the next probable Mr. Joan Crawford. So Charlie joined them and a just ducky time was had by all.

Oomph

■ Believe it or not, but a bed manufacturer wants Ann Sheridan to sign for an advertising tie-up. Hmmm!

Mars Blushes Deep Red

■ Hollywood is still giggling about the battle between Orson (Man from Mars) Welles and Shirley Temple . . .!

It all began when arrangements were made to get pictures of Orson and Shirley together, for a press-agent layout for one of the picture magazines. Everything was settled—EXCEPT one point. That was at whose house the pictures should be taken. Orson demanded that Shirley be brought to HIS house; Shirley's folks stood pat that Orson must come to Queen Shirley. Both pouted. And it wasn't settled until a thoroughly exasperated press department threatened to give the whole story out. Then Welles surrendered and went to Shirley's house for the photos.

Nosie-Wosie Went Bruisey-Woosey

■ Tragedy-of-the-month: Robert Taylor's nosie-wosie was bruised and scratched when he tumbled off a horse over a weekend, and for days, they had to shoot around the swollen nose! No close-ups!

Flynn's Zoo

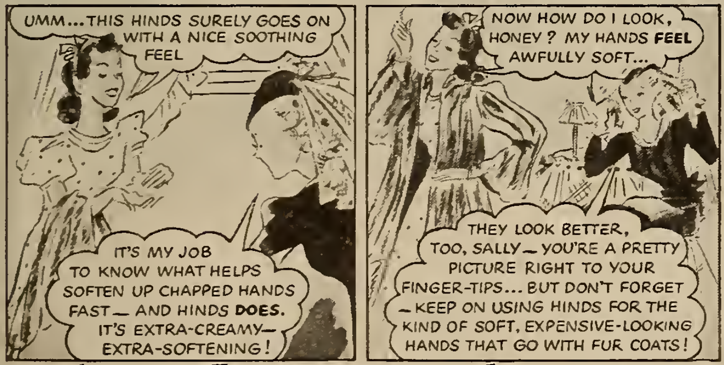
■ Quaintest private zoo in all Hollywood belongs to Errol Flynn! Latest census of the beasties on his ranch out Mulholland Drive way lists the following animals—two Australian cockatoos, three Rhodesian lion hounds (whatever THEY are!), three Central American macaws, four horses, two bantam fighting cocks from the Philippines, a cow and a calf, and vast numbers of chickens, goats, pigs, ducks, pheasant and quail.

Menjou Topped By Boyd

■ And believe it or not, but the most complete and elaborate male wardrobe in Hollywood belongs NOT to Adolphe Menjou, as you might expect, but to William Boyd, the western star, of ALL people!

So vast is Boyd's clothes assortment that he has had a special wardrobe-room built into his mountain-top home to hold his things. Just to show you—he has 135 suits of clothes; more than twoscore pairs of shoes; some twenty hats, nearly a hundred shirts, and so many neckties that it'd take a certified public accountant to keep track of them. And he has a total of fourteen overcoats!

Honey says
BEAUTY ADVISOR
"A NEW FUR COAT NEEDS SOFT HANDS TO SET IT OFF!"
DON'T GO, HONEY—I WANT YOU TO SEE MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM JIM
GRAND! I'D LOVE TO—WHAT IS IT?
LOOK! A FUR COAT! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL!
IT'S A BEAUTY, SALLY. SUCH A RICH, DARK BROWN... OH, BUT SALLY!!!
WHAT IS IT, HONEY—SOMETHING WRONG?
YOUR HANDS! SO RED AND ROUGH. THEY DON'T GO WITH THE COAT AT ALL... THEY BELONG IN THE KITCHEN SINK
HOUSEWORK AND COLD WEATHER JUST MAKE A MESS OF MY HANDS—I CAN'T HELP IT
WELL, HINDS CAN! HERE, SMOOTH YOUR HANDS WITH THIS WONDERFUL LOTION


UMM... THIS HINDS SURELY GOES ON WITH A NICE SOOTHING FEEL
IT'S MY JOB TO KNOW WHAT HELPS SOFTEN UP CHAPPED HANDS FAST—AND HINDS DOES. IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY—EXTRA-SOFTENING!
NOW HOW DO I LOOK, HONEY? MY HANDS FEEL AWFULLY SOFT...
THEY LOOK BETTER, TOO, SALLY—YOU'RE A PRETTY PICTURE RIGHT TO YOUR FINGER-TIPS... BUT DON'T FORGET—KEEP ON USING HINDS FOR THE KIND OF SOFT, EXPENSIVE-LOOKING HANDS THAT GO WITH FUR COATS!

IMPROVES THE LOOKS OF YOUR HANDS!

WANT lovely hands? Then use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—daily. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening to chapped, work-abused hands. Coaxes back the lovable softness that cold weather, housework, hard water, harsh cleansers take away. No wonder it's the favorite of women who pride themselves on their soft "Honeymoon Hands." Contains Vitamins A and D. At toilet goods counters. $1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ . . . **NEW! Hinds Hand Cream—fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.**

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MAIDEN FORM

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*"Chansonette" long-line nips the waistline and gives smart "pointed roundness"—$1.50 and $2.00. Send for free Style Booklet F: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc. New York.
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So natural they even have *half-moons.*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

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YES—TUMS bring amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. *TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda.* Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today. Only 10¢ for 12 TUMS at all druggists. You never know when or where

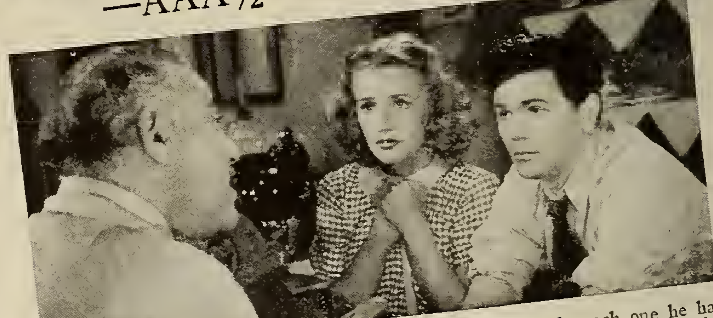
10¢ A ROLL

PICTURE PARADE

THE RAINS CAME
—AAA½—

Last year Louis Bromfield's *The Rains Came* enjoyed a tremendous success at the bookstands—this year it will repeat that success at the box-offices. Only this time Mr. Bromfield will have to share the honor and the glory with 20th Century-Fox, who brought his fascinating story of India to the screen, and with George Brent, Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, Brenda Joyce, Marie Ouspenskaya, Joseph Schildkraut, H. B. Warner, Nigel Bruce and a long list of supporting players. The technical staff should also enjoy a part of the applause, for the responsibility of creating the India Mr. Bromfield described so beautifully and prolifically was theirs. It was impossible to film the book in its entirety so Hollywood sacrificed India—its mystery and glamor—to the romantic. What is left is a potent love story in a dramatic setting. George Brent's characterization of *Tom Ransome* is superb, Myrna Loy's *Lady Esketh* is charming make-believe, Tyrone Power's portrayal of *Major Safti* is one of his best. Brenda Joyce proves perfect for *Fern Simon* and Marie Ouspenskaya in the role of the *Maharanee* calls for superlatives.—*20th Cenutry-Fox.*

DUST BE MY DESTINY
—AAA½—



John Garfield has only appeared in a few pictures but in each one he has been cast in the same role—that of a young man trying to find a place for himself in a difficult world. And like Garfield we think we've had enough—not only of this type of role but of this type of picture. We really don't think this country is such an awful place to get along in or that its people are so hard to get along with. But whether we approve of these preachings or not we must admit that *Dust Be My Destiny* is exciting filmfare. It's a poignant story of a young couple who have nothing but each other and who are struggling to make a go of it but are hindered at every corner by the shadow of the law. The shadow finally takes shape and in the end proves their salvation for only after a trial for murder does our young hero realize that he was only a victim of his own suspicion and bitterness. Notwithstanding his objection to the role John Garfield gives a fine performance and ditto Priscilla Lane. There's also Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Charley Grapewin, Henry Armetta and Stanley Ridges in *Dust Be My Destiny.*—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page* 80]

They Had to Live and Suffer

[*Continued from page* 44]

couldn't. They gave her a job as an usherette, not an actress. During her time off, she haunted rehearsals. By sheer push (she had no pull), she won a chance as an understudy, then a chance on her own. She went off to storm Broadway. She called on her stage idol, an actress famous for helping ambitious youngsters. Her idol advised her to give up the idea that she had anything for the stage. That was a bruising blow. It didn't stop her. She determined to make success her revenge.

After a painful struggle, she made a small hit on Broadway. A talent scout signed her to a film contract. She went off to Hollywood. Hollywood couldn't see what the New York talent scout had seen in her. She was "only a little brown wren." The star-maker of her studio told her that she had about as much sex appeal as Slim Summerville. For years, she was pushed around, forced to play colorless ingenues, never allowed to prove her possibilities. She wouldn't give up.

That being the case, life demanded a large supply of courage from her. One day up popped a role that every other actress in Hollywood was afraid to play—the heartless *Mildred* in *Of Human Bondage*. Bette had enough courage to play the role. And life had shown her enough heartlessness in human nature for her to be able to mirror it in *Mildred*. People who saw her couldn't forget her.

That fact made her a star.

Her love scenes are famous today. Life has taught her how a woman in love behaves. She married young. Almost from the first, her marriage was threatened by her career. She vowed that her marriage would last; that she would make it last. She was desperately in love. When it didn't last, she learned about heartache and human frailty. She would gladly have been spared the lessons. But having had them, she can't help expressing greater depth of emotion on the screen.

THEN there is Greta Garbo. She, too, never won a beauty contest. She has never been accused of being curvacious. Yet, for thirteen years, she has been an undisputed star. To many, the star of stars. What pretty novice, playing a tragic heroine, could enthrall audiences as Garbo can? Garbo has had experience in tragedy. The real thing. Not just make-believe.

She started out as a Cinderella. A millinery model given a movie chance by the famous Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller. Hollywood wanted Stiller. Before he would sign a contract, he insisted that his protegee also be signed. She arrived, eager and starry-eyed, thrilled to be in Hollywood. She was greeted with derision. She was plump, awkward. She wore hideous clothes. She was ludicrously naive.

Do you know what it is like to be young, ambitious and unwanted? Garbo found out in her first months in Hollywood. She also found out what it was like to lose one's only friend. Stiller died.

Those two blows marked Garbo permanently. Before she ever faced a Hollywood camera, she was equipped to play tragic women. She was one, herself. Life had taught her what heart-break and loneliness were like. And what a woman feels when she is locked within the prison of her own soul.

Joan Crawford isn't a star by courtesy of the press-agents. Her stardom is based on something more substantial than publicity. It comes from a large amount of living crammed into a small space of years.

There is a reason why she is the idol of millions of girls, rebellious against being nobodies, desperately determined to become somebodies.

When they look at Joan, they can see themselves—magnified. She knows their every emotion. Life has taught her.

As a youngster, she couldn't dress as other girls dressed, have the things they had, do the things they did. Her family was poor. She resented that.

She lived for the day when she could go out and earn her own living, could buy clothes, could afford a little fun. She hurried that day. She quit school to become a hoofer.

She became a pretty good hoofer. Good enough to get a job as a dancer in Hollywood. She didn't have any ambition to be anything else. She was satisfied to keep on

[*Continued on page* 81]

Posed by professional models

I'D LIKE TO LOOK LIKE THAT IN MY BATHING SUIT!

SKINNY?

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK THIS SIMPLE WAY

ARE you afraid you can never be naturally attractive in a bathing suit? Well, thousands of girls who once were skinny, tired, nervous—almost ashamed to be seen on the beach—have easily put on just the pounds they needed, gained normal health and pep and the natural good looks and popularity these bring—with these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets.

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Now you get these exact missing substances in these marvelous little Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder they have helped thousands of people who needed these substances to gain new naturally attractive pounds, new pep, popularity and success—often in just a few weeks!

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of the first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or your money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2812, Atlanta, Ga.

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WHAT WOUDN'T YOU GIVE to live a more normal life—unaffected by asthmatic attacks? You *can* live more happily, more comfortably—in spite of your affliction—if you have Dr. R. Schiffman's ASTHMADOR handy. Its aromatic fumes reduce the severity of the attack—promote normal breathing. Get ASTHMADOR today at your druggist's—powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. For a free sample write: **R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Calif., Dept. A-6.**

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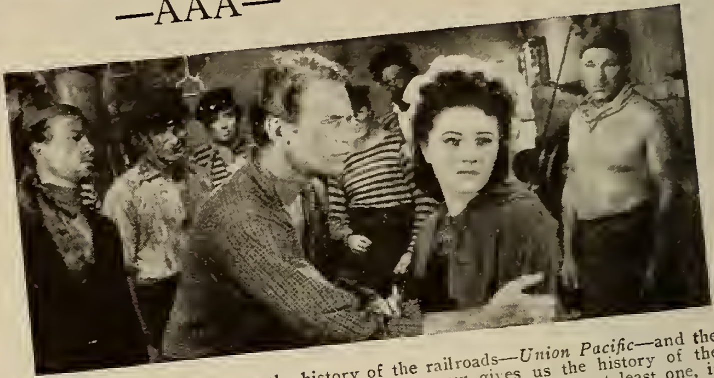
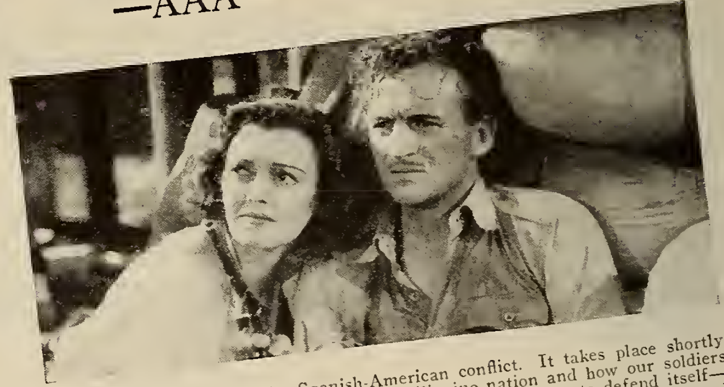
PICTURE PARADE

RULERS OF THE SEA
—AAA—



The studio that gave us the history of the railroads—*Union Pacific*—and the history of the airplane—*Men With Wings*—now gives us the history of the steamship—*Rulers of the Sea.* And as you have probably seen at least one, if not both, of these earlier travel-epochs you know how they were imbued with adventure, romance and all the necessary ingredients for a good film. Paramount maintains the precedent it set in these earlier films and you'll find *Rulers of the Sea* an exciting picture, importantly cast and extravagantly produced. There's Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Margaret Lockwood, Will Fyffe, George Bancroft, David Torrence, Montague Love, Vaughan Glaser and Lester Matthews in the cast. Like most inventors *John Shaw* (Will Fyffe) was called a dreamer and a fool when he predicted that his steam engine would revolutionize trans-oceanic travel. He had one friend, however, *David Gillespie* (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), a young seaman, who made every sacrifice to help him. But *Shaw* paid *David* well for his undying friendship and encouragement for he not only left him the steam engine but his beautiful young daughter, *Mary*, as well.—*Paramount.*

THE REAL GLORY
—AAA—



This story isn't about the Spanish-American conflict. It takes place shortly afterwards and depicts the birth of the Philippine nation and how our soldiers heroically played wet-nurse and taught the young nation how to defend itself—particularly the natives of Mindanao, or Fort Mysang, who lived in perpetual fear of the Moros, a savage tribe. When our story opens the troops are being evacuated from the Fort and only a small company is left on the island. Among them are *Doctor Canavan* (Gary Cooper), *Lieut. McCool* (David Niven), *Capt. Hartley* (Reginald Owen), *Lieut. Larson* (Broderick Crawford), *Capt. Manning* (Russell Hicks) and *Col. Hatch* (Roy Gordon). These men are responsible for the safety of the natives and each deals with the problem in his own way. We found *Dr. Canavan's* way unusually interesting—it being psychological—but if your tastes are more lusty there's plenty of bloodshed and horror to more than satisfy you. To please the ladies—and the men, too—there's romance in the persons of Andrea Leeds and Kay Johnson.—*Goldwyn-United Artists.*

They Had to Live and Suffer

[*Continued from page 79*]

hoofing, as long as it paid off. She was satisfied until the day someone told her that she could win all the night-club dancing contests in Hollywood, but, as far as Hollywood was concerned, she would still be a nobody. That rekindled all the resentment she had known as a young girl, when other girls had looked down upon her. She wasn't going to be a nobody forever.

Having her eyes opened to her shortcomings gave her the ambition to become somebody. It also gave her a monumental inferiority complex. She could see that other girls were prettier. They were more poised. They talked better. They knew more. She suffered, with that inferiority complex. Suffered bitterly. Feverishly, she struggled to remake herself. Into a few years, she crowded a lifetime of self-improvement. Each new achievement was an intense emotional experience. Something that a girl who is handed stardom without a struggle wouldn't know about.

AND what director would rather film a warmly human story with a publicity-made star than with a self-made star like, say, Barbara Stanwyck? Whose portrayal of emotions is sure and real, because life has given her experience in emotions.

She grew up in slums, where no one ever gets any favors from life, and no one ever expects any. Particularly an orphan. She had to take care of herself, meet on her own any situation that might come up. That was tough on her then. But it made her quick-witted, resourceful, un-self-conscious. She went to work when she was 14. Got a small job in a big office. Starved for friendship, she hoped to find it there. The other girls were organized into cliques; she was an outsider. She lost that job. To get another, she said she could dance, bluffed her way into a night-club chorus. Show business didn't discover her. She discovered show business.

Discovered that it was one business in which fellow-workers were friendly at first sight. She made up her mind to stay in it.

A smart showman sensed the depth of feeling in the little hoofer from Brooklyn. He had a hunch that, given a chance, she could act. He played his hunch, got her a chance. And her depth of feeling did come across the footlights. Role followed role. Steadily, surely, she grew into a star. *Before* Hollywood ever got her.

She married the smart showman—Frank Fay. Aching to be loved, to have someone to love, she thought she had found the only man for her. The years disillusioned her. She thought she could never believe again in the permanence of a man-and-woman love. In time, Robert Taylor changed her mind. Meanwhile, she lived for her child. When the role of *Stella Dallas* came up, she could feel everything that *Stella* felt. Life had seen to that.

Ginger Rogers has astounded a few people by being as big a star without Fred Astaire as she was with him. There is no reason for astonishment. Fred may have made her a clever dancer. But life has made her a clever actress.

It taught her how to get along with other human beings, and how to get along without them. It taught her the nuances of hope and fear, delight and despair, happiness and heartache.

THE public, not the press-agents, first decided that Hedy Lamarr was a star—and the public needed only to see her in a small role in *Algiers* to make the decision. Producers were baffled. They didn't know how to explain the phenomenon. She was beautiful, exotic, different. "But"—they shook their heads—"she isn't an actress. She hasn't had acting experience."

They overlooked something. She had had enough experience in life to be unforgettably real as a girl blessed with beauty, cursed with unhappiness.

Go down the list of feminine stars who rate *with the public* as stars—women who can't be forgotten. Consider Carole Lombard, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Jean Arthur, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald, Alice Faye, and all the others. They had to live and suffer, themselves, before they knew how to mirror life and human nature.

● You'll need N. R. G. (energy) at Xmas time—to carry you through the fatigue of shopping, the excitement and gayety of the holidays. Delicious Baby Ruth, always favorite candy bars at Xmas, give you plenty of enjoyment and food-energy—'cause they are rich in Dextrose—the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Fill the youngsters' stockings with Baby Ruth bars—hang them on your Xmas tree—slice and serve them often. Baby Ruth is good *candy* and good *food*.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

Sweet . . . and Simple

[*Continued from page* 54]

both in one, this recipe goes modern:

FRUIT CAKE PUDDING

Packaged fruit cake mix
1 well beaten egg
⅓ cup milk
Holiday Hard Sauce

Combine together packaged fruit cake mix with beaten egg and milk, and blend thoroughly. Bake in tin pan of package according to directions. Serve cold as sliced fruit cake; or hot as pudding with: *Holiday Hard Sauce*: 1 cup butter, 2½ cups sifted confectioner's (4X) sugar, juice 1 lemon, ¾ cup Port or Claret wine, nutmeg, green coloring, red cinnamon candies. Cream butter thoroughly, and blend in sugar; add lemon juice, wine and nutmeg, continue beating until well blended. Tint green. Chill, press into holly leaf shapes and garnish with red cinnamon candies. (Makes 3 cups sauce.)

Or equally light and delicious is this dessert cooked with cold in even the most tiny of refrigerators. Whip it up the day previous, if you like—it looks festive and expensive, but will not break any budget. Here it is:

SNOW-AND-HOLLY DESSERT

1 cup heavy cream, whipped
2 cups fresh angel food cake, broken in small pieces
⅓ cup chopped walnuts
1 cup chopped maraschino cherries and juice

Combine whipped cream and cake. Add nuts, and turn into refrigerator freezing tray set at coldest point. Freeze without stirring. Divide frozen cake into serving portions, and pour maraschino cherry sauce over each. (Serves 6.) Green angelica leaves and whole cherries may be used as holly berry garnish.

THE packaged desserts make a big bid for favor at holiday time as well as for general daily use because they have appetite-appeal, are easy to prepare, and besides are an economical buy. They give a whole lot of food value, too, since they contain generous amounts of dextrose, the food-energy sugar. In assorted flavors all are popular, but the following with its rich toffee or caramel taste is a winner any day in the week. Children will love this:

CARAMEL BANANA PARFAIT

1 pkg. caramel-flavored dessert
½ cup cold milk
1½ cups scalded milk
½ cup brown sugar
1 cup heavy cream
4 bananas, split and halved
4 green or red cherries

Dissolve caramel dessert in cold milk. Stir into scalded milk, and blend until cooked and smooth. Add brown sugar and mix. Cool. Fold in stiffly whipped cream. Arrange 4 split, halved bananas in each parfait glass, and pile in mixture. Chill. Garnish with cherry. (Serves 4.) Or substitute lady fingers or wafers for bananas.

Not every holiday occasion, however, is a dinner. It may be afternoon tea, bridge, or just an unexpected "party" when friends drop in of an evening. The smart hostess is never caught unawares but has "the makings" always on hand—in this case an unusual cake which may be served as a hot dessert, or as the colorful accompaniment to tea, coffee or punch. You will want to make this all winter long, but just now it carries the name:

CRANBERRY CHRISTMAS CAKE

1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ cup boiling water
2½ cups cranberries
⅓ cup shortening
½ cup sugar (additional)
1 well beaten egg
Grated rind 1 lemon
1½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk

Blend sugar and cornstarch. Stir into boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Add cranberries, and allow to stand. Cream shortening and sugar, and add beaten egg and grated rind. Sift dry ingredients together and add, alternately with milk, to creamed mixture. Beat thoroughly. Pour cranberry mix into buttered round cake pan and cover with cake batter. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 35 minutes. Cool, and turn upside down. Serve warm, with cream. (Makes 1 8-inch round cake.)

Cakes, puddings, cookies and candy of course, are tops in food gifts from the kitchen. Jellies too, ruby bright or emerald green, make jolly, inexpensive but always appreciated gifts. Do you know how to make eight presents from one fruit cake recipe? Would you like to receive a Creole recipe 100 years old for baked oranges? Do you wish to have a choice collection of more of these desserts with the light touch suitable for any winter menu as well as holidays? Then send immediately for the smart leaflet "HAPPY HOLIDAY ENDINGS."

Mrs. Christine Frederick
c/o MOTION PICTURE
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Please send me the free leaflet: "HAPPY HOLIDAY ENDINGS," including Creole Baked Stuffed Oranges, Gift Fruit Cakes, Spiced Ruby Christmas Jellies, etc.

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BEAUTIFUL — PLASTIC — CABINETS

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 4 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. NO CRYSTALS to adjust—NO UPKEEP—only one moving part. WIRELESS. TUBELESS, BATTERYLESS! ENTIRELY NEW PATENTED DESIGN. Has enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance.
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Hollywood Mobilizes! Stars Off to War?

[Continued from page 26]

surprising example of Hollywood's determination to throw all of its weight towards peace for this country.

Naturally, many scripts have had to be revised. Metro originally had Robert Taylor saying, in his current release, "I am sailing for Europe tonight on my honeymoon." A re-take switched his destination to South America. This, ironically, paralleled Bob's own vacation shift. He and Barbara Stanwyck refused to be frightened by the European clouds of last summer. They went right ahead with all their plans to spend their belated honeymoon abroad. Bob had been so hectically rushed around when he'd gone over for that Oxford picture; this time, leisurely, he was going to show Barbara all the beauties the Old World boasted . . . Versailles and its fountains, Florence, Venice, the Alps . . . Now we hear Bob and Barbara will see America first—winding up at the honeymooners' Delight—Niagara Falls.

HOLLYWOOD production has been reorganized, definitely. When the British government ordered all English theatres closed, and the French followed with a similar edict, movie executives gathered for one conference after another. The foreign market provides Hollywood with most of its profit, big overhead eating up the American box-office receipts. Rumors flew furiously. But when the British and the French shortly allowed theatres to reopen in all but evacuated and dangerously crowded areas, that pessimism evaporated. A boom in picture-making started.

Now Hollywood's plants are busier than they have been at any time in the past three years. The public has grown tired of constant War news on the radio, wants to get away from terrible realities. The revival of comedies is Hollywood's answer, but they aren't zany farces because sheer nonsense would be too reminiscent of foreign behavior.

As soon as War was declared the tightening-up process began. No salaries have been cut, but super-efficiency has been introduced with a vengeance. 20th Century-Fox led the earlier starting hour scheme for time-saving. Heretofore work traditionally began on a set at nine a. m. Generally considerable time was frittered away before the first scene was actually made. And the eight o'clock starting schedule means at least three-and-a-half hours of work before the companies break for lunch. It also means that your favorite stars have to rise an hour earlier now. This is no joke for feminine players, who ordinarily report to the make-up and coiffure departments two hours before their set call.

A good many lesser studio employees have been fired. This sweep was sudden; but at least they were given two weeks' pay as an aloha.

HIGH-PRICED free-lance stars are having a hard time getting jobs. The studios will only pay big wages to expert performers like Loretta Young, Kay Francis, and Fredric March. Only proved draws can arbitrarily pick their roles and avoid the long-term contracts which are advantageous to the studios. This boils down to unpleasant news for eager newcomers. They are being signed to long-term deals at very economical prices. William Holden did the star role in *Golden Boy* for a very economical figure.

The cost of pictures is being further whittled by better preparation of scripts. The scenario writers of Hollywood have been divided into two camps in a union squabble. But with Hollywood mobilizing to hang onto its success in spite of upsets everywhere the high-salaried writers are attempting to form a common front. Studios have shown a decided trend towards hiring a scenarist for a specific picture only; the era of loafing around while waiting an assignment is gone.

John Huston, Walter Huston's son and an ace scenarist at Warners, delighted his bosses recently by devoting several holidays to constant work. As a consequence, they were able to start Edward G. Robinson's new opus ten days ahead of time and thus save ten days on Robinson's salary. Just to demonstrate their confidence these same bosses have built a $400,000 permanent sea stage on their Burbank lot; they intend to make ocean epics regardless of their extra expense. In fact, the only big picture that has been abandoned has been Columbia's *Arizona*. Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur had to arrange for other roles when that folded two weeks before it was to go into work.

The American film exchanges have been jammed with British and French exhibitors since the theatres reopened over there. French, English, and German studios have almost all closed for the duration of the War. So the landoffice business being done while military rule permits it is a real consolation prize to the amusement industry.

The Hollywood executives have found a catch to that foreign revival, however. During Wartime neither belligerents or neutrals want money to leave their nations. So how can America collect on her film rentals? This is the biggest current headache for the front-office boys. There is an opportunity to grab all the foreign movie markets, but if they're going to be that way about paying off—what then?

But you have only to talk to the stars to learn how worried they are about the War. It may be far away, but it has touched them or is liable to. Anyone who has become a star is a rugged individualist, has sacrificed to make something of his life. His work *is* his life. So there isn't much sympathy with mass-mechanized Warfare that ignores the progress of the individual, that pulls him away from his steps to happiness for wholesale killing and greed.

Charles Boyer was the first star to go to War. Being a French citizen, he returned to France a month before hostilities flared. He was to have gone on the air here, resuming radio stardom in the dramatic show he headlined last spring. His place has been given to Herbert Marshall, who suffered lasting injuries in the first World War; Marshall will relinquish the spot when and if Boyer returns for it.

And Deanna Durbin is wondering if Mr. Boyer will be back to co-star with her, as Universal had planned he would. A reserve captain in the French artillery, Charles loyally marched off to do his duty. His wife Pat Paterson, has called a halt to her own career until he resumes his. She has remained in France, moving in with his aged mother in a hide-away outside of Paris. Norma Shearer was with her at Antibes when she bade farewell to him, and Norma says that for true life drama their farewell was tops.

Norma had no idea the War would develop so quickly. She had intended to have a gay

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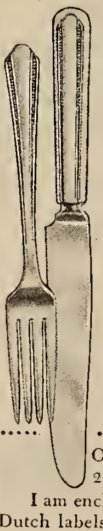

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

vacation on the continent and then she was going to fulfill her ambition to team with Robert Donat in a British picture. She did have fun with the Boyers and George Raft, who was also on the Riviera at the same time. But she was stranded en route to Paris after she left Pat Boyer. Her motor was commandeered. Metro representatives finally rescued her and got her a passage on a jammed boat. But it wasn't the suite to which she was accustomed. When she reached New York she went to bed at the Waldorf-Astoria to recover from it all.

M-G-M'S plan to make expensive productions in England had to be forgotten. Robert Donat is apt to be called into service at any time. Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan returned to America after weeks of waiting for a boat. Montgomery was to have stayed for three elaborate pictures. It was to be his big opportunity to reassert himself as an excellent actor; he'd even collaborated on the script for the first film, to be positive it'd be fine. As for Maureen, her whole unnecessary European jaunt is still a nightmare to her. She had to cross on the Queen Mary when the boat was almost empty; she phoned her husband, director John Farrow, from London, begging him to get her back.

Edward G. Robinson, George Raft, Madeleine Carroll, Gloria Stuart, and Ramon Novarro and Grace Moore returned just before the War got too hot. Only Grace has an appetite to go back. She declares that when she completes her current concerts she'll drive a French ambulance. It was in France that she honeymooned, and it was there she's been carrying on the screen career Hollywood abruptly cut short. She's overlooked, though, the law forbidding enlistment in foreign service.

The War also stopped Ramon Novarro's come-back; he'd accepted a flattering offer to star in a French film and had been studying French night and day to take advantage of it. Now his future is once more indefinite.

CERTAINLY no lovers have had more trouble lately than the Tyrone Powers, who were happily honeymooning in Paris when War struck. They'd made up their minds to see Germany, because Annabella had money impounded there; she'd done a picture and then never could take her earnings out of the country. They're such thrill-seekers that they decided to return to America via the Atlantic Clipper; but they had to wait longer than they anticipated in Lisbon for it. When they arrived in New York Tyrone was informed his studio would wait no longer for him; the picture scheduled for him just couldn't be further delayed.

Annabella, frantic about the safety of her daughter and parents, took the Clipper back to Europe to bring them to Hollywood. It was constant suspense for Tyrone, waiting for them. For days no messages arrived.

The most frightened young woman in Hollywood today is Joan Fontaine, who is so afraid her bridegroom, Brian Aherne, may be called to fly for Britain. When she signed her new long-term contract they put in a clause preventing her from accompanying him into any belligerent countries.

The career of Merle Oberon has taken a set-back because of the War. She married the foremost British film producer last summer, and Alexander Korda (Mr. Husband) was going to create great productions around her. They finally have decided to shift her films to America.

Errol Flynn is going ahead on spectacular assignments, but he is liable for service.

[*Continued on page* 86]

THIS LITTLE GIRL WILL HAVE A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Tuberculosis is still the greatest killer of youth . . . and takes *fifty per cent more girls* than boys between the ages of 15 and 25!

Two modern aids that help the physician detect tuberculosis in its earliest, *curable* stage are the tuberculin test and the chest X-ray. Your purchases of Christmas Seals make it possible, not only to teach people that tuberculosis is preventable and curable, but to look for early stages of this dread disease among children who *seem to be* in good health.

So from now 'til Christmas, mail no letter—send no package—unless it is decorated with the Christmas symbol that saves lives!

The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations in the United States

1939

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of MOTION PICTURE published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1, 1939.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roger Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of MOTION PICTURE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Laurence Reid, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, Larchmont, N. Y.; Business Manager, Roger Fawcett, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ————. (This information required from daily publications only.)

ROGER FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1939.

[Seal] DOROTHY C. ZIPF,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires November 9, 1943.)

New Answer to Maidens' Prayers

[Continued from page 29]

that he really was. Still you know how most popular boys in college usually wind up. If he's the star athlete, too, as Ronald was, he most often takes the line of least resistance and the first job offered him, which is usually that of coach or athletics teacher at some other smaller school, or even at his own. He becomes a coach; he gets married; he raises other little football heroes. Unless he's one in ten thousand, he never gets up into big-time athletics, but just goes on and on until he gets retired or fired to make room for another younger star athlete of the new generation.

"THAT," said Ronald, "was exactly what I was afraid of. It might happen to me. Not that such a job and such a life is so bad; it's wonderful for some people—but I had an idea way back in my mind that I had to be an actor, and I knew I'd never be satisfied unless I had a crack at it, at least. Of course I never admitted it to any-one: back in the middle-west one just doesn't say 'I want to be an actor'—it just isn't done unless you want to be laughed at, and thought of as kind of odd and peculiar.

"You know, I claim that everybody, deep down in his heart, feels he *could* be an actor. The urge to make believe is a universal one, and all kids live in a world of 'pretend,' until someone finally makes them feel self-conscious about it. Take a kid who has a wooden sword, and he's out beating around the bushes with it, looking for ambushed Indians, whooping a little war cry of his own—and along comes a grown-up and says, 'What are you doing, kid? Talking to yourself?' And if he's a sensitive boy, he begins to feel a little silly about it.

"Enough people make enough cracks like that, and the kid begins to shy away from the pretended game. He gets it kidded out of him. So from then on he doesn't pretend openly, but for a good many years he still thinks to himself that he could be as good a cowboy as Gary Cooper, or as tough as Jim Cagney, or another Clark Gable, or whatever he thinks his particular line is.

"That was the way with me, anyway. I had a great imagination when I was a youngster and I used to love to make up plays and act them myself, just for my own amusement, but I soon got self-conscious even about that. So it was a deep-dyed secret between me and myself, about this acting business. But I kind of had to laugh at myself when I went to work at the beach in the summers. You know why I had such fun at it? Because I was the only one up there on the guard stand; it was like a stage. A lot of people had to look at me.

"Everybody who wants to act is a show-off at heart, and I got my first taste of it being a life-guard. Still I hardly admitted it to myself then: now of course I can be analytical about it. But I know that even when I acted in a lot of plays at college, I always let on that my only interest in the dramatic club was that it was such fun going to rehearsals and walking home with the leading lady afterward. That it was a social spree more than anything. Heck, secretly I really thought I was communing with the Arts!

"I was awfully afraid about what was going to happen after college. I saw that coach's job ahead of me as plain as anything. And I was afraid I was going to fall for it. So I decided I'd protect myself against it. To get a coach's job you naturally have to have a certain scholastic standing, so I was very careful not to get it. I even dropped some courses, so that I'd be behind on the educational credits. I didn't want to take the chance of weakening when the time came."

THAT time did come eventually, in 1932, the spring when "Dutch"— as he was known at school—was ready to graduate from Eureka College. For a while he felt pretty silly just sitting around the dormitories those week-ends when his classmates were out rounding up their coaching and teaching jobs. But he knew what he was going to do. He wasn't going to set right out to be an actor; he didn't yet have the courage for that, but he had decided that the air waves could use another sports announcer.

That voice of his which is intriguing the women fans now, even at that young age had received many compliments, and he decided to couple this one asset with the one subject he knew best—sports—and first set the world afire that way. For the first few weeks of the summer he went back to life-guarding until he had saved fifty dollars, and then he started out.

"When I say that I walked into NBC in Chicago, I mean literally that, because I hitch-hiked up there. And I tackled NBC first because I always believed in at least trying to start at the top. But I didn't get a tumble. 'No experience? Then we're sorry, but we can't even audition you.' From one station to another, right down the line, they all gave me the same answer. After a couple of weeks I started on the smaller towns, and eventually I landed in Davenport.

"This time when the station director told me that I'd be of no use without experience the Irish in me kind of came to the fore, and I was pretty bombastic about it, and said, 'well then, how was a guy to *get* experience if nobody would give him a chance?' He heard me through and then said. 'All right, keep your shirt on. I'll give you a chance. Take the third door to the left, and you'll find a small studio with a microphone in there. I'll tune in here, and you announce a football game to me. Keep it going for fifteen minutes, and make it good!'

"IT WAS a tough assignment. I'd never even seen a microphone before. For a minute I couldn't even think how football was played, though I'd played it myself for eight years. Then it began to visualize itself for me, and I decided to reproduce the last quarter of an exciting game that I'd played in once. I could remember the names of the players on our team, and I even used myself as one as though it were just another person.

"But I must admit I wasn't very original about creating names for the other team: it was full of Jones, Brown, Smith, Black and White, etc. Oh, and of course I got in the long blue shadows creeping over the stadium . . . the crowds were sitting on wooden bleechers, and it was cold, and the wind whistled through, etc. And after I started I really warmed up to it and had lots of fun. Because when that game was actually played, in a spectacular last attempt to increase our score we used the Notre Dame off-tackle smash, and I, as right guard, dove for the opposing team's fullback, but missed him.

"But when I reproduced that play for my

[Continued on page 87]

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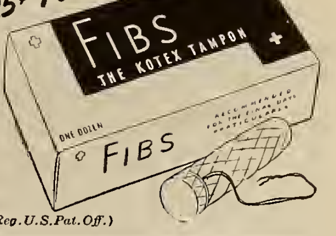

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Hollywood Mobilizes! Stars Off to War?

[*Continued from page* 84]

His mother had an acute heart attack because of worry over the Atlantic crossing made by Errol's dad after War was declared.

Cary Grant has never taken out American citizenship papers, and it isn't likely that he and Phyllis Brooks will marry until he is certain what his fate will be.

George Sanders, Ray Milland, Alan Mowbray, Walter Pidgeon, Ian Hunter, Raymond Massey, Ronald Colman, Charles Laughton, and Richard Green, being British, are apt to be involved abroad. Laughton had intended to produce a picture, *The Admirable Crichton,* with his wife, on his return to London; now he's going to do it in Hollywood.

It isn't going to be a very early call to arms for Richard Greene, fortunately. The severe leg injuries he suffered this past summer when he was crushed between two automobiles will not be thoroughly healed for three years, doctors advise him. But Rodion Rathbone, who's only been an actor and a husband for a year, may have both his professional and private life spoiled; his father, Basil Rathbone, served in the British army in the previous World War.

The new idol, Laurence Olivier, says, "I am ready to do whatever I can for my country." He finishes his new film this month. Vivien Leigh, whom he hopes to marry, will be crushed if he has to leave her.

Leslie Howard is for England, "my country right or wrong!" and his twenty-two-year-old son enlisted two months before British conscription began. Leslie is contributing his own services in an advisory manner; he, too, is a veteran. Both his wife and daughter are taking care of Londoners transported to the country, at the Howard country home Stowe Maries, in Surrey.

MADELEINE CARROLL'S husband, a British captain, was immediately assigned to an important post. Although she is separated from him, she is anxious for every scrap of news about him. They turned over their French chateau to young schoolchildren seeking safety. The orphans they befriended had to walk twenty miles, on a three-day trek, to it because the government had taken over the trains for soldiers. The historic old castle has dozens of underground passages, and is comfortably remodelled; so it will be one of the best havens!

Charlie Chaplin is a third through his biting comedy attack on Hitler; when Hollywood agreed to be strictly neutral Charlie was the one conspicuous hold-out. *The Dictator* will attempt to ridicule the man Chaplin hates.

The American newsreel men don't like either side. They haven't been welcomed on any of the fronts by any of the armies. The English, French, and German governments have pooled all War shots and, after censoring them, hand them out to the competitive American newsreel companies.

Hollywood expected to be right on the sidelines, reporting vividly via camera and Clipper.

Instead its newsgatherers are hamstrung.

The peace sentiment in Hollywood is practically unanimous. The stars who were pro-Loyalist in the Spanish revolution aren't saying a single word anymore. They realize the uselessness of trying to save hating Europeans from one another.

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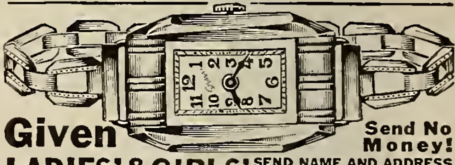

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New Answer to Maidens' Prayers

[*Continued from page 85*]

audition, I didn't miss him, you can bet! "Dutch" Reagan really got a crack at the fullback that time, and our man ran sixty yards for a touchdown. Oh, the crowd went wild! I described the frenzy and the excitement. When I finished I was weak and limp, and a little hoarse—but I was also hired. I was told to report in two weeks to broadcast the Iowa-Minnesota game."

FOR his radio work he used the name "Dutch," and "Dutch" Reagan was in radio for a long time. He climbed rapidly. He had the gift of gab necessary for a sports announcer, and he also knew his sports. He loved the business, but all the time he kept hankering for an acting chance. Even advertising sponsors and more money couldn't quite obliterate his earlier first desire.

In 1935 his sponsors sent him to Catalina to cover the Cubs' spring training. That brought him awfully close to Hollywood, but he was still shy, still self-conscious about admitting to anyone that he thought he might have a chance in the movies. He went back to the middle-west without doing a thing about it. The same thing happened, or rather didn't happen, again in 1936. Then as luck would have it, in the spring of 1937, on the day he arrived on the coast, again Catalina bound, it rained. That rain was really rain from heaven, as it turned out, for the Reagan career.

It was raining and there was no boat leaving that day for Catalina. "Dutch" checked in at the Biltmore and in the lobby he met a girl whom he had known several years before. Her name was Joy Hodges, and she was in the movies now. They talked, and suddenly "Dutch" knew that he had to admit his secret desire now or never. Poor girl, she must have thought that he was about to make a proposal—he was that embarrassed and fussed when he said, "Joy, there's something I've always wanted to tell you." And then after a long while he managed to get it out, "I'd—I'd like to be an actor."

That was on a Wednesday. That afternoon Joy introduced him to her agent. The next morning the agent took "Dutch" to Warner's, and they made a test of him. Friday he looked over the Cubs at Catalina. Friday night he flew back to Des Moines, to his radio job. Saturday he received a wire to report to Warner's. Over the weekend he finally managed to grasp the amazing fact that he was about to become an actor.

"SO YOU see," said Ronnie, "what can I claim? That I tried hard? That I deserved my break? No, all I can say was that it was the luck of the Irish. If I hadn't been so reticent about my acting desires I might have found the same break long before—and then again maybe if I had tried earlier and been refused I'd have given up the idea entirely. I don't know. This is such an odd business; you just happen along at the right moment, and they're interested in you.

"Of course, after the easy way I got in, I had the idea that crashing the movies was a cinch. Right away I tried to help a lot of others do the same thing, and I found I couldn't even get a guest pass to allow a friend to visit the studio. I also found out that having a contract and getting good parts were two different things: the first didn't automatically lead to the second, as I had supposed. But anyway I keep plugging."

And incidentally the list of Ronnie's pictures today shows no small amount of plugging: *Love Is on the Air* was his first. Then *Accidents Will Happen, Sergeant Murphy, Swing Your Lady, Submarine D-1, Hollywood Hotel, Cowboy From Brooklyn, Boy Meets Girl, Girls on Probation, Going Places, Brother Rat*, several secret service pictures, *Naughty but Nice, Dark Victory, Hell's Kitchen.*

He wasn't very important in any one of them, but his is a face and a voice and a likableness you can't help remembering.

RONALD is twenty-nine, although when he came to Warner's those two years ago he thought twenty-seven was too near a ripe old age, so he dropped a few years on the studio biography. He feels now that it was a mistake, because he's always cast as a juvenile, and juvenile casting isn't much fun for an actor. "It's bad enough to have to overcome a baby face, such as mine has been called. I come from a long line of baby faces, and I know it. My father at 54 looks like my brother now. But that doesn't mean I like it. I'm twenty-nine, and I wish I looked it, and I wish for once I'd get a chance to act it."

The amazing thing to us is not that he is twenty-nine, but that he is twenty-nine and still single. How has he escaped marriage so long? " 'How has marriage escaped me so long?' is a better question," he comes right back at us. "I'm willing, very willing, but it seems that the right girl just hasn't come along."

Recently, though, Ronnie has been spending his evenings with Jane Wyman, opposite whom he played in *Brother Rat*, and it's a pretty steady twosome. Still, we can imagine that any girl would have quite a few rivals when it comes to claiming all his attention. Not other girl rivals, particularly, but Ronnie is a boy who spends a lot of time on the golf course. He's also quite a horseman, and there are those hours he spends swimming at Santa Monica, or hiking through the hills. It'll take a girl athlete to keep up with him. And also because world politics is of vital interest to him, she'll have to know what's going on in the papers, and she can't bluff about that either.

Every now and then Ronald returns to his first field, and does a little sports announcing, as he has for the past two New Years, as guest announcer at the Rose Bowl. But he never describes those long blue shadows creeping over the field, the excitement of the crowd, the crisp cold wind sweeping through the bleechers, but what he remembers is that first imaginary game he broadcast in the audition room at Davenport, Iowa. And he smiles a little to himself because he knows that that was his first step into the world of entertainment, which led him eventually to where he is today.

It was a round-about way, and it took him a handful of years, but in the round-aboutness he developed the poise and the voice and the bright, alive quality which are his three most valuable assets now.

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Doing His Bit For Democracy

[*Continued from page 46*]

diploma from Lincoln Memorial University, and an honorary degree from Lafayette College. His performance helped to win the play the Pulitzer Prize. He is the warmest, most convincing *Lincoln* in stage history.

This surprises some people. They remember him as the cold, inhuman *De Laage* in *The Hurricane*, and as *Black Michael*, the dour villian of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. They are surprised, too, at his ability to portray The Greatest American, because he isn't an American, himself. He is a Canadian.

He smiles when this last point is raised. "Lincoln is in our school books, too, you know. He epitomizes Anglo-Saxon ideals of democracy." His smile widens. "And my birthplace may not have been American, but my ancestry was."

One of his ancestors—Geoffrey Massey—helped found the Salem Colony in Massachusetts, in 1629. Geoffrey's descendants helped fight the Revolutionary War. In 1811 one of them migrated west to York State. His son moved on to Durham County, Ontario, where *his* son—Raymond's father—was born. Raymond himself was born in Toronto, August 30, 1896. Of an American mother, whose ancestors were Mobile, Alabama folk of French extraction.

ON NEITHER side of the family was there an ounce of theatrical blood. Raymond's father was a manufacturer of farm implements. Raymond, himself, was supposed to become a bigger, better manufacturer than his father. He was to go to Toronto University, with such an end in view. The First World War changed all that.

When Canada went into it, he went into the infantry. That was at the end of 1914. He was just 18. He expected the war to be over in four months. It wasn't over for four years. Or, in his particular case, for four-and-a-half years.

He landed in France at the end of 1915. There he was transferred to field artillery, given a commission. He was "knocked out," as he puts it, in the Third Battle of Ypres, in the fuss in Sanctuary Wood—a victim of severe shell shock. He spent six months in a hospital. Afterward, while he was convalescing, he was sent over to the States to be a military instructor to young Americans—first at Yale, then at Princeton. Then back into field artillery again, as Captain Massey. When the armistice was signed on the Western Front, the Allies still had some unfinished business on the Eastern Front, in Siberia. He was one of those assigned to take care of it.

Happiness didn't run rampant among the boys in Vladivostok. The war was over for practically everybody else, and there *they* were, stuck in a God-forsaken wilderness, frozen in, with nothing to take their minds off their self-pity. To perk up morale, Capt. Massey was detailed to organize some kind of entertainment. He unearthed some old vaudevillians in the company, and some old gags, and put on a minstrel show. In blackface.

"In school I had been in several plays, and I had wondered if I had any possibilities as an actor. I never expected to get a chance to find out—even such a chance as this minstrel show. I played end man. The show was a tremendous hit; we had to take it all over the district. But I still didn't know if it was good. Those audiences weren't critical. They were too starved for entertainment—either good or bad."

WHEN he was finally mustered out and was free to become something besides a soldier, he didn't think of becoming an actor. He tried to pick up the broken pieces of his pre-war life, patch them together. He entered Balliol College, Oxford. The war had done something to his nerves. He couldn't settle down to quiet study. After a year, he gave it up, headed home, went to work—selling farm implements.

After six months, he had to give that up, too. He couldn't stand the placid monotony of it. He began to worry about himself. Was he going to be a misfit—unable, with his war-jangled nerves, to find his niche in any peaceful occupation? He couldn't help his nerves, couldn't help their being attuned to dramatic living. He asked himself, desperately: Where, as a civilian, could he find something dramatic to do? There was only one likely place: The stage. For the first time, he began wondering if it wasn't the place for him.

He went over to London to find out. That was in 1922. There were two reasons why he went to London, rather than New York. (1) He was married to an Englishwoman, Peggy Freemantle, who was homesick. (2) He was taking the advice of John Drew, actor-uncle of the Barrymores, which he had sought during a Drew engagement in Toronto.

"It was difficult, he said, to break into the theatre in New York; so many good people had been spared by the War. I stood a better chance in London. Particularly since, being Canadian, I could play either Americans or Englishmen.

"His advice was remarkably sound. I went over, armed with letters of introduction—which, like most letters of introduction, didn't do any good whatsoever. Like the others, I had to haunt the theatrical offices. But I had been there only two weeks, when I landed a job—simply because I could talk and behave like an American. It was a role in one of O'Neill's early fo'c'stle plays."

He has been acting ever since. He has played every conceivable type of character part, in every conceivable type of play—a large proportion of them American. He was, for example, romantic *Robert Mayo* in the London production of O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon*; energetic *Joe Cobb* in *Spread Eagle;* rustic *Rufe Pryor* in *Hell Bent for Heaven;* and the cynical editor in *Five-Star Final*. Besides acting, he found time to direct the Everyman Theatre. He played in the first English talkie, *High Treason*—which was also his first picture. It wasn't released here.

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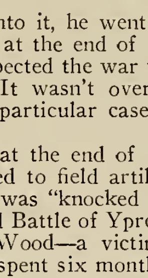

HE FACED an American audience for the first time in 1931. He came over to New York to do *Hamlet* for Norman Bel-Geddes. The venture wasn't a huge success, but it led to the greatest success of his life. It was Bel-Geddes who first suggested to him that he should some day portray *Lincoln*. Once he had the idea, he couldn't give it up. Though he had to wait seven years for the kind of Lincoln play he wanted to do.

The immediate result of the *Hamlet* venture was what he now calls "an abortive shot at Hollywood." Universal signed him as an actor and director. He was here nine months, during which he was given nothing to do except one acting job—the part of a heavy in *The Old Dark House*. They couldn't see what he was kicking about. He was getting paid regularly, wasn't he? Yes, he said, but no amount of money could make him enjoy frustration. And, with that, he packed his bags and went back to the stage.

That gesture of independence kept him out of pictures for more than two years—until his lawyers and Universal's could settle his contract. Then he signed with Alexander Korda, for whom he did, among other things, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. And, more recently, *Drums*. In 1937 he tried Hollywood again and won left-handed praise from the critics with his performances in *The Hurricane* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. He was "an unforgettable heavy." Convinced that *The Old Dark House* was still haunting him, and that he was typed as a heavy, he fled again—not to return till now. No one this side of the Rhine can possibly label *Lincoln* a villain.

He doesn't hold it against Hollywood that, up to now, Hollywood has thought of him only in one type of role. The typing started in English films. Just how, he doesn't know. All he knows is that he has constantly objected to being cast constantly as a brutal stuffed-shirt. "I don't mind playing a colorful heavy, but, once in a while, a man likes a change."

His present change to a heroic character is one reason why he is happy in Hollywood this trip. Another reason is the fact that *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* is one play that is safe from mangling in its movie version. He saw to that. He talked Max Gordon and Ray Goetz, who produced it so reverently on the stage, into producing it on the screen. And all three of them talked Robert Sherwood into writing the screen treatment.

BECAUSE the screen demands more action than the stage, the movie version will contain many things that were merely mentioned in the play. *Lincoln's* wrestling bout with the Clary's Grove bully, *Jack Armstrong*. Meeting *Ann Rutledge* while carrying a pig in his arms. His feat of floating a flat boat over a dam.

For the picture, Massey has had to learn how to wrestle, frontier-style. He has had to learn how to carry a 75-pound pig without provoking squeals from said pig. He has had to learn how to handle a flatboat. He says, with a wry grin at his own expense, "The only thing they've left out is the rail-splitting."

The picture has a 60-day shooting schedule. Massey works 58 of those 60 days. And every one of the 58 days, he is in the first shot—and the last. On location at Eugene, Oregon, he had to be up at 4:45 a. m. to get his make-up on, for the start of work at 7. Back at the studio, he has to be in the make-up department at 7, to be able to start work at 9. His make-up man used to be a lion-tamer. "In spite of that, he doesn't like to meet me the first thing in the morning."

His screen make-up as *Lincoln* is more difficult than his stage make-up was—because of the problems imposed by close-ups. The realism of the make-up is a triumph of movie magic. I was as close to Massey as you are to this page, and I couldn't detect where his features had been molded into Lincoln's. However, he pays for that realism. After six hours, the false nose starts "tightening," with excruciating pain. One day on location, he wore the same make-up for fourteen hours, rather than cause a costly delay with a change. Out in this country, they call that "trouping." It's a rare quality. Contrary to what the press-agents say, few stars ever suffer for their art. Especially in silence.

NOR is this all. Massey is six feet two, but he has to walk around with two-inch lifts to equal Lincoln's height. And, naturally quick-spoken, he has to speak with a drawl.

Lincoln's mannerisms—what has he done to make those authentic? "I've talked with people who are supposed to be authorities on Lincoln, and the things they have told me have been so widely divergent that I've ignored all so-called authentic information—deliberately. Sherwood, in writing the play, drew a psychological portrait of Lincoln. All I've tried to do is to make my mannerisms consistent with that portrait.

"In the lighter moments, I've patterned him on Will Rogers. The two men had a terrific amount in common. The same salty sort of humor, the same genial good comradeship, the same ability to get on with men."

Learning some of the demands of his role, you expect Massey to be a tense, harried person. He isn't. He is relaxed "most of the time." Between scenes, he doesn't remain moodily aloof. He talks with anyone at hand. Talk is his idea of relaxation. Thoughtful talk. He doesn't read much; when he does open a book, he reads slowly. He walks slowly, smokes a cigarette slowly. He smiles quickly, appraises a person quickly with his deep-set brown eyes.

On the set with him he has his teen-age son—Geoffrey, the *nth*. Not because he expects Geoffrey to be an actor. He doesn't. He likes the boy's companionship.

He is a lieutenant in the Canadian Reserves. And, only 43, he isn't past fighting age. He is subject to call at any time. All he says about that is: "One of these days I'll probably get a good long rest from acting—in the army." He has enough humor to be philosophical.

Unlike Lincoln, he is no collector of droll stories. "My father was one. He must have had thousands. I haven't ten on tap. I can't remember them." He smiles. "I have none of Lincoln's characteristics—off-stage."

A statement that is impossible to verify, because, seeing him as Lincoln, you can't tell where *his* personality leaves off and Lincoln's begins. Even his friends can't tell. This dumfounds Massey. Having finally persuaded people to think of him as something besides a black-hearted villain, he prays that they aren't going to think of him now only as Lincoln. One of these days, he'd like to play Mark Twain's *Pudd'n'head Wilson*, not to mention Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome* and some other earthy characters, all different. "As different from each other," he says, "as democracy is different from dictatorship."

In next month's—January's—copy of MOTION PICTURE Magazine you will find a beautiful color portrait, free of printed matter, of your favorite movie star—Robert Taylor. Don't forget to take advantage of this remarkable free offer. And tell your friends about it.

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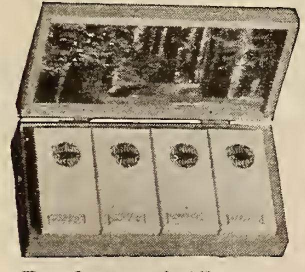

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PAUL RIEGER, 266 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco

The Fall and Rise of Ilona Massey

[*Continued from page* 58]

strangers in a very strange land, they were naturally drawn together . . . and at first all the talk, all the hysteria was about Ilona. It must have helped the hurt which was Ilona's when Hedy soared to stardom in *Algiers*. But nineteen months of waiting. Nineteen months of doing nothing. That was bitter brew.

"I believed in myself," Ilona told me. "I believe in myself so determinedly that nothing can change me. I knew that if I could get the right part in the right story I could make good. I came to know, of course, that there is always the grim possibility of never getting the right part, the right story.

"Then, to go back, four months after I made that first test, I made another one for *Waterloo Bridge*. Once again the Big Boss looked at the test. This time," said Ilona, and her beautiful face sparkled with pride, "this time he said to me, 'Ilona, you are not only a grand singer, you are also a grand actress!' "

"But even after the Big Boss told me that," Ilona was continuing, "nothing happened. There was nothing for me. There would be some talk of *Balalaika* now and then. And then no talk of *Balalaika*. My heart, it was growing sick, very sick indeed . . .

"A FEW months ago I went to New York. There I was offered a play. It was first called *The Orchid*, then changed to *The Carousel*. I told the producers they should write to M-G-M and ask whether they would loan me for that play . . . the answer came back—'No.' That was like champagne to me. I felt good for the first time in more than one year. If they said 'No' it meant that they did not want to give me away. It meant that they still believed in me. I have got to feel that people believe in me. They may hate me, if they will, but if they believe in me, that is all right. . . .

"So again there was talk of *Balalaika*. And finally I was told I was to make it with Nelson Eddy. Then I knew such happiness as I had forgotten how to feel. A couple of days later a studio executive came to me. He said, 'Ilona, you'll have to take it, you are not to do *Balalaika*.' I did not ask why; I did not ask who was to do it in my place. I said, 'What *am* I going to do?' 'Nothing—wait,' was the reply.

"That was the time when I nearly died. That was the time when my heart broke, yes, it did really break. That was the time when I cried out that I *couldn't* wait any longer . . . I would go home . . .I would ask for my release . . . but before I had time to do this, they sent for me again . . . *I was to do Balalaika!*

"Now," said Ilona, happily, "I don't yet know what is next for me. If possible I should like to make *Waterloo Bridge*. I am not the prima donna at heart, not really. My life has been such, the materials of which I am made are such that I am not the gay, golden glamor girl in my heart. I am not, no, no, I am not the 'pretty blonde.' *I am not like that.*

"I am less than ever like that since these nineteen months. But I am not sorry I suffered them. I am glad. It broke my heart once in awhile but that is good, though . . . it gives you feelings which make of your heart a more sensitive instrument. I am grateful that they did not lose their faith in me. I am even more glad and grateful that I did not lose faith in myself."

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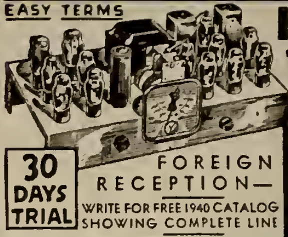

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WHAT DO THE STARS WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?

Comes Christmas, and the stars hang up their stockings like the rest of us. But the things they ask Santa Claus to bring them—thereby hangs a hilarious tale.

And here's the tale in the December issue of HOLLYWOOD, now on sale. Read WHAT THE STARS WANT FOR CHRISTMAS and you'll not only make yourself a present of a prize package of entertainment, but you'll get an entirely new slant on your favorite film personalities. Don't miss it!

The same issue of this sparkling magazine features a brand-new GONE WITH THE WIND CONTEST, offering dozens of beautiful and useful prizes. Everyone who enters this contest is certain of an enjoyable time. Your chances of carrying off a prize are as good as the next one's. For full details see the new HOLLYWOOD.

These are only two of the many bright and amusing features in the only five-cent fan magazine on the newsstands. You'll find a number of fascinating interviews, the brightest of Hollywood pictures, and the smartest of filmland gossip. Get your copy today!

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Hollywood

·Me and My Girl

[*Continued from page 76*]

and did not want to interview mamas and "deanna" daughters. . That is why he wasn't surprised to find Gloria Jean Schoonover and her mother waiting for him in the anteroom of a private office set aside for him.

GLORIA JEAN made a lasting impression; that is, Gloria's mother made a lasting impression. Both of them were simple and unaffected. Gloria was a natural and charming kid from Scranton, Pa. She didn't have the big city complex. Mrs. Schoonover's father was a pump-runner in a Scranton coal mine. Mr. Schoonover was a piano salesman, and in spite of the sudden burst of good fortune, still is. There had never been anyone exceptionally outstanding musically in the family to account for the marvelous quality of Gloria's voice. There had been plenty of singing, however. Both Mrs. Schoonover and her mother had been members of a church choir.

It was the Hebrew folk song "Eli Eli," sung by this daughter of a Welsh mother and Dutch father that really started her on her way. Her voice carried from Scranton to New York where several rabbis wrote Mrs. Schoonover and invited her to bring her daughter to sing for religious services. Then things began to happen fast. She sang the score of *The Desert Song*, and Paul Whiteman hearing of the phenomenal child, offered Gloria Jean's mother a radio contract for her daughter's services.

The time wasn't right. Mrs. Schoonover, with an insight seldom discovered in parents of gifted children, was more intent on long-term planning. A contract with Whiteman meant going on tour, and in New York she was convinced, rested Gloria's future career. She turned it down. Besides there was a lot of serious training and voice culture ahead.

Five years passed between the time Gloria Jean sang "Eli Eli" on the stage and the day she was interviewed by Pasternak. He was so impressed by Gloria Jean—her voice and personality—that a few hours after meeting the child and her mother he was making arrangements for their transportation to Hollywood.

Gloria's trip westward was uneventful. It consisted mainly in running through the cars at breakneck speed and getting to know the pullman porters by their first names. For Mrs. Schoonover it was a momentous occasion. It gave her time to think. Like a million other mothers she had dreamt of her opportunity, but it seemed so remote, so impossible. Fortunately for her and for Gloria, Joe Pasternak had been impressed.

"Fortunately for us," as he expressed it, "Gloria Jean was *not* born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She comes from a family where she saw plenty of hardship and suffering, which automatically gives a person a certain emotional quality. She has never seen any prosperous days in her short life, fortunately."

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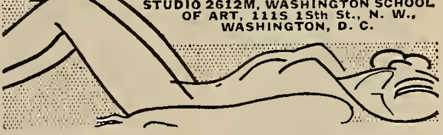

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 72]

Lana Turner, wrapped up in white fox, steps out with favorite mans, Greg Bautzer. Always gadding, they seldom miss party or premiere or candid camera

The Bob Montgomerys in London sent children home to escape war zone. Bob, Jr., and Elizabeth arrive safely in NYC

His name is Clayton Moore. Anyway, that's his new name. Lupe likes it better than the name he used to have, which was Jack Carlton, so he changed it. And if you don't think the romance is hot, then you don't know Lupe. There's a rumor that the nite-spot proprietors are putting in a new stock of asbestos screens, to protect the furniture when Lupe and Clay come in for an evening's whooptedoooo.

And oh, yes—Lupe calls her new boy fran "babeeee!"

◆

BABY-TALK Laugh of the Month—was the slip that radiorator made the other night when he announced that "Chic Johnson's DAUGHTER GENE MEREDITH is expecting the stork."

The laugh is: Gene Meredith is the MAN that's MARRIED to Chic Johnson's daughter June . . . ! ! !

And is Gene's face RED?

(—not to mention the radio man's.)

◆

H'mmmmmmmm—so Dorothy Lee is getting all set for another try at matrimony? My, my, the gal must be out after an international record! If she DOES marry Roxy Rothapfel (as the rumor-hounds have it) then it'll make the FIFTH wedding in her still-young life.

Past hubbies for Dot have been: 1, a fellow who used to go to school with her but whose name nobody can seem to remember; 2, Jimmy Fidler, who's risen to the glittering eminence of Hollywood's No 1 radio-commentator, but who was only another press-agent when he was the other half of Dot's life; 3, Marshall Duffield, who was a great football star before he became another Hollywood young man, and 4, A. E. Atwater, about whom nobody seems to recall very much other than that he was another of the Lee hubbies.

◆

BABY TALK in HOLLYWOOD—Barbara Bennett, who's still Mrs. Morton Downey, is expecting another little Downey, which'll make it SIX, count 'em, SIX!!! . . . and Molly O'Day, who used to be a famous star in the silent days, and who's Mrs. Jack Durant now, is expecting her third! . . . the Fred MacMurray's are conning nursery plans . . . and from England comes news that Geraldine Fitzgerald, who's the wife of Edwin Lindsay-Hogg, Irish artist, is making a date with Ol' Doc Stork . . . and the Bill Seiters (she was Marion Nixon) are cooing in the ears of their newborn babe.

◆

DON'T BE SURPRISED if the next Hollywood elopement makes Kay Griffiths, Mrs. John Howard.

◆

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—if it's true that Anita Louise has REALLY been Mrs. Buddy Adler for anyway, three months now?

QUAINTEST swain in quaint Hollywood is the lad who's followed Owen Crump into Isabel Jewell's life. Of ALL things, Isabel's new interest is a Mohammedan Prince, and his name is Ben Hadji Selimovitch, or something like that . . . !

He's got an Oxford accent that's thicker than Doug Fairbanks Junior's, which is SOMEthing!! And besides that, he's got a lot of Mohammedan religious rules which raise merry hell with Isabel's social life, because the proper hours for praying and eating and bathing are very important in the Prince's life, and they conflict NO END with Hollywood's ideas of when to eat, bathe, sleep and pray, if ever!

◆

TALKING about babies, the surprise of Hollywood is that the Basil Rathbones have joined those who've adopted tots.

Of ALL people, the last couple Hollywood ever would have expected to adopt a baby were Basil and Ouida. Not that they're not swell folk—but the super-super-super-sophistication which Hollywood associates with the Rathbone menage somehow didn't seem to have any niche or chink into which a baby could be fitted. Babies and ultra-sophistication are just two things that Hollywood can't reconcile. Maybe the Rathbones are tired of being so veddy sophisticated?

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Hilda Title and Big Boy Williams
Are in the midst of Cupid's thrilliums!

When Arleen Whelan romance went "pa-fifft" Richard Greene went romantic for Virginia Field—and vice versa. Wedding?

FROM 16 *to* 60

IT'S EASY TO HAVE *Beautiful Eyes*

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HOW QUICKLY a bold, bright plaid can capture the eye of a man. But it takes a smile, a bright and sparkling smile, to hold his rapt attention.

For without a radiant smile, a girl wins not admiration, but indifference. Pathetic the one who spends hour after hour selecting the style that best becomes her—but ignores "pink tooth brush."

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Book and Lyrics by Eric Maschwitz
Music by George Posford and Bernard Grün
Directed by Reinhald Schunzel
Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
AN M-G-M PICTURE

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MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVIII. No. 6 JANUARY, 1940 Twenty-eighth Year

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

Exchanging confidences over a supper table at the "Troc" are Hedy Lamarr and hubby, Gene Markey, who is toasting their present and future happiness

FUNNIEST "romantic-ANTIC" of the month—is chalked up by your ol' Tattler to Lana Turner, the 'teen-age hotshot of Hollywood, who pulled this one on Handy Randy Scott, at the "Troc," the other night:

Randy was dating Lana, who's pulling an "I Get Along Without You Very Well" duet with ex-flame Greg Bautzer. They'd gone to the "Troc," had Randy and Lana, and were dining and dancing. And then something happened, and next thing he knew, Randy was sitting there all, all alooooone, with a hastily scribbled good-bye note from Lana, who had swept out of the "Troc" in what looked like a huff, had imperiously had a cab called and had driven off alone, after sending the note in to Randy.

■

AND whether or not it had something to do with the fact that Greg Bautzer was reported at the Victor Hugo, the very same night, with pretty Dolly Hunt, who knows?

CUPID'S COUPLET:
To Glamor-Damsel Brenda Marshall
Bill Holden sure seems mighty parshall!

■

FOR a guy who isn't old enough to vote, yet, young Bob Preston certainly manages to get around . . . Anyway, with Dorothy Lamour.

What looks like the hottest romance in town, at the moment, is this Preston-Lamour conflagration. When it started, it smelled to high heaven like one of those studio-press-agent-inspired twosomes, and for a while Hollywood accepted it as such. But when it went on night after night, and nitespot after nitespot, Hollywood began to realize that not even a press-agent can work up such a temperature between a boy and a gal. And now Hollywood is wondering whether or not it isn't really serious . . .

The other night, Bob and Dot went ice skating together, and ringside observers swore the ice nearly melted!

And Bob Ritchie, Jeanette MacDonald's former heart-interest, who more recently had seemed to be rating No. 1 Spot in Lamour's life, is now out of Dot's picture completely.

And Charlie Barnet? Aw, who mentioned that???

■

DON'T BE SURPRISED IF—Clara Bow, the EX-IT GAL, finally comes to the end of her marriage to Rex Bell, the cowboy-actor-rancher. After years of apparent happiness, Clara and Rex seem at the verge of an amicable separation.

■

ISA MIRANDA may have to do her marriage to Alfred Guarini all over again . . .! It seems that the mothers of both Isa and her hubby are very orthodox old-world characters, who hold to the old ways of doing things and can't see any of these modern compromises. Now, the newlyweds are arranging for their respective mothers to come from Italy to visit in Hollywood—and when and if they do, it's a prac-

[*Continued on page* 62]

Andrea Leeds and Bob Howard sealed engagement with marriage license. How do you like the ring? Andrea asked Boss Goldwyn for 3 months' leave of absence

AND A VERY MARY (MARTIN) NEW YEAR!

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ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

Members of the clan enjoy a family dinner—before a stage full of technicians—in this scene from *Four Wives*. Among the players at table are May Robson, Claude Rains, Lola Lane, Frank McHugh, Rosemary Lane, Dick Foran, Gale Page, Jeffrey Lynn

"HALLO, GOOF!" Imagine Ray Milland's embarrassment, when that was the way Sonja Henie greeted him, on the first day of work on their picture *Everything Happens at Night*. . . . Eyebrows raised, Ray looked his astonishment. . . . "Goof?" he asked. . . . "But, yes; that is your name in this role, isn't it?" asked Sonja. They looked at the script then—and in the script, Ray's character name is "Geoff." You see, Sonja doesn't yet read English very well—and to her, "Geoff" spelled simply "Goof." . . . But they explained it to her. And also why it wasn't nice to call Ray "goof." . . . Joan Bennett proved she's a trouper, when they came to the *Green Hell* scene where Doug Fairbanks, Junior smacks her one across the face. . . . On the first take, Doug couldn't bring himself to letting Joan have it. He pulled his blow—so obviously that it spoiled the take. . . . Director Jimmy Whale had him try it again. And again, Doug's reluctance to smack Joan spoiled the take. . . . Joan grinned. "All right, Doug," she said. "Let it go, next time. Hit me hard. HARD! I can take it." . . . Next time, Doug let fly. The crack resounded across the stage. The take was swell. But there were tears in Joan's eyes.

THEY still say that his make-up in *Hunchback of Notre Dame* led to the illness which finally killed Lon Chaney. . . . Well, Charles Laughton, in the current remake of the great story, probably won't die from the make-up. . . . BUT—Laughton lost a full pound a day during nine days' shooting during Hollywood's late-fall hot spell. . . . Even though the studio cut his schedule down to five hours a day in make-up, the grotesque hunchback harness, plus the strenuous action, whittled nine pounds from Laughton's weight in two days over a week. . . . But then, Laughton can afford it! Thrill of the lot is the "new Marlene" that's being manifested during shooting of *Destry Rides Again*, the wild-west picture which will bring Dietrich to you in a new role. . . . When she first appeared on the lot, everybody stood in awe of the great Marlene. . . . They didn't even know whether to address her as "Marlene" or "Miss Dietrich" or "Madame" or what. . . . One of the assistant directors asked her how to address her when they wanted to call her. . . . "Oh, just whistle," she snapped. . . . And from then on, the bars were down and the fun was on. . . . Hottest day of the whole production was that terrific fight scene, in which Marlene flings glamor all to hell, and goes into a wild free-for-all battle with Una Merkel. . . . They fight all over the wild-west saloon scene, with Marlene throwing glasses, bottles, mirrors, a mandolin and what have you, not to mention her legs around. . . . The day they shot it, sideline watchers were both Marlene's hubby, Rudy Sieber, and her close friend, Erich Maria Remarque. . . . After the "take," Marlene came puffing to the spot where they stood. . . . Her stockings were torn; her dress ripped; her hair wildly disordered; her face streaked with dirt. . . . "Imagine ME—Two-Gun Dietrich," she cracked.

RKO'S actresses take their emotional scenes BIG. . . .! Two instances: For *Vigil in the Night*, Anne Shirley, playing Carole Lombard's slightly flighty sister, discovers she has been responsible for the death of a child in the hospital where she is a nurse. . . . The scene requires her to enter a room with a laugh, realize what she has done, and swing into sudden shock and hysteria. . . . Little Shirley did it, and did it well. . . . BUT—after the scene, it took a full half hour for her to get her emotions sufficiently under control again to go on with the work! . . . And here's instance No. 2—In *Allegheny Uprising*, Claire Trevor had to do a scene in which she's disguised as a man, and drives a wagon carrying her lover past enemy sentries. . . . As part of her disguise, she smokes a big pipe. . . . And the script, as a comedy touch, requires her to drive past the sentries behind her own smoke-screen—but then climb quickly down from the driver's seat and rush into some bushes, where nature takes its course because she's been made violently ill. . . . For the rehearsals, there was, of course, no actual smoking done by Claire. . . Then came the first take—and it all went fine, with Claire puffing great clouds of smoke from the pipe. . . . But when it came time for the follow-up stuff in the bushes, Claire didn't have to act any more. . . . She was really sick.

ON-THE-SET Wise-crack of the Month—came from the mouth of Eddie Albert, after three hours of shooting on one scene in Warner Brothers' *Four Wives*. The scene was the screen wedding between Eddie ond Rosemary Lane. . . . Finally, at the close of the day's work, Eddie staggered to the sidelines with this quip: "Gee whiz—Rosemary, it's taking us longer to GET married than a lot of people in Hollywood STAY married!" Over at the *Diamonds Are Dangerous* set, there's an international cast that makes the European situation look inadequate. Here's the line-up, as you sit on the sidelines and check the players—George Brent, Irish; Isa Miranda, Italian; Elizabeth Patterson, American; Matt Boulton, Scotch; Cecil Kelloway, Australian; Miss Nikolayeva, Russian; John Loder, Nigel Bruce and Ralph Forbes, English; Director George Fitzmaurice, French—and about 100 extras —African!

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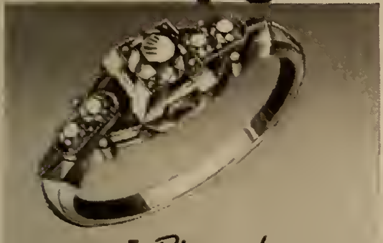

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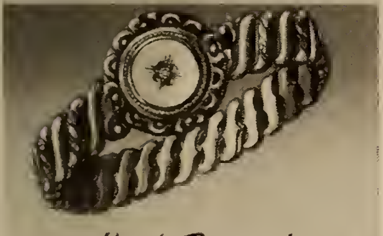

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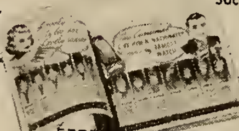

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STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

The Andy Devines left babies at home when they came to New York to do the town. They took in all first nights and had themselves a time at International Casino

Dick Powell, when recent NY visitor, made personal appearances at Paramount, visited the World's Fair, where he studied engine that runs Ford Exposition. Wifey Joan came on to keep him company

ALL POINTS EAST: Every agent in town has a list this long of name stars eager to desert Hollywood for Broadway billing . . . The recent studio purge was drastic to the stars who were caught at option time . . . But even our most successful contract players have become stage struck . . . Paul Muni is in rehearsal . . . With his usual thoroughness, Muni has remained in hiding, getting into character . . . Bette Davis, still wandering through New England, won't return to the Warner fold until her studio promises her a leave of absence for a return to the theatre . . . If Muni, why not Davis? The Warners want her back on the lot collecting Oscars . . . They are afraid that a Broadway flop might hurt her box-office appeal . . . I've heard it said that though Bette has mastered screen technique, she never distinguished herself in legitimate roles . . . There is still talk around that she and Harmon Nelson will get together again before she returns West . . . Certainly Ham hasn't given up hope . . . And Bette has had long months in the quiet byways of her native countryside to ponder on the what price career question, at the sacrifice of happiness . . . The death of Harry Ritz' wife saddened all New York . . . dieting undoubtedly weakened her resistance to pneumonia . . . Harry will join his brothers on a personal appearance tour . . . he wants to get to work immediately . . . Betty Furness is sending out pictures of her new infant already . . . Papa Johnny Green snapped them . . . Sylvia Sydney had a six pound boy at Woman's Hospital . . . I've never seen happier expectant parents than Sylvia and Hubby Luther Adler . . . Virginia Peine is looking at scripts denying (1) that she will join George Raft in Miami this winter; (2) that she will make a personal appeal to George's estranged wife for a divorce . . . Virginia will give her all to carving a career. Bruce Cabot left for the Columbia lot just when Adrienne Ames got in . . . Which made it nicer for Adrienne . . . They travel in the same social set, and Adrienne would have missed a lot of fun trying to avoid her ex-husband . . . They're not exactly the best of friends . . . Adrienne looks grand, after a long unhappy spell . . . The war will keep her from carrying out her original plan of making pictures in England . . . Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are expected arrivals . . . Their visit will be something of a honeymoon trip . . . the first time they'll have seen Manhattan together . . . Marjorie Weaver will vacation in town after a couple of weeks in her home town, Louisville, Kentucky . . . Donald Cook, who hasn't been too fortunate in his choice of plays since deserting the studios, has clicked in the Gertrude Lawrence play, *Skylark,* with a swell comedy performance . . . Gene Autry's press-agent has a long memory . . . Gene's entrance into the International Casino on his horse couldn't be a press-agent stunt, now could it? One that Tom Mix pulled many years back—at the Astor?

TOO MUCH OOMPH: Five shows a day and the necessity of living up to her oomph reputation, brought Ann Sheridan perilously close to a nervous breakdown . . . Her last appearances at the Strand Theatre found a doctor in constant attendance . . . A bad sinus condition which will require an operation to clear up, aggravated her condition still further . . . Ann should remember the tragedy of Jean Harlow and not work so hard at being a glamor girl. The autograph fans were disappointed that the Warner starlet didn't register so oomphy on personal inspection . . . Ann's natural, wholesome personality shines through that studio-picked wardrobe and the glamor get-up . . . Ted Weems was a frequent companion after the last show . . . But it's no romance . . . Neither is Anatole Litvak, who, rumor had it, came on from Hollywood just to be near Ann.

OPENING NIGHT: It's been a marvelous month for openings of all kinds . . . Helen Hayes drew Connie Bennett, Norma Shearer and Simone Simon as audience attractions, among others . . . Gertrude Lawrence and the Kaufman-Hart show drew identical first-nighters. *The Man Who Came To Dinner* stars Monte Woolley, nicknamed in Hollywood, "The Beard," who really comes into his own after a Hollywood brush-off. Norma has become a familiar part of New York life after dark. The cloth of gold jacket she wore at the Hayes opening is the most interesting fashion note of the season . . . Later at the Monte Carlo opening, Norma still held the glances of the women when she arrived with Frank Shields . . . her frequent companion . . . Connie Bennett there also, with a new hairdress too severe for her face . . . Connie is doing personals . . . like Ann Sheridan, she sings . . . She says it isn't enough to give audiences that "here I am in person" routine anymore . . . the fans want to be entertained.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL CASINO: Chester Morris chatting with Elaine Barrie . . . being restrained from doing a card trick . . . At *Twenty-one*: . . . Chester

[*Continued on page* 67]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

PARTY-THRILL of the Month—was the one that left scores of dinner-dancers aghast at the Victor Hugo the other night, right in the middle of a dance . . . From the floor, where movie stars were dancing, came a blood-curdling scream . . . Sounded like nothing less than murder, or some poor gal suffering a fate worse than death — But it was only Dorothy Lamour, dancing on one foot and nursing the other. Seems that Dorothy had slipped her shoes off and was dancing in her stocking feet . . . And some lug stepped on her toesy-woesie . . . !! Model-Party of the Month—was really a *model* party, on account of a parade of professional dress models displayed a whole series of new fashions, at the shindig Jimmy Fidler's wife threw at the Club Versailles, to honor her guest from New York, designer Gladys Parker . . . And it wasn't an all-femme affair, either. Bob Hope was the master of ceremonies, and doubled with Ken Murray in a comedy act. Stars aplenty were there—and their gowns outdid those on the models. A gold silk skirt and a matching jacket of light wool made Joan Crawford the bright spot of the evening. Dot Lamour was in gold silk, too.

ROBERT PRESTON, who's never had so much publicity before he met her, squired Dorothy. Other guests were Jeannette Ferguson, Edgar Bergen (without Charlie), Shirley Ross and Ken Dolan, Billie Dove as lovely as ever with her hubby, Bob Kenaston, Nancy Kelly, Irene Hervey and hubby Allan Jones, Marj Weaver, Ann Rutherford and a whole slough of others. . . . Birthday-Party of the month—was the double-barreled affair for Mickey Rooney when he hit 19. First was at the studio, where the entire studio crew joined in. . . . Second barrel was a dinner at the Victor Hugo. . . . Highlight gift of the studio brawl was George Seitz's gift to Mickey. . . . It was a package, which Mickey opened breathlessly—and was he mortified when he found it contained the costume Mickey wore when he was only six, and Seitz directed him in a kid movie. . . .Although the Victor Hugo dinner party was comparatively small, the entire cafe-ful of diners stood up and joined in the chorus of "Happy Birthday to You." Mickey's gal-friend was Barbara Dougal. As a matter of fact—Mickey was practically the outstanding party-hound of the month. . . . Not only his own birthday party, but also the party which Dolores and Bob Hope threw for Judy Garland was featured by Mickey's clowning. . . . That was at the Victor Hugo, too. . . . Guests were mostly the younger set, and deferring to their tender years (!), Bob had only soda pop and lemonade and pre-repeal punch served. . . . That amused the kiddies so much that they quickly sent out for a giftie for Bob—which turned out to be a baby dress and cap, and a package of lollypops. . . . Hope then mc'd the inevitable show. Judy sang; Jackie Cooper went at the drums with the band; Mickey stole the show with his terrific impersonation of Clark Gable and Lionel Barrymore.

TALKING about the Hollywood youngsters—they've launched a war on jitterbugging! And seriously!!—for they've organized what they've named the National Anti-Jitterbug Society, with Frankie Thomas as national president, and with their objective "a passive campaign against all jitterbugs," according to Frankie . . . "We discourage violence in the dance, and urge our members to stay away from jitter joints and hot bands; we want rhumbas and sensible tunes." . . . Others enlisted, include Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, Jackie Cooper, Gloria Franklin and Leni Lynn . . . No. 1 Bachelor Host of Hollywood—turns out to be Franchot Tone, who used to be Mister Joan Crawford. Franchot's favorite hosting-spot is the House of Murphy, where he throws splendid eating parties in the romantic candle-lighted patio . . . His usual favorite guest is, of course, Mary Healy. And the other night, these sat around his party table: Wendy Barrie, Jimmy Stewart, Burgess Meredith, Margaret Perry—but not Joan Crawford.

CASH-RAISING party of the month—was the old-time bazaar thrown by Helen Gahagan, to help raise funds for relief of California's highly-ballyhooed migratory workers. . . . Scene of the affair was one of the huge sound stages at the International Studios, all dolled up like a regular, old-fashioned church bazaar, with carnival decorations, hot dogs, peanuts and pop corn, wheel games and all the old paddle games, and a band all togged out in country clothes, playing for reels, square dances and such-like. . . . Those who had themselves a time at the affair included such Hollywood figures as Vicki Baum, Beulah Bondi, Melvyn Douglas (who practically HAD to since he's Helen Gahagan's husband). Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Eric Snowden, Dorothy Tree, the Donald Friedes, Anne Nagel, Stuart Walker and many other. . . . Party-Mishap of the month—was what happened when the power lines broke, cutting off electricity from the Bob Young valley ranch, just when the Youngs had a houseful of guests there. . . . Reason: the Young's gates are electrically controlled. And because the power was off, the guests were locked inside the Young ranch, and had to stay overnight until service was resumed in the morning!

Which Soap Gives Your Skin
THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE?

Before you use any soap to combat body odor, smell the soap! Instinctively you will choose Cashmere Bouquet Soap, for its fragrance appeals to the senses of men

A MAN loves with all five senses, and smart girls—those serenely confident females who seem to conquer men almost without trying—are fastidious about the fragrance of their bath soap.

How confident and carefree you can feel when your skin suggests a breath of romance. Why slave for perfection in make-up, hair-do and costume, only to risk it all because the fragrance of your bath soap is not equally alluring.

Yes, go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

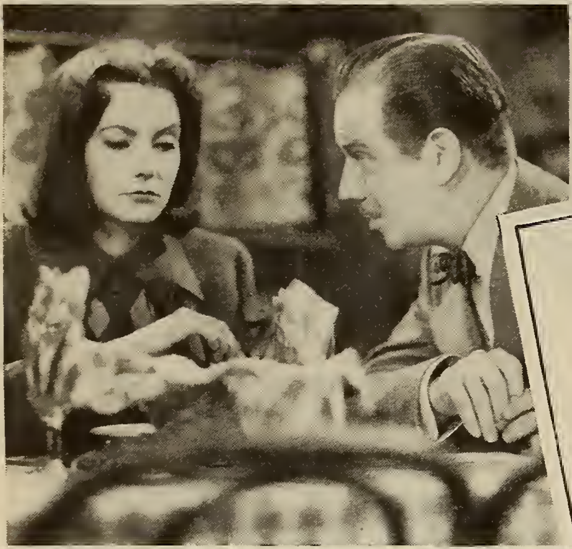
So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢
Wherever fine soaps are sold

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet Soap
The Fragrance Men Love

PICTURE



CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

—AAAA—

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington where he isn't likely to get a very warm welcome, particularly from the gentlemen in the Senate, but when he starts getting around the country, *Mr. Smith* will be received with brass bands and banners. He can thank Mr. Frank Capra for that—so can you for giving you one of the grandest pictures of the year. You can also thank the cast—James Stewart, Jean Arthur, Claude Rains, Edward Arnold, Guy Kibbee, Thomas Mitchell, Eugene Pallette, Beulah Bondi, H. B. Warner and Harry Carey, among others, for contributing such excellent emoting to this daring but life-like American drama. And you can also thank your lucky stars (those in heaven, not Hollywood) that you are living in the U. S. A., for only in a democracy like ours is it possible to expose the unsavory side of its governing powers. This is the story of a young, idealistic American who is appointed to the Senate by a big political boss to act as his stooge but who, after a terrific struggle, beats him at his own game.—*Columbia.*

NINOTCHKA

—AAA½—

We understand there are some people here (in addition to Russia's 170,000,000) who are frowning on *Ninotchka* because it pokes fun at Communist Russia, a friendly country. Now isn't that just too bad? It's perfectly all right for us to satirize our own people and expose them to the Russians—anybody for that matter—but we can't afford to laugh at their people—not even if it is all good-natured fun. Well, we bet the Russians themselves would get a laugh out of this if they were given the chance. Why even Garbo laughs in *Ninotchka*—as you've probably learned from the ads. *Ninotchka* is a Russian commissar who is sent to Paris to check up on three comrades who arrived there earlier on a mission to sell a few of those Russian Crown jewels, and have failed miserably—in fact to such an extent that they occupy the royal suite, something which is probably punishable by death in Russia. *Ninotchka* is supposed to be above all such human failings but she, too, cannot resist the charms of Paris—and *Leon*. It's loads of fun—thanks to Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ina Claire and Ernst Lubitsch who directed.—*M-G-M.*

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX

—AAA½—

If Hollywood gave prizes for the poorest performance as well as the best—as they do at bridge—we believe *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* would receive both. Errol Flynn never earned the reputation of being a great actor but he certainly has given us more convincing performances than he does as *Essex*. But perhaps Legs Flynn needs wider scope than that offered by *Essex*—the Queen's private chambers may have been too confining for his specialized talents. Needless to say, the award for the "best" performance would go to Bette Davis—that is if she hasn't already earned it for *Dark Victory* or *Juarez*—for she fulfills the role of *Elizabeth* most elegantly. It's all done in Technicolor which is such an advantage in filming historical films in all their court splendor. The production is extravagant and so is the cast, for in addition to Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, there's Olivia de Havilland, Donald Crisp, Vincent Price, Alan Hale, Henry Daniell, Henry Stephenson, Robert Warwick and Ralph Forbes.—*Warner.*

PARADE

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

—AAA½—

As the title suggests, this is a cavalcade of the movies and presents a true picture of Hollywood—then and now. It's really amazing to think that Hollywood who has given us the story of practically every important industry—steel, lumber, railroads, shipping—neglected to tell their own story until now. *Hollywood Cavalcade* starts with the early silent days when the Keystone Cops were the glamor boys of Hollywood and each step is packed with entertainment. It seems as though those very early efforts still have the power to rouse an audience to hysterical glee. Through this panorama of the making of pictures runs a story that tells all the stories about the personal side of Hollywood—its successes and failures, its joys and dramas. Alice Faye and Don Ameche play these composite figures handsomely and they are ably assisted by J. Edward Bromberg, Alan Curtis, Stuart Erwin, Jed Prouty, Buster Keaton, *et al.—20th Century-Fox.*

INTERMEZZO

—AAA—

One of Mr. Webster's definitions of the word "intermezzo" is: "A short independent instrumental composition." We believe this definition more than any other suggested the title to the producer, David Selznick, for *Intermezzo* is a short, independent and musical interlude in the life of *Holger*, its hero. But should you only accept the literary interpretation of the word "musical"—which would be correct anyway, *Holger* being a concert violinist—Selznick added after the title, "A Love Story." It is beautifully directed—by Gregory Ratoff—and acted—and will long be remembered as the vehicle introducing Ingrid Bergman. Miss Bergman comes from Sweden and has drawn numerous comparisons to Garbo because of their mutual nationality but that's all these two have in common. Ingrid Bergman is not mysterious, she is not glamorous—she is young and fresh and natural. And even through she plays the other woman, she wins the audience's sympathy. Leslie Howard is *Holger*, of course, and Edna Best plays the wife. Others prominent in the cast are John Halliday, Cecil Kellaway, Ann Todd, Douglas Scott and Maria Flynn.—*Selznick-U. A.*

DISPUTED PASSAGE

—AAA—

If you read Lloyd C. Douglas' best-seller, *Disputed Passage*, it will give you a great deal of satisfaction to know that the producers—Paramount—have maintained all the best qualities of the book in the picture. In fact, the author himself was so pleased with their endeavor that he sent the producers a message. And they are so proud of earning it they have used it as a foreword. It reads as follows: "Thank you so much for preserving the full flavor of *Disputed Passage*. In this beautiful picture, those who like the characters in the book will be glad to see them come to life here." In case you haven't read the book, it is in keeping with Mr. Douglas' traditions—remember *The Green Light* and *Magnificent Obsession?*—and relates a story of the medical profession and its spiritual as well as physical powers of healing. The cast isn't important but it is played importantly by the cast which includes Akim Tamiroff, Dorothy Lamour, John Howard, William Collier, Sr., Judith Barrett, Victor Varconi, *et al.* Not unimportant is Frank Borzage whose directorial talents add much to the dramatic value of the story.—*Paramount.*

EXCELLENT TASTE— IN CHRISTMAS GIFTS

1

HOMEMADE CANDIES MAKE WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFTS

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

CANDIES—crisp and crunchy! Candies—buttery-rich and toffyish! Candies—fine-grained, melting in your mouth! Candies—chock-a-block full of nuts and raisins!

Candies—creamy, rich-flavored and velvety smooth!

Candies to delight the children and the sweetest-toothed of grown-ups; candies to give as personal gifts; candies to hang on the tree; candies to pass with holiday refreshments; candies to make and sell for fairs and bazaars; CANDY not once, but ALWAYS!

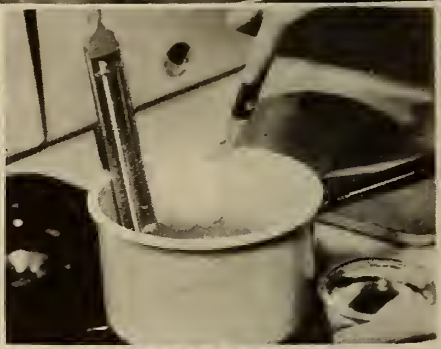
It's easy to make candies at home with the professional touch. *Quality materials* come first—good butter, fine-grained sugars, pure New Orleans molasses, evaporated and condensed milk, corn syrup, true flavors and fresh nuts, raisins and other ingredients.

Right candy-making equipment comes next—smooth-surfaced 2-quart heavy metal saucepan, a wooden spoon for stirring, a spatula for blending and shaping, two knives and scissors for cutting, a candy thermometer for testing accurately, waxed paper for drying and wrapping.

Accurate Measurements and Recipes come third—for in no other branch of cookery is accuracy and timing so essential. Follow tested recipes carefully and exactly.

Imagination comes last, but not least. The recipe for a simple fondant in the hands of one with imagination will become an entire box of assorted bon-bons, each differing in filling, color, shape and flavor.

One of the most popular of all types of candies is Panocha or Penoche, to which fudge belongs—a smooth, velvety, creamy candy whose success depends on timing the moment when the cooked mixture should be beaten. *Never beat a fudge or penoche just as* it is removed from the heat; always cool first to lukewarm (110° F.) at room tempera- [*Continued on page* 82]



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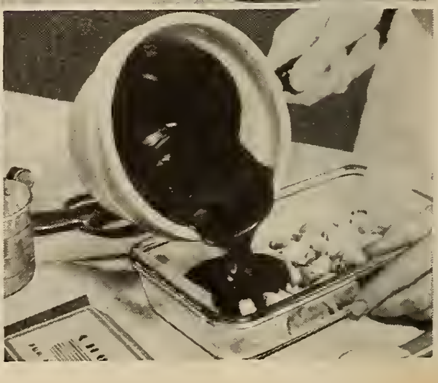


5

1. Little girls like to make Molasses Brittle as much as they like to eat it. 2. Right candy-making equipment is important. To assure candy success have a candy thermometer for exact temperatures. 3. Pour Fondant on cold platter and work with spatula until white and creamy. 4. You can have four flavors from one recipe. Cutting with sharp knife and careful eye makes all pieces uniform. 5. Making chocolate bars is fun but use quality materials. Cover nuts and marshmallows with melted sweet chocolate. 6. There's no place like home—when there's a candy dish filled with Brazil Nut novelties. Oh, Home, SWEET Home

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

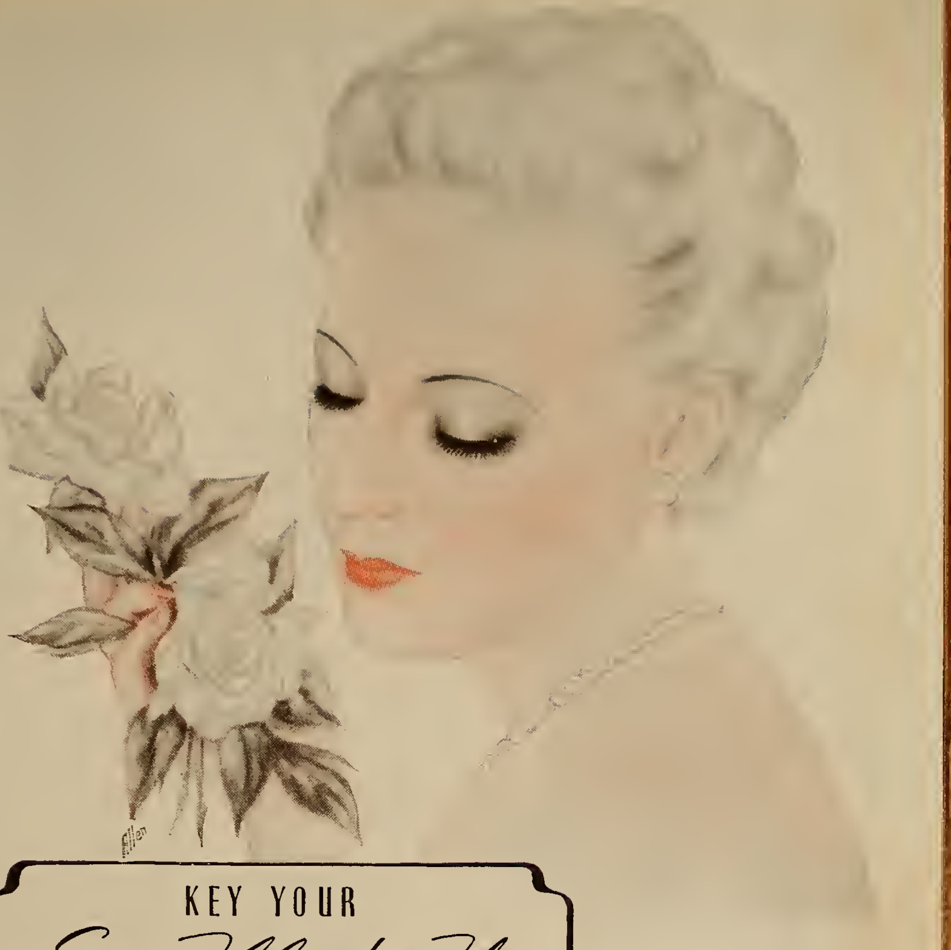
IF YOU remember way back when they were singing "Dardanella"—and you can't make *me* believe that you don't—then you remember the Harem skirt. . . . So far, in all the fashion-reviving that has been going on, the designers have skipped this one. But trust Dottie Lamour to bring it to the front again in a formal dinner gown of grey crepe. . . . Dottie's gown, with its extra low waistline and bloused harem skirt was cut with a V-neckline, ornamented with a large garnet clip fashioned in the shape of a Camellia. . . . Her full-length cape was very full and shirred at the shoulders, and fastened with a heavy gold chain. . . . The day after I saw the Lamour in this gown I was talking to Howard Shoup out at Warner Bros. Howard told me that he had taken inspiration for a lot of his fall designs from the Far East, and had just finished fashioning a dress for Ann Sheridan which featured this same bloused hemline. . . . The dress he designed for Ann is of black silk jersey and besides the bloused hemline, which is definitely Oriental, Howard has used the long slim waistline tightly wrapped with a cummerbund of the same material. . . . You have to be a regular walking dictionary to know all these terms the fashion designers throw at you! The cummerbund is a tightly wrapped sash. . . . Ann accents the black of her gown with a two-inch wide bracelet and fringe necklace of gold.

I RAN into Gloria Dickson while out at Warners'. And mighty glad I was too, because Gloria was wearing a smart new tailored suit with the corseted look, and it gave me another chance to get a fashion-wise gal's opinion on whether or not the corset is here to *stay*. (And that's not a pun!). . . . Gloria told me that she has finally deserted the ranks of the gals who say they definitely will not wear corsets. . . . At least to the extent of having some of her clothes cut with the accent on the slim waistline and the rounded hips. . . . The suit Gloria was wearing, of black gabardine, featured a skirt hung from a pointed yoke which fitted one degree looser than her skin around the mid-section. . . . Below the yoke, in front, the skirt was straight, but in the back it had just enough fullness to suggest a bustle. . . . The coat, nipped in to a wasp waistline flared out over rounded hips.

JOAN BLONDELL is another of the Hollywood mamas who have become corset-conscious. . . . When I talked to Joan at lunch the other day she admitted that she bought her first corset only a few days before—simply because she couldn't resist it. . . . "They looked so cute in the stores," Joan told me, "that I simply had to buy one. Lace trimming and rosebuds included." . . . The first time Joan wore it, she spent two hours getting laced up. But she got so many compliments on her small waist that Joan says she is going to wear it all the time with her evening clothes. . . . Gale Page, another luncher at the Derby where Joan and I were discussing corsets, has a grand new idea for pepping up clothes of the darker fall colors. . . . Gale was wearing suede mousquetaire gloves of turquoise blue, and a choker necklace of the same color gave life to her sheer wool dress of coffee-bean brown. . . . She told me, since red is one of your favorite colors, that you would like her very short gloves of red kid and ruby brooch which she wears for a color accent to a black dress. . . .

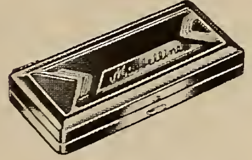
MIRIAM HOPKINS stopped at our table to show me the snood and hand bag which she had crocheted herself. . . . Made of moss-green velvet yarn the pouch-type bag and snood lent color to her street dress of grey wool. . . . With dime-store counters loaded down with yarns of all kinds, there is no reason—except laziness—why you can't have several matching snoods and bags to wear with your plain colored wools this fall. . . . And speaking of snoods, the movie gals are wearing them more and more. Especially these brisk fall days, they're just the thing to keep your hair under control without smashing down all the curls. . . . You see a lot more of them in Hollywood now than you do the bandanas or peasant scarves which were so popular. . . . The other night at the bowling alley—and if you're up on your Hollywood gossip you know that's the latest sports craze to hit town—a lot of the girls wore snoods with their slack suits. . . . Tailored slack suits will hold the spotlight for informal wear.

Mlle. Chic



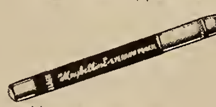
KEY YOUR *Eye Make-Up* TO THE NEW FASHIONS

New dress colors, hat designs, hair do's—all conspire to draw more attention to your eyes. So it's no wonder Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are an important part of the Fashion picture. Sweeping glamour for your lashes . . . expressive eyebrows . . . soft, shimmering eyelids, and look—there's the stunning effect you want! It's so easy with Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow. These safe, world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are—and always will be—your assurance of beauty that's smart and in good taste. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Insist on the genuine—*Maybelline*.


Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in handsome gold-covered vanity, 75c.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in trim zippercase.

Maybelline Eye Shadow in distinctive pastel box.


Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, finely pointed.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

THE EYES OF FASHION by *Maybelline*

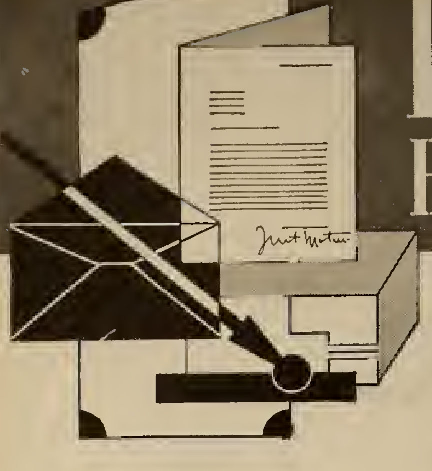
For alluring mystery under your most devastating hat, make your eyelashes look long, dark, thick—with Maybelline Mascara. For blondes or titian type, Brown or Blue. For brunettes, Black or Blue.

Eyebrows should be tapered to trim perfection with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil—Brown or Black. If you're youthful and daring, use Blue for eyelid liner!

Accent the depth and color of your eyes with Maybelline Eye Shadow. Choose from six exquisite shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. A shade in harmony with your costume is smartly flattering.

Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!

PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!



HEAVENLY PICTURE
$15 Prize Letter

I HAVE just seen a picture show called *On Borrowed Time*—a picture so poignantly beautiful that my prattling about it seems almost as unforgivable as talking while the preacher is reading the Twenty-third Psalm. In this picture Lionel Barrymore and young Bobs Watson so glorify cinema art that as far as I'm concerned such things as Oscars are mere pieces of bric-a-brac. I thank you Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for this picture; for now I know that those gold-paved streets and those heavenly harps, twanged by virgin angels—things I've always known I'd hate in Heaven—are definitely reserved for certain redeemed persons I know. And—when I take *Mr. Brink* by the hand and find that land where the woodbine twineth, I'm sure I'll meet all my old gang there as unchanged as was *Miss Nellie* when she answered *Julian* and *Pud* calling, "coming Miss Nellie—coming Gran."—*Esther L. Nelson, 882 Hickory, Abilene, Texas.*

Lionel Barrymore

MASTER'S VOICE
$10 Prize Letter

"YOU'LL have to cut that scene, it's demoralizing" speaks the authoritative voice of that master mind Will Hays. For Pete's sakes, I'm not yet fourteen, and I quit believing in the stork ages ago. One of our modern mags reviewed *Bachelor Mother* commenting, "delightful—if you are twenty, or over." The censors don't give us credit for any sense, at all! If we couldn't go see *Bachelor Mother* without being harmfully influenced, we would be half-wits and you can't make pictures for half-wits forever. Please do us the favor of considering—if we are old enough to understand the picture, we are old enough to have some personal judgments. And if we don't understand it, it can't hurt us anyway. We don't want saintly pictures, neither do we want sordid, sexy things. We want a happy medium for everyone to enjoy. Smelling salts for the Rocking Chair Brigade, please.—*Sallie Jean Kerry, 1433 So. Frisco, Tulsa, Oklahoma.*

GILT-EDGED SECURITY
$5 Prize Letter

FROM her first picture, *Cimarron*, to her latest, *When Tomorrow Comes*, Irene Dunne has proven her ability and has stamped her performances indelibly upon our mind. I have come to believe that her everlasting popularity and success was engendered by her very human characterizations. She has a unique ability in playing tragedy and comedy in all its insane variations. Her elastic personality gives her the much-needed impetus for putting across a tearjerker in one and then step into slapstick in another. Miss Dunne has a genius for all-acting situations and an unchallengeable serene beauty that makes her the number 1 star of movieland. She has proven to be a gilt-edged security which will go on paying dividends in rare enjoyment for many years to come.—*H. M. Wenzelberg, 17th Air Base Squadron, Hickam Field, Honolulu, T. H.*

Irene Dunne

SPEAKING OF "IT"
$1 Prize Letter

AFTER hearing all the ballyhoo about the new "Oomph Girl," Ann Sheridan, I thought I was in for a cinematic treat when I went to see *Winter Carnival*. To say I was disappointed would be expressing it mildly. Ann Sheridan is as lovely a star as ever graced the silver screen, but she's no Bette Davis. In a nutshell—she's just another Jean Harlow, equally as luscious and equally as bad an actress. But you can't expect to see a Bernhardt when you go to see an "Oomph Girl." Nature can't give one gal everything. Ann should worry. Let the poor slaves do the acting. The men from eighteen to eighty will plank down their thirty cents just to lamp this curvacious sister. (Hope my wife doesn't see this.) But take it from me, fellows, it's worth it.—*J. M. Burg, 309 Citizens State Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.*

Ann Sheridan

DOMESTIC DRAMAS
$1 Prize Letter

DO THE movie moguls take it for granted that everyone likes modern family life films? Most of us lead monotonous, uneventful lives—we go to the movies to be entertained and to enjoy beauty, color and romance. We don't want to see the problems and routine of home life on the screen. We want to escape from realities for a while. We enjoy pictures like *Love Affair, The Mikado, Good-bye, Mr. Chips* and all the MacDonald-Eddy musicals, which lift us out of our mediocre lives into an enchanted world. It is almost impossible to miss these domestic dramas. There are now at least six of them in circulation—possibly more—*The Hardy Family, The Jones Family, The Higgins Family, The Family Next Door, Blondie* and the Lane sisters' series. Quite often they constitute half of these pernicious double bills in practically every theatre in town.—*Mrs. Gertrude Westenberg, 924 37th Ave., Seattle, Wash.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10, and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered. Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

WHY CAN'T WE?
$1 Prize Letter

IF ENGLAND can do it, why can't we? I refer to *The Mikado*. Never in my sixteen years have I seen such breath-taking loveliness nor have I heard such wonderful music. We of the younger generation have little opportunity to see the light operas of yesteryear, and I found it a rare treat to listen to the delightful melodies of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. The cast was excellent, especially the golden-voiced Kenny Baker. The settings were elaborate, but they only seemed to add, not detract, from the plot. So many Hollywood sets look like a director's nightmare. In every way, *The Mikado* far surpasses any American movie I have ever seen. Hollywood can certainly do well to study it, and try to capture some of its exquisite charm.—*Barbara Briggs, 28 County St., New Bedford, Mass.*

HOMELY CHARM
$1 Prize Letter

AS A feminine fan I'm naturally interested in the masculine players but to date have had no insomnia over our current crop of oomph boys. I find I can take 'em in my stride. My preference is for the big, husky type but just because a guy has hair on his chest and a swing like a pile-driver isn't, somehow, quite enough. What's wrong with me anyway? Well, whatever it is Richard Carlson has done it. He's good-looking but not overwhelmingly so, doesn't speak from the side of his mouth or say "gonna" and entirely lacks that cocksure complacency of manner that sudden success invariably brings and which we faintly resent in our heroes. I'd say he will enjoy a far more enduring appeal, because you sense in him a finesse, a modesty and a homely charm, than will the glamor guys whose only stock-in-trade, after all, is physical attraction.—*Georgia Rayne, 1131 Barclay St., Vancouver, B. C.*

Richard Carlson

INGRID BERGMAN

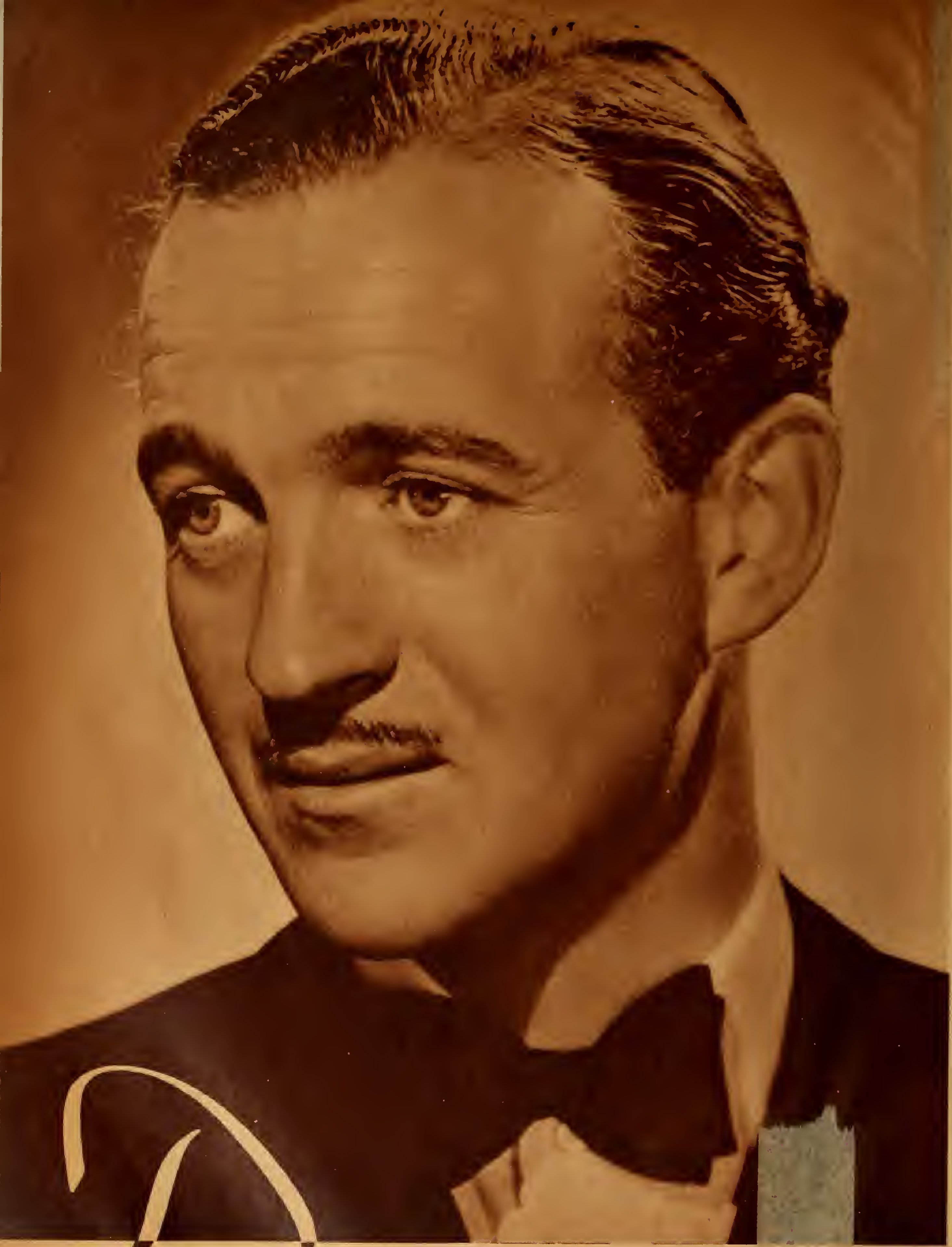
For brilliant acting in *Intermezzo,* Ingrid from Sweden has become Hollywood's Big News

DEANNA DURBIN

Deanna seer[illegible] in deep throes c[illegible]ve

DON AMECHE

As Stephen Foster in *Swanee River,* Don humanizes America's greatest songwriter



DAVID NIVEN

Usually frustrated in stealing hearts, he has better luck stealing gems in *Raffles*

DIETRICH RIDES AGAIN

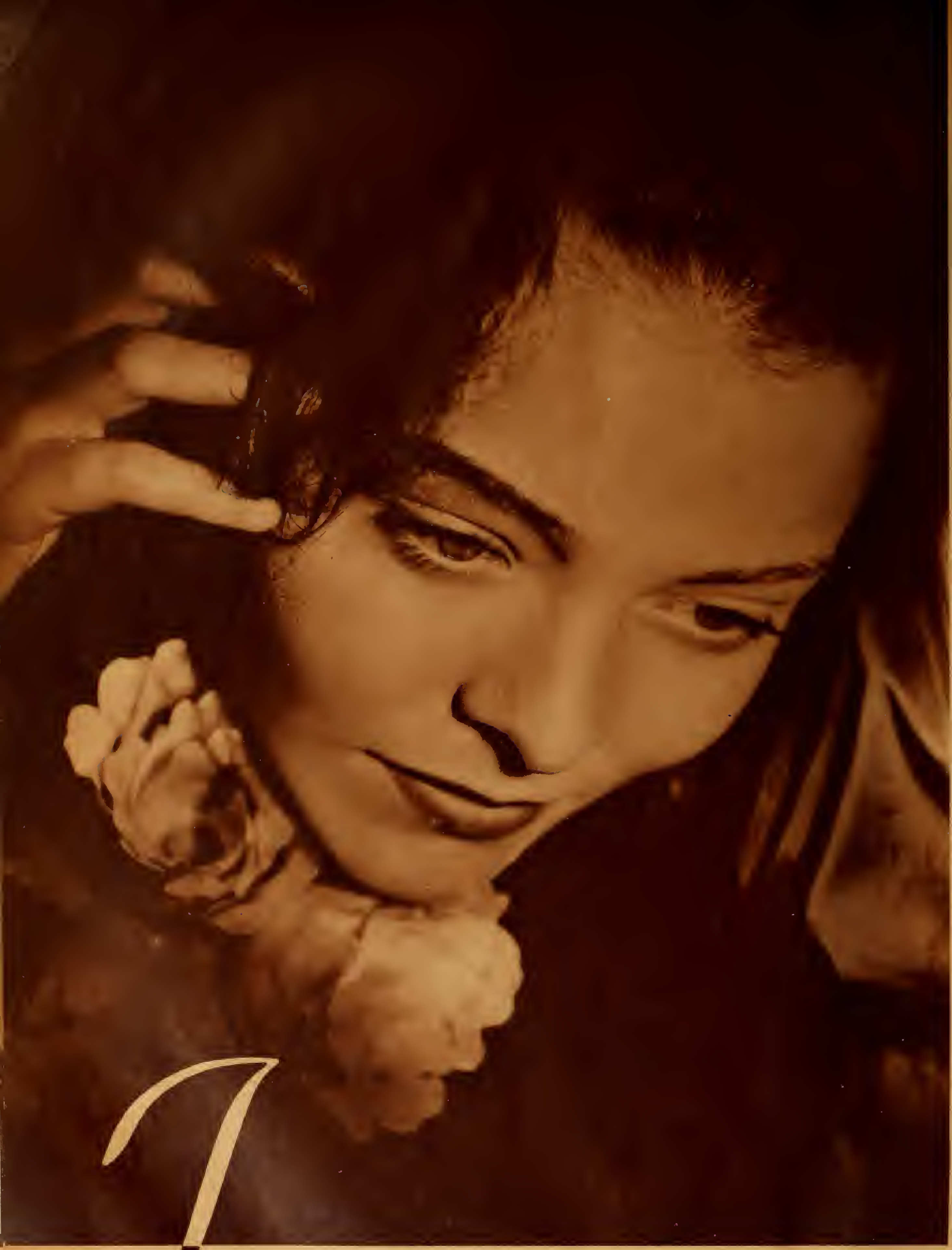
By
DOROTHY
SPENSLEY

A NEW DAY IS DAWNING FOR DIETRICH. WILL A ROOTIN', TOOTIN' WESTERN RENEW HER POPULARITY?

IF YOU read your daily film news you know that Marlene Dietrich is making her "come-back" to the tune of a reported $75,000 or $100,000 instead of the $250,000-$500,000 that it was rumored she received for her last film, made two years ago in England, and called *Knight Without Armour*. In it was Good Actor Robert Donat.

You have also read that La Dietrich's come-back piece is a rootin' tootin' Western, directed by that rootin', tootin' expert, George Marshall, whose last stint was conducting that able but also wooden artist, Charlie McCarthy, through his film paces. In this film, *Destry Rides Again,* Miss Dietrich draws James Stewart, late of *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington,* as co-star.

The rumor around town and at the better cocktail lounges is that a new day is dawning for Dietrich. *Prosit, fraulein!* That the glamor stuff which was her frozen asset is being thawed out, and that if Garbo Laughs, Dietrich Thaws. Too long have Dietrich's film appearances been nothing more than a series of plastic poses, beautiful tableaux. In *Destry,* everyone is yapping, you'll see a new Dietrich, a live Dietrich; a [*Continued on page* 58]



JANE BRYAN

Jane is now established as a dramatic actress opposite Muni in *We Are Not Alone*

STILL THE SAME GUY

AFTER 9 YEARS OF SUCCESS GEORGE RAFT STILL WEARS THE SAME SIZE HAT. IN THIS RICH STORY OF AN AMAZING GUY HE SPILLS HIS HEART ABOUT THINGS LIKE HIS PRIVATE LIFE

By DAN CAMP

I'VE just had lunch with George Raft. Lunch, in his dressing-room there on the Warner Brothers' stage where he's being a gangster and getting shot dead again for the final fade-out of *Invisible Stripes.* Lunch, and a swell talk that began with a lot of laughs and merriment, and that ended with an all-around crying session!

No kidding—plain weeps, with George and me and that publicity gal all wiping away the tears!

I'll tell you about it. And about Norma Shearer, and about Virginia Peine, too. But not so much about Virginia—because that's what we got to crying about, and it broke up the interview. . . !

First off, in the five years since I did that other story about the man, there's been less change in George Raft than there's been in any other individual I know. And that, in this fast-changing Hollywood, is SOMEthing!

I mean that five years ago, George Raft was a gangster-playing star in movies; his best friend and pal was Mack "Killer" Grey; he was quite positive that movie success couldn't possibly last another half year for him—and he was unlucky in love.

Today, George Raft is STILL a gangster-playing star in movies; his best friend and pal is STILL Mack Grey; he is STILL quite positive that movie success can't possibly last "for a phony like me,"—and he's STILL unlucky in love. But that's getting ahead of my story. . . .

Before that, let me answer your (b) query—about Norma Shearer.

In all the twelve or more years I've been looking at the Hollywood circus from a ringside seat, I have rarely been more surprised than when the news pictures and columnists in New York, told about Raft and Norma Shearer hot-stepping it at the New York World's Fair until nearly closing hour.

But anyway, I understand that when they got back to their hotels, Norma was raving about George, and vice-versa. And then, darned if they didn't hop off together on the *Normandie,* for Europe. I mean on the same boat when I say "together."

Well, I was flabbergasted. I knew about George and Virginia Peine. Only a few years ago, George sounded off to me about this Hollywood habit of "playing the field." I remember what he said, then:

"I'm a one-woman man," said George, "and I can't go for this system so many men have here, of playing the field. If a man is in love with one woman, I can't understand his stepping out with another."

That's what he said—and yet, here he was steaming off to Europe with Norma, according to all the gossip, and here was Virginia Peine! Or rather, *where* was Virginia Peine?

So, when I just had lunch with [*Continued on page* 60]

WHY TY IS HIGH POWERED

By CHARLEY SOBLES

HERE ARE THE INDISPUTABLE REASONS WHY TYRONE POWER IS THE MAN OF THE YEAR. HE HAS ALL THE QUALITIES THAT MAKE A DURABLE BOX-OFFICE CHAMP

IT SEEMS that even a man's love-life counts in the race Hollywood puts on to determine America's Number One Glamor Boy.

At any rate, Ty Power's love-life counted—in spades!

And look where Ty stands, as 1939 bows out of the picture! Or didn't you know?

If the Glamor Boy race had been a horse race, the radio announcer's description would run like this:

"As they swing around the far turn, it's Ty Power, Annabella's entry, in the lead. Gable trails by half a length, Taylor's third by a length. Fighting it out for fourth place are Errol Flynn and Richard Greene.

"Ah, here comes a dark horse, sweeping wide on the outside! Let's see—it's Garbo's entry, Melvyn Douglas! Now they're coming into the stretch, holding their places. No, wait! That's Power, drawing ahead! It's Power, drawing away. In the stretch it's Power, by a length . . . Gable, leading Taylor by two lengths. Neck and neck, Greene and Flynn are closing in. Power's drawing away from the field—"

And unless Ty breaks a leg or something, that's the way they'll finish. At least, that's what a summary of all the 1939 popularity polls indicates.

Which brings us right back to popularity and love-life. Ty's in particular, because he seems to be the Man of the Year.

What we set out to discover, at first, was what Ty has that Messrs. Gable, Taylor, *et al* haven't? We wanted to know why he was able to climb from bottom to top in less than three years.

It happened [*Continued on page* 63]

Annabella believes her Ty is the wonder boy of the screen. And the town approves of her as the ideal wife for Ty. His feminine admirers have forgiven him for marrying her

Rita, who reaped fame as member of dancing Cansinos, now reaps fame as Columbia's entry in the group of talented starlets

RITA HAYWORTH

WHO SAID CRAWFORD'S THROUGH?

IF THERE ARE TEARER-DOWNERS WHO SAY THAT JOAN IS THROUGH THEN THEY HAVEN'T SEEN "THE WOMEN," NOR DO THEY KNOW THE REAL JOAN

By GLADYS HALL

JOAN knows that she is standing at a crossroads. And she admits it. She knows that this is a crucial time in her career.

Joan knows well that she is no longer in the Lana Turner class. And she admits this, too, saying "I am every one of my thirty-one years!"

When her studio talks of doing a remake of *Our Dancing Daughters*, the silent picture which made Joan a star ten years ago, and when they say that no one but Joan can do it now, Joan begs to differ, saying, "But I *can't* do it now . . . that was ten years ago . . . I couldn't feel the part any more. . . ."

Joan's fans write to her asking, a little impatiently, "*Why* can't you get good stories, like Bette Davis?"

Joan knows that some people are saying "Crawford is through." She would be sadder than she is if she were not also wiser than these pseudo oracles. For Joan knows that, at one time or another, the same thing has been said about every top-ranking star in the business, from Garbo down.

Whether she knows *this* or not . . . when *Algiers* was being made the very members of the cast said among themselves, "Poor Lamarr, what a trimming *she'll* take!" They actually felt sorry for "poor Hedy," Sigrid Gurie told me so herself, as a good joke on herself, because Hedy didn't get a trimming, she just took all the trimmings—away from everyone else in the cast. Gurie says she might just as well have stayed at home during that production. Even Boyer was as lost as Boyer could ever be in the howls of Hedy-hysteria. Before *Lady of the Tropics* was previewed and released the long-faces were asking: "Will Lamarr be a floppola?"

We know the answer to those questions now. Kay Francis, said Hollywood, is a [*Continued on page 78*]

DOUG JR.

Doug carries on and on as romantic adventurer in *Rulers of the Sea* and *Green Hell*

"I PAID THE

HERE ARE THE EXPERIENCES OF A GIRL WHO MIGHT BE YOU—OR YOU. IT'S THE TRUE STORY OF A GIRL WHO WAS DETERMINED TO CRASH THE MOVIES. AND MOVIE-MAD GIRLS SHOULD PROFIT BY IT

ON MY own since I was eighteen, I didn't expect to find easy coasting when I reached Hollywood. Working up from parcel check-girl to saleswoman in a Detroit department store in less than two years—and ushering in a movie theatre from seven till ten every night while doing it—made hard work and long hours second nature to me. And squeezing enough out of my earnings to put $250 away in that time certainly ought to qualify me as an expert in the art of doing without.

So I really thought I knew how long and hard a road could be; but Hollywood has shown me chuck-holes, tough grades and tricky turns I never anticipated.

Perhaps it was because I sensed lean days ahead that I decided to give myself a real treat during my last couple of hours in Detroit. I bought a seven-course dollar dinner. Few meals like that had come my way in the motor city and still fewer were in store for me. You girls are probably thinking, didn't I have any boy friends.

Long working hours, a little study crowded in and bright dreams of a career don't mix with boy friends. Somewhere, somehow, it had become fixed in my mind that getting ahead, especially in what I was trying to do, was a full-time job for any girl.

I had figured my budget closely. After buying a bus ticket and paying for snacks along the road, I reached Hollywood the fourth morning with a cashier's check for $200 and $11.46 in cash in my purse. By evening I had found a room in a modest little hotel, seen several studios and visited Central Casting. I discovered that newcomers in Hollywood had a habit of confiding in each other and during the day I compared notes with a girl from Pennsylvania, with another from Iowa, with another from Brooklyn and with two sisters from Dallas. I learned that they all had my identical plan in mind: to keep fighting till they crashed the movies.

Those girls didn't regard Hollywood as the land of miracles and golden opportunity, but as a selfish indifferent place. They were not asking favors. They expected a bitter fight and were ready for it. They realized that the odds were a

HOLLYWOOD PRICE!"

hundred to one against them, and that there wasn't a chance in a million of falling into a job as extra and then climbing to stardom from that. Extras are no longer future stars in apprenticeship. They're in a profession by themselves, the same as dancers.

It's not like in the old days. You can't be a dancer one day, an extra the next and play a bit part the next. Now you must have a different guild card for each. And guild cards cost money. Also, they are very hard to get. You can't be an extra without a guild card and you can't get a guild card unless you are an extra. Even experienced players must have a letter from the studio or director telling definitely what picture they are going to play in before they can get cards.

The sisters from Dallas were going to dance only, and they were trying to find a dance director who wanted them for a picture and would write a letter to the Screen Actors' Guild so they could get cards. But they had found posted in each dance director's office a shrieking notice that only guild members would be interviewed.

"Unless you happen to be one in a million and a talent scout 'discovers' you," the girl from Brooklyn told me, "you got to have something to show the studios. And I don't mean just photographs, or maybe a press notice. You got to show 'em what you can do. I was in vaudeville, and my partner and I put up $500 for a screen test in one of those commercial motion picture studios in New York. The price was murder and the photography isn't too hot, but the sound is good and we rehearsed for that test for two months. Now our agent is showing it around, and I'm holding my thumbs for a call from him."

When I admitted I had nothing to show, she demanded:

"Got a friend with a drag in a studio?"

"No," I replied, "I don't know anyone in Hollywood."

"Then, sister, your only chance is to show in one of the little theatres. The town's full of them. It's part of the talent scouts' job to cover these 'show-case theatres'—that's what they call 'em—and if you got something on the ball you'll get a call."

"What's a call?" I wanted to know.

"A call to come down to the studio for an interview. They'll size you up, and if you look promising, they'll turn you over to the studio talent coach for a reading. You'll get a part to read, and if you show up good, the talent or dramatic coach will rehearse you for a test. If you photograph well and show promise of a screen personality they'll talk contract to you.

"But that, sister, is a long way from where you're [*Continued on page* 65]

The day I took the test I wore a nifty ensemble composed of the best items of our wardrobes—clothes used and sold by big stars. I won't attempt to describe the test, but I was given a 7 years' contract with options. That was 3 months ago. I'm still waiting the chance to go before the camera

"I WANT

Since she was The Sweater Girl in *They Won't Forget*, Lana was destined to be known as Hollywood's ace glamor girl. No dissenting votes? NO!

"BUT DON'T WANT SEX-APPEAL TITLES," SAYS LANA TURNER. "IF THEY TACK ANY ON ME, I'LL UNTACK THEM. A SEX-APPEAL TITLE WOULD PUT A CRIMP INTO MY HOPES. PLEASE, PLEASE — JUST CALL ME LANA, PRONOUNCED LAHNA"

SEX-APPEAL!"

By JAMES REID

"I WANT sex appeal—but I don't want any sex-appeal titles!" Thus spake Lana Turner, Hollywood's newest temperature-raiser, looking super-appealing in a snug black dress trimmed with gold.

The cause of her outburst was a note in a morning column. She was, said the note, shaping up as the answer to an M-G-M prayer. She looked, the squib added, like Jean Harlow's successor. And, the paragraph concluded, the press-agents were seeking a label for her as descriptive as "The Blonde Bombshell"—something to trade-mark as an exciting little number.

From Lana's ears dangled two small gold circlets, intended to focus attention on her face. The gold circlets danced, and her gray-green eyes didn't, as she shook her head. "Why do people have to make life so difficult," she demanded, "writing things like that?"

She threw her hands sideward, eloquently helpless. "They make it sound as if the studio is expecting me to startle the world, practically immediately. They get the world all set to be startled by me. And here I am, just a little working girl, trying to get along. I've played the leads in just two pictures—*These Glamour Girls* and *Dancing Co-Ed*—and thanked my lucky stars that people seemed to like those two pictures." She pointedly crossed two fingers on each hand. "All I'm hoping is that they'll like the next one, too. Without expecting me to be sensational.

"Even if I *wanted* to be sensational, I wouldn't know how. I haven't had enough experience. I haven't done enough to know what possibilities I may have. The studio doesn't know. We're still experimenting, and we'll keep on experimenting a long time—I hope. If I'm going to have a movie career, I want it to be a solid one. Built on something substantial."

Lana sipped thoughtfully, for a moment, from the large beaker of orange juice that was her lunch. Then she continued:

"Another thing. I don't look like Jean Harlow, either with or without make-up. But some people seem to think my ambition is to be 'Jean Harlow's successor.' Just because I'm working at the same studio where she worked.

"That's unfair," Lana said bluntly. "It's unfair, because only a fool or an egotistical upstart would ever try to take Jean Harlow's place. Millions of people loved Jean, and millions still cherish her memory. They'll never let anyone take her place.

"The studio knows this, and I know it. I'm *not* in the market for any ballyhoo as 'Jean Harlow's successor.' I don't want to start my career, being resented by millions of people. I want to last a while.

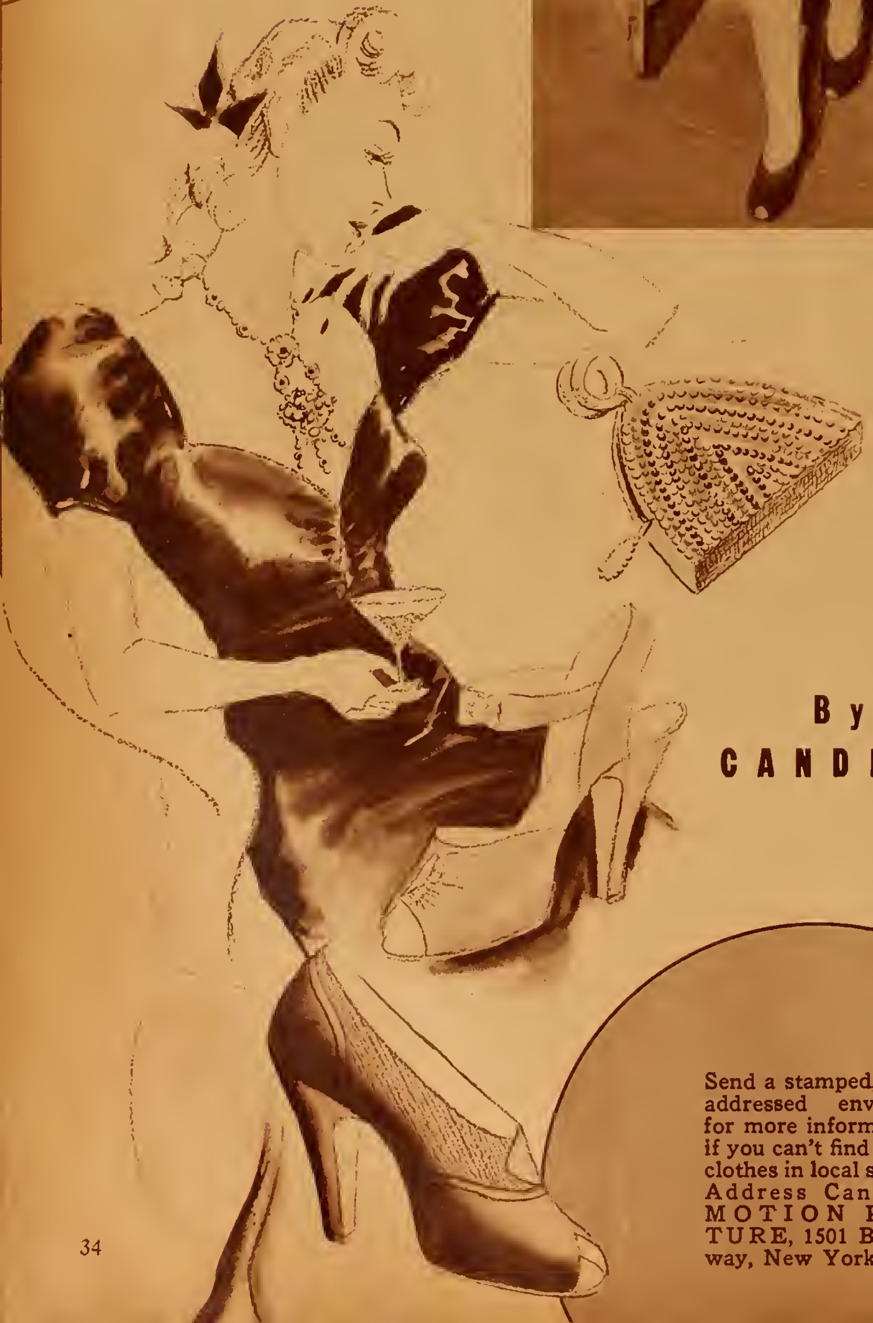
"Aside from this, I've been around Hollywood long enough to know that imitators never get very far. The girls who copy stars don't become stars, themselves; they become extras. There's no other place for them. There's room at the top for only one of a kind. My one chance to get anywhere is to be nobody but Lana Turner. There hasn't been a Lana Turner on the screen before, either for better or for worse."

IT WAS then that I asked her how she felt about the press-agents' alleged search for a phrase to describe adequately the sex appeal of one Lana Turner. She tried to duck under the table. A moment later, she reappeared, still looking embarrassed. And it was then that she said:

"I want sex appeal—but I don't want any sex-appeal titles! If they tack any on me, I'll untack them! I'll—I'll go to the Trocadero in a Mother Hubbard," she threatened darkly.

But that isn't going to happen. The press-agents aren't going to hang any tag on her. Not only because she doesn't want it, but because the studio doesn't want it. [*Continued on page* 61]

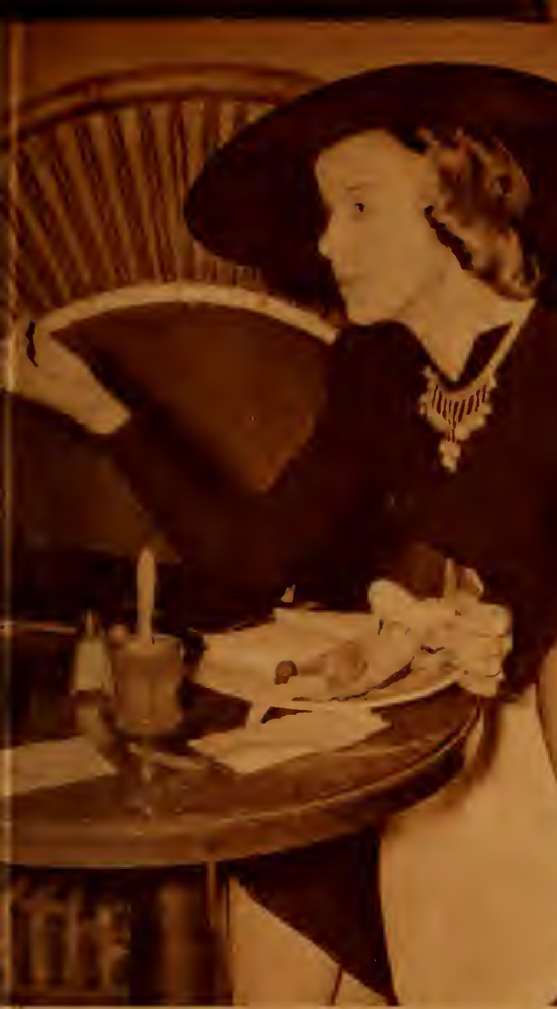
DRESS UP AND Live



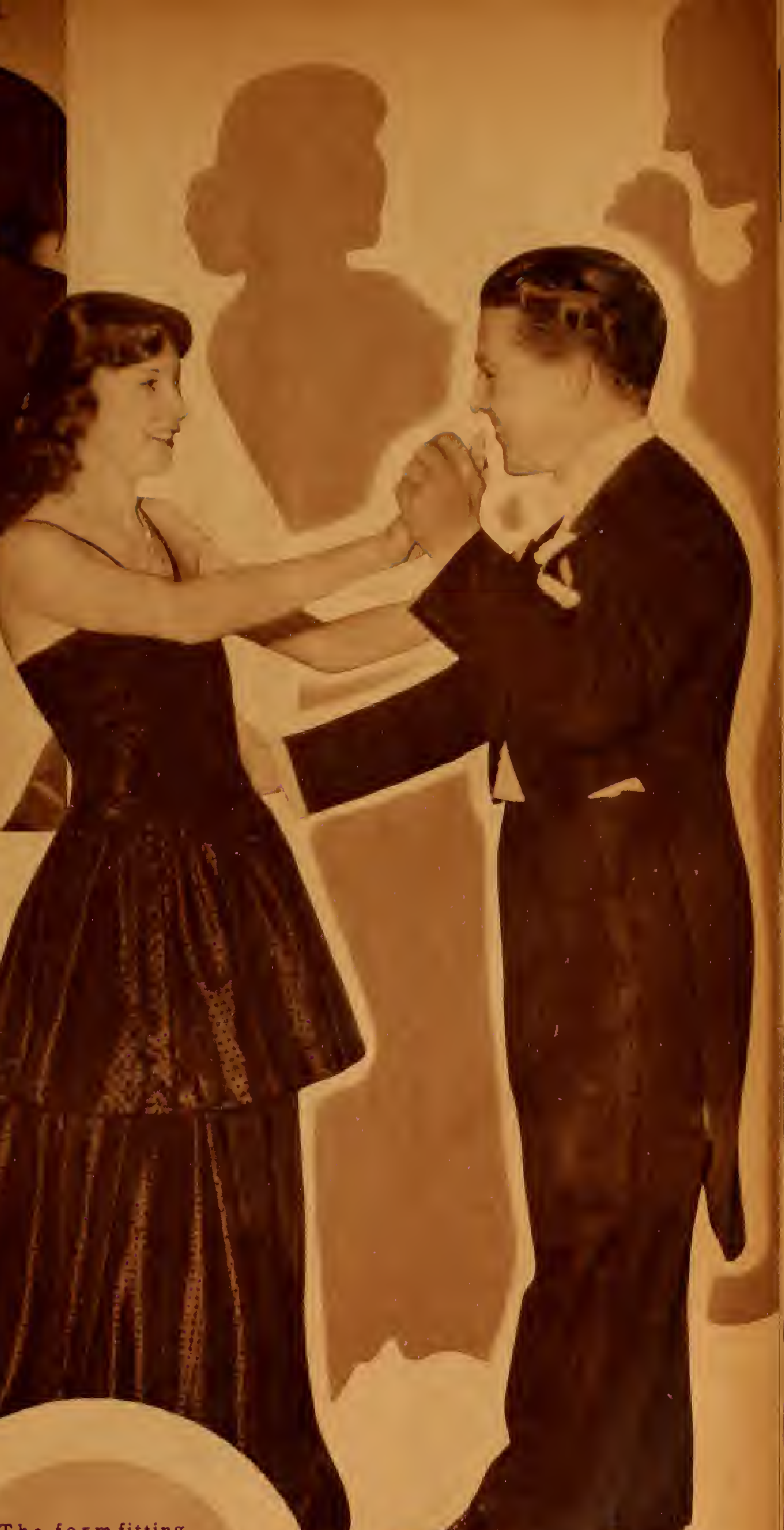
It's a smart girl who picks Ricarde of Hollywood's "Gone With the Wind" Jewelry to fill in a low neckline. The necklace of simulated pearls and emeralds set in dull gold (sketched at left) is part of a matched set called *The Scarlett.* This and other sets adapted by Ricarde from period pieces worn in G. W. T. W. are sold in costume jewelry shops. . . To add sparkle to your evening, carry a Leading Lady Handbag of multi-color sequins. The one sketched is of red, blue, green and gold, with studded handle and zipper closing. Ansonia features shirred vamp and matching buckle in a gold kid toeless sandal. For daytime, pick a cover-up shoe of black suede, with elasticized faille instep and open toe

By CANDIDA

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for more information if you can't find these clothes in local shops. Address Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City



Ida Lupino chose the Bamboo Room to show off her new costume. Her suede and elasticized faille pumps feature the black-out trend. So do the high neckline and long fitted sleeves of her black dress. In passing, Ida admires jewelry for changing necklines. Note the modified bustle bow of her Fifth Avenue Modes Frock—one of the "Finish-at-Home" Fashions, cut to individual measurements and sent with all difficult sewing done. Even the necklace of gilded snail shells is included in the price of the dress, Ida exclaims! Below, dining with Tommy Greenhow, Una Merkel wears Ricarde's *Scarlett* necklace and bracelet and adds a Leading Lady sequin bag to highlight a black gown. Una's in *Destry Rides Again*



The form-fitting bodice and flared tunic skirt of Una's Nite-Club Frock catch Tommy's eye. It's a velvet dotted taffeta, comes with corsage of red roses

MAGGIE
THE
MAGNIFICENT

BECAUSE SHE'S GLAMOROUS AND KNOWS HOW TO TOSS EMOTIONS AROUND, MARGARET (MAGGIE TO HER FRIENDS) LOCKWOOD OF ENGLAND HAS TAKEN OVER HOLLYWOOD

By E. J. SMITHSON

WE'VE seen a long, career-hungry line of Hollywood screen personalities come and go in and out of various major and minor studios, and for one reason and another we've got to confess that we've never been unduly impressed by our frequent contacts with this procession of stars, both male and female.

This is a prologue to the proof that there are exceptions to every rule.

Which brings us face to face with Margaret Lockwood, the 23-year-old English girl who came to Hollywood to contribute her talents to the innocuous *Susannah of the Mounties* (a 20th Century-Fox film opus that had Shirley Temple, Randy Scott and 342 Indians going places and doing things) and who remained, albeit against her will, to turn in a magnificent acting chore with Will Fyffe and Doug Fairbanks in Paramount's *Rulers of the Sea.*

Having heard the Hollywood praisers sing their sweet songs about the lovely Lockwood lady we were finally intrigued into making a trip to Wilmington harbor to give her the critical once-over. We arrived just as she was about to rehearse a scene aboard ship with young Doug and it seemed to us that she was not only in a very sprightly mood, indeed, but appeared to have considerable trouble keeping her mind on her work.

Frank Lloyd, the producer-director, who normally is the most patient of persons, began to get fidgety, beetled his eyebrows, and barked for quiet.

"Miss Lockwood," he snapped, "when I ask you to rehearse, I don't want you to joke about it! Otherwise, I shall take [*Continued on page* 80]

NEW YORK LION BECOMES HOLLYWOOD LAMB

LIKE MANY STAGE ACTORS FROM NEW YORK, JOHN GARFIELD WAS INCLINED TO SCOFF AT HOLLYWOOD. BUT HE CHANGED WITHOUT "GOING HOLLYWOOD" WHEN HE LEARNED TO TAKE PEOPLE AND THINGS IN STRIDE

JOHN GARFIELD crawled into a chair, (Garfield always crawls into a chair): "Well, all right, let's go. Got any questions? Let's have them!" On an interview he acts like a lamb led to the slaughter. It's very disconcerting.

But Garfield is a lamb, as his publicity pals will tell you. There's never any trouble with him: if he's told he should give an interview, then he does it—even if that interview, in a way, is slaughter for him. Not that he is nervous, or bored, or annoyed, or any of those things you might expect. It's just that talking about himself to him seems a bit foolish. He feels the same way about reading of himself. His fan mail, for example. There are certain letters, the critical letters, which he will not only read, but re-read. The others: the flagrant phrases, the mash notes, he gives no more than a glance. "My job is to act, not to read fan mail," he says simply.

That, in a town where far too many actors seem to feel the reverse, will, in a measure, show you what an unusual young man the Garfield is. One day we were present when someone requested an interview at his home: "You know, to sort of get the atmosphere."

"There's no 'atmosphere,' " John said quickly, "except the bawling of the baby. If you want that, you already know how a baby's bawling sounds, don't you?" Then he smiled. "Oh, all right, if you want it that way. You know your business better than I do."

Everyone is curious to see and know how this young man lives, acts around the house, what he talks about curled up in the corner of the sofa. How he spends his free time, his Sundays. I'll tell you how. He lives exactly like you and me, spends his Sundays just like us. Mornings he gets up and plays with the baby. Maybe a little later he plays tennis. A good Sunday [*Continued on page* 74]

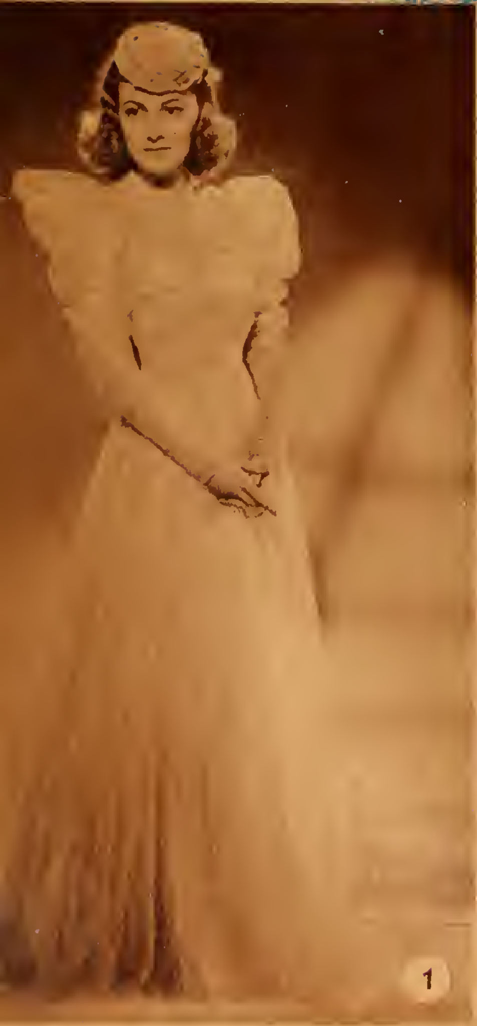
By KATHARINE HARTLEY

BACHELOR Bait

1. Olivia de Havilland chose this light green tulle with hand shirring to attend sister Joan at her wedding, but it was Livvie who was attended—by the bachelors. David Niven dances attendance on Olivia in *Raffles*

2. Black taffeta, white linen lace outlining the square cut bodice and short puff sleeves makes Ann Rutherford's dinner partner neglect his dessert—his eyes are feasting on such sweetness. So will yours in *Gone With the Wind*

3. Red attracts bachelors as it does babies which is a good reason why you should choose a ruby red evening gown of heavy crepe de chine like Olivia de Havilland's. Note the new back fullness and treatment of bodice



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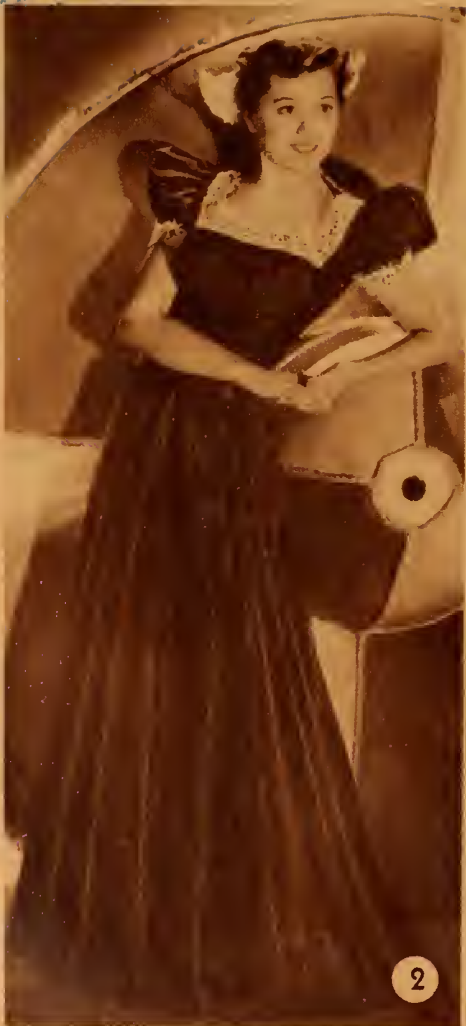

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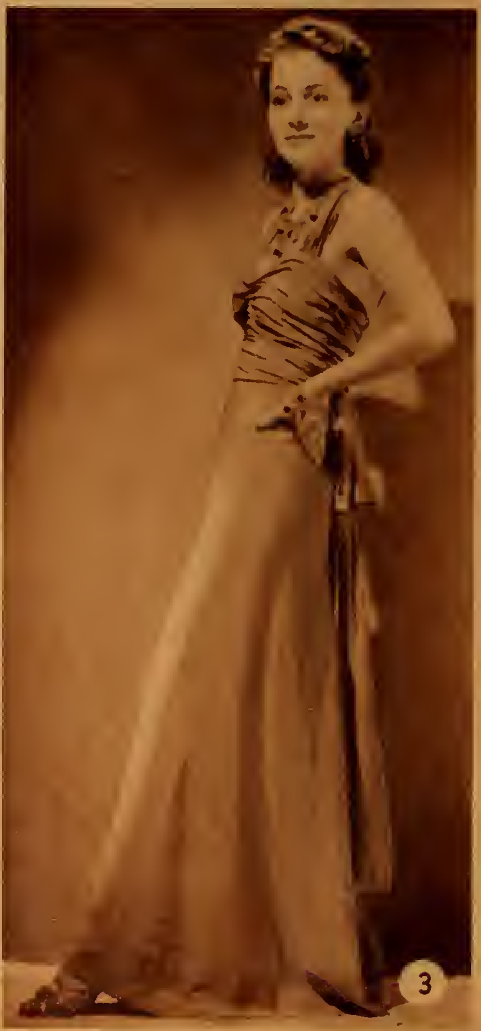

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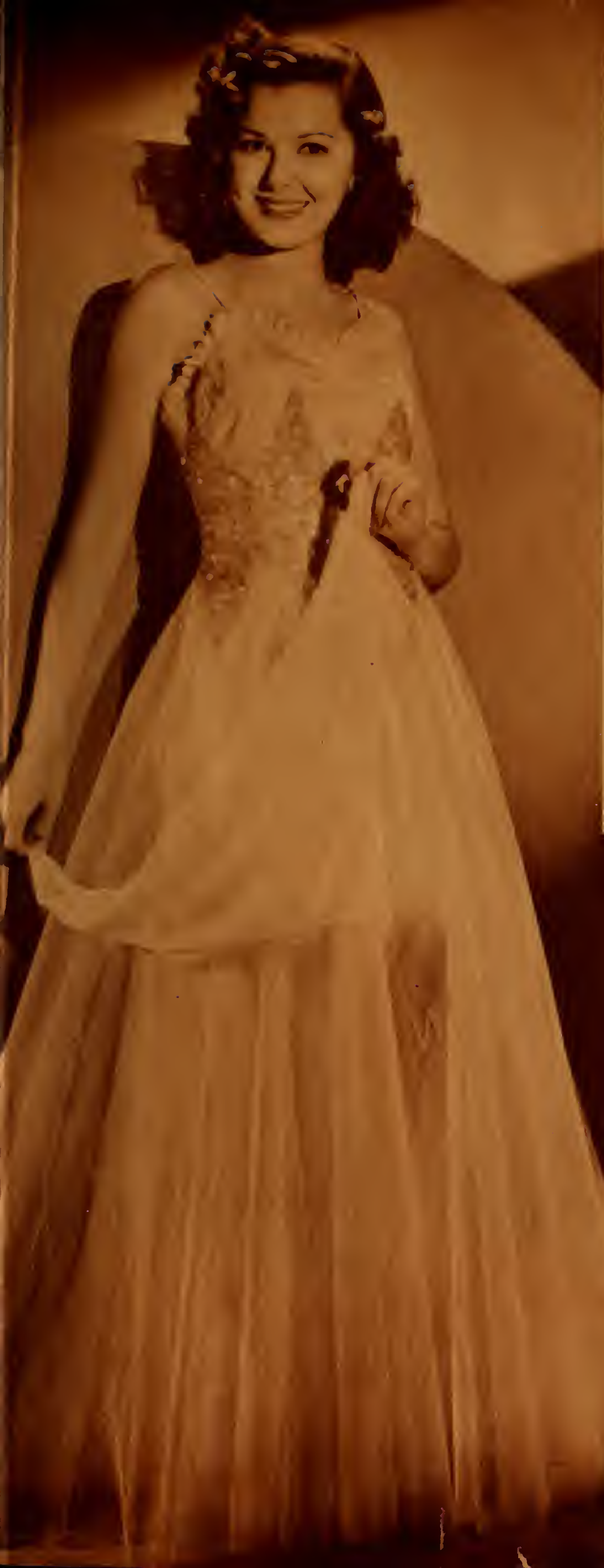

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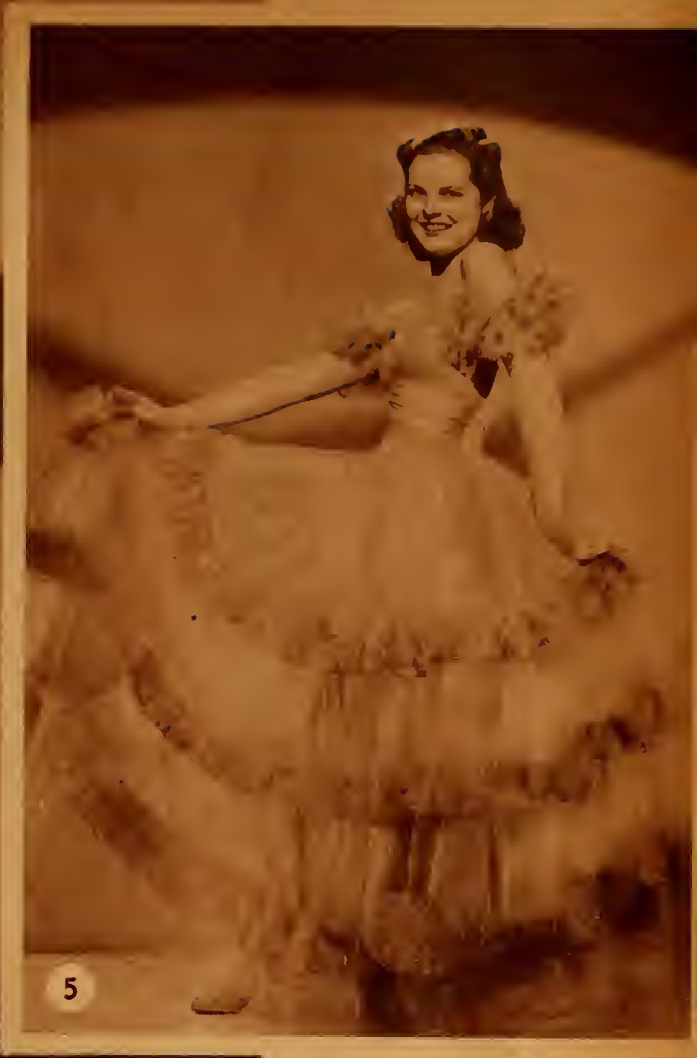

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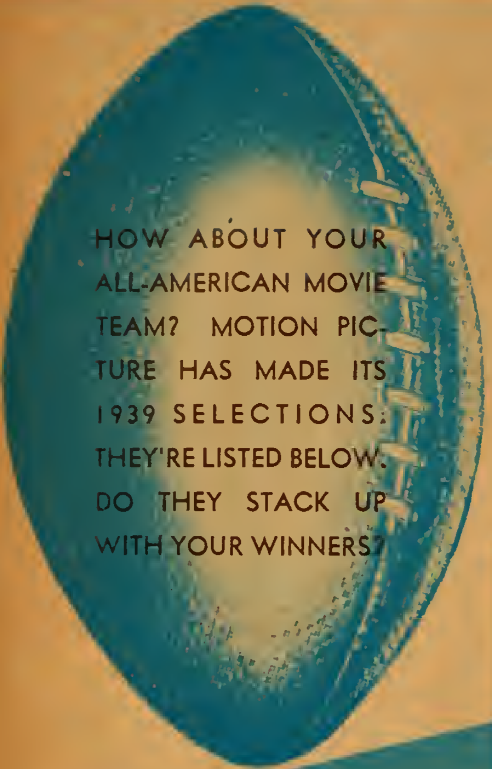
5. Ruth Terry doesn't need any bachelor bait—the little fishes eat right out of her hands—but her ruffled net dance frock will help her land the best catch. Ruth, alias Little Cupcake, is in *Send Another Coffin*

4. The stag line will follow Ann Rutherford around the dance floor when she baits them with this white net dance frock with fitted bodice of irridescent spangles. Scattered over the underskirt (taffeta) are zigzag designs of spangles

MOTION PICTURE'S ALL-AMERICAN



HOW ABOUT YOUR ALL-AMERICAN MOVIE TEAM? MOTION PICTURE HAS MADE ITS 1939 SELECTIONS: THEY'RE LISTED BELOW. DO THEY STACK UP WITH YOUR WINNERS?

ANN SOTHERN

"Maisie"

GERALDINE FITZGERALD

"Dark Victory"

BOBS WATSON

"On Borrowed Time"

BRIAN AHERNE

"Juarez"

ROBERT DONAT

"Good-bye, Mr. Chips"

MOST of you active football fans have, by now, made your own personal selections for All-American grid-iron honors. But, as movie fans, here's a new game for you. How about your All-American *Movie Team?* MOTION PICTURE has made *its* selections, based on activities of Hollywood players, during 1939. They're listed below. Look them over, movie-goers, and see how they compare with the selections you would make.

The basis of our selections is three-fold: 1. Personal progress. 2. "Surprise" performances. 3. Promise for the future.

The outstanding performances of the year do not concern us, primarily. Those selections will be taken care of by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, in their annual Academy awards. Our movie squad is made up of the Hollywood players who we believe would, through diversification of talent, initiative, resourcefulness, originality and promise, work the best as a mythical unit.

Such proven warriors as Bette Davis (*The Old Maid, Dark*

MOVIE TEAM OF 1939

By
GORDON BARRINGTON

ROSALIND RUSSELL

"The Women"

VIVIEN LEIGH

"Gone With the Wind"

WENDY HILLER

"Pygmalion"

HENRY FONDA

"Young Mr. Lincoln"

GREER GARSON

"Good-bye, Mr. Chips"

LAURENCE OLIVIER

"Wuthering Heights"

Victory, Juarez, The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex), Paul Muni (*Juarez*), Spencer Tracy (*Stanley and Livingstone*) and Luise Rainer (*Dramatic School*), we have placed on the mythical coaches' bench, to oversee and inspire our 1939 models. Here is our list. Do you agree, or disagree? Or maybe you agree with us on some, and disagree on others. Well, here goes:

BRIAN AHERNE. For his work in *Juarez*. Aherne had been around Hollywood for quite some time performing creditably, but never spectacularly, as a dependable leading man. Then along came *Juarez*, co-starring Paul Muni and Bette Davis. With these two top-notch performers heading the cast, it didn't seem to matter much *who* played the role of *Maximilian*, the weak and unfortunate monarch set up as a Mexican stooge for the crowned heads of Europe. But, the part was there, and Brian Aherne made the most of it. So thoroughly, in fact, that it has been suggested he stole the picture from Davis and Muni. For this, and for contributing sympathy [*Continued on page* 88]

THE GIRL WHO GOT EVERYTHING

By LEON SURMELIAN

WITH STARDOM AHEAD—AND THE ACTING PLUM OF THE YEAR IN "REBECCA"—TO SAY NOTHING OF WINNING BRIAN AHERNE, JOAN FONTAINE CALLS HERSELF THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

Brian eluded Hollywood's predatory sirens for years, then lost his heart to Joan, who'd worshipped him from a distance for 3 years. After church wedding They're At Home in Beverly

IN A STORY called "Solving the International Mystery of Brian Aherne" printed in MOTION PICTURE about two years ago, I said that I had at last found the happiest man in Hollywood. And now, I've just discovered also the happiest girl, Joan Fontaine. Two happy people married to each other, and happier than ever before.

"I've everything I ever wanted," Joan told me in her dressing-room on the set of *Rebecca*. "And it all happened so fast that I'm a little dizzy. I was telling Brian last night: 'To think that at 21 I've found what I always dreamed about, and which so many women never find to the end of their lives . . . I had my career, enough money to live on comfortably, and now I've also the best husband in Hollywood, and, have been given the acting plum of the year.' So you can see," Joan added with unrestrained enthusiasm, "I'm just about the luckiest girl in the world."

This is not just another ecstatic initial effusion of a young movie bride. La Belle Fontaine is such swell copy for a reporter and I caught her in such a voluble mood that I'll tell this story mostly in her own words. I wanted nothing less than her complete love-life, considering that I had once written about her sister, Olivia, that she was no unkissed peach. . . .

"As a child I grew up among old folks," Joan [*Continued on page* 70]

Robert Taylor enters MOTION PICTURE'S gallery of portraits because he is one of the top-ranking favorites on the screen. Nor forgetting the fact that he has contributed some colorful performances in such pictures as *A Yank At Oxford* and *Lady of the Tropics*. His next feature is *Remember* in which he is co-starred with Greer Garson. Next month—the February issue on sale December 29th—you'll find another gorgeous color portrait. It is printed on extra heavy stock and free of printed matter, front and back. It'll be one of the most popular stars of all—DEANNA DURBIN

DID COLLEGE HELP YOU, BOB?

COLLEGE DIDN'T GET BOB HIS JOB IN PICTURES, BUT IT DID HELP HIM TO MAKE GOOD FROM THE START

By ELZA SCHALLERT

IT STARTED at the Stanwyck-Taylor wedding party, of all places. Bob and I were talking about *Lucky Night*, the much-maligned picture he and Myrna Loy starred in. Funny that film should have inspired anything since it was rated one of the worst of the year by critics. However, Bob liked playing in it himself—and that's where this story really begins.

Lucky Night had one very smart idea and that is the peck of trouble youth gets into today—and how it gets out of its predicaments.

It came to me of a sudden as we chatted that who better than Robert Taylor to give an impression of how a young man gets along these times, especially one with college background. Not a big, pretentious institute of learning like Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth or Princeton—but just the sort of college thousands of boys and girls leave each year with their Bachelor degrees.

Does it get them anything and anywhere—and what help does it give in the turbulent world of Hollywood?

Should a young man or woman ambitious for a movie career plan on college or should they merely skip the idea? Be satisfied with a high school education, or just what they can pick up in the way of erudition?

I felt that Bob was the one chap who should know and that by now, being married and all, he should have the due perspective to analyze the subject and estimate the value of getting educated in the larger way.

He is probably the only *10 bester* among the stars to have had the benefits of schooling of that sort today—and furthermore he has never let it weigh him down with its unique importance in life and career.

However, when I asked Bob about the advantages that might be derived from a collegiate adventure he said, reflectively: "It's the most difficult thing in the [*Continued on page* 68]

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

After making *The Rage of Paris* in Hollywood Danielle Darrieux went to Paris to make *Katia*, a Russian story with John Loder. America wants her back

Some are saying that Cary Grant-Phyllis Brooks are married. But they deny it or won't talk. How about that wedding ring on her finger. Phony?

Hollywhimsy

■ She may be Miss Linda Darnell to you, but to her family at home, she's just "Tweedles!"

Colossal

■ Talk of Hollywood is the big-stage stuff that's breaking around town. Out at 20th-Fox, they've got one of the biggest one-stage sets in the world; and out at Warners', they're finishing a new mammoth stage with a trick feature.

That feature is that the entire floor of the huge, 1,000-foot-long stage can be removed, and under it there's a deep tank, which can be used for large-scale sea shots, or frozen over for skating ensembles.

The 20th-Fox oversized set is the biggest ever built on that lot, and it's for Shirley Temple in the famous Maurice Maeterlinck masterpiece, *The Bluebird*. The scene represents an imaginary land, and contains among other features an artificial lake that holds 15,000 gallons of water.

Fred and Ginger

■ Months ago, MOTION PICTURE told you not to worry about the split between Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Now, as usual, MOTION PICTURE's advice comes true—for RKO is talking with Astaire again, to make a new deal to co-star with Ginger in at least one, preferably two, dancing pictures a year.

Bill Powell and Myrna Loy starring in *Another Thin Man*, take their film baby's place with Asta, trick pooch

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Rib

■ PRIME RIB of the month—came from Robert Taylor, at the expense of Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy. Seems the three of them were lunching together, and Gable and Tracy were "riding" Taylor about being in line for the draft if America goes into the war. They razzed him and razzed him, with: "Poor Taylor; you'll have to go, but we're lucky. We're TOO OLD to be called."

"Yeah," flipped Taylor, ducking; "but it took a war to bring THAT out!"

More Hollywhimsy

■ Gale Page is carrying modernism to this extreme: she's having a doghouse built for her pooch, from an architect's streamlined-modern design. Poor pooch!

Save Face

■ Just as your snooper writes this, Great Britain has sent official and formal notice to Hollywood that she wants NONE of her nationals there to hurry home into the service, until they're called.

But, by the irony that is Hollywood's, the notice came too late to save David Niven from going. Because, although it is not necessary for Niven to go, he still HAS [*Continued on page 73*]

Cesar Romero famous for squiring Hollywood's favorite sirens, takes Joan Crawford to "Troc" and does rhumba with former Charleston ace

Love-birds Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh finally pose for our candid photographer at tennis matches. Which goes to prove they'll wed soon

Bob Taylor gives "Tops," pride of his stable, workout on his track. "Tops" is one of top show horses on Pacific Coast

GIVING BEAUTY

By DENISE CAINE

1

Do you rate under the mistletoe? Or does a beauty problem make you a wall flower? Denise Caine will be glad to help you solve it. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to her in care of MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

7

6

5

1. Janet Waldo has Santa to thank for Max Factor's smart Tru-Color Lipstick. 2. Early American Old Spice Sachet, a gift to please her nose and your purse. 3-4. Sweets to the sweet—a DeVilbiss Atomizer and Lentheric's three-in-one "Christmas Party," containing Tweed, Miracle, A Bientot flacons. 5. Eyes Right—Kurlash new Purset will give you a Christmas Gift I-dea. 6. A gift for her purse—Evening in Paris Compact and Perfume Flacon. 7. Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap pleases her nose and her skin

2

3

4

AWAY

8. Salon Polish and manicure essentials make Cutex Junior a Christmas handout. 9. Two after bath aids to daintiness—Coty Talc and Parfumée Cologne Chypree. 10. Pond's Beauty Box features small sizes of Danya, Cold Cream, Powder. 11. Jergens Lotion takes a bow in its gay new wrap for holiday giving. 12. Give her Elmo's inexpensive Travel Kit if she has the week-end habit. 13. Please the man of the house with McKesson's Men's Set, in trim band box. 14. Jean Parker likes Marvelous Compact set; Marvelous Eye-Matched Make-up is budget gift of beauty

"Maybe I oughtn't to take the audition," King was whispering, "It will split us up as a team, Johnny"

BROADWAY

Suddenly Claire's face brightened. "You mean you weren't really getting married, Johnny?" "Do you think I would without you?" he quipped

Everywhere they went people started buzzing, "Look, there's King Shaw and Clare Bennett, his leading lady. And we do mean leading"

MELODY OF 1940

Clare was in Johnny's arms before she realized the switch

TAP-TAP, tap-tap te tap. . . . They were dancing slick and right as a dream. Johnny nodded. *Tap-tap, te tappity tap. . . .* Standing in the wings he had a good view of them. His steel-strung body eased and tensed with the music. When they swayed, he swayed. Boy, that was rhythm, sweet and hot.

There was a slanted smile on his narrow, Puckish face. It all went to show. You just couldn't ever predict things. Yesterday, he and King doing a cheap dance act up at the Dawnland Ballroom—the lovely Clare Bennett as far away as the North Star. Tonight, King dancing out there—*with Clare Bennett actually in his arms.*

Cops! Johnny strained forward. King was missing that step. No, he'd made it. He was a smart boy. And a white guy, too.

Why tonight when he had told Johnny about Casey and Matthews sending for him, first thing he had said was, "But maybe I oughtn't to take the audition. It would split us up as a team. Gee, I'd feel like a heel. 'Course, it *would* be a break to be Clare Bennett's dancing partner—"

And Johnny had retorted warmly, "Go on, your heart's where your head ought to be. I'll figure out a routine for you that'll knock 'em dizzy."

So they had thumped backs and shaken hands and King had sworn, "I'm going to get *you* in that show, too, Johnny."

The dancing couple whirled, broke, tapped, whirled again. Johnny held his breath. This was the fourth time he'd seen Clare dance—three of those times from the gallery. She added up to a lot, that girl. Flowers. Poetry. Music. All the best of it and more. Wonder what it would be like just to *hold her hand.* Steady, boy, steady.

The dance was over and Bert Matthews walked out on stage. He called excitedly to his publicity man, "O'Grady, I'm giving King Shaw the lead in the next show. I want you to get to work on him immediately. Build a personality up for him. Take him to a first class hotel—and a good tailor."

"Yes, Chief."

"Let him be seen in night spots. Get him talked about. Make the customer know the name King Shaw as well as they know their own."

Yes, yes, *yes,* Johnny said under his breath. The kid had made it. Suw-ell goin'.

"Hey, Johnny," King yelled. There was a grin on his handsome face and Johnny came a-running. Then it was, "How do you do, Miss Bennett," and yeah, King was awful good and, sure he was proud of him and—what a day, huh? . . .

Matthews barged in. "Change your dress, Clare." There was something in his voice. He was in love with Clare. Johnny knew it instantly. But not getting any place. Johnny knew that, too. "The three of us are going out tonight to celebrate."

Clare made a charming gesture of inclusion

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES

CAST

Clare Bennett	**ELEANOR POWELL**
Johnny Brett	**FRED ASTAIRE**
King Shaw	**GEORGE MURPHY**
Casey	**FRANK MORGAN**
Bert Matthews	**IAN HUNTER**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Copyright, 1939, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by Jack Cummings

toward Johnny. "Bert, this is Mr. Brett. He was . . ."

Matthews' glance slid away. "How d'ye do. Say, King, come on up to the office and we'll fix up the contract."

Now Johnny was left with Clare. He was all of a sudden tongue-tied. Gee, are your eyes *really* that blue, Dream Lady? "Uh—see you later, Miss Bennett."

"Mr. Brett—Johnny." He turned back, startled. "Look." Color surged under her skin. "Come out with us."

He backed away. Gosh, she was nice as she was pretty. "Thanks," he said wistfully. Couldn't butt in on the kid's build-up. "I guess not—but thanks."

"Well, don't go yet." They sat down on a little prop bench. She smiled. "Do you mind if I tell you the story of my life? At least, a slice of it?"

"No," Johnny said in surprise, "I'd love it."

"Well," she went on rapidly, "I was dancing with three other girls in a cafe in St. Louis. Lily married the manager, Sue was discovered by a booking agent and then Agnes went back to her husband. That left me."

Johnny was beginning to catch on. He must have been wearing an awful long look on his pan. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. Only I didn't take it as well as you did Johnny. I was sore and disgusted—all for quitting the show business then and there. And then, out of the blue, came my break. Bert Matthews found me."

"Smart man Matthews."

She touched his sleeve lightly. "You'll get your chance. Stay with it, Johnny. You never know."

"That's right," he said softly, "you never know who's out there."

She nodded and then asked hesitantly, "Johnny, can I be frank? How good are you?"

He thought that over. He could dance. He knew that. But without a Broadway public what did it mean? "Oh, fair."

"Well, if—if you can use a teacher or anything I know the best in town. You know what I mean."

"Sure," Johnny said. He swallowed hard. He couldn't look in her eyes. If he did his heart would come right up and choke him. "And thanks, thanks a lot. Well, so long, Miss Bennett. Good night." He backed to the stage door and just floated out.

IN THE alleyway, though, he stopped short. There was a man standing there. Johnny remembered him well. The guy had forced his way back to the dressing-rooms up at Dawnland the other day. Johnny had spotted him right away. Bill collector. "Ah-ha," Johnny had said, "he's not going to take *my* pal's suit off his back." So *he* had answered to the name of King Shaw. Then, when the man had reached in his pocket for the summons, Johnny had made tracks.

Now, before he could move, the man pounced.

"I'm sorry for you my boy because that mix-up lost you the job as Clare Bennett's leading man. I'm Casey"

"Say, aren't you the fellow who said your name was King Shaw four nights ago?"

Johnny tried to sidle away. "Yes, but you see we didn't have any money to pay any bills and what was the use of your talking to King so I—"

"Pay any bills!" A pair of moustaches bristled. "Young man, do you think I'm a collector?" Johnny nodded. "But I'm Casey, Matthews' partner." He let that sink in. 'I'm sorry for you my boy because that little mix-up lost you the job as Clare Bennett's leading man."

Johnny almost fell apart. "What's that?"

"I saw you two dance and I spotted you on the left. But I didn't get a good look at your face. Then you told me your name was King Shaw so I sold King Shaw to my associates."

Johnny wondered what to do—cry for himself or cheer for King. "I see."

Casey took his arm and led him to a nearby orange-juice stand. "You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to clear this whole thing up. You're going to play that part."

"Oh, no, I'm not," Johnny shot back. "Now look, Mr. Casey, King's your man. You need a personality. Why he's a natural. The women will go for him like a bargain sale. They always have." Even Clare liked him already. A blind man could get that.

"But I saw you dance," Casey said plaintively. He was quite put out. Matthews was always sliding him in the background. Now here was a nice chap. He would have been a swell discovery. That King Shaw wouldn't even listen to him once Matthews had taken charge of him.

"You saw King dance, too," Johnny pointed out. "Tonight with Clare Bennett. They were wonderful together. Matthews is satisfied, I'm satisfied. Why shouldn't you be?"

Within twenty-four hours, King and Johnny were moved into a classy hotel suite. The Marlborough, no less. Then the publicity got going. You couldn't look at a newspaper without seeing "King Shaw—Dancing Find," spread all over it.

A couple of weeks raced by. One night King was getting ready for another gala evening. Tails, top hat, white tie. Johnny was trying out a new step. His eyes feasted on Clare's picture. "Say, King," he said "why don't you put this in the routine? It'll snap it up a little. Maybe you could stay home tonight and work—"

King laughed. "You wouldn't want me to pass up a date with Clare would you?" He sighed luxuriously. "What a gal. And fun too, Johnny. I wish you could see how it is. Everywhere we go, people start buzzing, 'Look, there's King Shaw and Clare Bennett'—"

The telephone brred. King grabbed it. "Hello. Clare? Oh—glad you liked the orchids." Then his voice thinned out. "A headache? Too bad. Yeah, I know we got a tough day but—" He listened, then broke in cockily, "Sure, if that's the way you feel about it, it's okay with me. See you tomorrow." Slam!

"What's the matter?" Johnny asked.

"Nothing," came the short reply. Then King burst out, "This is a fine time of night to pull a headache on me." He snatched up his hat. "Well, I'll show her. I'm going out on the town."

"That'll make two headaches," Johnny called after him.

Five minutes later the telephone rang again. Clare's voice came singing over the wire. "Hello, King, this is Clare. I just called back to say I'm sorry about tonight—"

"But, but—" Johnny tried to interrupt.

"That must have sounded like a stupid excuse I gave you about having a headache," she went on, "but we do have a lot of work ahead—"

"Yeah, Clare, but—"

"Ah, King," she coaxed, "don't argue with me. Just say I'm forgiven." Johnny couldn't move his lips. "Well—at least say something."

Johnny's eyes were soft and dreamy now. He looked at her picture. Why she seemed to be right in the room beside him. "I love you, Clare," he said huskily.

Click! went the receiver and Johnny came to. Then a wave of crimson guilt spread over his face. Gosh, how would he ever climb out of *that*? . . .

King didn't come home that night. At dawn Johnny knew it was up to him. He'd have to cover up. Rehearsal hour was for ten. Everybody was there—but no King Shaw. Bert Matthews was having a fit about it when Johnny arrived.

He marched right up to the lion. "Mr. Matthews, I'm afraid King is going to be a little late this morning."

A bellow. "He's late right now."

"Y-yes. That's what I came to explain. You see, King's been up all night with a very bad toothache. . . ."

Clare ran in from the other side. "Oh, Mr. Matthews," she began nervously, "Mr. Shaw isn't here yet and I'm afraid it's all my fault. His tailor phoned and I thought we weren't going to do this number till afternoon—" She blinked. Johnny was sending distress signals, "—so—" she finished lamely, "he went—to the tailor's."

Matthews exploded. "A toothache! At the tailor's! You two ought to get together." He was still raging as Clare and Johnny slunk out.

In the corridor Clare stopped. Her eyes shot off blue sparks. "In all my experience in the theatre I've never met anybody so irresponsible. He went out last night didn't he?" Johnny was mute. "Right after I phoned him the *first* time," she said meaningly.

"Yeah." Then Johnny goggled. "I mean, no. That is, I—I'll just go out and see if—I'll just go out." He bolted.

AT THE stage door King was just getting out of a taxi. He hurried to Johnny. "Gosh, did you square me with Matthews?"

"Not exactly." Johnny felt sour. "Clare spoke to Matthews first and we sort of got our wires crossed."

King brightened. "She went to bat for me?"

"That's right."

"Why, say! Then she was on the level last night. She really had a headache. What a gal. Standing up for me." In high spirits he pushed Johnny aside and rushed indoors.

Suddenly, Johnny felt tired. His shoulders slumped. But at the dressing-room door he stopped and stared. King was sprawled in one of the chairs, rubbing his cheek. All his zip and bounce was gone.

"What's the matter?"

King got up angrily. "The more you know about women the less you know about women. All I do is try to kiss her and she smacks me."

A muscle in Johnny's jaw moved. "Maybe it's time you found out they aren't all alike. Come on, we'd better go through your routine. Here's something I just worked out."

"Routine! Routine!" King growled. "That's all you ever think of." Reluctantly, he followed the dance pattern. "Why do you always have to keep changing the steps on me?"

When the chore was over, Johnny hung around for a while. Didn't know why. Just did. Then he went out to the stage. Rehearsal had broken for lunch. Nobody was there. The silence was swell and so was the mood. Into his soft-shoe routine, he went.

He turned at a patter of applause. Clare stood in the wings smiling impishly. "That was swell, Johnny, swell."

He was a little embarrassed. He shouldn't have done this. King would think he was showing off. "Oh, I was just limbering up. You know, getting the kinks out."

"Yes, I know." A faint smile. "You ought to show it to King." She frowned a little. "There's one thing I don't understand. Casey must have seen you dance when you and King were together. I wonder why. . . ."

Johnny grabbed out for a change of subject. "Lunch," he gulped. "Don't you ever eat it?"

"Well, I might. If you want to take me. . . ."

"Want to?" Would three dollars make it? "Why there's nothing I'd rather do."

Her eyes crinkled. "Then what are we waiting for?"

Johnny stared. Was this his lucky day or wasn't it? "For lunch I guess," he shouted and took her arm.

Well, Johnny was saying to himself, two hours later, it all went to show. You just couldn't ever predict things. Here he was sitting in a romantic Italian garden with the most beautiful girl in the world and—well, it didn't make sense.

He picked up the little silhouette that the restaurant artist had done. "Say, do I really look like that?"

The Italian spread his hands. "I no make-a your face. I just make-a the copy." He handed Clare her cutout. Johnny looked at it critically. "You like?"

"Mmm . . . it's all right but—well, I don't think you quite got her. Take her nose for instance." He looked at the sweetly tilted item in question. "Why, her nose is like a. . . ."

The Italian was angry. He pointed to his handiwork. "Her nose is like-a this. No different." Then he beamed as Johnny slipped him a bill. "Oh, thank-a you, thank-a you very much. Maybe you right after all."

"Now, you see, Johnny?" Clare teased, "That's what comes of criticising an artist? Do you always tell people what you think?"

"Why—uh—sure."

"Amazing." She slid her hand across the table to him. "What are you thinking now, Johnny?"

He clasped her fingers and everything but Clare faded out of the world. His pulse was running around like a squirrel in a cage. "I was thinking. . . ." Then the waiter and the world came back. He swallowed and said, "I was thinking about that step you do in the second act. It's tough. I've tried it but I can't get it the way you do."

"All right. Let's try it together." They melted into each other's arms—then swayed and stepped to the soft string music.

But at the final, breathless whirl, they brushed past the table and Johnny stopped dead and stared. The two silhouettes had been thrown together. Their lips were close and they were kissing. "Gosh," Johnny said in fascination, "I'm afraid I must have moved you."

"I'm afraid," Clare said softly, "you have."

Matthews was almost having a tantrum on stage when they got back to the theatre. "Where have you been?" he shouted as Clare appeared.

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "I'll get ready right away."

Johnny hurried after her. "Gee, I should have realized how late it was getting."

She came very close to him. "It wasn't your fault, Johnny. I've never been late before—but it was worth it." She disappeared into her dressing-room.

[*Continued on page* 55]

When you see Lon as the dazed, hulking *Lennie*, you won't forget him in a hurry, nor will Hollywood. He clicks on his own

LON CHANEY, JR. FINALLY CLICKS!

By DING SCULLY

THE SON OF ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST STARS, TRYING FOR SEVEN LONG, HUNGRY YEARS TO GET SOMEWHERE IN FILMS, FINALLY WINS IN "OF MICE AND MEN"

THE easiest way to get somewhere in Hollywood is to be a relative of someone Important. So the wiseacres say. Lon Chaney, Jr. says different.

He ought to know. He has been trying, for seven long, discouraging years, to get somewhere in Hollywood. He has had a struggle to keep from starving to death. *Literally* starving to death. And he is the son of one of the most important stars Hollywood has ever had. The most memorable character actor in movie history. The Man of a Thousand Faces. One of the few movie immortals.

His father's reputation and his father's friends haven't helped Lon, Jr. Last March, when he landed a role in a local stage play, he hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours. Neither had his wife. They didn't have the price of a meal. Worse still, they didn't know where to turn for help.

That was the third time in seven years that Lon Chaney, Jr. had found out what hunger was like.

It doesn't look now as if he would ever have to go hungry again. In the poker game that is Hollywood, he was finally drawn to a straight flush. When you see the picture version of John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, you will see him as *Lennie*—the dazed, hulking *Lennie* who proved that even the least of men like to dream. You won't forget him. Nor will Hollywood.

The day Lon did his big scene for *Of Mice and Men*, something symptomatic happened. At the end of the scene, the grips and electricians on the set beat their hands raw, clapping. Applauding actors is something that hard-boiled grips and electricians don't do. They take actors the way you take salt on your potatoes. As a matter of course.

They didn't clap hands because they saw Lon Chaney reincarnated in his son. Lon, Jr. is no double for Lon, Sr. His father was only 5 feet 9½ inches tall—a comparatively small man, as agile as a cat. Lon, Jr. towers 6 feet 3½ inches—a big man, with a big man's strength. His face isn't as grim as his father's, hasn't the deeply-etched lines. [*Continued on page 72*]

Broadway Melody of 1940

[*Continued from page* 53]

Johnny stood there in a rapturous daze. King's voice brought him out of it.

"I want to talk to you," King barked. "Come into my room. Or should I say *our* room." He stamped through the door.

Johnny followed him in. "What's the matter, King?"

"So you took Clare out to lunch, eh?"

"Well, yes. Any crime in that?"

"Oh, no, we share everything."

Johnny's jaw set. "Listen, King," he said quietly, "I know you've got a hangover and you're nervous and jumpy about the show—and you've got to let off steam on somebody. But don't say anything we might both regret."

King downed a hooker of Scotch. "Getting sensitive aren't you?"

Johnny's collar suddenly felt too tight. "I'm getting a little fed up with the way you're acting, if that's what you mean." He was holding the temper back. "Listen, King, when success goes to a dancer's feet he's all right. When it goes to his head he's top-heavy."

There was an ugly look on King's face. "Where do you get off to talk to me like this?" he demanded furiously. "I'm on to you. You mix things up this morning so you can put me in a bad light with Matthews *and* Clare. Then you take her to lunch and do a little chiseling. 'Too bad about King isn't it?'" He broke off. "I don't know why I don't take a poke at you."

There was a lump on Johnny's chest. Disillusionment, they called it. He looked at his pal steadily. "I'll tell you why. You haven't got it in you. A guy that can't take it, can't give it and that's *you*, King. Success tripped you up. Why you're not even on the level with yourself. You're always acting. Well, one of your audience is walking out on you right now—and that's me." He pulled open the door.

"Okay," King sneered, "go on. Walk out on me. Go back to the Dawnland."

"That's an idea."

"Come back here!" King shouted.

Johnny turned and bowed out. "The yes-man says—no."

IT WAS back to the old stand at Dawnland the next day. Not very hard to step into routine again. Even the side job was still waiting. Johnny couldn't remember how many publicity brides he'd brought to the Dawnland altar. It was a great stunt. Brought a big crowd every night. The idea was to stay numb all through it. And that was easy for Johnny now.

Only he should have kept away from the newspapers. They were full of the new Matthews and Casey show. "Swing Song," starring Clare Bennett with King Shaw would open soon. And finally, premiere night *did* come around and Johnny couldn't pass it up.

"Johnny."

"Hello, Clare." His voice was on a dead level.

She looked at him puzzledly. "Johnny, where've you been all week? I thought for sure you'd come to dress rehearsal last night?"

"I—I went out dancing."

"Oh." Her eyes were misty with disappointment. "Well, I'm glad you came for the opening."

"Sure. I couldn't let King go on without wishing him luck." He turned away and opened King's door. A long, low whistle escaped him. There was King, sprawled in a chair. A performance was about to begin and King Shaw, the overnight celebrity was plastered to the ears.

Johnny went at him frantically. He had to get King out there.

King thrashed his arms and stumbled to his feet. "Don't tell me what I gotta do. I'll knock 'em dead." He peered at Johnny. "Say, what you doing here? Still trying to double-cross me—same as you did with Clare. She's been high-hattin' me ever since. I don't l-like you." He lunged. The next instant he was an inanimate heap on the floor.

"On stage, please. On stage, Mr. Shaw," came the call-boy's voice.

Johnny sprang into action. He slapped on make-up. He dived into the Pierrot costume. He adjusted the mask and was out of the door like a streak.

Clare was in his arms on stage before she realized the switch. Then, "Johnny," she whispered on an intake of breath.

"Shhh." And now, the beautiful fantasy of the dance began. The music rose ecstatically. It was a pink cloud lifting Johnny and Clare into a heaven of melody. Then, the poignant climax, the roaring thunder of applause—and it was over.

In the corridor Johnny stopped Clare. "I'll get him ready for his next number. You won't say anything will you?"

NEXT MONTH

the complete fiction story

of

WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES

a thrilling drama

with

Ellen Drew — Robert Paige

Her fleeting smile was tender. "No—not if you want it that way."

King was still limp when he walked in. Johnny started working on him. After a few minutes he got results. King began to come to. "W-what happened?"

"You keeled over when you came off."

"Oh—I—I don't remember. Say, how was I?"

"Swell."

"I must have been good." King was almost swaggering as Johnny dressed him. "How was Clare?"

Johnny yanked at his tie. "Hold still, will you?"

"What's the matter?" King demanded pugnaciously. "Sore because I'm putting the show over?" The call boy knocked. King slipped on his coat. "Coming." At the door he turned. "Well, *Pal*, if you want to see something, catch me in this next number. . . ."

For a full minute Johnny stood there. He was like a man of stone. Then the music came faintly from out in front. He went to the stage door and slipped out, into the darkness. . . .

The next evening was Wedding night at Dawnland. Johnny was impeccably attired in top hat and tails. The giggling bride on his arm just wasn't there. He was deep in thought. Gee, the way the papers had raved about the Pierrot number, King might catch on. That would be bad for the kid. He'd lose confidence in himself. . . .

He was about to step into the ballroom when he heard a voice. He halted frozen.

"Johnny, Johnny." It was Clare. She was on the other staircase, caught in the crowd.

"Clare. What are you—"

"Johnny. I've got to see you."

"Right after this is over. Wait for me."

The procession started. But suddenly Johnny came to life. He turned. Tears were rolling down Clare's face. "Hey, Clare, Clare," he cried out in anguish. He pointed to the bride. "This isn't mine. Honest." At the foot of the staircase, they met. He caught her in his arms. "Clare, you don't think—I mean, it's the other fellow—I was giving her away—"

Her face brightened through the tears. "You mean you weren't really getting married?"

"Do you think I would without you?"

"Oh, Johnny." Her arms were tight about him. "I was so afraid. Don't ever do that to me again."

In his happiness he was quite delirous. "Not even once more? I mean, you and me—"

She gave him her eager lips. "Oh, Johnny. Of course, once more. Come on. . . ."

In the cab to the theatre she brought him up to date. Everything was even worse than opening night. "You see darling, I was so lonely for you—"

"For me?" Johnny tried to be sane about it. But it was no go. The darkness of the cab was a swell place for a follow-up kiss. Only a couple of stars peeking in through the glass top saw it. But Johnny was dizzy with it.

After a while Clare went on. "So this morning I told King just what I thought of him—and the way he'd been strutting around. I let him in on what happened last night at the opening too, and how it was you who made the big hit."

Casey had told her about the mistaken identity mixup that night at Dawnland and she had even blurted that out. And now, this very minute, King was in his dressing-room, drunk as a lord.

But when Johnny rushed into the theatre a few minutes later, the dressing-room was empty. He did what he had to do, quickly. He donned the Pierrot costume and the show was on.

The first number was triumphantly over and the second number was ready to start. Backstage everybody had gathered around Johnny.

"Matthews!" Casey howled excitedly. "Look at him. I've made the greatest discovery of my life."

Matthews' smile was a little twisted as he looked at Clare and Johnny. Their hearts were in their eyes. "I've *lost* the greatest discovery of my life." Then he chuckled. "But I've got a little surprise for you, folks."

He stepped behind one of the properties. When he appeared again, King was with him, smiling sheepishly and sober as a cop. "Here's your drunk," Matthews said, clapping him on the back. "He's as good an actor off as he is on. That dressing-room souse act was just his way of bowing out. Found him out front telling everybody to give his pal a hand."

The last tiny weight lifted from Johnny's heart. So that's what having a pal meant. He turned to Clare. "Who do we love?"

"King—King," she cried softly.

“WHO? ME? I NEVER SAID ANY SUCH THING!”

ACCORDING TO FRANCHOT TONE, HE NEVER SAID HE WOULDN'T RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD WHEN HE LEFT A YEAR AGO. HE HAD EVERY INTENTION OF COMING BACK—FOR NO STAR CAN GET AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD. SO BACK IN MOVIE TOWN HE GIVES YOU AN EARFUL

By FRANC DILLON

AND with that, Franchot Tone dismissed *in toto* the rumors that were printed and whispered about him a year ago when he shook the dust of Hollywood from his boots and departed, it was said, “never to return.”

“I had every intention of coming back,” he protested in astonishment and added, “you can't get away from Hollywood.”

Lazily, he indicated with a wave of his lean, brown hand his smart new phaeton standing at the door, mute but colorful proof of his plans. When he left California he didn't sell his car outright but turned it in and took a credit on this new one to be delivered to him when he returned.

He laughed, too, over an item that captured the fancy of Hollywood writers and was printed and reprinted many times, to the effect that as he was about to leave, he washed his hands of the whole town and motion picture business. He had loaded his furniture onto a van and sent it over to his good friend, Jerry Asher, as a farewell gift. “You've always said you liked the stuff, so here it is,” the note accompanying the furniture was supposed to have read.

“In the first place, it wasn't furniture,” he said flatly. “I didn't have any furniture. There were a few things in my dressing-room at the studio that I sent over to Jerry and asked him to keep for me until I came back.”

Despite these proofs, however, his friends and fans can remember they had good reason to believe the gossip that he was fed up with Hollywood; that he didn't like pictures, anyway, and that he would never make another. It was known that he was the problem child of his manager, M. C. Levee; that he refused to sign a new contract with M-G-M; that he turned down offers to make pictures for other studios that would have netted him thousands of dollars and stubbornly insisted on appearing in and helping to finance a new play on Broadway.

An outstanding member of the “I-won't-talk” club, he became for a time the least talkative and most talked-about actor in Hollywood. Never at any time considered loquacious, he confined his conversations concerning rumors, interviews and offers of jobs to one word and became the great “no” man of Culver City. He didn't bother to explain anything and indicated in every way that he didn't give a hoot what anyone said or wrote or thought about him. However, he did care.

HE WAS deeply hurt at the failure of his marriage to Joan Crawford; bewildered that everything he did was misunderstood; embarrassed that a situation he considered distinctly personal should become a national topic and he shut himself off from all but a few close friends. Had he not been bound by contract he would have left California immediately but his agreement with M-G-M required his appearance in three additional pictures.

Those six months were a hideous nightmare to the sensitive man. When asked by photographers to smile he felt more like asking, "At what?" More than anything he wanted to be let alone and more than ever he became a target for candid cameramen and roving reporters. Before entering a night-club during those months he made a practice of warning the manager he would leave and not come back if a single camera was pointed his way. But he was "news" and his struggle for privacy only nettled the crew of newsmen. A series of the most unflattering photographs of the star appeared in newspapers and magazines from coast to coast.

At the studio he worked on closed sets and no one could get near him. *Three Loves Had Nancy* was his last picture and just before it was finished, he relented under vigorous persuasion of his friends and studio workers and agreed to see one reporter. "It will be a great break for the picture," the studio press-agents said and his friends coaxed, "Couldn't you co-operate just a little?"

Franchot laughs now when he remembers this interview. "The reporter, representing one of the big newspaper syndicates, asked me all kinds of questions and I answered them, but everything I said was misinterpreted and misquoted. And then, the big laugh was that in his whole story, he never once mentioned the name of the picture!"

IT IS easy for him to laugh these days for he is a new Franchot Tone. His temporarily misplaced sense of humor has been located and is frequently apparent when he cracks out with a rapier-like thrust. He is a student, a philosopher, a thinker but he is also half-Irish and he loves a joke.

His appearance has undergone a change and in distinct contrast to the disillusioned, discouraged young man who left here a year ago, he is now the picture of health. Completely recovered from his long illness, he is bronzed from lazy days in the California sun. His eyes are crystal-clear. He is alert and there is a lilt to his voice and a spring in his step. Naturally reticent and never a banner-waver, he now talks easily and well. He laughs a lot. He can even mention in an off-hand way, "the separation." Not lightly, to be sure, but calmly and in a detached way.

Fast and Furious, a new picture in which he co-stars with Ann Sothern, has just been finished. He thinks it is good. He enjoyed making it and, from all reports, everyone else in the cast did, too. It was noted that his dressing-room was the gathering place for the feminine members of the cast between scenes and the laughs that could be heard for a block indicated that all was well.

It has been printed in all the gossip columns that he has been seen holding hands with his ex-wife in night clubs, but what is a little hand-holding between divorced couples? A cozy little Hollywood custom, it's all in fun. "We're good friends," they say and, to tell the truth, Franchot has been seen out with startling regularity with a little Twentieth Century-Fox actress-singer, Mary Healy. He's having fun. Mary is wearing a new ring but Franchot makes no comment.

All these signs indicate that Franchot is at peace with the world; that he has decided it is a pretty good place to be. There is no air of cynicism about his boyish appearance and time, a cure for all ills, has been aided by his logical mind. He has had a year in which to think things out; to rearrange his life mentally. He is looking ahead with his calm foot forward.

It has been said many times that Franchot does not care for money—that is, riches in a large sense—and that seems to be true. However, he admits frankly that one strong factor in bringing him back to Hollywood was the wish to recoup his finances which suffered from his long illness, months of idleness, to say nothing of the money he lost in his little flyer in "angeling" the Broadway play in which he appeared, *These Gentle People.*

He has been quoted many times as saying, "I'm not profoundly interested in fame," but that statement, too, he refutes with equal candor or, at least qualifies it by saying, "it has its practical advantages."

By "practical advantages" he doesn't mean the adulation accorded a film star—the fight for autographs, the embarrassment of entering an elevator and hearing his name whispered and realizing that everyone in the cage has turned to look at him. Despite the fact that to a man of his sensitive nature it is polite persecution to have people run after him on the street, point at him and stare, he appreciates the fact that it is a tribute to his achievement in his chosen *metier.*

"But they don't tear the buttons off my coat and steal my neckties as they do some other stars," he disclaims modestly. "I'm not THAT popular."

HE HATES to be made so conspicuous as he must be if he stops on the corner to autograph bits of paper, programs and books. Crowds, lured by whatever attraction, have a way of growing to a point of being a serious traffic menace. He thinks it better for his fans to write in for his autograph but he recalls with a certain satisfaction the crowds that awaited him after every performance in *These Gentle People.*

"IT'S a relief to be in Hollywood again where no one notices me," he said with satisfaction. "People are so accustomed to seeing actors out here that they pay no attention. I went to the circus a few nights ago and no one gave me a second glance."

Just the same, everyone is wondering who the girl with him was. The one he said was his cousin.

But fan adulation was not exactly one of the "practical advantages" to which he referred. He was thinking that the fame he has won on the screen enables him to choose his roles in pictures; it enables him to earn a huge weekly salary. It is what he saves from his screen earnings that enables him to indulge his desire to appear in artistic plays that may be financial failures.

It was the fame of the three principal characters in *These Gentle People*—Sylvia Sidney, Sam Jaffe and Franchot Tone—that drew audiences and kept the play running for twenty weeks. It is with a feeling of security that he can choose his film and stage roles with care and work or not as he chooses, a plan he intends to follow hereafter. He is grateful and feels himself very lucky to be able to do this.

Never again, he thinks now, will he sign a long-term motion picture contract. He might consider, "and be glad to," he says, sign a contract that called for a few pictures each year if he might be allowed to appear on the stage each season.

And that brings up the question of his preference for the stage. He says honestly that he doesn't prefer one medium to the other. He likes the stage and confesses he misses the audience when he is working in pictures. But when he is looking for entertainment he finds it in a motion picture theatre.

In fact, it can be truthfully said that he

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Franchot may be seeing something of Mary Healy, taking her places and so on, but he is also seeing something of his ex-wife Joan Crawford. It's an old Hollywood custom for ex-husbands and wives to be palsie-walsie. Mr. T and Miss C dine out

Dietrich Rides Again

[*Continued from page 23*]

Dietrich across whose mobile face flit a hundred emotions.

Well, the rumors were right. I saw a smile, a grin, a grimace, a wink, all in quick succession, romp across that once immobile face. I saw La Dietrich, once the Glamor Girl Par Excellence of Paramount, the high-tide discovery of Director Josef von Sternberg's life, standing on the bar of Kent's "Last Chance" saloon at Universal Studios singing a torchy ballad about "See What the Boys in the Back Room Want," black suede skirt studded with rhinestone stars swirling about the famous Dietrich Knees. It looked like the good old days (for Dietrich) of 1931 and *The Blue Angel* which brought her—and von Sternberg—world-wide success. But the man in the director's chair was not the erstwhile Mr. Sternberg.

Marlene in ***Destry Rides Again*** **has a lusty western in which she plays a cafe gal who sings torchy ballads—and who has a knock-down-drag-'em-out fight with Una Merkel —a scene that took three days to film. It's the fiercest feminine fight ever staged**

Behind this omission is as powerful a story as Hollywood will ever know. Or tell. The saga of von Sternberg and Dietrich will probably be written down among the Great Love Stories of Cinemaland, if anyone ever gets around to writing it. Although they may both deny it, because their thinking is brightly lacquered and modern, and they pride themselves on being sophisticated, the story of the Dietrich-von Sternberg association was the reversal of the famous story of mythology, Pygmalion and Galatea, where a sculptor created a statue and fell in love with it, whereupon the gods gave her life.

Von Sternberg, a cinema sculptor, with a brilliant, experimental mind, fell in love with a woman and made a statue of her by his stylized, slow-tempoed direction. It was a style that was splendidly adapted to tales of the underworld, those fine menacing films he made with George Bancroft, and the tragic depths of his first important film *The Salvation Hunters;* but even the potent allure of Marlene, and she has plenty of it, didn't compensate for the living statue he made of her. Yet, strangely enough, it was von Sternberg who put her through the paces of *The Blue Angel*, the German film which sent her crashing to the front of the movie ranks.

IT WAS this style, slow-making, ponderous as Wagner's *Flying Dutchman,* rococo and ornate, that was used in all Dietrich pictures, even after she left Paramount two-three years ago and walked slowly through Selznick's *Garden of Allah* and Mr. Korda's *Knight Without Armour.* Dietrich, herself, considered this somnambulistic style her medium of expression. It was the first thing that went overboard when La Dietrich met up with Director Marshall. "Make 'em natural. Kick out affectations," are Marshall's twin creeds. So Dietrich snapped out of it. The result on the screen is the kind of real life Dietrich who vows the crew and her co-workers—a lovable, friendly, cosy little woman. Universal wants the same sexy purr, the same cuddlesome quality, that Dietrich emanates on the air—over N. B. C. with Charlie McCarthy, for instance. It is hoping it can capture that super-sex on celluloid.

To this end, and in the business of thawing out Miss Dietrich professionally, Joe Pasternak, production gentleman who is responsible for the long list of Deanna Durbin films, plus newcomer Gloria Jean and *The Underpup,* tossed the All-Time Glamor Girl, Marlene, into a role which made her a bad girl with a good heart, a cafe gal who died for her man, gave her a knock-down-drag-'em-out fight that took three days to film (both Dietrich and Una Merkel, the warring, refused doubles), doused her with buckets of water as part of the action, and handed her four torchy ballads to sing. It was the neatest antidote-to-stagnation trick of the week. Furthermore, Pasternak calls La Dietrich "Old Lady," the technicians "Cracker-pratt" and Marlene seems to love it.

Whether the last laugh is on the de-glamorizers, no one knows but Marlene. Deep down in her generous Teutonic heart she's probably darned glad to be given a chance to prove that she's not "poison at the box-office" as the Independent Theatre Owners Association once dubbed her in their memorable advertisement. And, really, this Frenchie role is no departure in characterization for her.

"I have done several parts with action like this in them," she said to me. "Only people forget them. They remember only the other films." She nodded gravely, the rhinestone mist that glittered on her platinum curls shone in agreement when we said that *Destry Rides Again* completed the cycle and brought her once more to *Blue Angel* and *Morocco.*

THESE two years of professional waiting have not been kind to Dietrich. They have been filled with the sort of artistic torpor that every actor knows. Because he has prestige to maintain, the unemployed, uncontracted actor cannot go out and rustle up a job for himself. He must let his agent make all the diplomatic gestures. He dies a hundred deaths waiting, day after day, for the right "break," the right role. It has doubtless been that way with Dietrich.

There were rumors about her "million dollar" radio contract (February 1938) which never materialized. When she docked from Europe the latter part of November of the same year, she was interviewed by ship reporters on the Capra film that she was to do. There was talk about the George Sand role she was to fill, even to the gents pants that the famous Frenchwoman wore, and which Dietrich in her own private life had popularized. So far as can be now traced, there were no dotted line signatures, and the whole plan never passed the talking stage.

Dietrich—who has never been accused of being dumb, on the contrary—read Bromfield's *The Rains Came,* saw herself in the *Lady Esketh* role (and we do, too) and immediately suggested the novel to 20th-Fox's Darryl Zanuck, who bought it. It is said there was some talk that Dietrich would have the part. It would have been perfect casting if she had done it. But La Dietrich, sipping her breakfast coffee, read the next morning in a movie column that Myrna Loy had been signed for *Lady Esketh.* In one of Hollywood's inexplicable studio moves, Dietrich was brushed aside. It was bad luck for Dietrich, of course. Or so it seemed. She had said "no" to other offers on the strength of what looked like the perfect role for her.

There is always one remedy for Dietrich when things go badly in Hollywood. It is to pack up and go to Europe. Once it was to Berlin that she fled but under the new regime she avoids it, whether because she is *persona non grata,* I do not know. She was born Mary Magdalene von Losch, her father was a militarist of the Kaiser's day, and there is no racial stigma attached to a name like hers. With Germany on her *verboten* list, it was to Paris, Cannes, Antibes, that Marlene fled.

In Paris—on the Riviera—Dietrich could salve her wounds with her international cafe society friends. She could buy a dozen Lily Dache hats, and order Chanel's latest. It didn't matter if she did not make a film, as it did with some film stars. People have always remembered her. I can remember one night at dinner at Sig Rumann's when the first words a college professor asked me were about Marlene Dietrich. It is the same way up and down the professional scale —Dietrich is remembered.

HER popularity with male fans may be because of her femininity. She represents to them the Eternal Woman, all charm, seductiveness; as knowing as *Lilith* or one of the *Venusberg* girls. Even actors, wise to all the feminine tricks of their colleagues, thrill to the prospect of working with La Dietrich. Mischa Auer, the comic of *Destry*, is no exception.

Dietrich's feminine following, of course, is probably formed by the fact that as a fashion-setter Marlene has no equal. Even if she makes but one film in three years, her femme fans can look at the nearest roto section and see a picture of Dietrich, dining with Erich Maria Remarque, or her husband, but wearing the latest fashion get-up. Dietrich—with Countess Dorothy di Frasso, or without her—in the Lady Mendl set or outside it—is always News to the boys with the flashlight bulbs.

Marlene's last sailing to Paris was not her most joyous, and on one score it should have been. She was leaving America for the first time as a full-fledged American citizen, her final citizenship papers having then been granted. What made her less joyous than a Hartz Mountain canary was the government's parting gesture. They deprived her of her jewels, and beautiful and valuable they are, too, until they had her income tax affairs settled to their satisfaction. It was rough going for little Miss New American of 1939.

If I know the Dietrich type, she probably took it very philosophically and didn't lock herself up in her de-luxe suite to cry. She must have a good sense of balance and she could see that her lucky star was having temporary astral trouble, and her present predicament was not half bad when it was compared to the post-World War days in Germany where she was an extra girl, a violin student, young wife of an assistant director Rudolph Sieber (she's still married to him, too,), young mother of Maria Sieber who is now fourteen.

IT WAS only nine years ago that the Hollywood director Josef von Sternberg went to Berlin to make a film for UFA, signed a well-known actress to play opposite Emil Jannings in *The Blue Angel*. Then, one day, von Sternberg looked through a stack of photographs to select small part players. One face looked up at him and all others were forgotten. "Who is this girl?" von Sternberg asked. "Bring her in." So it was that Rudy Sieber's wife met von Sternberg. The woman who was signed for the lead opposite Jannings never played it. Her salary was paid, but Marlene acted the role. It was the beginning of Dache hats and Chanel gowns for the girl who was born Mary Magdalene, contracted to Mar-lene, in Saxe-Weimar.

If von Sternberg was the master and she the student, the sculptor to her statue, if he was Dietrich's *Svengali*, re-shaping her to the fabulous creature she became, she has not forgotten what he has done for her, now that she is out of his orbit. They remain friends, and share an affectionate regard for each other. There is no more conclusive proof of their cordial relations than the fact that Joe has loaned Marlene his Rolls-Royce to ride back and forth from her Beverly Hills Hotel suite to Universal Studios. Her own high-powered chariot was commandeered by the French for war duty when she was in Paris.

Marlene also uses Joe's car for sundry domestic duties, like sending Maria, her buxom daughter whose face is a rounded duplicate of her mother's, and whose hair has the same strawberry brightness, to the dentist. And then shopping. Maria, like the tutored *fraulein* she is, has enormous fun in shopping. Gets ecstatically excited at the idea. Although Maria is listed in a film book as an actress, "1934 *The Scarlet Empress,* Paramount," she has no definite plans about carrying on the Dietrich tradition. Or perhaps—the Sieber tradition, for Marlene's husband is a film producer who divides his time between Paris, New York, Hollywood.

Although Hollywood may chant about the "new Dietrich" the German actress is still pretty much the same sort that she was back in her Paramount heyday. At least as far as the set worker's reactions are concerned. Her generosities, her good fellowship, melt their hearts and heads to a February slush. However Dietrich may have disagreed with people at Paramount, it was the front-office, the higher-ups, and not the gaffers, electricians, camera crew, prop men, who felt her wrath. Even now, with her Paramount contract long embalmed, I think she misses that frictional association. Maybe she likes to suffer. I wouldn't know.

CORRECTION

MOTION PICTURE Magazine was misinformed when it stated in recent columns that Marquis Henri de la Falaise was holding out for a generous settlement as the wind-up to his marriage with Constance Bennett. The Marquis in a letter to a New York friend denies that he seeks any financial or property settlement from Miss Bennett —adding that "there has NEVER been any talk at ANY time of ANY kind of settlement between the lady and myself." Before he joined up with the French Army where he is serving in the Tank Corps, "Hank" had been to Bali to make the picture, *Legong*. He also about this time, penetrated further into the interior of Indo-China than any other white man—living among savage tribes while making a wild animal picture. He was offered the Legion of Honor by the French Government for his exploits. And he captured adult wild tigers alive—a feat that has never been accomplished before.

SHE impresses one, in regard to Paramount, as very much like the divorcee who still loves her former husband and says so. She shows it in her actions, her first thoughts. After sitting about on the *Destry* set for three hours, waiting for a few priceless moments with La Dietrich—for she seems to have a distinct aversion to the press —and talking to the crew, I found nothing but praise for the actress. Not one sour note. Finally I turned to Dietrich and asked her if she couldn't confess to one outstanding flaw in her apparently perfect nature. But even Marlene couldn't. "I even love Paramount," she said, which was, in her mind, the height of magnanimity.

It is easy to see how the set boys and girls could love her. She is so proletarian it hurts. She remembers that they get thirsty, like she does, and orders up a round of coffee for them. Five gallons it was, this day. During the heat wave she sent for several dozen neck ice bags and distributed them to the technical crew. Someone saw the bill. It was $25.00. The publicity department is won to her by her gift of a dozen bottles of champagne, and the fact that she let them toss three buckets of cold water over her to make some extra stills. They sent *her* a big bouquet of flowers. The whole set reeks of Mutual Admiration and Love.

An important Universal executive has a prop man (Props' wife buys the posey) put a fresh rose-bud in a vase on La Dietrich's dressing-table every morning. The assistant director, Vernon Keays, wears a silver watch-whistle in his lapel. Gift of La Dietrich. It says "I come—Marlene" and is a smashing victory for that democratic spirit. When Marlene first arrived on the set, Mr. Keays would summon her to the camera by knocking politely on her dressing-room door.

"Why don't you just whistle, Vernon?" suggested the lady of the rose-bud. It developed he couldn't summon up a good whistle, so Dietrich had her jeweler fix that up. The whistle was on hand the next morning. Her sound recorder sports a handsome new watch, gift of the actress. There are those who prophecy that Miss Dietrich, like all of her warm-hearted type, will die poor. If she does, she's had a swell time spending what she earned.

BUT the adulation gets a little sickening. An extra girl gushes, nasally, when we ask Miss Dietrich for a confession of human error, "I love you, Miss Dietrich!" At that moment, through the loud speaker, a *Rollo* voice announces: "Miss Dietrich, all of us boys up here want to thank you for the coffee." Dietrich lifts her hands like *Brunhilde* at the second act curtain and thanks *them*. Sure, she means it. She loves to give things to people. The announcement swells into applause and the whiskered cowboys on the set, also debtors to Miss Dietrich, cheer. Then the loud speaker breaks in again. There's to be no mistaking the source of the gratitude. "Miss Dietrich, it's the boys up in the catwalk who are thanking you!" The scene is impressive. Any minute the Marine Band may march in, playing the *Stars and Stripes Forever.*

We wonder what Dietrich—and Helen of Troy—has that millions of women and us don't have. Inspired by the cosy mood of the moment, we drew near enough to ask her: "How do you know that you haven't got it?" answered Dietrich, huskily. "Maybe you just haven't had a chance to show it!"

Between camera set-ups La Dietrich granted us a few more questions. She was surrounded by a little court of old friends—Hans von Twardowski, her leading man in Germany; the ever-attentive Erich Maria Remarque, author of *All Quiet on the Western Front* and, laterly, *Flotsum,* who is a pretty consistent set visitor. It developed that Miss Dietrich is happy with her role in *Destry Rides Again* and that, war permitting, she will make a film in Paris for a gentleman named Charrell. It was at this moment that the set was again summoned to work.

I paused for a moment, talking to one of her worshippers: "She's so enthusiastic about this part," he said. "And her husband is here every moment, watching her, ready to help when she asks him for advice. I'll bet he's here right now, somewhere, unnoticed, retiring. Yes, there he is over there!"

The man he pointed to was the smallish, alert, urbanely handsome Erich Maria Remarque. Well, you can't be right all the time.

Still the Same Guy

[*Continued from page* 25]

George, I asked about that. And that's when the *laughing* began. It seems that it was all a joke—just good, clean fun. And coincidence. Oh, definitely coincidence. It seems that this trip of George's and Norma's to the New York Fair was just a great, big party—not a twosome, as you might have believed from the gossip-cracks! Take it from George—"if you'd seen the picture of our party, with her at one end of the group and me at the other, you wouldn't have even IMAGINED romance!" Well Charles Boyer and his missus, Pat Paterson, were in the photo at that. But romance?

Wellllll, maybe. . . .

But then they DID go off to Europe together, didn't they? Well, George explains that, too. It seems that George had reservations on the *Queen Mary*, which shoved off a week or more before Norma's boat. BUT, at the last hour, George had a chance to pick up some big cash with a radio broadcast from Chicago, so he flew to Chi, did the broadcast—and when he got back, why, the only ship-booking he could get was on the *Normandie*, and wasn't it odd that Norma was on the same boat? So of course, they and a few hundred more people sailed on the *Normandie* (including their pals, the Boyers)—and half-way across the Atlantic, George got a radiogram from a British newspaper. It read:

ARE YOU HAVING ROMANCE WITH NORMA SHEARER?

"I was flabbergasted," said George. "You see, neither of us knew about the gossip and the paragraphs in the columns, because we were at sea. So the radiogram was a surprise. I showed it to Norma, and we laughed. And I answered. I radio'ed back just three words:

YOU FLATTER ME!

And that, take it from George, is ALL there is to that talk of romance between him and Norma Shearer. Hollywood whispers still insist that they're seeing a lot of each other. And there is a Hollywood story, too, that this little business between George and Norma was just a little bit of wifely defense-maneuvering by Pat Paterson. Pat, it seems, wants no Hollywood glamor-gal too interested in her glamor-hubbie. So (the story goes), Pat engineered the New York meeting, and the trip to the Fair, and the joint voyage on the *Normandie* between George and Norma, so that Boyer wouldn't be the only glamor-male on the boat when Norma, Pat and Boyer all sailed together. But that's just a Hollywood rumor, and you can take it or leave it. Anyway, Boyer is in the French Army now, so Pat's probably not worrying about other gals any more. . . .

Now as to George's present life in Hollywood. It's strangely quiet for a man who plays the roles he does on the screen. And for a man who, despite the 40 odd years he now openly admits to, packs as much charm and sex-appeal into one little body as George does.

About that 40—did you know he's that old? Neither did I. But it seems to be the habit, these days, for old-line screen stars to quit kidding the public about their years. Colman, Barrymore, Cooper, even Gable, admit they're out of short pants. And George follows the line. Yet of them all, he looks least like the one who's gone over that forty-line. He still has the same sharp, slim, youthful, vigorous look about him; the same clear skin, clear brown eyes, jet black hair. I don't think that in his outward appearance, George Raft has changed a bit in all the nine years he's been in Hollywood.

Today, he's living in a big house, up in Coldwater Canyon, far above and beyond the neons and clatter of Hollywood. It's an odd life, and a lonely life, for a bachelor. He shares that big house with Mack Grey, his long-time pal and sidekick. Mack has been with Raft ever since George came to Hollywood. They used to live in a downtown Hollywood apartment house. Then George planned to bring his mother, Mrs. Eva Ranft, out here. (Ranft, you know, is the correct spelling of the actor's family name; he had it legally changed to Raft a few years ago, because that was his professional name and everybody called him Raft, without the "N," anyway).

George has been going with Virginia Peine for five years, but it looks now as if the romance had ended. When asked if there's a chance he'll ever be free to marry her, he replied: "I'd have to ask Virginia—now." Hollywood believes he still cares

So he built the house—and then, just as it was on the verge of completion and George was about to bring his mother out here to share in the comforts and joys of his success, Fate dealt him one of its blows. His mother passed away, at the age of 77.

After that—a long time after that—there was talk that the big, lonely house in Coldwater Canyon might eventually become the honeymoon home of George Raft and Virginia Peine, if and when George's divorce from his present wife ever materialized. More, it was generally known that Virginia Peine helped George pick out practically every piece of furniture that went into the house.

BUT—the divorce never came through. That's another story for another day. But what I'm getting at is this: Today, George Raft shares that big house with Mack Grey. George, oddly enough, likes the solitude and the calm and the quiet and the loneliness.

"It's swell to get up there after a day's work, and get down to solid comfort, and sit on the edge of the pool, and just relax and rest," he says.

But it's just about KILLING Grey! This Grey is the sort of lad who'd much rather be hotstepping it around the nitespots and the cocktail lounges and the bars and the fight-clubs and the Hollywood spots where the boys gather.

"When we lived downtown, he used to do that," Raft grins now. "He used to get up, around 8 or 9, and put on his hat and walk to the Boulevard, or take the car out of the garage and drive the few blocks. . . .

"But now, we're up there on the mountain, and it's a hell of a long way from town. It's too far to walk, of course, and by the time he gets in the car and drives all that way, Mack is kind of tired.

"So he just mopes around—and doggone if he doesn't go to bed, half the time, by eight-thirty or nine! What a life for a Killer!"

As for George's movie career—well, it just seems to go on and on and on forever. Nobody is more surprised about it than George Raft himself. In his attitude toward himself and his career, he reminds me of the hillbilly at the hippopotamus cage.

You know the yarn, don't you?—about the yokel from the mountains, who on his very first trip away from the hinterland, got to the zoo and saw the hippopotamus, and how he stood there and stared and started and stared and stared, for long silent minutes, with incredulity and profound skepticism upon his face?—and how, finally, he strolled unconcedingly off with the remark:

"Hell!— there AIN'T NO SECH ANIMULE. ! ! !"

Well, George Raft is like that. With only this difference: in the case of George Raft, you've got to substitute, for the hippopotamus, George Raft himself! ! !

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"I Want Sex-Appeal!"

[*Continued from page 33*]

"Suppose some bright publicity man did think up a slogan that would insinuate that I had an overdose of glamor. Suppose it clicked. Suppose it made everybody Lana Turner-conscious. I might get stardom on the strength of it. But I'd have to work overtime to display enough of my—er—physical attributes, living up to that slogan. And then there would always be the question: Could I hold on to stardom, getting it that way, and not on the basis of performances? I'd hate to take the chance.

"The way I look at it, even if I became a star first and then got a title, it still would be a headache. I can't help but think of Jean Harlow, 'The Blond Bombshell'—and Clara Bow, 'The It Girl.' They both wanted to play varied roles. And nobody would hear of it, because their titles had 'typed' them.

"Those are just a couple of reasons why I'm afraid of titles—deathly afraid. I want to become a star. That's why I'm in the movies. But I don't want to become one until I've got some acting experience behind me—something to hang onto stardom with. What I want to work up to some day is dramatic roles. And what a crimp a sex-appeal tag would put in those hopes!

"So please—please—just call me Lana. Pronounced *Lah*na."

Such sentiments would indicate that Lana has more above her neckline than a pert face, devoid of make-up except for lip-rouge, and gold-blond hair, now recovering from the effects of a baby bob. I asked her who had been giving her advice. She said, "Truthfully"—a word that is a habit with Lana, by the way—"truthfully, I've had so much advice, from so many quarters, I've had to try to figure things out for myself.

"WHEN I started, I didn't feel like this. I'd been going to high-school, studying to be a dress designer. Suddenly, without any effort on my part, I was in the movies, in a picture called *They Won't Forget*. I was the business school co-ed who was murdered—remember? I got a whiff of the excitement of being seen on the screen, being talked about. Everything had happened in such a hurry, I wanted stardom to happen in a hurry, too. I wanted to do big things right away. I died when they kept me doing small things.

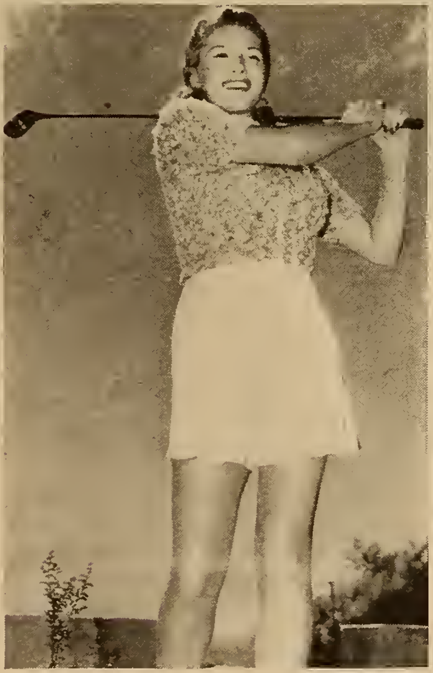
"One thing that cured me was a title a columnist gave me, after that first picture. I hate to mention it, but I guess I'd better—just to prove how I hate titles. I wore a sweater in *They Won't Forget*; a sort of snug-fitting one. Well, this columnist kept calling me 'The Sweater Girl.' I used to cry myself to sleep at night about it. I blamed that title for my being held back; that was what was keeping casting directors from thinking of me as anybody with any acting talent. Maybe I was right—a little. But after I started taking dramatic coaching, and discovered how much there was for little Lana to learn about acting, I changed my mind about wanting to go places in a hurry. I realized I was lucky, to be playing even 'bits.' Awfully lucky.

"And the more things that happened to me, the more I feel this way. I want to go up slowly—very slowly. For two reasons. I want to earn everything I get. And when I'm 25 or so, I don't want people thinking I'm 30, because I've been conspicuous so long. I'm only 18 now—I won't be 19 till next February. I have plenty of time to be conspicuous, without rushing things.

"Truthfully"—there's that word again—"it scares me when anybody starts speculating about when I'll be a star. I feel I'm plenty lucky to be this far along. And the more I look back, the luckier I feel."

It's comforting to know that, for all the hullabaloo, Lana is humble—because no other girl ever had such a Cinderella break.

TWO years ago, she was going to Hollywood High. The place is a hotbed of movie ambitions, but Lana wasn't interested in the movies. She wasn't interested in school, either. One morning she was less prepared for algebra than usual. So she cut the class—to go across the street to a hole-in-the-wall eatery, much patronized by students. There, she was moodily immersed in a malted milk, thinking about the difficulties of being 16 and having to take algebra, when a man entered the place and also perched on a stool at the counter. Lana was uncomfortably aware that he was looking at her. She suddenly deigned to give him a glance—a squelching one. He ignored it. He said, "Have you ever thought of being in the movies?"



In private Lana still wears sweaters. But puts her 6A foot down making publicity poses in them. She weighs 109 lbs., has 22½-inch waist, 34-inch bust and 35-inch hips. Is 5 ft., 4 inches tall

Now, Hollywood is full of male ogres only too anxious to tell little girls that they ought to be in the movies. Lana knew this. She said to the proprietor, "Do you know him?" The proprietor informed her that the man was Billy Wilkerson, publisher of the trade paper, *The Hollywood Reporter*. In fact, Mr. Wilkerson gave her his card and made an appointment for her and her mother to come to his office. There, he gave them a letter of introduction to Zeppo Marx, the agent.

Big agents usually don't handle little unknowns; there isn't any percentage in it. But, as a favor to Billy Wilkerson, Zeppo Marx went out of his way to open a studio gate for Lana. Mervyn LeRoy, about to produce *They Won't Forget*, was looking for a new girl of high-school age to play the sweet victim of murder. Marx brought around Lana. LeRoy tested her. He saw great potential talent in her. He signed her.

Lana ought to feel lucky. And, as I suggested before, it's comforting to know that she does. It's also possible to understand why she doesn't want to stretch her luck to the bursting point—why she wants to deserve any future breaks.

HER happiest day, to date, was her 18th birthday. On that day, she didn't have to go to the studio's little red schoolhouse any longer—though she did go a little longer, in torture, to get a diploma. She doesn't look upon dramatic school with the same aversion. Lillian Burns, the studio dramatic coach, testifies that Lana *doesn't* cut classes in elocution, theatrical technique, dancing or anything else on the roster. She's serious about her acting education.

"And I'm serious, too," she told me, "about avoiding anything that looks like a straight ingenue role. If I can keep on avoiding those, and keep on playing roles with a little character in them, I think I stand a chance."

Another proof that she has things figured out, unlike most Hollywood eighteen-year-olds. Maybe that's because she doesn't feel like an eighteen-year-old.

"It's a funny thing, but when I'm with other girls of my age, I feel so much older than they seem. It has always been that way. I've always done things most girls my age didn't do. Like when I was 12, I was designing my own dresses. And when I was 14, I toured the country by train, alone, visiting relatives. I suppose one explanation is the fact that I have such a young mother; she's more like a big sister than a mother. She's only 35."

And, because Lana doesn't feel like an 18-year-old, she isn't going to try to act like one—off the screen, that is. For the sake of publicity. "Life's too short to spend half your time putting on an act. I'm going to be myself, let the chips fall where they may."

Something you may have noticed is that Lana has a refreshing habit of honesty—rare in girls whose business is make-believe. It crops out in her reaction to all the recent fuss. She doesn't sit down and embroider some fancy sentiments for the occasion.

She told me, "I don't care what anyone says—the big thrill isn't the satisfaction of finally accomplishing something or getting a raise in salary. The big thrill is having people recognize you on the street. 'That's Lana Turner.' Every time I hear anybody whisper that, chills go up my spine." A waiter interrupted her to ask for an autograph. When he had left, she said, "That's what I mean. That's a thrill.

"It wasn't too long ago that I went to a preview, and some little boys came up to me and said, 'Who are you?' I said, 'Why, I'm—I'm nobody.' They went away, and then they came back. Somebody apparently told them my name. They said, 'Are you Lana Turner?' I said. 'Yes.' And then they went

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 6*]

Leslie Howard has returned to England, accompanied by daughter Leslie, his radio partner. The girl looks like Poppa

tical certainty that Isa and Alfred will go through a second marriage—this time complete with all the benefits and blessings of the church—to seal the civil ceremony that they've gone through.

You see, mama and mama just can't believe that any civil mumbo-jumbo can make their daughter and son man-and-wife, and the mamas'll have no Hollywood business in their youngsters' love-lives.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Florence Heller and Ken Murray
Certainly did make up in a hurray!

■

YOU can check off as purely studio-inspired hooey any talk of romance between Sonja Henie and Bill Holden. The real business in Bill's idea of life is Brenda Marshall, and those blurbs you may read or hear about him and Sonja are the product of the press-agents, who seem to be obsessed with the idea that somehow, by hook or crook, they've GOT to get a MAN for Sonja . . .!

EVERY day, in her dressing-room, there's a fresh, bright red rose on Marlene Dietrich's dressing table. What makes this interesting is this: it's NOT from her hubby; it's NOT from Erich Maria Remarque; but it IS from an unnamed prop-man on her picture, who hasn't for one single day failed to put that fresh rose on her table!

■

THERE'S a bright new sign hanging outside of Phyllis Brooks' home. It reads:

FOR
RENT

But, to Hollywood's immediate conclusion that this means that she and Cary Grant are ready at last to take the leap into matrimony, there comes Cary's own denial.

"If I had to go to war," Cary told a friend, "it wouldn't be fair to Phyllis to marry her—and then leave her for maybe two or three years or more—would it?"

As a matter of fact, there are some Hollywood whisperers who insist that Cary and Phyllis really are married already, despite their denials.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Janie Wyman and Ronald Reagan—
Looks like THAT won't ever weagan!

MY, MY, my, my, my!!!—Greta Garbo's romance, or whatever it is, with Dr. Gaylord Hauser, the dietician, is getting to the "reckless" stage!

Anyway, the other dinner-time, they were dining together at a health-food joint in Hollywood. Both Greta and Dr. Hauser are food-faddists of the extreme sort, and in this common interest they are mightily bound. So, dining together, they calculated calories and vitamins and things like that, and took the proper proportion of roughage and whatever else foodsters of that kind do.

And then, suddenly, Greta was overheard to remark:

"And now—now I vant to do som'-ting RECKLESS!"

Amazed, those within hearing range watched carefully to see what Garbo

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No girl can win glamor without exercise. Mary Beth Hughes in free and easy outfit does deep breathing to develop her chest

Why Ty Is High Powered

[*Continued from page 26*]

that Annabella was the first of stars, producers, directors and so on consulted. (Mind you, at this time we didn't even know the love-life factor was going to rear its ugly head.)

Annabella, we concluded right at the start, was a prejudiced witness. She marveled at Hollywood for not recognizing Ty's value sooner than it did. She seemed to think her Mr. Power was the wonder boy, the perfect specimen, the champ in all divisions!

What did Ty have? *Everything*, stupid!

So we turned to the rest of Hollywood for a less biased answer. The Hollywood that, a short time ago, couldn't see Ty for dust. That had sneered at him as a "relative," accused him of trying to cash in on his father's famous name. That had denied him even an extra job, forcing him to go back to the stage.

"WHAT has Ty got that put him so quickly at the top of the ladder?" we asked literally scores of filmtown biggies. "Or, was he just lucky?"

"Ty Power?" was the echo. "Why, that boy's got *everything*!"

Might just as well have been Annabella speaking!

Then we remembered that Hollywood's genius for overlooking and snubbing its future great stars is second only to its genius for praising them, and taking bows for their discovery, when they reach the top!

Despite this fulsome praise and a rare "sour grapes" note that occasionally crept in, we gleaned some very illuminating information. Lots of intimate slants on Ty from the "inside" point of view, and many comparisons between him and Gable, Taylor, Greene, Flynn, Cary Grant, George Brent, Gary Cooper and others. Whether or not comparisons are odious, these were so interesting that we're going to pass them on.

Naturally, one of the first things we wanted to know was whether or not Ty was considered the best actor among the most popular matinee idols.

Consensus of opinion seemed to be that there's little to choose, in that respect, between Power and Gable, his nearest rival. They're both considered excellent.

"But don't let that fool you," remarked one director, whose opinion we respect. "It takes a lot more than acting to hold down a top popularity spot. One of the best actors is George Brent, yet George is trailing a number of glamor boys who can't act for sour apples."

Where Ty has his principal edge on Gable, in Hollywood's opinion, is in youth. Heaven knows, Clark's no toothless, creaking ancient. His Carole will give him a testimonial, any day! But it is claimed that fan favor has turned to more boyish youth, and Ty's got plenty. (We politely didn't remind the Big Shots that less than two years ago, they complained he was too youthful!)

Still with never a thought that Ty's love-life might enter his success story, we asked about "personality."

Here again, Ty and Clark are closely matched. And both are tops. They have a rare genius for never giving an impression that they are conceited, in person, even when their screen roles are rather "cocky." That's where Flynn, sometimes very ingratiating on the screen, frequently misses. So do Taylor, Nelson Eddy and several others. Men, and some women, occasionally get the notion that they're too pleased with themselves.

This brought us to an old familiar question. Can a glamor boy be too handsome? If so, who's suffering from the affliction? And who's not handsome enough? Being overhandsome, we learned, had once been Taylor's headache, but never Power's. Ty screens with almost the virile ruggedness of Gable, but minus a cave-man suggestion that turns some of the ladies away from Clark toward Bob, Flynn, and newcomer Richard Greene. That means that nearly all women and most men like Ty's looks. Which, on the screen, goes a good long way toward liking the actor's personality.

The conversation that led us by devious routes to the love-life question began when we were discussing George Brent.

"There's a young man who, a short time ago, had nearly everything," said a certain high executive of a film company. "Fine acting ability, an ingratiating, magnetic personality that both men and women liked, a dash and sock in his screen presence. He had the looks, too. All he lacked was private-life color that could be publicized. The only reason he's not among the top boys today, is because he insists on keeping his private life out of his career."

Come to think of it, George *does* have a colorful background—as exciting as Errol Flynn's! But unlike Flynn, he has let us forget it. Done nothing to stay colorful. On the contrary he tries to keep his private life entirely out of print. He once told us, "It's only what you put on the screen that counts. What I need is a good part in a good picture."

Did you know that Darryl Zanuck paid more for the screen rights of *Grapes of Wrath* than David Selznick did for *Gone With the Wind*? Selznick got GWTW for $52,000, Zanuck had to pay $72,500 for the Steinbeck story.

Taylor is shouting for good parts, too, and retiring more and more into a Garbo-like seclusion on his ranch. Has that seclusion hurt Bob? Will it hurt him more?

Power gives us the answer. In swinging blithely up to the top, does he squawk to his bosses about parts? No. He'll play anything and some of his well-wishers wax indignant over what is given him.

Said Hedda Hopper: "Wonder why they pay Ty $4,500 a week and then cast him in parts totally unsuited to him? He's one of the best actors in Hollywood, a typical American boy. So what? At 24, he's played an Englishman, a Frenchman, an outlaw, a big gangster and an Indian doctor. Why?"

Hedda wonders, but not Ty. He takes direct issue with Brent's statement that all that counts is what you put on the screen. And he probably smiles at Taylor's worries over parts. Whatever part Ty gets, he does it so well that critics gush with sympathy, and speculate on what he could do with a *good* role!

MEANWHILE, for $4,500 a week or whatever he gets, Ty and Annabella gracefully, with tact and taste, but no apologies, let the public have a share of their private lives.

Shrewd, intelligent, and raised in the theatrical world from infancy, Ty knows the show business. He knows that when you bargain for fame, and get it, you've got to live in a goldfish bowl. And being also friendly, gregarious and understanding of human foibles, Ty doesn't mind.

With a wisdom that Hollywood applauds, he chose a wife of similar practical ideas. Annabella is one of the best wives ever won by a Hollywood top man—possibly *the* best. She stepped right in there and pitched, the moment it became apparent that the usually adroit Ty had gotten himself into a spot through a tangled love-life. One beset by cries of, "Poor Sonja!" and "Poor Loretta!" and "Fickle!" And later: "We'll never forgive you if you marry!"

But he and Annabella were in love, so they married. There are limits to this invasion of one's private life, you know!

Promptly Annabella set out to make herself popular as Mrs. Power, in Hollywood and out of it. And how she has succeeded! Ty's feminine admirers have forgiven him for marrying; say that since they've learned how sweet Annabella is, they're glad he did. And no longer need he worry about whether to take out one girl or a dozen, to be "engaged," or flit about!

Being so young, he reaps all the benefits and none of the harm that may come to a screen star from proud parenthood, as he assumes responsibility for Annabella's little honey of a daughter. Being a step-papa can't make young Ty seem "old and settled."

WE LEARNED definitely what we had only surmised before, that Ty's original Hollywood love affairs were undertaken for publicity's sake.

Nobody had to "sell" the idea to Ty. Unlike the secretive Mr. Brent and others, he knew the smart thing to do. And it was the pleasant thing, too, with girls like Sonja Henie and Loretta Young! That was when love-life entered the Power success story, as a factor that would have a strong effect on his career.

When pretended love became real, and his romance with Sonja was made a triangle by publicized romance with Loretta, Ty found himself on the uneasy spot we previously mentioned.

"And what a spot, if you know what I mean!" a certain gorgeous film creature told us, stretching her slinky satin-moulded figure. "You see, whatever Ty did about it would be wrong. It was a mixup of love, publicity, careers—and some grand people trying not to hurt each others' feelings."

Still seeking to be colorful, although his romance with Sonja was past, Ty began escorting many girls, playing no favorites. He got the reputation for being quite a Hollywood ladies' man. So here and there, various fans and critics objected to his "fickleness!"

None of these things actually progressed to the point of injuring Ty's popularity. On the contrary they increased it by keeping him very much in the public eye. And then, before any element of his love-life could jell into a situation perilous to his career, he married Annabella. With her fine, intelligent co-operation, he was able to steer a perfect course through the stormy emotional seas, and back to safety.

Which brings us around to admitting that we may just as well agree with Annabella's estimate of Ty. And the lavish praise slung by Hollywood. If this Power fellow hasn't all the qualities that go into the making of a durable box-office champ, we weren't skillful enough to discover what's lacking.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 62]

Sheila Bromley takes to water with a "you splash me, I'll splash you." Unlike majority of the Hollywood girls of the show-off school, Sheila likes to get wet

and her boy-friend would do—what "reckless" thing was on her mind—
So, flinging all restraint to the winds, Garbo ordered—and ATE—a gooey, crusty-rich rum-dessert called, of ALL things, a "Christine Terp."
"Terp"—! ! ! Omigawd, TERP! ! !

English stars, Richard Greene and Virginia Fields, are so inseparable they may wed any day. They step out to preview

■

HO, HO, hummmmmmmmm—Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are denying again (or yet!) that they're married. Don't they know that nobody cares any more?

■

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—whether or not Jeffrey Lynn and Doris Carson are mrandmrs, despite their denials. Seldom are they seen apart—and just the other day, when a Hollywood trade paper published a paragraph reporting that Doris had gone to the preview of *Espionage Agent* WITHOUT Jeffrey, it was Doris herself who called up the editor to explain heatedly that "the only reason I was there without him is because Jeffrey NEVER goes to his own previews," so there! ! !

■

BATTLINGEST lovers in Hollywood, to the vast discomfiture of the calamity-croakers, are the Errol Flynns.

Ever since Errol and the fiery Lili Damita got married (it seems aeons ago, now!), the predicters have been predicting that "it can't last." And promptly, the Flynns' married behavior seemed to warrant the prophecies—for never did any Hollywood bride and groom battle more often and more publicly than these two.

BUT—the payoff is that all their battling seems only to fan the flame of their romance the higher. Take it from insiders who know these two, the more they battle, the deeper they get into love. They're pretty close to the traditional couple "who just can't get along together, but can't get along without each other!"

When things get a bit strained, Lili works out an indifference routine on Errol. She just ignores him. The other day, she failed to be at the station when he returned to Hollywood from New York. Errol hit the ceiling—but his reaction was this: he sent her a wire:

AFTER ALL YOU KNOW YOU'RE THE ONLY WOMAN I HAVE EVER LOVED DAMMIT EXCLAMATION POINT

It didn't break Lili down. Lili merely took off in the Flynn yacht for Catalina. And what happened?—why, Errol hopped in a plane and followed, and you can bet there was a reconciliation on that yacht that was just nobody's business except Mr. and Mrs. Flynn's.

Your ol' Tattler knows a gal who's one of the closest intimates these two have. That gal says this:

"As long as Lili and Errol quarrel and battle and fight, you can be sure they're deep in love. BUT—when they ever calm down, IF they ever calm down—THEN watch out for the divorce!"

■

CUPID'S COUPLET: Janet Gaynor and Adrian. This is Hollywood's happiest mrandmrs!

[*Continued on page* 66]

As native dancer, with fingers and toenails painted white—and six arms waving is Mary Morris of *The Thief of Bagdad*

"I Paid the Hollywood Price!"

[*Continued from page 31*]

sitting now. Unless you get one of those goofy things they call a break. And anybody that figures on one of them is crazy."

MY COMPLETE lack of success during the following week convinced me how right this girl was. I tried to see studio casting directors, talent scouts and dramatic coaches; tried to get recognition from Central Casting and the Screen Actors' Guild; tried to find an agent who would handle me—only to learn that no one had the slightest interest in an unknown.

I had to *prove* what I could do. And "showing" in a little theatre was the only way I could prove it. So I must get a part in a play in a little theatre. But I soon discovered that the little theatres gave parts only to trained actors whose skill could carry along the youngsters in their roles or help sell a play to the studios.

I learned most of these theatres are run in connection with dramatic schools, and that they stage productions only to "show" their students to talent scouts, casting directors and agents. And it cost money to get into those schools.

I hadn't figured on entering a talent school. But my high-school dramatic course, plus what studying I had done by myself, didn't loom so big just then, and I decided that a month or two training in one of these schools that specialize in movie technique would prove a sound investment.

Finding a dramatic-school-theatre was easy. They were everywhere. There are about forty of them in and around Hollywood, and of that number only seven or eight are qualified to teach. But I didn't learn this until after I had paid a heavy penalty for not being "wise."

These school-theatres beggar description. They range from the amazingly elaborate set-up of the Pasadena Community Playhouse and the beautiful little theatre of the Ben Bard Players to musty fly-by-nights located over stores, in empty buildings and in rickety bungalows. The tuition at the three or four "school-theatres" that were recognized by the studios was far out of my reach. They charged from $50 to $100 a month and required from six months to a year initial enrollment.

So my savings and prospects looked pitiful until I met the head of one of the smaller theatre schools. His bearing, his striking voice, his apparent sincerity and his heavy head of white hair all inspired confidence. Until I entered his office no man connected in any way with motion pictures had had time to say half a dozen words to me.

He was so considerate and patient that I was soon convinced his heart was in his work of trying to get a break for the youngsters who had the courage to come to Hollywood and try to win their way into the movies. A former picture director himself, he explained, he had retired to help others. Confidentially—and I must keep this in confidence—he was backed by a group of stars and producers. So I must not think he was shouldering the entire loss himself.

Because I had so little money, and no one to send me any more, and because he was willing to gamble on my latent ability, I could come into his school for only $100. And I could stay there and benefit not only by the instruction of his staff, but by his personal coaching, until I was signed by a studio.

I would be taught motion picture technique as well as dramatic art. Only I must be patient, if, at times, he had to neglect me to coach players or stars sent him from the studios; or if I had to give up a part assigned me in one of the school's plays to make room for some promising player that a friendly studio had sent over for stage experience . . . It was not at all unusual, he assured me, for the studios to send players to such expert instructors as Ben Bard, Josephine Dillon, Max Reinhardt, Ralph Bellamy's wife and himself for coaching.

He would be happy to help me. His backers gave him free hand to choose those he thought deserving and sincere. They insisted upon only one thing: that the small sum required from the students be paid before they enter the school. This to eliminate those who were not sincere and inclined to start something just for the novelty of it, and then not carry through.

Paying out a hundred dollars now would take a serious bite out of the $185 I had left on this, my eighth day in Hollywood. But I had already paid my rent for the coming week, and I could cut down my living expenses while I was in the school. The serious matter of carfare could be eliminated, and my phone calls cut down to practically nil. Besides, that would be all the tuition I had to pay, as long as I wanted to stay in the school—until I got into pictures . . . Or anyway as long as I wanted to stay.

Perhaps I'm more skeptical than the average girl who risks so very, very much for so very, very small a chance in Hollywood, or perhaps hard experience has rubbed the gilt off my dreams. Anyway, within a week after paying the hundred dollars I was beginning to doubt the claims of my benefactor.

And when he cast me for a part before I had any real dramatic training and turned me loose on a tiny, ill-lighted stage to stumble against a dozen other novices who were staggering through their lines, I knew my hundred had gone into a confidence game. I had been taken in by the meanest, most despicable racket in the world—the talent school gyp. Those who were well financed, I soon learned, went to the reliable dramatic schools, not to the tricksters who manage to stay just within the law by resorting to high-pressure sales talks and promises without putting anything in writing.

SO IT took me less than three weeks to realize I could stay in that so-called school for a hundred years and be farther away from pictures than I was the morning I stepped off the bus. Because, as I have since learned, the "technique" taught by such charlatans is harmful to a youngster's chance in a studio.

I quit that school with experience worse than useless to me. It had wasted my time, whittled my capital down to about $60 and embittered me. It also kept me awake nights, wondering if I was as competent to take care of myself as I thought.

I assured myself I wasn't inexperienced and soft, like so many of the girls who were attracted by the glamor of pictures and utterly helpless when the cold flame of Hollywood singed their pretty wings. Already I had proved I knew my way around by dulling one chiseller's cutting edge. The petty racket I exposed was typical of Hollywood.

Little Marie was catnip to all kinds of gutter financiers. She attracted them like an ice-cream wagon draws kids. Only a year over from Europe, with a sheltered background, wide-open brown eyes, a belief in anything Hollywood, a pathetic confidence in human nature and a modest monthly allowance from home, she was manna for spongers, petty grafters and dead-beats.

Before Marie had been in the school a week a half dozen of the hard-boiled contingent of our university of misapplied drama had stuck her for lunch, drinks, cigarettes, carfare, loans and the movies.

I considered it none of my business until one day she confided in me. In her charming French accent, which she was struggling desperately to overcome, she told me of her good fortune. She was going to work for a man. She was so very happee about it. Her lips parted with enthusiasm, her eyes sparkling, she looked like a happy little girl.

SHE had answered an advertisement in the paper for a woman who could translate French and Italian. He was going to pay her fifty cents an hour for translating and for writing letters in French, Italian and Spanish.

"He glad I could speak Spanish, also," enthused Marie, "and he like my voice very much."

"He liked your voice?" I questioned.

"Oh, yes; he like it. He going to give me voice test."

"Wait a minute. I'm getting suspicious. Did he pay you for the two afternoons you worked?"

"Not so soon. But he going to put my voice on a record. To see how good is it."

"Did he give you something to learn for that voice test on the record?"

Indeed he had. Three selling plugs for his product. The rat was planning to have Marie make transcriptions in French, Italian and Spanish for use in radio broadcasts—or I was still in kindergarten.

"Did you see the phonograph he was to record your voice on?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Tomorrow morning he taking me to studio in his car. Tonight I practice it."

"Listen, Marie," I explained. "The regular price is fifty dollars a recording to make such records for radio. Three times fifty is one hundred and fifty. And that chiseller isn't even willing to pay you the fifty cents an hour. So he tells you that you're getting a voice test."

"Oh; that so small. I telephone him and say no."

"Not a chance. You just sit tight till he calls. Let him pick you up. Wait till he gets you almost to the studio and then tell him that you are very glad to have the voice test but that your manager told you that you must say, right in the middle of the test: 'This is a test of the voice of Marie Dures. Not for commercial use.' "

"But why I do that?"

"So that chiselling so-and-so can't use it on the radio. He will have to pay for the recording studio and time, whether he records or not. That will cost him at least fifty dollars. When he begins to cry you can tell him that you will make the three recordings for $75. But you want $25 in advance before each recording. That's half price, and if he's stuck for the studio and recording time he's likely to pay you so it won't be a total loss to him."

That crook didn't like it when Marie gave him the bad news. He was going to throw

[*Continued on page 81*]

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 64]

When Connie Bennett went to Europe a few months ago, she expected to stay some time. But war chased her home, where she's much happier with her Gilbert Roland

To prove that they haven't upset the domestic apple-cart, Tony Martin and Alice Faye step out with flowers and—smiles

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Helen Gilbert and good ol' Lew Ayres—
One of the town's handsomest payres!

■

MEANTIME, hotshot Mickey Rooney, two years older than Cooper, is turning all his charm on Barbara Dougal—and THERE'S a puppy-romance that's super-super-something-or-other! !

■

JACKIE COOPER doesn't mind the gossip-paragraphs about how he's growing up into the romantic age, squiring this gal and that gal to this party and that. It's good publicity. BUT—he did hit the ceiling when a certain columnist printed the report that he was planning to get married soon.

Reason for Jackie's excitement was that

[*Continued on page* 86]

Simone Simon and her young-looking mama, Mrs. Monique Giorcelli, flew war zone in Europe and arrive in NYC, where Simone is now rehearsing for musical show

The Gene Autrys had exciting vacation. After NY World's Fair they went to London but beat it home quickly after war started. The horse came back, too

Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 12]

doing some of his pet tricks of magic that make him one of the best amateur magicians in the country . . . Dick Powell lunching with sister-in-law Gloria Blondell . . . Joan joins him soon . . . Dick turned down several musical comedy offers, just as he has been turning down screen stories that call for crooning . . . He is determined to prove that he is an actor, even if it means a long hard winter of personal appearances . . . At *the Kretchma*: Ann Sheridan and Anatole Litvak . . . the day the director's divorce from Miriam Hopkins was announced . . . Spencer Tracy at the Lambs Club . . . after practically sneaking into town . . . Spencer is being very quiet and avoiding the night spots.

AT LA CONGA: Simone Simon and Director Litvak . . . Simone still looks like a schoolgirl rather than a twenty-eight-year-old star . . . At Paul Whiteman's opening at the New Yorker . . . Zorina and Balanchine . . . Brigita (such a pretty name to have been discarded) has been trying to buy up her contract with Sam Goldwyn so that she wouldn't have to return to Hollywood immediately to play *Lily Langtry* opposite Gary Cooper . . . She was all set to do a Rodgers and Hart musical until Goldwyn called . . . She confided that the only reason she's been dashing madly about is because she has so much to learn, and she feels watching famous personalities like Helen Hayes and Gertie Lawrence is the best lesson in acting . . . she wanted to apologize to the fans for being everywhere they roam . . . she feels that they're disappointed because "it's only me again" . . . All this while she looked simply bee-oo-tiful! . . . At Sardi's: Leif Erikson running into Frances Farmer . . . Frances giggles . . . Leif grins weakly . . . an embarrassing moment . . . Everywhere you go . . . Jackie Coogan, with a different showgirl . . . Jackie didn't endear himself to locals before leaving for the road with *What a Life* . . . the break-up of Jackie's marriage hasn't improved his disposition. . . .

GIRL WHO CAME BACK: If some producer doesn't grab off Madame Monique Giorcelli, it will be because Simone Simon's mama feels that one star in the family is enough . . . Simone has returned to stay . . . She will not apply for citizenship while France is at war . . . She thinks that would be disloyal . . . She has forgotten her unhappy experience of the golden key . . . her pathetic departure for France, "never to return" as she then believed . . . no one but a solitary publicity man to see her off . . . A Shubert musical *The Gibson Girl*, featuring also Mary Brian, will give Simone her new chance . . . She is pounds thinner . . . the streamlining doesn't add to her appearance. . .

Did you know that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has bought the picture rights of the Broadway hit, *The Philadelphia Story*, for $225,000 and that the deal includes the services of Katharine Hepburn in the leading role? Wasn't it only a short time ago that Hepburn was considered box-office poison?

Exclusive photos by Charles Rhodes

Hollywood found relief from boredom in its new Hobby Horse Races—held recently at Cocoanut Grove. Girl jockeys could handle horses like real riders, but Darryl Zanuck comes a cropper. Gilbert Roland, Harry Crocker get aid from girls

RIDING THEIR HOBBIES

Hobby Horse Races were on program of Westside Tennis Club Circus Party. George Murphy helps Randy Scott

Steffi Duna gets a helping hand from Cesar Romero in Hobby Horse Race at Westside Circus Party. Geo. Murphy at "mike"

Did College Help You, Bob?

[*Continued from page* 45]

world to estimate the value of a college or university education. The trouble is that certain courses do not produce practical and immediate results. That's the kind of course I took, so I have to stop and think whether it has meant anything to me or not in my screen work.

"Of course, I don't think college is for every one—but that's been often said and by better authorities than myself. It looks to me like the man who gains the most direct benefit out of a college education at present is the one who takes up technical subjects. They say, for instance, that a job awaits every man who comes out of Cal. Tech., and I understand that that also applies pretty generally to Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"There certainly is a great demand in this age for men in technical and scientific fields—and I feel this, if I were ready to enter college today and I had even a slight interest in technical subjects, I'd drive myself into pursuing them because of the vast opportunities they represent as a field. They're the important work of the future, I believe.

"This research world has opened up wide since I first entered Doane College ten years ago in the little mid-western prairie town of Crete, Nebraska. The advancements have been so terrific you feel as if you've been carried to another planet.

"If I had a young brother who didn't know what line of work to take up, I'd surely encourage him to try the technical fields. First, because they are limitless in opportunity and, secondly, because they are full of adventure and excitement. And from a practical standpoint, a technical education and training are satisfying, particularly to a young man, because he can quickly analyze the gains he makes.

"In other words, he can prove by his job, which represents dollars and cents, and is directly linked with his schooling, exactly how sound an investment his college education has been.

"Whereas, the boy who has had a liberal arts training faces an immediate problem when he enters the world today, because this is not essentially an age of the liberal arts. And the chances are that he'll never be able to apply the things he's learned in school, *specifically* to any work he'll do. Still, that's nothing against that type of education.

"IN MY own case, I couldn't say, arbitrarily, that college has helped me get my job in pictures. For the reason that I never majored in dramatics or English. I took up dramatics, acting, as a *hobby*—first at Doane and later at Pomona College, California, where I spent my final two years. It was in my senior year there that a talent scout from M-G-M happened to see our presentation of *Journey's End*—and that led to my getting a contract. Which was a lucky break.

"I'm not trying to underestimate the value of the four years I've spent in college by any means. They taught me concentration and coordination, which are very important in picture work—they taught me a degree of self-confidence, of which you need plenty in any line of work— and they helped me crystallize my many vague and scattered interests into one big one, my *hobby—acting!* And that in turn led to my contract. But strictly speaking, college, as I took it, had no obvious relationship with motion pictures. It was taken to give me a good general education.

"My case was like thousands of yearly graduates throughout the country. I didn't know what I wanted to do. The first year I thought I wanted to be a doctor. My father was a medical man. He was my inspiration. The next year I had another idea. I wanted to be a musician. I had put in about seven years at piano and six years at 'cello—so I could have followed music as a profession. Professor Gray, my teacher, was the inspirational influence at that time. Then the following year I thought it would be swell to become a psychiatrist. And in the final year I was all mixed up as to what lines my life work should follow. Fortunately, I got a break. Pictures came my way. But before that I did plenty of worrying.

"What I'm leading up to is this. I don't think any fellow should enter college today in the haphazard way I did. Things worked out very fortunately for me—but they might not have done so. I think it's a much smarter idea to have a fairly good pattern in mind for the kind of work you'd like to do, and what you feel you're best adapted to—and then design your education, if it's going to be college, to develop best those talents or interests. *Also have a hobby. And work hard at it.* You never can tell when it's going to be your bread and butter!"

Statistics show us today that the army of unemployed is greater than at any time in the history of the country. A high percentage is college graduates. Bob's comments anent this condition follow:

"I CERTAINLY wouldn't venture an opinion about this serious and complex general state of affairs . . . and if experts can't solve it or offer a panacea, I don't think the rest of us are better qualified. Some scholarly minds have said that college-educated persons have added to the problem of unemployment because they couldn't find their particular 'type of position.'

"If that's true—and they should know—then I'd say that college training has been of little benefit to that particular group. Because if there's one thing education should accomplish it's to teach the individual how to be adaptable. To get in and do any kind of work. It's up to every one—college people especially—to make the effort to adjust themselves to the existing conditions of life. They're out of luck if they don't.

"I've known college fellows who lived under the delusion that they belonged exclusively to the 'white collar class.' They're the kind who wouldn't consider washing dishes in a restaurant for their supper if the exigencies arose. They'd think it was beneath their dignity or some such hooey. They're the type who don't help unemployment or the general reputation of the college man.

"On the other hand, there's the case of the chap from Northwestern University whom I know. He had a very tough time two years ago getting the kind of connection he had hoped for. Finally, in desperation almost, he took a job with a combination laundry and dry-cleaning establishment. If ever a man seemed miscast in a position, he did in that one. In every way he seemed unsuited to it.

"But that was two years ago. Today he's the manager of the plant. The pay-off to the story is that neither he nor anyone else discovered during his four years of college, and a couple of years following, that he had any executive ability. That was the one quality he seemed lacking in totally. It took an obscure job to bring it out."

Robert Taylor isn't theorizing when he makes these observations. They're rules of conduct with him, and these spring from the heritage of fine, substantial character and early training. The only son of the late Dr. Spangler Arlington Brugh (that was Bob's baptismal name also) and his wife, of the little towns of Filley and Beatrice, Nebraska, might have been spoiled through parental devotion, but the boy just didn't grow up that way.

HE ALWAYS worked during his summer vacations, and it wasn't confined to piano or 'cello playing, alone. He went in for the kind of muscular labor that most boys in midwestern towns do. He mowed lawns—worked in an auto paint shop—and during harvest seasons helped shock wheat.

Shortly after he graduated from Pomona College, and on the eve of his film career, his father died suddenly. He returned to Nebraska to be with his mother, and feeling that she needed him, he decided to remain with her. Even with a film contract calling.

His mother, however, realized the unwisdom of Bob's remaining in Nebraska and possibly sacrificing a film career, so she urged him to return to Hollywood, and she accompanied him. Her judgment proved right in a very big way, as subsequent events in the spectacular success of Taylor proved.

My earliest meeting with Bob is a matter of very pleasant memory. He was wearing his first custom-made Tuxedo at a very swanky dinner at the Trocadero given by a prominent banker of the Argentine whose interests were linked with the M-G-M organization.

Mrs. Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's secretary, and a woman of keen discernment in detecting talent, introduced the handsome young Mr. Taylor to me, saying: "This is Robert Taylor . . . We've just put him under contract for a long term . . . He's going to be a big name . . . He has that intangible, yet definite, *something* that makes a really big star!". Mrs. Koverman did not err.

The classy suit Bob wore was part of the wardrobe Mr. Mayer ordered made for him by his own personal tailor! After numerous tests had been made of Bob and it was determined that he had sufficient potentialities to place him under contract, someone discovered that he had everything but a wardrobe.

As Bob puts it: "One dark suit and two pairs of cords and a sweater may have done for Pomona but not for Hollywood." So that is where Mr. Louis B. Mayer stepped in and issued the tailoring order—in itself a most unusual and kindly gesture.

It seems a very long time ago, but it's only six years since Robert Taylor appeared in some playlets with the former M-G-M stock company, under the direction of Oliver Hinsdell . . . and certain members of the audience laughed out loud at his performances and made slurring remarks. Which he heard. He couldn't help hearing. They were so loud.

It took a lot of courage and fortitude to stand that gaff. But Taylor did.

Also just before he made *Society Doctor*, the picture which justified M-G-M's belief in him and put him over brilliantly with the public . . . just before he made it he had a great deal of time on his hands. There were weeks and weeks of vacation!

During one of these periods he took a boat ride to Catalina Island . . . alone. It so happened that a small party of studio workers were visiting the Island at the same time. They had chartered a boat and taken it to Catalina for the week-end. The night before their departure they ran into Bob and one of the girls suggested that he make the return trip with them, instead of on the regular steamer. They wanted him!

Bob was thrilled. He admitted he was pretty lonesome. The hour was set for their meeting the following day . . . the place was the end of the pier . . . and all that was necessary was that Bob be there.

He was! He stood on the end of the pier with his suitcase beside him, walking back and forth, looking in every direction, wondering if he had made a mistake in the time or the appointed place.

He hadn't! It was merely that one of the boys in the party decided that all of them, more especially the girl, must have allowed their sentiments or the beach air or something to carry them away the previous night . . . because assuredly they didn't mean it when they suggested Bob join them . . . and after all Taylor was a nice guy and all that sort of business . . . but the fact remained that he was only a rookie in the acting game . . . just a name that would soon be erased off the movie calendar . . . and anyhow what was the use?

THE end of that little story is that Bob was picked up finally by them, albeit a bit grudgingly . . . and Bob realized it was done in pretty much that fashion . . . but then he was a good sport about it . . . and was fast learning to take Mr. Mayer's advice and "not let things get him down. . . ."

The most severe test of his mettle, however, was his treatment by the press in New York when he was en route to London to make *A Yank at Oxford*. No actor has ever received more merciless panning and ridicule, and it was all the more poignant because it was directed at him personally—not at one of his acting performances.

But he survived that, too. In fact, he came up from that mat stronger than ever. And now that once and for all apparently, he proved in *Stand Up and Fight* that he "can take it" like a man—now it is being whispered in every quarter that Bob "is coming out of his shell beautifully . . . losing all of that shyness and self-consciousness . . . and developing into a really swell actor!"

While all the cheering is going on, I wonder if Barbara Stanwyck hasn't had a great deal to do with helping Bob win some of the battles—battles chiefly of the spirit—which faced him during the past few years?

Bob says, "Yes, definitely!" Barbara says, "No, cross my heart!"

There weren't "many women in his life," incidentally, after he came to Hollywood. At one time, as some may well remember, he evidently was very devoted to Irene Hervey, now Mrs. Allan Jones. Then Barbara—who dominated the scene for over three years.

Hollywood isn't easy to conquer and I'm sure the devotion of a very human and a very intelligent woman has helped.

Also a college education!

Did you know that Dick Powell who went begging for a picture commitment in Hollywood broke the five year record at the New York Paramount recently when he personaled there?

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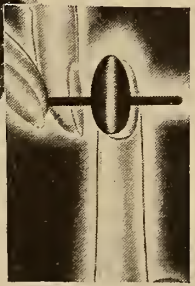

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

The Girl Who Got Everything

[*Continued from page* 42]

said, speaking in a noticeably English accent, which was partly due to her new role, no doubt. "I'll spare you the details of my operations; I was a sickly child, allergic to milk, pampered by the old folks, and living in a dream world. I read all the English poets, and at ten I used to go around the house reciting from Keats. I finished Shakespeare at 13, but the next year I disgraced my family by taking up Zane Grey. They wouldn't speak to me. It was frightful."

Her gray-blue mischievous eyes shone with a reminiscent look, as she continued:

"One of my dearest friends when I was a child was a white-haired doctor. We used to have such lovely long talks together! He was 67 and I was 13. Then I developed a terrific crush on a boy in school. For ten years he was the light of my life. But he never spoke to me, and I never DARED tell him how I felt about him. Oh, but I was miserable! I used to go to the convent every night and pray to God to let him marry me. I first met him in the second grade, when I was seven, and those first impressions are unforgettable. He used to wear a sweater with big purple stripes and clean white shirts. He played football, was made president of the class. When I was 12 or 13 and was going to graduate from the grammar school I was cast as the heroine in our school play, and this boy was chosen to be the hero. I thought that at last my moment had arrived! But he said it was all sissy stuff and refused to play it, he was all for football. It broke my heart! I couldn't get over it for years.

"And then," she went on smiling, "I started on a series of engagements—seven of them!"

"Do you mean you've broken seven engagements?" I gasped.

She nodded. "Yes. But they're still good friends of mine," she assured me. "They still write to me, or call me up."

"Were you—er—engaged," I inquired cautiously, "when you met Mr. Aherne."

"Yes, I was supposed to be engaged to two men when I met him!" she replied, bursting into a glorious laughter. She reclined on her couch, as she always does when resting between scenes. Convulsed with laughter, she kicked her shoes off her feet, turned over and buried her face in the pillow. "Two of them," she repeated. And this, mind you, a few minutes after a bit of tragic acting before the cameras opposite the new heart-throb, Laurence Olivier. Bubbling over with enthusiasm of youth, her personality strikes you like a cool cascade on a sultry day.

RESUMING the story of her love-life, she described the circumstances that led her to the altar with the tall, romantic Brian Aherne, who has been long considered by several movie sirens as Hollywood's prize catch.

"I first saw him on the screen, when I was 18, and I was SO impressed! Then, two years ago, my sister played with him in *The Great Garrick*, and of course she would come home and tell us about him. He sent her flowers a few times, and they celebrated her 21st birthday on the set. I envied her. But I didn't meet him until eleven months ago. I was down at Palm Springs for a day and was playing ping-pong, when a man came through the doorway and looked around him with a puzzled expression on his face. I recognized him as Brian. 'I expected to find Olivia de Havilland here,' he said. 'I just heard her laughing. I can't understand—'

"'Well, you found me,' I said. 'Olivia isn't here. It was I laughing.'

"'Are you by any chance her sister, Joan?' he asked.

"'Yes, I am,' I said. Well, we played ping-pong together and he introduced me to his parents, who were visiting him from England. We flew in his plane, and it was a thrilling experience for me to be with him up in the clouds. I thought he was just about the last word. Very NICE. Rather quiet and dignified, but with a keen sense of humor, and occasionally given to boyish exuberance.

"Then one summer night, five or six months after we met in Palm Springs, I went to a concert in Hollywood Bowl. Pierre Monteux was conducting, and he was a friend of mine as well as Brian's. He played Tschaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* and Debussy's *The Clouds*, which we both ADORE. But I didn't know Brian was there.

"It was a beautiful summer night, the violet sky was glittering with stars. I was in evening dress, entranced by the music and the setting, when I heard somebody calling me, 'Joan! Joan!' I wondered who it could be, and presently saw a TALL man waving at me. It was Brian. He came dashing toward me with Mrs. Monteux. They took me backstage, and afterwards we went to a party. From then on, we saw each other every day."

HER hair-dresser came in, then a make-up man, and they proceeded to prepare her for the next scene. Her hair is a "mousy blond," as she put it. You notice the freckles on her tanned arms. She might have been a sickly child, and on the screen, strangely enough, she appears fragile and often ethereal, but she is really a healthy-looking specimen of young womanhood, with the right feminine curves.

When we were alone again, she confided that the moment she met Mr. Aherne she knew she would marry him. An inner voice told her so.

"It wasn't anything planned, but predetermined, PREORDAINED, if I may say so. It all happened so suddenly, just one of those things you don't have to think or wish or work for. One day we were talking, I forget what about, and he said to me, 'Joan, you know of course that you are going to marry me.' Just like that. There never was a formal proposal. 'I think you better do it right away before you begin working in another picture,' he added. 'Why not marry me in two weeks?'

"Yes, I asked myself, why not? So we started talking about the wedding. He wanted a real traditional wedding, and not the least bit Hollywoodish. We DELIBERATELY didn't marry here, but flew north to get our license. We were married at Del Monte, in a charming little church. I had a bridal veil, he wore a morning coat. My sister who was maid of honor, cried all during the wedding. Brian was nervous, but I was calm." She fell to thinking for a moment, and I could tell from the twinkle in her mischievous eyes that she remembered something very funny.

"Oh, I must tell you another thing!" she exclaimed. "The night before there was a big party given for us at the Del Monte Hotel, where we were staying. After the party I went upstairs to my room and went to bed. At four o'clock in the morning, my sister came in, sat on the edge of my bed, and told me all about her BEAUS. Talked a solid hour about them. So I didn't have much sleep that night.

"I woke up in the morning and went in my mind over the day's schedule, which I had planned out in the minutest detail, when I suddenly realized that the aisle of the church was so small I wouldn't be able to get in or out of it with my hoop on. I had the most AWFUL thoughts you can imagine, could see myself caught in the aisle, unable to move, with everybody laughing—it was terrible! I was positively frantic."

WHEN she told Brian about it he roared. Ten minutes before the hour set for the wedding, when Joan was all dressed up and ready for the greatest event in her life, somebody asked her where was her mother. "Good gracious, where was she? She had been working like a Trojan on my wedding, but I had hardly seen her once for several days. And again I imagined the most awful things, could see my poor mother lying on the floor in a faint.

"We sent people in all directions to find her, but she had apparently disappeared. This was getting to be like the plot of a mystery novel. The wedding ceremony was scheduled for ten o'clock, and it was already past ten! Brian was standing before the altar waiting for me. At exactly 15 minutes past ten my mother came through the revolving door, wearing a flowing gray chiffon gown with a burgundy-colored velvet hat on her head and plumes a mile high waving on top of it. 'Oh, my dears, nobody called me,' she said.

"She got into the car and sailed off madly to the church. Getting out in front of the church, she gathered a crowd of people around her and held a salon. I could see all those plumes waving in the air, and I was FUMING. The organ was still playing and my poor Brian was still waiting for us. . . Finally, we went in and the ceremony was performed."

Back at the hotel for the reception, Joan and Brian, now man and wife, didn't want to go in through the lobby and chose a side entrance. But, it turned out to be the back entrance leading to the kitchen, and they had to pick their way through a labyrinth of milk and ice-cream cans, empty boxes and what not, then ran past the cooks and kitchen help to the hall where the guests were gathering. Brian, of course, could talk of nothing else but his embarrassment in waiting alone before the altar for twenty minutes, with the organ going on.

"I apologized, I said it was my mother's fault, but he said, 'I know you women, I know how much time you take in dressing.' He called his parents in England, but they couldn't hear a word we said, and all we could hear his father say was this: 'This is a fine time of the night to wake us up!'" Amid a shower of rice they left the reception hall and went on their honeymoon.

"We decided that it was the best day's work we had ever done. We spent two weeks in the magnificent Redwood country above San Francisco, swimming, canoeing, hiking every day. Both of us love nature and primitive, rustic surroundings. Then we went to Santa Barbara, and a few days later, returned to Hollywood and to work."

Again she remembered something very

funny, her eyes were sparkling and a smile broke on her lips. "Brian had a fit when he saw that the only book I had taken with me for our honeymoon was a book on etiquette!"

THEY have settled down in Brian's house in Beverly Hills, have a Filipino butler and a maid. She is redecorating her bedroom, has bought old English furniture, and though she is very domestic, and claims to be the best cook that ever struck Hollywood, it is Brian who, at the moment, is attending to household details. She never goes home before eight o'clock, but she doesn't mind it because she likes her role in *Rebecca.* To her it represents the height of her career, and she doesn't think she will ever get a better part. "I'm in every scene," she explained. "The whole story revolves around the character I portray."

Joan got up and did some acting for my benefit by way of showing me the subtle difficulties of her part. "It's a subjective, mental role." Under the sensitive direction of the roly-poly Alfred Hitchcock, one of England's leading gourmets and rated as its No. 1 director, Daphne Du Maurier's best selling novel of English country life promises to be a powerful psychological photodrama.

I think it will make Joan Fontaine one of the leading actresses in Hollywood; she already gave us an inkling of her talent in *The Women.* Scores of actresses were tested for her role, including Olivia. She herself was tested for several months. David O. Selznick takes the casting of his pictures very seriously. And he has signed Joan to a starring contract.

"Two days before my wedding, when I had given up all hope of getting the part, the studio called me and said it was mine and they wanted me to report for work immediately. 'I won't play it,' I said. 'I don't want it. I'm marrying, and I won't let my career interfere with my marriage.' They promised to wait until I came back from my honeymoon." There is a special clause in her contract allowing her to go with her husband wherever he goes, but for the present, England is not short of men, the British embassy has assured them, and chances are the English actors in Hollywood who are subject to conscription won't be called to the colors for at least a year.

Brian doesn't object to her career and she has no intention of giving it up, although her marriage will always come first, she declared. "Brian says if you want to have a career, you've got to be good, that's all."

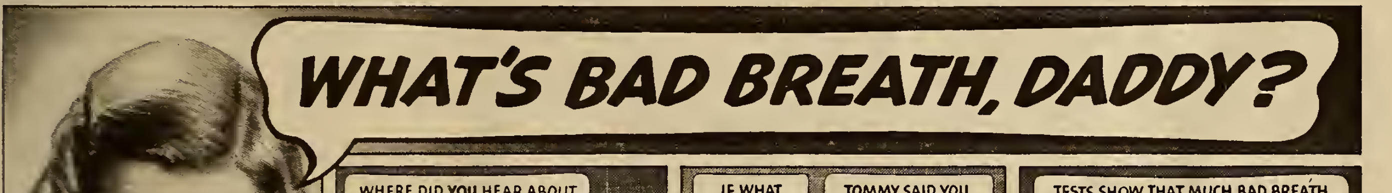
On the set of *Rebecca,* there is always a mad rush for the phone after a scene, as Joan goes to call her Brian. She is thinking of her Brian every moment. She will call him up to find out what they will have for dinner, and every night, when she goes home, he gives her his daily report. The electrician came to fix the bulb, the interior decorator left samples for the drapes, etc.

JOAN hasn't seen her family for days. Olivia calls her up sometimes to ask her what kind of sauce to use for the fish and seek her advice on various culinary matters. Joan used to do all the planning of the meals, but now Olivia has taken over her household responsibilities. "And, she goes out now almost every night. Now that I'm married, she is the adventurer. I'm just a staid haus frau while she is the young glamor queen."

Far be it from me to prophesy the future of any marriage, but this Brian Aherne-Joan Fontaine union strikes me as one based on secure foundations. True, chronologically, he is 37 and she is 21, but she is an intellectually and emotionally mature person, 'way ahead of her age, and blessed with a devastating wit. When your seasoned bachelor, pursued by hordes of women as Brian has been, marries, it's no impulsive act. He knows what he is doing, and he marries to make a home, bring up a family. Mr. Aherne is heir to the finest English traditions; his father, an architect, is a typical country squire. He is a wise, well-balanced, civilized guy, who puts living above acting, and being part Irish, is blessed with the good-fellowship and humanity of that race.

Although Joan has taken out her first papers and will shortly become an American citizen, she is an English girl born in Tokyo, which, in itself, makes her more English than girls born in England. "We both are English," she said. "And that's VERY important. We were talking about it the other night. It's so difficult to make the necessary adjustments when you marry a person of another nationality and background. But there are no barriers between us. To an Englishman such things as writing a beautiful letter and speaking well are important.

"Brian is so courteous, you can ask any Hollywood hostess about him, he is immensely interested in the political and social problems of the world, and to me it's a constant delight to hear him speak. I think he has the most perfect voice and diction I've ever heard." Perhaps most important of all, both practice what they know and consequently are as happy as only philosophers can be, and both laugh a great deal. We believe they will never lose their laughter.


WHAT'S BAD BREATH, DADDY?
WHERE DID YOU HEAR ABOUT BAD BREATH, SNOOKUMS?
FROM TOMMY. HE SAYS HIS DADDY IS YOUR BOSS--AND HIS DADDY SAYS YOU'D MAKE LOTS MORE MONEY IF...
IF WHAT, HONEY? WHAT DID TOMMY SAY? TELL DADDY!
TOMMY SAID YOU OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, DADDY. HIS DADDY SAYS SO
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

OOOOH, DADDY! ARE WE RICH NOW?
NO, HONEY, WE AREN'T RICH, BUT WE ARE RICHER--THANKS TO DADDY'S SMART LITTLE SWEETHEART!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Lon Chaney, Jr. Finally Clicks!

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His father's hair was thin and black. Lon, Jr.'s is thick—and, for the role of *Lennie*, was dyed a brick-orange hue.

His appearance didn't remind the boys of his father. Neither did his role—which was totally unlike anything Lon, Sr. ever played. There was just one reason why they clapped. His make-believe moved them.

And when an actor can move the hired help, producers are practically bound to suspect that he has something. In fact, one producer has done just that already. Hal Roach has cast him in one of the top roles of the D. W. Griffith spectacle, *1,000,000 B. C.* It will take an earthquake, or some other major calamity, to keep Lon Chaney, Jr. from getting somewhere in Hollywood now.

His struggle is an amazing story. An untold story that has no duplicate in Hollywood.

HE WAS born February 10, 1906 in Oklahoma City. His birthplace was Oklahoma City because his father and mother—a small-time vaudeville team—had to get off a train there so that he could be born. He was an eight-months baby. He weighed two and a quarter pounds. Too small for a cradle, he lived in a shoe-box lined with cotton, with air-holes punched in the lid.

Lon, Sr. didn't name his son after himself, but after his wife, whose maiden name was Creighton. He liked the ring of "Creighton Chaney," thought it had more to offer than "Lon Chaney, Jr."

For ten days, the Chaney offspring lived in Oklahoma City. Then still in his home-made incubator, he was carried aboard a day coach, bound for some town that offered a vaudeville date. For the next ten years, he never lived in one place longer than a week. A week was a long run for the Chaneys.

Lon, Jr.'s recollections of his first ten years are hazy. A jumbled kaleidoscope of strange hotel rooms, drafty theatres, owl trains. His big memory is of sleeping in a hammock slung over his father's dressing-table—a hammock woven by his father out of string. "There wasn't much he couldn't do. He even made my mother's clothes and mine."

He was a sober, silent youngster. His father thought that children should be seen, not heard. He didn't try to find out if his son had any talent for the stage. What he tried to do was to smother any urge-to-act that the boy might have inherited.

When Lon, Jr. was 10, his father decided to get him completely away from the theatrical atmosphere, even though it meant being separated from the boy for months on end. Lon, Jr. went to live with his father's parents in Los Angeles. For the first time in his life, he played with other boys, attended a "regular" school.

In time, his mother became prima donna with the Kolb and Dill Stock Company on the West Coast, and his father became stage manager. In time, too, the company appeared in Los Angeles—and his father discovered the movies. Or discovered, rather, that he could double his income by stage-managing at night and working as a movie extra daytimes.

He liked the action of the movies, and working outdoors, and being with his boy. When the company moved on, the Chaneys stayed in Los Angeles. And Lon, Sr. played extra, sometimes, in three or four separate pictures a day. Even casting directors couldn't overlook such energy. They started giving him bits. The bits gradually grew larger—until finally he made a big hit in *The Miracle Man.* He became a star.

Lon, Jr. was about 16 at the time and going to Hollywood High, along with Joel McCrea and Fay Wray. His big ambition in life was to play tackle on the football team. He couldn't fulfill it. He was "too thin and emaciated"—six feet tall, and weighing only 125 pounds. So he looked around for some other extra-curricular activity.

THEN as now, there was much talk at Hollywood High about getting in the movies. The fever hit Lon, Jr.—who suddenly realized that, all his life, he had wanted to act and had never had the chance. He wanted to have a fling at being an extra on Saturdays, like some of the other fellows. He broached the matter at home. His father squelched it—and Lon, Jr. was transferred from Hollywood High to a business college.

He didn't rebel. He had a healthy respect for his father.

"And he," says Lon, Jr. today, "had a healthy respect for businessmen— maybe because he wasn't one himself. His idea of someone to look up to was the head teller of a bank. He wanted me to become something like that. So—I went to business college."

When he graduated, he got a job with the General Water Heater Corporation, as a boilermaker, and started working his way up. To the best of anyone's knowledge, no other movie star's son has ever so much as thought of becoming a boilermaker. But Lon, Jr. wasn't finicky. His father had seen to that, believing from experience that hard manual labor was good for a boy. Ever since his grammar school days, Lon, Jr. had worked. He had shined shoes. He had hawked newspapers. He had been a butcher boy, a plumber's helper, a furniture mover, an iceman, a freight car loader.

Perhaps Lon, Sr.'s theory about manual labor was the right one. At 19, Lon, Jr. had worked up to the post of secretary of General Water Heaters—the youngest secretary of a million-dollar corporation on record.

HE WAS still there in 1930, when his father died. And he was still there in 1932, when—

"I went to a certain studio with a very good friend of mine who was an assistant director. I had written a song that I thought was pretty good. So did he. He wanted me to sing it to the head of the music department.

"On the way into the studio, we had to pass through the casting office. He introduced me to the casting director, who said to me, 'You ought to be in pictures.' You know—the old song-and-dance. I said, 'All right, I ought to be in pictures. Can I be?' He said, 'I'll phone you in a few days.' I went on in to the music department, which didn't like the song much. Then I went down and quit my job. I was fed up with the monotony of it. And then I went home and sat by the phone three months, waiting for that casting director to call. He still hasn't called.

"My pal felt sort of responsible for me, what with my quitting my job and all. He took me over to RKO and introduced me to the casting director there. He also said I ought to be in pictures. Only he did something about it. He sold David O. Selznick,

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Lon as the giant, child-like migratory worker, achieves a supremely happy moment when his dream of owning a pup comes true. His acting of the role is sensational. As for his struggle to get somewhere, it's a story with no duplicate in Hollywood

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

to go—for the utterly Hollywood reason that there's been so much publicity spread around about his patriotism and his determination to join the colors, that Davie simply MUST go back now and put on his uniform, to save his face! ! !

Isn't that a swell spot to be in? Davie is all set to go in a few days. And another touch of irony in it is that only recently, after much hard work and struggle, did Davie get out of the chicken-feed-salary class into a $1,500 a week contract—and now, when he joins the British army and takes up his officership, he'll draw something like $75 a month . . . !!!!!!!

But Davie is still swell. "Don't," he pleads, as he packs up to go, "make me a hero!"

Spells Flattery

■ Never since the days of Jean Harlow has there been such an epidemic of star-aping as has inundated Hollywood since Hedy Lamarr went into the cinematic heavens. . . .

We're not pointing the finger merely at such imitative stars as Joan Bennett and the other ex-blondes who have donned the dark locks and Lamarr mouth, to look like Hedy even while they deny out loud that they're trying to ape her. No, it goes further than that: high school gals, waitresses and car-hoppers, shopgirls and housewives all over this Hollywood have taken up the Hedy make-up—the hair-do and the complexion and the mouth. And the department-store wax dummies, too!

Migawd, now if Shirley Temple does it, that'll be the limit!

More Hollywhimsy

■ We'll not say another word this month about Hedy, now. Except this: her pet name for Hubby Gene Markey is, of ALL things, "baby dumpling!"

Marquee Fun

■ Eyebrow-raisingest marquee sign of the month:

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION
and
FIVE CAME BACK

Black Widow That Way About Eddy

■ If it hadn't been for a studio electrician who knows his pests, Nelson Eddy mightn't have been with us any more!

Tut, tut, now—your snooper isn't calling Mr. Eddy a pest. Don't misunderstand. The idea is this:

Nelson, during late takes on *Balalaika*, was doing a scene with Ilona Massey under a tree. In the midst of the take, Eddy felt what he thought was a fly crawling down his off-camera cheek. It bothered him, but rather than spoil the scene, he went on with the take. . . .

However, a "juicer" standing on the side-lines did spoil the scene. He leaped right into camera range and made a furious swipe at Eddy's cheek. It spoiled the scene—but it probably saved Eddy's life, for the insect which was crawling down the actor's face was a black widow spider which had dropped from the tree. And the electrician, by luck, was an amateur entomologist and recognized the spider and Eddy's danger.

A Woman, Wine and Song

■ No piker is Greta Garbo when it comes to remembering her helpers. At the end of *Ninotchka*, Garbo handed $500 in cash to her cameraman, Bill Daniels, and told him to split it up so that everybody on the picture-crew would get a cut.

The gang voted for a champagne party—and Garbo's five hundred gave them the swellest fizzwater binge they'd ever had!

My! My!

■ My! My! My!-note of the month: Federal officials, whose job it is to keep certain things off the radio waves, have

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I DON'T WANT LOVE TO PASS ME BY... THAT'S WHY I GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

HOW PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH, ALLURING!

IN ALL FAIRNESS TO THE MEN, YOU REALLY CAN'T BLAME THEM, BABS, FOR NOT FALLING IN LOVE WITH GIRLS WHO HAVE DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING SKIN!
BUT HOW CAN I GUARD AGAINST IT, SUE? I JUST DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO KEEP MY SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE SOAP? YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! IT CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH . . . COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
THANKS FOR THE BEAUTY ADVICE, SUE! I'M GOING TO START USING PALMOLIVE! MAYBE IT WILL SOLVE MY COMPLEXION PROBLEM, THEN LOVE WON'T PASS ME BY!
PALMOLIVE

Made with Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG

New York Lion Becomes Hollywood Lamb

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dinner at home, with a few special trimmings, because it *is* Sunday. Afterwards, he just plays lazy. Listening to the radio, reading the papers. Around five he and Roberta wander out, to a friend's perhaps, or just driving. They usually wind up for a snack somewhere, and maybe later at the movies.

It's exactly the same routine which they used to practice in New York, in their poor, struggling days. Except that there was no baby then, and there was no radio at home.

"WHAT I can't help contrasting about Hollywood and New York," said Garfield one day on the set, "is that actors out here spend so much time just sitting around and talking about their own little personal problems. We used to sit around and talk, too, in New York, but it was a different kind of talk. How we could improve actors' conditions. How could we force the play producers to give actors twenty dollars a week during rehearsal periods! I was a big soap-boxer for that, incidentally: the producers called me all sorts of names, but we actors finally won out. That was more of a triumph for me than—well, than all this." A gesture, a wave of the hand, indicating the set.

"But don't get the idea that I'm intolerant about Hollywood, just because I talk about things and people I knew and loved back there, and because I sometimes find fault with this town. If anything, Hollywood has taught me to *be* tolerant. There are a lot of things I have learned about it that have made me understanding. Four years ago I was inclined to spit a bit just over the name. But now I've been here a year-and-a-half, and I actually have a reverence for it, for the people here who are trying to produce better pictures, the people who are not afraid to veer away from the usual.

"You know, my friends are all wondering if I have changed since coming out here. If I've paid the high cost of compromise. If I have not sold out for Hollywood gold, giving up my original idea of returning to the stage. But you're the first person who has just up and asked me if *I* think I've changed—and I can tell you, yes I have. Hollywood has improved my outlook. I'm not half so smug as I used to be. I get along with people much better than I used to. I understand more kinds of people now, because in the making of a picture you run into all types. People who dress the set, dress the actors, dress up the script, deck out the publicity. I can understand and see how everyone is working toward a common goal, boiling everything down to one little piece of film—and each is at least doing his best to make it good.

"I've found out, too, that I didn't know half as much as I thought I did. I've had to eat humble pie on a couple of occasions—and it was very good pie, too, for me. One occasion was in connection with *Daughters Courageous*. I didn't want to do the part; I tried to get out of it. I just didn't think the picture would be any good. When I finally saw the finished picture I had to admit I was wrong . . . that my Hollywood bosses knew better than I did. And I appreciated learning the lesson."

This capitulation doesn't mean, however, that Garfield has given up New York and the stage. He'll go back to it as soon as he can find a play he likes and believes in. But there is something else you must realize about his desire to return to New York. He wants to satisfy his stage ambitions, yes . . . but also there is the excitement of going back, well off and well known now, to the place where he once knew so much struggle and oblivion.

Some months ago John and Roberta Garfield had a brief taste of triumphant returning, but only enough to make them eager for more. They saw their old friends in downtown New York, had the same old five-cent coffee with them in cheap cafes, and then, bless their hearts, John and Roberta looked uptown, with a very natural human yearning. Uptown, where the good restaurants and expensive nightclubs are, the swanky shops.

"Let's do the uptown!" said Garfield, grinning eagerly.

"Let's go to the last place in the world we could have afforded to go before!" enthused Roberta.

That evening they were at the Stork Club. Gee! The Stork Club! Unbelievable dream come true. They could even order champagne. As a matter of fact they didn't have to order it: the manager was so glad to have them there that the champagne was on the house, and the next day there was a whole case of it sent to Garfield at the hotel. Champagne for him, perfume for his wife. Roberta kept the perfume; John kept one bottle of champagne, and gave the rest away to newsmen. They had to leave that next day for Hollywood.

But betwixt the hotel and the plane, Roberta wanted to go into one of the shops, one of those places where she had never done anything but window-shopping before. In the shop, John insisted that she buy a fur coat. On the plane, Roberta kept it over her arm, stroked it often and lovingly. Then suddenly her face clouded: "Julie—" to his friends and family he will always be Julie—"Julie, I just thought! Oh, how awful. I won't be able to wear it; it won't be cold enough in California. Oh, I'm so disappointed. Now why did we spend all that money!"

"Never mind, darling. Don't worry. We'll go back to New York this winter. You'll get a chance to wear your furs! Don't worry."

So that now when John talks about going back to New York, you know why he smiles a little, whimsically, to himself, thinking of Roberta and her first-time-in-her-life fur coat!

BEING with Julie and having fun with Julie, and having friends with Julie mean more to Roberta than anything else, and for that reason she resents his new screen career a little. Feels that it's wearing on him, tiring and enervating, and takes so much of his time away from her. One day, and one day only, she visited him on the set. She tried to stick it out the whole day so she could go home with him in the evening—but the sitting and waiting around, the delays, the nerve-wracking details nearly drove her crazy. "I don't know how you stand it, Julie. I don't know how anybody stands it. Good grief, but you have to be patient. Why, you know what, Julie? I almost begin to think you really earn all that money you make."

The odd thing about money in the Garfield household is that they have immensely enjoyed the first having of it . . . the nice home for a change, nice clothes, care for the baby, the vacation trip they took to Mexico . . . but now that the first novelty has worn off, it seems to have little further attraction.

"If my movie career should blow up tomorrow I wouldn't feel too badly. Heck, I know I can always make some kind of living at acting—even if it's only in stock.

"You mean that you don't get any kick out of it at all, that people are interested in you as a personality, as a movie personality?" we asked him. "How did you feel on the boat coming back from Acapulco, for example . . . when the other passengers realized you were aboard, and began staring at you, and trying to meet you?"

"I just didn't pay attention!" Garfield responded quickly.

Apparently, then, he feels the same way about gushing looks, as he does about gushing fan mail. That's why he shys away at his own previews, too. He's usually at those previews, but hidden away up in the balcony. The photographers and fans seldom find him. He much perfers to listen, on the Q. T., to what the balcony crowd has to say about his performance.

"But suppose you hear somebody say he doesn't like you. What then? How do you feel about that?"

"I don't like it," was his surprise answer. "Unless I can get them to tell me *why*. If they'll go on to say why they don't like me, then I like that fine, because that helps me."

ALL in all, you can see that Julie John Garfield is a sort of Hollywood phenomenon. On the set, when he's not acting, he spends his time walking up and down talking stories, parts, business, characterization, with anyone who'll walk and talk with him. Except when the newsboy arrives with the latest edition of the newspapers.

He'll always take time off to devour the political news, but then he goes back to talking and thinking about his work again. He doesn't have a lot of hobbies. His only sport interest is tennis. He doesn't collect anything. He spends what spare time he has reading. He doesn't live in Beverly Hills: it's the one phobia he still holds about Hollywood. Beverly Hills, swimming pools, show, glamor, the right side of the tracks—he refuses to be interested in them. A little rented house in the hills, at the end of a dead-end street is good enough for him and Roberta and the baby. Yet he's not so bombastic as he used to be about the expensive front flashed around by other people. His experiences of the past year or so have taught him to understand.

"You see I can understand that some actors are afraid of losing the personal limelight. I can understand that there is just something in their make-up that makes those things important to them—like some people need calcium. I just don't happen to have that need. I just like to act, and my main happiness is in acting. My castle is on the stage or in front of the camera, and one castle is enough for any man."

This then is the way he has changed. Not a "gone Hollywood" change, but he has achieved tolerance and understanding. When he first came to Hollywood, he was typical of so many of the actors of the Group Theatre. Scoffing of fame and glamor. Talking of art and soul. Feeling that he had sold his identity to become part of the Hollywood pattern. He no longer feels like that. Today he understands Hollywood.

The only question remaining in our minds: will Hollywood ever understand Garfield?

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 73*]

tipped Errol Flynn off that, if he doesn't tone down on his Hollywood language, he might lose his radio telephone license for his yacht!

Bill's Thin Man Sandwich

■ Bill Powell, who's either too sick to work or too healthy to work, now has to go on a diet because he's so darn healthy that he's gaining weight too fast.

So Bill, perforce, has invented what he calls the Thin Man Sandwich. It's a great-looking meal, consisting of cucumbers, beets (spiced), chicken white meat, asparagus tips and artichoke hearts, between two slices of gluten bread—with no butter, but with non-fat salad dressing.

It looks tremendous. But Bill swears that he's figured it all out, and there's only 95 calories in it.

Skin He'd Love to Touch

■ Note to the stepper-outers: Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell, who can always be depended on to introduce something new and fresh for America's dancers, are going to introduce what they call the "touchless dance hold." You'll see it in *Broadway Melody of 1940*.

Fred says it'll be a boon for those super-bashful young men who find themselves embarrassed to death by these new low-cut backless evening gowns. It's like this:

The boy holds his hands, palms facing inward and fingers down, together at chest level, little fingers touching. The girl rests her hands lightly on his.

The new innovation, say both Fred and Eleanor, makes for much more grace in the new ballroom dances—as well as stopping that nervous jitter for the young man who just can't dare touch the skin he'd love to touch.

But Don't Get Her Sa-rong

■ Soooooo—Dorothy Lamour is tired of wearing a sarong in pictures, is she? Well—there's a new sequence being written into *Tahiti* for her—in which Dorothy will go pearl-diving—WITHOUT THE SARONG!

No Tree-Swinger

■ One of Lupe Velez' most ardent boy-friends since her bust-up with Johnny Weissmuller has been Clayton Moore, one-time circus trapeze star, now in pictures.

The other day, Clayton was using Lupe Velez' swimming pool as the background for a series of publicity pictures, in which he did various athletic stunts—diving into the pool, chinning himself, inflating his chest, flexing his biceps, and all that sort of Tarzanny stuff.

On the sidelines were a gang of neighborhood lads, who'd been allowed in to watch the fun. Silently, they watched Moore do his stuff beside Lupe's pool. But finally, just as Clayt had finished walking on his hands, one of the kids couldn't contain himself any longer—

"O-KAY, superman," he yelled; "now let's see yuh swing from the trees—LIKE LUPE'S *LAST* HUSBAND DID!"

P. S.—Clayt didn't.

More Hollywhimsy

■ Claude Rains has a roll of film for his home projector. It's made up of a clip from every film in which he's ever played, showing him in every role in his career!

Good Samaritan

■ Every now and then, you hear of one of the many untold heart-warming things the movie stars do, without benefit of press-agents. Such a tale just comes to light about Bill Boyd—

It seems that among the countless begging letters that Bill, as every movie star, got was one from a Texas small-town. It was from the mother of a 10-year-old lad, who wrote that he'd broken his leg, which isn't healing well; that he's a great Bill Boyd fan; and that maybe it'd take his mind off his troubles

[*Continued on page 77*]

MEN LOOK AND LINGER

Popularity smiles on the woman who uses the perfume with a youthful fragrance. That is why April Showers is a favorite among charming women everywhere. Each product—the talc—the perfume—the face powder—the cologne—as well as the others assure the wearer of a lasting, captivating fragrance.

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FOR ONE HOUR OF ECSTASY

Here, told with heartbreaking sincerity, is the story of a famous opera singer who paid in loneliness and misery for a sin committed in the flame of uncurbed, youthful passion.

FOR ONE HOUR OF ECSTASY is only one of the many gripping, honest confessions that fill the January issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS. In addition to stories like BLINDED BY GLAMOUR, I WAS THE OTHER WOMAN, OUR LOVE WAS CURSED, and I ALONE AM GUILTY, TRUE CONFESSIONS presents an enthralling book-length true novel complete in this issue entitled MY TRANSGRESSION.

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Lon Chaney, Jr. Finally Clicks!

[*Continued from page 72*]

then head of RKO, on the idea. I got a contract and $200 a week."

He thought he was off to a head start. Most beginners get $75 a week.

RKO wanted him to change his name from Creighton Chaney to Lon Chaney, Jr. He refused. "As I see it now, I was foolish. I'd have got ahead much faster if I had. But I didn't feel I was entitled to take my Dad's name. I didn't feel I was an actor yet." A nice, modest attitude—but in Hollywood if *you* don't think you're good, nobody does.

His first movie job was the lead in a Pathe serial, *The Last Frontier*. "I'd never really ridden a horse—not to barge out and jump on one and ride like hell. And the first thing they had me do was to get twenty feet up in a tree and leap on the villain when he galloped beneath. . . . We did a hundred scenes a day."

He worked hard, and he hoped hard. Somebody was bound to get the idea that he might have other possibilities. But nobody did. Finally, he set out to sell the idea by direct approach. To "make him happy," the Front Office gave him a part in a big picture—Ann Harding's *Vergie Winters*. All that he got out of it was a lot of satisfaction. It wasn't the dawn of a new day. It was only an interlude between Westerns.

AFTER a year and a half of riding the RKO range, he left the Gower Street corral. He was determined to get something beside cowboy roles. He went the rounds. The major studios were politely disinterested. He had just one offer. That one was short-term, and it came from an independent producer—who made Westerns. But he grabbed it. He felt lucky to get it.

Life became an alternation of ups and downs. First he would have a short-term contract with some minor studio; then he would be "between pictures"—out of work. The pictures he did get a chance to make were always action thrillers, which called more for athletics than acting. But even if he had given the performance of the year, Hollywood would never have seen it. Westerns aren't shown on the Boulevard.

He didn't kid himself that he was destined for great things. But he refused to accept Hollywood's verdict that the only things he could do were Westerns. He had never had any dramatic training. He set out to remedy that. Under an assumed name, he enrolled in the evening dramatics class at Fairfax High School. After three sessions, the instructor said to him, "You know as much about all this as I do"—and gave him half the large class to teach. Still later, Lon went to a famous dramatic coach. After one interview, the coach said, "I have nothing to teach you."

Yet he couldn't get a break in Hollywood. "I never got anywhere. I just marked time—for years. One thing buoyed me up: the gambler's hope that next time I'd draw three aces. That was all I had to go on."

His marriage went on the rocks. When that happened, he turned over to his ex-wife the little he had inherited from his father. It was after this that he learned about hunger. Once he went hungry four days. People who might have helped him—didn't.

"I've found just three real friends in this town. Wally Ford, Lewis Milestone, and that little lady over there." He nods toward the pretty, titian-haired girl who was Patsy Beck until she became the second Mrs. Lon Chaney, Jr. two years ago.

When did Creighton become Lon, Jr.? "When they starved me into it. After that, I had an entree at least."

AS LON CHANEY, Jr., 20th Century-Fox signed him to a stock contract in 1937. He thought that was his long-awaited chance. They promised him varied roles. And they gave him varied roles. Only they were "bits." He was only atmosphere, when he wasn't the face on the cutting-room floor.

In some ways, that was worse than starving. It was heart-breaking.

Last January, that contract ran out. Last March, his money ran out. He and his wife hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours, when his agent turned up with a chance for him to try out for the role of *Lennie* in *Of Mice and Men*, about to be produced by Wallace Ford at the El Capitan Theatre. Broderick Crawford, who had played the part on Broadway, had dropped out. "I can never be grateful enough to Brod Crawford," says Lon.

He hadn't read Steinbeck's book. He had no conception of the part of *Lennie*. "The only way I got the part was through the kindness of Wally Ford. He was willing to give me a chance. You can't explain it any other way. I was pretty bad, the first time I read the lines to him."

Every morning until the play opened, he was up at 6, rehearsing. He rehearsed from 6 a. m. until 2 p. m., when he had to show up at the theatre for rehearsals. He learned the part in three weeks.

He was scared stiff opening night. It was his first conscious appearance on the legitimate stage. On top of that, an afternoon paper had commented: "His father was a great actor. Now we'll see what *he* can do." His nervousness didn't show through. He can explain that now only by saying, "Self-consciousness is one thing hard knocks teach you to squelch."

WHEN the El Capitan production was a hit, he had hopes that some producer would see a spark in him. He had specific hopes of getting the role in the picture. Lewis Milestone, who was to direct the picture, had seen the play in the East, and didn't attend the El Capitan.

Milestone relates, "I had made up my mind who should play the picture roles—*Lennie* included. Everybody in town knew that. Then one day into my office came this great big fellow with the open face, asking me, 'Can't I just have a test?' Things aren't done that way in Hollywood. Agents come around asking tests for clients. The clients don't come. I was so amazed I said, 'Yes—I'll give you a test.' The next day, I was testing a girl for the role of *Mae*. I had to have somebody read *Lennie's* lines to her. I asked Lon if he would; I told him he'd get a separate test later. He read lines for all my tests of the other roles. When it came time to test him, I didn't have to. I couldn't see anybody else in the part."

Lon is glad that he got the role of *Lennie*, instead of the title role of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*—which he tested for and which he was offered, if Charles Laughton couldn't be had. The *Hunchback*, if you remember, was Lon, Sr.'s greatest role.

"I'd hate to follow my Dad in any role," he says, "until I can prove to myself that I'm as great an actor—which I never expect to do. I'll never play one unless I'm forced to play it."

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 75]

if Bill'd send one of those ten-gallon cowboy hats he wears.

Usually, stars' secretaries don't even pass such mail along to the stars, for only too often, experience has shown, they're phony. But this one sounded too real. Bill read it, and at once had the proper authorities make a secret investigation. The facts were found true—

And now, Bill has sent the ten-gallon hat to the little Texas cripple. But what's more, he has also made arrangements whereby the lad will go to one of the most famous bone specialists in America, at Chicago, for treatment to restore his twisted leg to normal!

Broke a Mirror—Had Good Luck

■ Charlie Ruggles isn't superstitious any more. The other morning, he broke his make-up mirror at Paramount, and worried for an hour about facing seven years bad luck. Then he went to lunch at the studio commissary, and with a dime change, took a chance on the punchboard—and won $25!

Envy?

■ This Ingrid Bergman, about whom you're going to rave after you see *Intermezzo*, is a Swede, like Garbo. But that's as far as it goes—for the gossip is that Garbo's coldest freeze of all is now being passed out whenever anyone so much as mentions the name of Ingrid Bergman in her hearing.

Both Garbo and Ingrid are natives of Stockholm, and you'd think they've much in common to talk about. But there hasn't been any engraved invitation from Garbo to the Bergman to "coom opp undt see me sommtime."

Hollywhimsy

■ Priscilla Lane takes her emoting so seriously that after a dramatic day's work, she has to have an hour's masseuse work to take the kinks out of her nerves.

Joan Rubs It In

■ Joan Fontaine, who until just recently has been "Olivia de Havilland's sister," is now suddenly finding herself in the top position in that talented pair. It seems that ever since her work in *The Women*, topped with her marriage to gals'-delight Brian Aherne, it's been Joan who's the No. 1 glamma-gal in the de Havilland family. And is Joan rubbing it in?—

After months and months of hearing herself referred to as "Olivia de Havilland's sister, you know," Joan got her greatest kick out of being mistaken for Olivia at a recent preview, by two girls on the sidelines. Joan overheard them whisper, one to the other: "Is that Joan Fontaine?" and the other answers: "No, I think it's Joan's sister—that Olivia de-something-or-tother, you know."

And now that Joan is married and Olivia still isn't, Joan's getting a great kick out of having somebody ask her if she's seen the movie *The Old Maid*.

"No," replies Joan with a giggle; "I haven't seen my sister lately."

Matter of Taste

■ James Stephenson puts chocolate syrup in his coffee instead of sugar, omigawd!

No Masquerade

■ While M-G-M is frantically trying to find a formula to send their Joan Crawford back to the top of the star-heap, from which she's undeniably been slipping lately, Joan isn't being any great help, with the weird behavior and attire she affects lately.

Joan's clothes are, to put it mildly, simply amazing! The other night at the Victor Hugo, she wore an outfit which caused a bystander to gasp and remark:

"She must be going to a masquerade."

She wore a white jersey turban, wrapped around her head like an Indian potentate's headgear; a short pleated skirt that showed her knees and then some—and an upper outfit that consisted of merely a brassiere, with a bare waistline!

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LOOK! AREN'T THEY THE REDDEST, ROUGHEST HANDS YOU EVER SAW!
THEY WON'T BE AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH THEM — HERE, USE HINDS
ISN'T IT A WONDERFUL HAND LOTION — SO CREAMY AND SOOTHING
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HONESTLY, MY HANDS LOOK SMOOTHER ALREADY — I'LL BE READY FOR LUNCH IN A JIFFY —
MIND IF I TRY YOUR HINDS?
HELP YOURSELF. WE'LL ALL HAVE LOVELIER HANDS — THANKS TO HINDS
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Who Said Crawford's Through?

[*Continued from page 28*]

dead bunny. Oh, yeah? When Kay did the kind of part *she* wanted to do, the meanie old wife to Carole Lombard's gentle, gallant "Other woman" in *In Name Only*, the bunny rose up, ears pointing, on all fours. And so, although Joan is super-sensitive to the kind of mourning that goes on over the "body" before it is determined whether life is really extinct or only held in temporary abeyance pending the pulmotor of a good part in a good picture, she is also seasoned enough and sensible enough to take the Laments for The Living in her stride.

That Hollywood is a toboggan on which the stars in their courses wheel, spin, now veddy, veddy Up, now veddy, veddy Down is such common knowledge it's postively wulgar. But Joan also knows that it is infinitely easier to make the down grade than it is to climb up there—again. Especially "again."

Joan knows that she hasn't been one of The Big Teners in most of the box-office polls since 1936. And even then she was seventh on most of the lists. That Claudette Colbert, in the same year, was eighth on the list doesn't help very much since we are given to understand that Claudette has climbed up again. On the other hand, Joan can discount much of this when she realizes that she has never slipped so low in the box-office polls as have Bette Davis, Carole Lombard and a few of the others who are now the critics' darlings and the Public's pride.

STILL and all, it must be depressing for a star whose name once appeared at the head, or next to the head, of every poll and rating and listing made of Hollywood stars, to cast an eye over a recent survey of what movie columnists think of Hollywood stars and find that under the headings: Best Actress, Actress With Most Sex Appeal, Most Beautiful Actress, Most Intelligent Actress, her name does not appear at all. Under the heading, Actress Most Liked by Interviewers she got three votes out of the possible fifteen, which was negated by the fact that under the alternative heading, Actress Least Liked By Interviewers, she got *seven* votes out of the fifteen. Which is something this writer cannot reconcile with the facts as she knows them. For, to the best of my knowledge, Joan has consistently been one of the most co-operative girls in town, never too busy to give time and courtesy and thought to an interview, never whining or complaining if she doesn't happen to fancy something written about her.

Joan is definitely the darling of the candid cameramen. And I really don't know what the studio employees, props, electricians, hairdressers, waitresses and the like would do at Christmas time if it were not for Joan, I really don't. Ten to one they just wouldn't believe in Santa Claus anymore.

Not so long ago I ran into Joan at a preview. Surrounded by autograph fiends, Joan was having herself a time getting into the theatre. She finally freed herself from the fountain pens and other deadly weapons and, panting and putting herself to rights again, she took Charlie Martin's arm on her left and my arm on her right and walked into the lobby. I said, "This is what you get for being a movie star, my girl!" And Joan cracked right back at me, "Few more pictures like some I've made recently and *I Won't be!*"

This little episode took place, however, before *The Women* was previewed. Just what Joan's performance in *The Women* will do for her career remains, at this writing, to be seen and heard. Certainly Joan, who battled her way through phalanxes of disapproving, even despairing producers and directors (Hunt Stromberg was the only one who believed that she should play *Crystal* and it took two weeks for him to be convinced—by Joan), all wailing, "ohmigawd, this is IT, now she's going to be ruined, *definitely!*" . . . certainly Joan had great hopes of the part or Heard Voices or something or she wouldn't have battled for the chance to play it, as she so grimly did.

Friends say that she has declared as how she would rather "horn into a Shearer picture," if the horning-in would give her the kind of a part she wants, than to make an all-Crawford opera with the "Crawford formula" for a story again. It is said that Joan felt that her part in *The Women* might do for her something, at least, of what *Of Human Bondage* did for Bette Davis . . . well, who knows?

Such critics as I have talked with in Hollywood, such reviews and repercussions as I have heard and read up to this time, seem to be pretty unanimous in their agreement that Joan gave a stunning performance as the hard-berled *Crystal*. She didn't pull her punches. In fact, she punched even harder than the final results showed. I'm told that in her first scene with Norma, in the dressing-room at the coutourier's, Director Cukor told her that he had never seen such a cruel so-and-so in his life and made her do the scene over, softening it, not once but four times.

Certainly the woman, *Crystal*, was as hard as nails. And certainly Joan used all the nails and drove them in. And mind you, she knew, seasoned and experienced as she is, that she might well be driving the nails into her own body, that even though critics might laud a diamond-cut, verbatim portrayal of a heartless hussy domiciled on Park Avenue (and NOT by her own efforts, well, her own virtuous efforts, then) her fans might not go for her in such a role at all, at all.

And Joan knows only too well that in the last analysis, it is her fans who keep her domiciled in the Beverly Hills equivalent of Park Avenue style. It was the more trying for her in that the part was of her own choosing, her own forcing and if it proved to be a mistake, she'd have nobody but herself to blame . . . whether she has, by this time, been proven triumphantly right or bitterly wrong, still belongs to the Future. . . .

YES, unless *The Women* proves to Joan's producers that the child has grown up, has an adult mind in an adult body, she is in a Predicament. She is disturbed right now. She is inclined to be bitter. She knows that some of her detractors say that she is "dated," out-moded, Yesterday's Glamor Girl.

Joan believes, *I* believe, that if she *is* in a predicament, it's not because she's been too bad but because she's been too good. By which I mean, too good-natured, too easy-going. Right now, she would like to heel over and do a little fighting and scratching for what she knows she must have in order to be among the Fittest who Survive. She really wants to fight, and is only restrained from doing so by the fear that she would end up laughing at herself.

Joan is a strange contradiction in that she sometimes seems to take herself so seriously that it's comic. And at the same time she can laugh at herself longer and harder and quicker on the trigger than anyone I know, with the exception of La Davies. Joan really does feel, and justifiably, I am sure, that she has been a Good Girl on her home lot, that she has always done what she has been told to do, without any arguments, sit-down strikes, walk-out powders or ceiling-hittings. And if, when she thinks back on *The Bride Wore Red*, and *The Ice Follies*, she feels that Virtue has NOT been its own reward, she is scarcely to be blamed.

Joan has a childish streak in her complex make-up, too. She's certainly been around. She doesn't believe that the moon is made of green cheese or that Garbo *will* "go home." But she still seems hurt and slightly bewildered when she finds out that Handsome is NOT always "as handsome does."

Her difficulty, further, lies in the fact that M-G-M is her home lot. She started there, she has stayed there, she has grown up there and Papa and Mama M-G-M, true to the type of all parents, do not realize, perhaps, that she has grown up. That she is no longer the good little girl who will say "Yes, Papa" when they tell her that *The Bride Wore Red*, which was designed for Luise Rainer, will not be done by Luise Rainer because Luise Rainer had a tantrum and turned it down. So, they said, "let Crawford do it" . . .And Crawford did it. She feels that there have been too many "let Crawford do it and not enough "Crawford will NOT do it."

THERE is no chance of Joan being out of pictures, however, whatever her stellar status may be. Not for four years, at any rate. For she has almost four years to go on her M-G-M contract. And it is an iron-clad contract, with neither clauses nor options to release either party if either party should desire to be free.

So Joan knows that she will keep on making pictures. But she wants to save her professional life by doing fine things, adult things. She would have liked to do *Dark Victory*, for instance. And as I understand it, M-G-M could have had that story, might have allowed Joan to make it except for the fact that it didn't have a Happy Ending! She is dying to do *Ethan Frome*. She doesn't want to do big, super-colossal, two million dollar productions.

Joan is glad that she never has made million dollar productions because, if she had, she wouldn't have made money for her studio. She just wants NOT to do the Rags To Riches, the Rich Young Heiress who married the Reporter or any of the "Crawford Formula" stories *ever*, anymore. . . . She is quoted as saying that she doesn't care whether she has to give up being a Glamor Girl, that she *isn't* a Glamor Girl at Heart, any longer . . . when people say to her "if you could do stories like Bette Davis does," Joan sees such red as no Bride ever Wore; she does a slow burn that would reduce Edgar Kennedy to a case of pernicious anemia. "IF" she could do them . . . but no one has given her a chance to do them. How CAN she do them if she doesn't GET them to DO? ? ?

Did you know that Charles Boyer is expected back in Hollywood shortly? Because his country thinks that he can be of more value to them here than he can be over there.

Which seems reasonable enough, any way you look at it. She knows that she is through if she has to keep on doing the *Dancing Daughters* formula. To be a Glamor Girl, Joan holds, is the easiest thing in the world. All you need are those false eyelashes, Adrian's clothes, the best cameraman in the world and a shapely chassis. And it's lovely work if you can get it—for awhile. But not ten years of it.

There is some talk, at this writing, that Joan may do *Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep* with Clark Gable. She may not. She has been heard to say that she is scared to death of it; scared of the character she would play, scared of the theme of the story.

So Joan's quandary seems to simmer down to this: She hasn't made the transition in terms of her career. It is said that one of Joan's greatest disappointments is that she's not in the dramatic category with Bette Davis, Margaret Sullavan. She's not in the sophisticated, Ina Claire comedy class approached by Claudette, Carole. She can't be a Lana Turner anymore, even if she wanted to be. So, what?

So, what? That is the question. Depending on the answer to that question depends, undoubtedly, the answer as to whether Joan Crawford is really through or has never had her powers and potentialities tapped. IF her judgment on stories is good . . . and the reaction to her role in *The Women* will go far toward proving that one way or the other . . . if she can prove again, as she has proven again and again in the Past, that she *has* no Past, but only a Future, then the answer will certainly be that Joan is by no means "through" but is Beginning—again.

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Maggie the Magnificent

[*Continued from page 36*]

you out and put somebody else in the part!"

And imagine our utter amazement when we saw the lovely Lockwood throw her head back and give out with a burst of glee that could have been heard a mile away.

It was, we found out later, her last day in the picture! When rehearsals were over and actual shooting of the scene began Lloyd, visibly peeved over the way she "blew" her lines, tooted his whistle to halt the cameras and shouted a warning to her.

"Maggie, watch your step! Or we'll send you home on the *Aquitania*!"

Believe you us, Maggie watched her step a-plenty! No dialogue slip-ups or bobbles after that warning was issued! Lloyd made close-up, medium, and long-shots of that particular scene with Doug and many more with her and Will Fyffe throughout the day and she was letter-perfect!

Well, as it turned out, Maggie had booked reservations on the *Queen Mary*, as had her young steel executive husband, Rupert Leon, who had been visiting her in Hollywood. The *Aquitania* was shoving off from New York a week later than the Cunard blue ribbon liner and Maggie wasn't in the mood to risk a week's delay by spoiling a scene that would bring on the director's promised punishment.

THE day we were on the *Rulers of the Sea* location set happened to be the day, too, that brought a nice present to Maggie from the studio in the form of a notification that, as a result of her work in the picture, arrangements had been made with the Gainsborough Pictures in London (to whom she was under contract) for an option on her services for two, and possibly four, more Paramount productions.

The present was undoubtedly the reason why, when toward the fag end of a tough shooting day, Maggie, presiding as hostess over coffee and doughnuts (the American equivalent, only better she says, to tea and crumpets) laid aside her screen worries to give us a few of the highlights of her exciting life.

"I was born 23 years ago," she began, "in Karachi, India. And from that day on I've been especially favored by Lady Luck. There was that never-to-be-forgotten time, for instance, when I was three, and my family was sailing back to England. Apparently I was as curious about things then as I am now, a virtue—or a fault—that still gets me into trouble on occasion. Well, on this particular day on shipboard I finally got bored with it all and decided to view the ocean and all its pretty waves from the deck railing. That's where the family found me after a frantic search, teetering with the roll of the ship and having the time of my young life watching the Atlantic slide past. An officer managed to grab me just as I was about to do a nose dive! Mother practically kept me in chains during the remainder of the voyage!

"When I attended the Sydenham High School for Girls in England I seriously contemplated dedicating my life to missionary work but my occasional participation in school plays won me over to a belief that I might do well on the stage and once my mind was firmly made up about a theatrical career I took up the study of dramatics."

So seriously, we might say here, in order to give Maggie a rest, that a year after her graduation from the Sydenham High School she had enrolled as a student in the Royal Academy of Art and that a year later she made her first public appearance in a charity performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Holborn Empire Theatre. At the end of her fourth term in the Academy she was chosen to play the lead in *Hannele* at the Haymarket Theatre.

"A play agent," our future Paramount star went on, "was present at the performance and signed me for a role in *House On Fire* at the Q Theatre and after that I played the ingenue lead in *Family Affairs* at the Ambassador Theatre. While all this was going on—and I DO hope I'm not boring you—a screen test made by British International brought me my first film role in *Lorna Doone*. Since then, spaced through a period of four years, I appeared in fifteen films. The role that seemed to win the greatest approval of the critics was that of *Blanquetto* in Maurice Chevalier's *The Beloved Vagabond*. It was good enough to lead to a three-year contract with Gainsborough where I'm still under contract.

"Among my Gainsborough pictures have been *Doctor Syn*, in which I appeared opposite George Arliss, and *Owd Bob*, a film released in America under the title of *To The Victor*. In that one I played the daughter of Will Fyffe as I do in *Rulers of the Sea*. The last English picture of mine was called *The Lady Vanishes* which later won me a role in *Susannah of the Mounties*.

"Well, that's about all. I'm married —and very happily—to Rupert Leon, a commercial executive of the British Iron and Steel Corporation. I have two brothers; Lyn, who is playing with an English repertory company, and Frank, who is a police executive in Shanghai. (Writer's note: These quotes came before England plunged into war and it's more than likely that by now, her husband and two brothers are in the army.)

"I detest parties, night clubs, and all the Hollywood shop talk that seems to run on and on forever. All I've seen of California has been from a vantage point of a sound stage—I've been THAT busy, but when I come back I'm going to travel up and down and across every foot of the State."

Maggie, as Director Lloyd calls her, is definitely a young lady with a mind of her own. Take the story of her marriage as proof. When she decided to wed Rupert Leon she kept the news strictly to herself. As did Leon, of course. She knew that many a feminine film star had lost her following immediately after marriage. But her personal happiness was worth much more to her than a career—if that was the price she had to pay for a happy marriage.

"So," she says, "Rupert and I were married. So quietly and secretly that it was months before anyone knew about it. The deception, of course, provided us with many amusing—and embarrassing—adventures but we managed to survive them all. There was quite a furore at the studio when I came in one day and calmly announced that I had been married for more than eight months—and what were they going to do about it? Well, outside of a few gloomy predictions concerning the future of my career, none of which have come true—and won't, I hope—nothing was done about it. I was an old married woman by then, in love, happily married, and no career of mine was going to disrupt my personal life and so the friendly relationship between the studio and myself went on as before."

The charming Lockwood lady swears—but politely—that she will never forget the first interview following her arrival in New York. The reporter kept insisting that she was expecting to find savage redskins whooping like mad all along the right of way that stretched to Hollywood. When she told him that probably she knew as much about the United States as he did, having studied American history for years, he still insisted that all English people who visited this country thought there were Indians in the Middle-West.

"The only Indians I've seen, or did see throughout the entire trip, were those 300 and more used as extras in *Susannah of the Mounties*. And these were by no means wild and savage having come, so Randolph Scott told me, from nearby reservations where they attended school. I recall that on the first day's shooting of that film one of the Indians astonished me by saying 'I've seen you in a number of English pictures, Miss Lockwood, and you were great! I sincerely wish you a lot of success in this one.' He was a graduate of one of your Indian colleges—Carlisle, I think."

Now Maggie might not have been naive about our noble Redskins, but she certainly had a very distorted notion of California geography. It happened that before she started work in the *Mountie* opus she had a few days in which to get oriented.

One morning she called up Lew Schreiber, casting chief at 20th Century-Fox, and after a few words about the picture Mr. Schreiber asked her what her plans were for the day.

"Oh," she said, "Dick Greene has loaned me his car and I think I'll run up to the Redwoods near a city called Fresno for luncheon."

"You must be some close relative of Cobb, the famous English racing driver," Lew chuckled. "And Dick must have a super-super high-powered car. Fresno is exactly 372 miles away from our studio and it's now ten-thirty. Maybe you'd better have lunch with me at the Brown Derby and then take a little jaunt along Ventura Boulevard to look at the orange groves."

MAGGIE regards herself as the world's champion film fan. Back in England she says she attends the "cinema" at least once a day. During her stay in Hollywood, and when she wasn't "on call" for work in the studios, she went as often as three times daily and never less than once.

"I think my Hollywood record was five," she smiles. "And why not? It's my business to see new pictures and to watch what other actors do. One can learn much by watching others."

We think Maggie has something there.

She also has something else.

She takes her career in motion pictures as seriously as an athlete does a forthcoming match and observes as rigorous rules of training. About the only time she breaks training rules is when she goes on a motion picture theatre binge to see others perform —and that she excuses on the grounds of education.

"I don't know what you can say about me," she smiled as she politely dunked another doughnut. "I don't drink, or smoke, and I live as quietly as a church-warden. Maybe when I return, which I hope will be soon because I like it here so much, I'll have some news for you."

"I Paid the Hollywood Price!"

[*Continued from page 65*]

her out of the car. He raved about how foreigners couldn't be trusted—but finally agreed to pay her fifteen dollars a recording. By this time she saw him in his true light and insisted "No checks; cash in advance."

When she came to see me that night she was miserable to think a man could be so mean. He had practically spat at her every time he turned over fifteen dollars. And he said he was going to have the recordings checked, and if they weren't right he would have her deported. But she had the $45, and I slept soundly that night.

NEXT morning, however, my own problems were as real as ever. To stretch out my dwindling capital I had to find a cheaper place and a cheaper way to live. And because I was determined to keep right on striving for a screen test and a studio contract, I would have to find work.

There was no use wasting time trying to be an extra, as the girls I had talked with said the field was so crowded that there were thousands of extras who didn't average more than twenty or thirty days work a year. So I decided I would be more likely to eat regularly if I searched out a little surer way to earn money.

Knowing from past experience what persistence can accomplish, I mapped out a job-hunting schedule. My mornings would be devoted to contacting stores and shops and my afternoons given over to haunting the better class little theatres.

Confident that an unwavering pursuit of this plan couldn't fail, I turned my attention to finding a place to live. For $2.75 a week I got a room in a rear bungalow of a "court." For fifty cents more a week I could have kitchen privileges. But as all I wanted for breakfast was a little fruit and as the Hollywood cut-rate drug stores offered a choice of twenty-four and twenty-nine cent meals, I took the sleeping room only.

So now I was ready to find work. But the stores along Hollywood Boulevard and in uptown Los Angeles were not ready to hire. However, because I was experienced they wanted me to come back when they were putting on help again—immediately after Thanksgiving. It was now the beginning of April.

Knowing labor conditions in Los Angeles, I expected to have to take any kind of a job. So I "dug myself in" on a $7.00 a week budget. By walking all reasonable distance I expected to hold my carfare down to seventy-five cents a week, leaving $3.50 for food and incidentals.

As I knew I could finance myself at this rate for eight weeks, I calmly followed my routine; spending my mornings hunting work and devoting my afternoons and evenings to advancing my dramatic career. It took me three weeks to find a little theatre that would let me attend its rehearsals, learn parts in plays it was producing and get a practical knowledge of acting by studying the work of its players and directors in return for my ushering and acting as general utility girl.

The theatre that finally did agree to this arrangement was dedicated to showing established stage players for agents and to presenting shows that authors and producers hoped the studios might buy. Since 90% of its admission was in the form of invitations sent to studio casting directors, talent scouts, directors and executives and to agents and dramatic critics, its earnings were in the form of commission for any actors placed or plays sold. The general public was not excluded from our performances, but its attendance was not sought and never more than a score of our ninety seats were for sale.

I WAS so thrilled by this chance to rub elbows with real actors and directors that the theatre manager's failure to enthuse the least bit over my possibilities couldn't discourage me. When he said it would probably be months before I was ready for even the smallest "bit" part, I just smiled and told him he'd find me on the job every day, even if I had to wait a year for a "walk-on."

I refused to consider the possibility of getting an unexpected "break" from him or from anybody else. I was definitely figuring on accomplishing the very least one could expect under the circumstances. Using that as a basis for my prospects, I discounted

[*Continued on page 84*]

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Excellent Taste—In Christmas Gifts

[*Continued from page* 16]

ture. Following is a new version of this old favorite:

BRAZIL PANOCHA

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 cups granulated sugar
1½ cups evaporated milk
2 tablespoons butter
⅛ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped Brazil nuts

Combine sugars, milk, butter and soda. Cook over low heat to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, to 236°F. or until a few drops form a "soft ball" when dropped in cold water. Remove from heat. Cool to lukewarm (110°F.) without stirring. Add vanilla and nuts. Beat until candy holds its shape. Turn into buttered 8-inch square pan. Cut into squares when cool. (Makes about 36 pieces.)

TAFFY or chewy candies are also liked by most persons who find in them satisfaction for their "sweet tooth," without the rich or cloying quality of some other candy types. Particularly wholesome for children, this simple recipe makes a big appeal to the between-age youngster:

COCONUT MOLASSES CHEWS

½ cup white corn syrup
½ cup New Orleans molasses
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons butter
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 cups moist shredded coconut

Combine syrup, molasses, vinegar and butter. Cook over low heat to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally to 240°F., or until a few drops form a "firm ball" when dropped in cold water. Remove from heat. Add salt and coconut, working in lightly with two forks. Drop on to waxed paper. (Makes about 28 chews.)

Creamy candies or soft patties or those with soft centers are often the preference of young women who enjoy their melt-in-the-mouth velvety quality. This type of candy is best exemplified by fondant or by the simpler "cream drop" variation, as given below:

WALNUT CREAM DROPS

1½ cups granulated sugar
¾ cup evaporated milk
¼ cup water
2 tablespoons white corn syrup
dash of salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup chopped walnuts

Combine sugar, milk, water and corn syrup. Cook, stirring occasionally, to 236°F., or until few drops form a "soft ball" when dropped in cold water. Remove from heat. Cool to lukewarm (110°F). Add salt, vanilla and nuts. Beat until candy holds its shape. Drop by teaspoons on waxed paper. (¼ cup chopped raisins and ¼ cup chopped candied cherries may be substituted for nuts.) (Makes about 36 drops.)

When the "cream candy" is shaped in a cylindrical roll, it becomes another popular candy type which makes a special bid for trumps at the bridge table, since the roll can be cut crosswise into convenient slices for serving in an attractive dish. Rich and chewy if nuts or raisins be included, the cream roll is still a velvety type of candy, as the following recipe will prove:

PECAN BRIDGE ROLL

1 cup light brown sugar
2 cups granulated sugar
½ cup white corn syrup
1 cup evaporated milk
½ cup powdered sugar
1½ cups broken pecans

Combine sugars, syrup and milk. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally to 236°F., or until a few drops form a "soft ball" when dropped into cold water. Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm (110°F). Then beat until candy holds its shape. Turn on board, dust with powdered sugar, and knead until firm. Shape into roll 16 inches long by 2 inches in diameter. Cover outside only with pecans Wrap in waxed paper, cool to harden. Cut in ½-inch slices with sharp knife.

Foundation creamy fondant may be made up several weeks in advance of actual use, by storing in a covered glass jar. When desired, remove, knead until soft, and color, flavor and garnish as desired, making 40 kinds from the same batch, if you choose! Directions which are rather long, are included in the supplementary leaflet offered free to all readers.

MANY delicious chocolate novelties are easily possible by using sweet dipping chocolate, specially made for confectionery work. This bar melts readily, and combines with all sorts of mixtures of cereal flakes, raisins, chopped nuts, etc. Here are some suggestions, many of them excellent for the children themselves to prepare.

ASSORTED CHOCOLATE BARS

10 marshmallows, quartered
½ cup chopped walnuts
8 squares sweet dipping chocolate

Line bottom and sides of glass pan (8x4 inches) with waxed paper, letting paper extend in 2-inch tabs at each end. Arrange marshmallows and nuts in pan. Cover with melted chocolate, pouring evenly over mixture. Stand in cool place to harden. Lift out with tabs. Cut into 1x2-inch bars. (Makes about 16 bars.)

Raisin Bars: Substitute ⅔ cup seedless raisins and ⅔ cup chopped walnuts.

Coconut Bars: Substitute 1 cup shredded moist coconut.

Nut Bars: Substitute ¾ cup halved cashew nuts or toasted blanched almonds.

Cereal Bars: Substitute ¾ cup bran, corn flakes or rice flakes.

Candies of the type of "crunch" are a variety all he-men seem to prefer. Here the sugar mixture is cooked to a hard, brittle taffy stage, and combined with shredded almonds, chocolate, peanuts, etc. to make a broken crunchy texture. One of the richest in butter, all crunches are high favorites, and especially so is Raisin Butterscotch Crunch, a double feature of fruity raisins and toffee. Be sure to send for the leaflet in which it is included.

Candies without cooking are another distinct candy type. Here the chief ingredients are chopped dried fruits and nuts, blended with honey or fruit juice. Mixed thoroughly, and placed under a weight, this candy can be cut into squares, like caramels. A recipe for California Fruit Caramels is another recipe included in the free leaflet.

Candy for Christmas—and all through the holidays. Have fun making it yourself! Be sure and send for the very special leaflet—addressing Christine Frederick, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Send me the recipe leaflet, THE CHRISTMAS CANDY BOX, including recipes for Raisin Butterscotch Crunch, California Fruit Caramels and Maple Pecan Pralines.

(This offer expires February 15, 1940)

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"I Want Sex-Appeal!"

[*Continued from page* 61]

away again—*without* asking for my autograph." She smiled chipperly. "So, any time anybody asks me for my autograph now, am I happy!"

SHE'S not letting the sudden onrush of autograph-hunters and letter-writers (fifty per cent of whom are female, believe it or not) go to her head. "I've made it a rule never to move to a little larger apartment until the next time my option's taken up."

One dress shop, favored by fashionable filmites, has a minimum price tag of $175. Lana *doesn't* shop there. She has a clothes budget. She doesn't dress more smartly than she used to because she spends more now. "I've just learned more about clothes." She doesn't have any style-setting ambitions. "If I wear something, it's because I like it—not to be the first to wear it."

Her hair used to be more reddish than blond. No one advised her to lighten it. That was her own idea. She thought she would look better. She was right. She was wrong about the possibilities of a baby bob. She only hopes it will grow out in time for *Twenty Little Working Girls.*

To read the columns, you would get the impression that she goes night-clubbing six nights out of seven. The impression would be false. When she does go dancing—usually with young Gregory Bautzer, the lawyer—she attracts attention. The effect carries over into several days' columns.

The day I talked with her, she didn't know whether she was going to marry young Mr. Bautzer or not. She has changed her mind both ways, several times. But she seldom goes out with anyone else—despite the chances she has. If she does marry, she won't give up her career.

She plays a good game of tennis. She swims. And she drives a convertible coupe of the hue known as fire-engine red. She denies that she chose that color in order to be conspicuous. "I like red. I wear it all the time. I always wanted a red car. So—when I could afford it, I got a red car."

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SEE YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY
SAFEST *because easiest to clean*

"I Paid the Hollywood Price!"

[*Continued from page* 81]

those prospects fifty per cent and planned my campaign accordingly.

"Expect the worst!" was my slogan. By planning every move I made and every cent I spent with that in mind, I felt I could whip the odds I was facing. But how can one expect the worst when one never knows what to expect and the best is worse than the worst you expected?

If that sounds screwy it is particularly descriptive of Hollywood. Because no part of it makes sense. Yesterday I talked to two extras. One was a beautiful girl with New York stage experience, the other a farmer from the Oklahoma dust bowl who might have stepped right out of John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath.*

Remaining within hearing distance of her telephone practically day and night for almost six weeks, the girl had secured a total of seven days work. But the man had just returned from two days' work on location as a rider—or cowboy extra. He had been sent out at a salary of $16.50 a day, but, to use his own words, "when our fellers saw we had to jump our hosses over a little four-foot brush-like fence, they made 'em pay us $35 for th' fust jump an' $10 for every other jump. I made mahself $65 th' fust day and $45 th' second day. An' some uh th' fellers made 'emselves more'n a hunnerd dollars a day."

That's fine for the farmer who is a horseman, but for the average girl extra it's a week of waiting for every day's work, and sometimes months of waiting for no work at all.

Because I knew extras are in a blind alley so far as getting anywhere in the movies is concerned, I didn't spend my time hunting extra work or my money for an extra card. I would join the guild when a studio signed me. Until I was ready for a part I would look for earnings outside the studios. But because every year thousands of girls are forced to abandon their efforts to crash the movies there are a hundred girls here for each job in any line.

After a month of applying for work at every type of store and shop I answered an advertisement for girl ushers. A large movie house in Los Angeles was hiring for a chain of theatres. I got there an hour early—just in case—and found the theatre and the street for a block in either direction crowded with girls. I later learned the chain was putting on eighteen "replacements" and that over eight hundred girls had applied. I didn't get a job but they said they would use me later.

By this time I was missing no bets for employment. I had run an advertisement for part time work in a Hollywood paper and got two jobs of typing. One was three days' work copying a complete movie script for a writer who eventually told me he only had a dollar to his name, and that he would pay me as soon as he sold his script to M-G-M. The studio story editor was "hot" for the story and I would be paid double price when he got his check. I told him I would settle for the dollar he had—RIGHT NOW. And that if I didn't get it I would start yelling. I got the dollar. That was at the rate of thirty-three cents a day.

That advertisement brought me another client. Somehow he found my address from my phone number. He didn't phone. He appeared at my house at eight in the morning. He waited outside until I was dressed and then bustled in, bulging brief-case in each hand.

I WAS a competent typist. Very good. He had work for me. He would pay me top prices: fifty cents an hour. Although he had a suite at the Ambassador he would not embarrass me by asking me to work there. I should have the protection of my own home. Girls in Hollywood needed money. So he would pay me $2.00 before we started to work and $2.00 at four that afternoon. Thereafter he would pay me at the end of each day.

Without waiting for me to agree to anything, he began unpacking. He certainly carried his office with him. We would go right to work, but first could he use the phone to call his hotel.

My job was to write a form letter to a list of athletic clubs soliciting engagements for him to appear as a lecturer on strength and body building and to do strong man feats as he talked. . . . We kept at it until one o'clock, when he suggested I make a cup of tea. While I was doing this he called five local clubs and insisted on paying me ten cents instead of five cents for each call.

About two o'clock, the woman in whose home I was living, dropped in to tell me she was going shopping in Los Angeles and would be back about five-thirty. . . . Half an hour later, my new employer was very unhappy. He remembered he had to get some pamphlets from his printer in Los Angeles so he could mail them that night. Would I go after them?

But I couldn't find the print shop. When I phoned him he apologized profusely. He had given me the wrong address. It was on Los Angeles street, about a mile from where I was. . . . Again I couldn't find it. As nobody answered the phone this time, I hurried home, a little worried. But surely he didn't send me away to avoid paying me, as he had already given me $2.00 in advance, twenty-five cents for bus fare and an extra twenty-five cents for the phone calls.

Then I gasped. Could he be a robber? I was white with fear as I unlocked the door. I went through the house carefully. Nothing had been touched so far as I could see. The typewriter he had brought was gone, but in its place was a one dollar bill—with a typewritten note saying this was in full payment of the work I had done for him.

HOLLYWOOD was screwy—but this was even screwier than Hollywood. It was a mystery neither my landlady nor I could solve. Until the monthly telephone bill came—with $19.64 long-distance charges. Apparently the mail wasn't fast enough for this man, as he had called clubs in San Francisco, San Diego, Fresno, San Bernadino and a half-dozen other towns. Of course the Ambassador had never heard of him. So all I could do was give the landlady $5.00 and promise to pay the rest weekly, with my rent.

For $3.00 a week rent she let me bring another girl in with me. This was a lucky move, for Francine Stimson knew how to live on nothing in Hollywood. An art thousands of extras have learned.

Francine introduced me to the Assistance League shops, where extras buy lovely dresses from twenty-five cents up. If a girl is handy with cleaning fluid and a needle and thread she can keep herself clothed through these shops for two or three dollars a month. Twenty-five and thirty-five cents buy lovely shoes.

The stars, studio executives and motion

picture workers of all kinds co-operate through this league. They turn their used and soiled clothes over for sale. Nothing is ever sold by the league until after it is fumigated. The studios also contribute not only clothes, but all sorts of items to this league. Under Francine's direction I paid the twenty-five cents a week for kitchen privileges. Then she made me acquainted with the Hollywood markets, and the great cheap markets of Los Angeles. She showed me how we could live on twenty cents a day for food—and later showed me how to whip my appetite and keep up my vitamin supply with carrots at a penny a bunch and milk at seven cents a quart.

She helped me find work typing for writers who actually paid me and how to deal with restaurants to type their menus for meals. She got me a job taking phone calls in a typewriter "exchange" during lunch hour in return for the use of a typewriter and an old-fashioned type of mimeograph on which I could print restaurant menus.

She convinced the landlady that for another fifty cents a week she should let us put in a cot for a third girl—as then we would wash our own linen.

AND so three months passed—with Francine and Grace, the new girl, parked by the telephone waiting for extra calls while I pursued my career at the little theatre. And between their occasional calls and my gleanings from all sorts of odd jobs we got by—thanks to vegetables at a penny a bunch and the Assistance League.

Francine took me to a commercial photographer she knew and sold him on letting me typewrite for him in return for a complete set of photographs—a half-dozen different poses.

After two months steady hounding, I finally got a talent agent, or "flesh peddler" to handle me—again in return for typing and acting as reception clerk during noon hour.

Four months had now gone by with the deadly monotony of Southern California weather. After three months I had been compelled to abandon my trips into Los Angeles in search of work in a store. I still made the rounds of all stores and shops in Hollywood, but with little hope of employment.

Doggedly I held to my habit of studying drama and to my job at the little theatre. I kept after the manager until he had twice given me bit parts, and in return for various bits of service and favors I had received some coaching from the players and the director. I had learned to eat humble pie and like it. It is understood in Hollywood that you must eat humble pie today to get a cut in the melon tomorrow.

The last week in August, my agent called, telling me to be at his office at two that afternoon. I was there at 1:30, in a nifty ensemble composed of the best items out of the wardrobes of Francine Stimson, Grace Hardy and yours truly. (One of the first things girls living together in Hollywood learn to do is buy their clothes so they can be assembled, or "mobilized" into one striking outfit, to be worn in turn as the girls work or have appointments. Not only because of work calls but also on account of wardrobes, girls of the same size always pal together in Hollywood.)

The agent took me to an important studio, explaining on the way that a couple of weeks before he had induced a talent scout to see my performance as a young divorcee, slightly nuts, at the little theatre. Since then he had been working on the casting director and I was in line for a test. So I must be on my toes at this interview.

I won't attempt to describe the screen test I got the following week. But I was given a seven years' contract with six month options for a year-and-a-half and then yearly options thereafter. Options mean, briefly, that you can't but the studio can.

My first six months' salary was surprising—as much as I had learned about Hollywood. It called for $35 a week. And I thought they signed newcomers from $75 a week up.

However, in Hollywood $35 is $100 in anybody's money. Especially after you've been living on carrots and fruit and milk and sleeping three deep. Besides, I was going into pictures. I was going on film.

That was three months ago. And I'm still waiting my second appearance before the motion picture camera. I've been told that the war has slowed down production and that I'm lucky to be under contract. Otherwise I would have been in a picture. But other girls here say that's hooey. Some of them have been under contract for a year without getting a part. But the French offensive, the German invasion of Poland and everything else happening in Europe hasn't kept me from in front of the still camera. I spend most of my time there. God knows how many hours a day. Doing publicity stills.

We girls are sent out on the wildest kinds of publicity stunts. And we go—or else. We greet incoming celebrities at the airports. We go out on the fleet to chum with admirals and what not, before the publicity camera. We open markets, and appear at club meetings—all for dear old Alma Mater—the publicity camera.

When I visit the casting office, or waylay a producer or director, I am always told the same thing. Keep studying—watch how pictures are made and be ready when my chance comes. Soon I'll be assigned to a picture.

Meanwhile my six months' option is drawing to a close. And when a girl's name comes up for option renewal and she has no pictures to her credit, there is an excellent chance of her being dropped from the payroll.

And once dropped, you are actually worse off than if you had never had a chance. Everybody assumes you were tried and found wanting.

What can I do? Something radical. I don't know what it will be, but I'm going to get on film, some way. I've paid the price of being in a picture, and I'm going to be in one.

I'm more determined than ever to crash the movies, not just get on a payroll. I risked everything I had to come here. I've studied and worked night and day. I've been hungry and I've swallowed my pride. That's Hollywood—all over. Thousands of others have done the same thing before me. Thousands of others will do it after me.

And being under contract and never getting a chance is no novelty here. It happens right along. The more I see of pictures the more I am convinced they are not worth the price of admission. But I've paid the price and somehow, before long, I'm going to beat this game.

I don't know how—I just know I am.

Meanwhile, though I am not a star, I have some very valuable advice to any girl contemplating the movies as a career. Make good in a theatre at home and let the movies come for you. If you can't do that—stay away from Hollywood.

Did you know that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is planning a remake of *The Guardsman*—a musical version? And that Met stars Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett are being considered for the leads?

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...Says **SONJA HENIE**

10 times World Champion, now starring in 20th Century-Fox productions.

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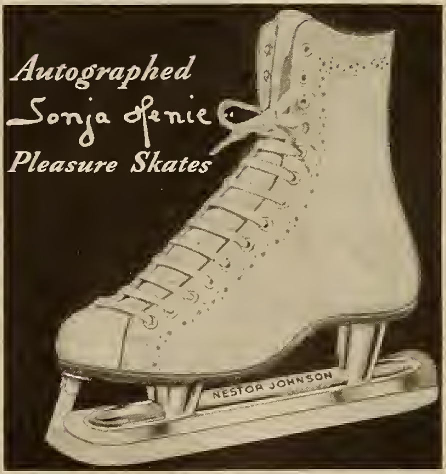

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30¢ BUYS A CLASS or CLUB PIN!
Pins handsomely silver plated, 1 or 2 colors, club name or school letters and year. Also sterling silver and gold plate pins. Smart sterling silver rings that are up-to-the-minute! (also available in 10 kt. gold) Bastian's clean cut, quality work has led the field for 45 years. Write for Free 1940 catalog showing over 300 designs.
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Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste
If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.
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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 66*]

At gala party at Westside Tennis Club at which guests were attired in circus togs, Ann Sothern came as aerialist or equestrienne, Jean Arthur as ringmaster

the rumor's appearance greatly excited his mother, who has been rather seriously ill.

"After all, I'm barely past 17," Jackie explains, "and it'll be at least four years before you need pay any attention to talk that I'm gonna get married!"

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Bob Oliver and Mary Martin—
Just can't bear the thought of partin'!

WEDDING anniversaries are all the thing, these days in Hollywood. Anniversary-celebrants of the month included the William Keighleys (she used to be Genevieve Tobin, remember?). Bill made wifie sooooo happy with his anniversary gift—a fur coat (despite the fact that it was their PAPER anniversary) with which he sent a card, reading: "This is to let you know that your option has been lifted for another year."

[*Continued on page* 92]

Wherever Herbert Marshall goes, you'll always find Lee Russell at his side. She was at his side in front row at tennis match, chatting with Freeman (Amos) Gosden

"Who? Me? I Never Said Any Such Thing!"

[*Continued from page 57*]

is a dyed-in-the-wool motion picture fan. Stay on the subject long enough and he will recite names of pictures with complete casts that were shown years ago.

"Oh, no," he will say with a superior smile, "that wasn't made in 1938. That picture was made in 1937, and it wasn't an RKO film. Fox made it." There's no percentage in arguing with him because he will stop and, by telephone or research, prove his point. He's invariably right.

REFERENCE to his ambition to become an opera star brought forth a loud burst of laughter. In spite of Charles Henderson's new book, *How to Sing for Money*, which is being carefully studied in Hollywood by the would-be songbirds, Franchot declares he will leave the operatic stage to Lawrence Tibbett. Much has been said and written of his aspirations to be a great singer. You've read many paragraphs about his baritone voice of outstanding quality and range.

"Built along bathroom proportions," he will tell you and then add, "I love music but I took singing lessons to help my speaking voice. When I first went on the stage my voice tired before the second act, but I noticed during my stage work last season that my voice never tired. Why, I could talk all day without tiring now—that is, if I had anything to say," he added with a sly grin. "I never intended to be a singer and don't now," he said conclusively.

"An actor in my position can't afford to stay away from Hollywood," he said thoughtfully. "There is too much to be gained by appearing in pictures. There is the financial gain, of course, and, regardless of what you think or how much you may dislike it, there is the publicity value which makes an actor worth ten times as much in a name way to a Broadway play and, finally, there are all the things you learn from appearing in pictures.

"Years of stage work never reveal you to yourself as the audience sees you. You never know, really, how you are doing. Appearing in a picture is like looking into a mirror. You see the previous day's work in the rushes every night and you can see what you are doing even though you have to be pretty important before you can demand that a scene be remade if you don't like your previous day's work. At least you can remember and not make the same mistake in your next picture. In a play you never know.

"Hollywood has taught me a lot. I had some annoying habits, mannerisms. Everyone has, but seeing myself on the screen called my attention to them as nothing else could have. I think I've improved as an actor because acting is not only a question of thinking as the character would but also of appearing as the character would."

ALTHOUGH Franchot is now the picture of health, he's not health-conscious in the Hollywood sense. He isn't one to jump out of bed and go through a rigid routine of exercises before he can look a cup of coffee in the face. He's more the coffee-in-bed type and, frankly, he likes night life and takes his fun and work in equal doses. Instead of tossing a pair of dumb-bells around to the tune of the radio and getting his exercise the hard way, he prefers leading an attractive girl through the rhumba. He thinks the outdoor exercise he gets playing tennis, golf and swimming—all things he does well—does him just as much good as setting up routines, and is pleasanter to take.

According to a close friend of the actor's, he thinks now he will never marry again. At least not for a good, long while. Having known a lot of actors, I wouldn't hazard a guess that he will or won't. I believe he honestly thinks he won't remarry. The record shows that he didn't rush into his first marriage. He and Joan were engaged for two years before they took the matter up with a minister.

At present he is enjoying a vacation, "the first real one I've had in years," he said. "I had to have it now, of course, because I'm still not fully recovered from my illness. I feel very fit but when I finished *Fast and Furious* I was pretty done up. I have six weeks now with nothing to do but rest and have fun. I'm loving it."

There are many picture offers—some that will wait and some that won't. As you read this he will, according to plan, be busy with the new Ernest Hemingway play, *Fifth Column*, in which he is to star on Broadway. He is enthusiastic about the play, the role, the author and, particularly, the director, Strassburg, who is, he says, "the man who taught me all I know about acting."

Everything is all right with young Mr. Tone. He is happy to have been in Hollywood again and he is happy to be leaving. He will be happy to return for more picture work. He couldn't stay away from Hollywood but, then, he didn't want to stay away.

Did you know that one studio—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—is making two different pictures simultaneously about the late great scientist, Thomas A. Edison? Mickey Rooney will star in one, as the boy Edison, and Spencer Tracy stars in the other.

Franchot and Joan are the best of pals and both like to step out to dine and dance. Here they are dancing the rhumba

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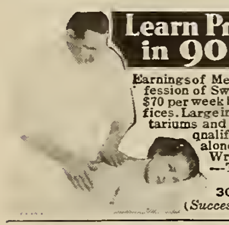

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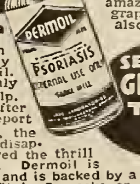

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Motion Picture's All-American Movie Team of 1939

[*Continued from page* 41]

and dignity to a technically unsympathetic role, a berth goes to Brian Aherne.

HENRY FONDA. For his characterization in the title role of *Young Mr. Lincoln.* Keeping his circulation up, and his talents dusted off, in supporting Tyrone Power in *Jesse James* and Don Ameche in *Alexander Graham Bell,* Hank's undeniable light was brought out from under the dramatic bushel when he was chosen to depict historical and informal moments in a precise period of the life of the Great Emancipator.

In the role, Fonda revealed a depth of understanding and sensibility, and contributed unusual resourcefulness in the interpretation. As you witnessed the picture you saw, not Henry Fonda, but the young Abraham Lincoln, living again, before your eyes.

ROBERT DONAT. For his portrayal of the unusual *Mr. Chips,* in *Good-bye, Mr. Chips.* American audiences had occasional glimpses of Donat previous to *Mr. Chips*—namely, in *Henry the Eighth, The Ghost Goes West* and *Monte Cristo.* Then Donat disappeared, busying himself in European stage and screen productions. Some of us saw his more recent *The 39 Steps,* and more of us attended *The Citadel.* But word-of-mouth advertising *made* most of us go and see *Good-bye, Mr. Chips.* Robert Donat's masterpiece of performance was the answer. The Donat interpretation of James Hilton's memorable character convinced you beyond the shadow of a doubt that the actor had made himself *completely* acquainted with the personality he was depicting, before the filming began. As Fonda made you think of Lincoln, not Fonda, so Donat made you think of *Mr. Chips,* rather than Robert Donat.

Donat's task was made more exacting, of course, by the requirements of aging during the unfolding of the story. But you had the feeling that Donat revelled in the opportunities thus afforded. Each stage in the life of *Mr. Chips* was brought to you as a portrait in itself, by Donat, and the whole was more than entertainment. It was a life-time in one sitting, a definite *experience,* thanks to Mr. Donat!

GREER GARSON. For her performance in the role of *Mrs. Chips* in *Good-bye, Mr. Chips.* Here we had a bolt from the blue. American audiences, for the most part, had never heard of Greer Garson, let alone seeing her on the screen. Then came *Mr. Chips,* and her name was on every tongue, along with Robert Donat's. Though you were conscious of an unperturbed evenness in her performance, which she injected purposely in order not to pilfer any of Donat's thunder, there were moments which called for delicate histrionics.

In these moments, such as the scene on the mountain-side, and the farewell scene at the railroad station, Miss Garson rose superbly, though quietly, to the occasion. You will see Greer Garson again, before long, co-starring with Robert Taylor in *Remember.*

ANN SOTHERN. For her depiction of the title character in *Maisie.* Ann, like Brian Aherne, and others, had done a little of this and a little of that, around Hollywood, waiting for an opportunity that would prove her true talents. The opportunity came when she was assigned to *Maisie.* Here was a back-against-the-wall spot for the petite Miss Sothern, and she forged through like a real trouper, but a definitely inspired one. *Maisie* was produced as a comparatively low-budget picture, and received a negligible advance publicity. Miss Sothern caught the spirit of the simple, unfortunate, though dauntless Maisie, and brought the role home with an impressive, confident and refreshing handling.

ROSALIND RUSSELL. For her portrayal of *Sylvia,* the "cat-woman," in *The Women.* In what was perhaps the most hilarious comedy-drama of the year, the greater part of the hilarity, it seemed to us, effused from the depicted personality of the weaker sex's prototype of the scandal-monger. Miss Russell, as the gossip you couldn't help liking, gave buoyancy, refreshment and originality to the role. Again, one of those cases of the right opportunity.

LAURENCE OLIVIER. For his portrayal of *Heathcliffe* in *Wuthering Heights.* Certainly a stranger, more tempestuous character has not come to the screen for many moons. This character Olivier brought home to us most convincingly. The performance seemed to reflect a profound study, and a most careful interpretation. One felt that the conscientious Britisher not only savoured the artistic appertenances of the roles, but entered into its psychology, as well.

It's interesting to note that Olivier came to Hollywood in 1933, to play opposite Garbo, in *Queen Christina.* A number of scenes were shot, before it became apparent that Olivier and Garbo just couldn't get along together. And so, much annoyed, Olivier hied himself back to his native shores, vowing never to return to Hollywood. He has appeared in *Fire Over England* and *Clouds Over Europe,* English productions, since then. *Wuthering Heights* he did for Sam Goldwyn, and he has contracted to enact the leading male role in Goldwyn's screening of *Rebecca.*

WENDY HILLER. For her portrayal of the flower-girl, transformed by Leslie Howard, as the eminent phonetics professor, in *Pygmalion.* Like Greer Garson, Wendy Hiller was a completely new figure to American audiences, in this, her first American screen appearance. But a welcome one. Her duties in *Pygmalion* were both augmented and made exacting by the requirements of a complete transformation of character.

Under the tutelage of the eminent professor, you will recall, Miss Hiller, in her role, lost her shabby dress and mannerisms, and her cockney accent, to become a most elegant creature, accepted in the highest courts of Europe. This called for an interpretation of two separate and complete characters, each in extreme contrast to the other, and a transition from the first to the second. A most comprehensive assignment. Yet, one which offered unusual opportunity. Miss Hiller, we feel, carried it out with great artistic effect, and with extraordinary human appeal.

GERALDINE FITZGERALD. For her work in *Wuthering Heights,* and *Dark Victory.* In her first two Hollywood assignments, the youthful British lass was chosen to support the proven notables Laurence Olivier, in the former production, and no less a performer, Bette Davis, in the latter. This, certainly, is a promising beginning. Though her roles were not of great magnitude, they had definite requirements, which Miss Fitzgerald fulfilled commendably and

[*Continued on page* 90]

Still the Same Guy

[*Continued from page 60*]

I mean simply this: that George Raft, after nine years of consistently phenomenal movie success, still stands and looks at himself with that same vast incredulity and skepticism, and still he mutters with unshakable conviction (despite the fact), that "there ain't no sech animule" as George Raft, the movie star!

He still can't believe it. Nine years ago, when he first came to movies, he grinned with frank self-disparagement:

"Aw, I'm no actor. I won't be any good in movies."

BUT—he did make good. And with *Scarface*, as you remember, he shot sky-high to international stardom. That surprised him no end, but it didn't change his disbelief. He still said:

"Hell; THIS can't last."

BUT—it DID last! It has lasted for nine stupendously successful years, and today, George Raft is right up there among the toppers, batting out his four-figure weekly paycheck, thrilling millions of moviegoers, the idol of countless youngsters who are the hardest of all to fool, taking consistent top billing, and packing them in at the box-office. . . .

And yet, just like that hillbilly who insisted that there wasn't any sech animule, George Raft still stands and looks at himself and refuses to believe it.

Why, just this other day, he sat there in his dressing-room on the Warner Brothers stage where he's making *Invisible Stripes*. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and he was munching a ham sandwich and he looked across at me and said (with the same baffled incredulity in his eyes that must have loomed in the hillbilly's at the hippo-cage):

"Hell, THIS can't last! Me—a phony!"

Those were George's exact words. *And after nine years, mind you!*

* * *

I tell you that little story because, to me, it's so utterly indicative—so fundamentally illuminative of the true Raft character . . . for George is the most refreshingly unconceited actor in Hollywood, where you start taking conceit with your morning coffee and go to bed with it at night, and you can construe that any way you darn' well please!

After nine years of success, most actors have become convinced that they're only one very slight level below deity, and they act accordingly. They fondly believe their own vast charm, colossal ability, staggering beauty and general all-around perfection are the things that made them movie stars.

But not George. Today, after nine years, George is just the same self-effacing, slightly bashful, somewhat baffled person he was when he first came to movies. And he refuses to believe that anything he, himself, is or does plays any great part in the success he has achieved. He thinks it's all due to the people who come to the box-office for their tickets—you and me and the fellow next door. And all George wants to do is to pay them back for what they're giving him. He's humbly grateful and anxious to please—

"Hell," he says, in his offhand, faintly diffident manner; "I'm tickled to death to do anything, any role, the public wants."

(I'd just asked him, for the millionth time he's been asked it, if he wasn't getting tired of gangster and crook and racket roles.)

"The people who pay for their tickets at the box-office are the people who are paying me my salary, and I want to satisfy them. That's the only way I'm going to continue in this game, and it's a pretty good game, after all. I want to stay in it, and it's not what *I* think and want that'll keep me in it; it's what the public thinks and wants.

"Nine years ago, I was the first to say I couldn't last. And lots of other people echoed me. But we were all wrong. Yet, I still can't believe it. Still I ask: how long can a phony like me last in pictures?"

He's frank and outspoken, like that. About anything. About too many things for his own good, and his own peace of mind. I mean, he's too above-board and frank about his private affairs, for a town like Hollywood, where everything is seized upon and repeated and elaborated and turned back against you.

George spills his heart about things like his private life. He accepts everyone at face value as a friend.

That is, he USED to. Today, he's learning that it doesn't pay. He has learned, from the twists that were given to certain statements, and from the use to which certain statements were put, that maybe it's better to keep his private thoughts bottled up tight within him. He tries to, now. But it's pretty hard.

George Raft is an emotionalist, a sentimentalist, at heart despite his hard-boiled professional exterior. And that very fact is what led to the little crying-jag with which this talk of ours broke up. Naturally, I HAD to ask him about Virginia Peine. George begged me not to write anything about the situation.

"There's been too much said and printed already," he told me with a deceptive calmness and lack of expression. It misled me, this calm exterior of his, and I was brash enough to ask him the obvious question:

"George," I said, "we've all read these gossip-column cracks, but can't you tell us the real low-down, for MOTION PICTURE's readers, from your own lips? Is there any chance that you'll ever be free to marry Virginia Peine? And if that happens, is she STILL the one and only girl in your life—the girl you'll marry?"

It was then that George's front cracked wide open. He started to carry on, in that same dispassionate way. He started to tell me, with a half-smile on his lips, that he really "couldn't answer that—

"Because, you see," he went on, "I'd have to ask Virginia—now. I—I have for her the deepest respect—"

George couldn't go on. Darned if he didn't just choke up there, like any man caught in an emotional trap too strong for his breaking! Here was no George Raft, ACTOR. Here, suddenly, was George Raft, the man.

George didn't want me to print anything about this. But he MUST understand that today, after five years during which his fans have followed every word of his intimate life, they have the right to know how he feels. I've tried to tell this to you readers. I believe that no matter what you may read, and no matter what may happen, George Raft still loves Virginia Peine above anything else in life. And always will.

I left him there in his dressing-room, alone and still. It was a lame good-bye I said to him. He was feeling pretty low. So was I. I still am—I feel pretty lousy that a thing like that can happen to a swell guy like George Raft.

And I hope he doesn't get mad or feel hurt at us for printing it.

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Motion Picture's All-American Movie Team of 1939

[*Continued from page* 88]

convincingly. Her absence of glamor, in the Hollywood sense, serves, it seems, to throw emphasis on her most interesting personality, and her very definite dramatic talents.

BOBS WATSON. For his portrayal of *Pud,* in *On Borrowed Time.* We became acquainted with young Watson through *In Old Chicago, Boys' Town, Alexander Graham Bell, Dodge City,* etc. At the age of eight, Bobs, of the Watson family-of-actors, is already well-known to movie audiences. But, *On Borrowed Time,* with Lionel Barrymore as an inspiration, gave our youthful protege the opportunity to show his true colors.

It was the picture he needed to prove conclusively that he's a thespian whose talents compare on an even basis with those of Hollywood's adults. No punches have been pulled, in the judging, despite the natural tendency to be swayed by a sentimentality toward childhood. A youngster who can cry so convincingly, emote so freely, and yet remain the typical kid-next-door, in naturalness, deserves a place on the roster.

VIVIEN LEIGH. For bagging the most controversial and most sought-after feminine role of the past two and a half years, that of *Scarlett O'Hara* in *Gone With the Wind*—and living up to it. Opinion, gathered from previews, reveals that Miss Leigh "delivers," most convincingly.

ALTERNATES:

ANNA NEAGLE (*Nurse Edith Cavell*)
IRENE DUNNE (*Love Affair*)
DON AMECHE (*Alexander Graham Bell*)
GEORGE BRENT (*Dark Victory, The Rains Came*)
VIRGINIA WEIDLER (*The Women*)
JAMES CAGNEY (*Angels With Dirty Faces*)
CARY GRANT (*The Awful Truth, Gunga Din*)
LOUIS HAYWARD (*Man In The Iron Mask*)
JOHN GARFIELD (*Four Daughters, Daughters Courageous, Dust Be My Destiny*)
GEORGE RAFT (*Each Dawn I Die*)
BRENDA JOYCE (*The Rains Came*)
ROBERT PRESTON (*Union Pacific, Beau Geste*)
LINDA DARNELL (*Hotel for Women*)
BRENDA MARSHALL (*Espionage Agent*)
GENE AUTRY (Greatest amount of fan mail)
ANN SHERIDAN (Oomph publicity)
INGRID BERGMAN (*Intermezzo*)
WILLIAM HOLDEN (*Golden Boy*)

NEXT MONTH

A beautiful color portrait—just like the one of Robert Taylor in this issue—will be found in the February MOTION PICTURE. It will be of your favorite — and our favorite — Deanna Durbin.

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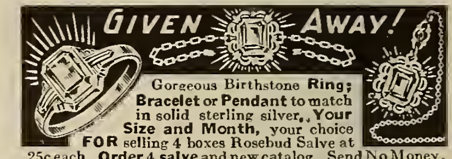

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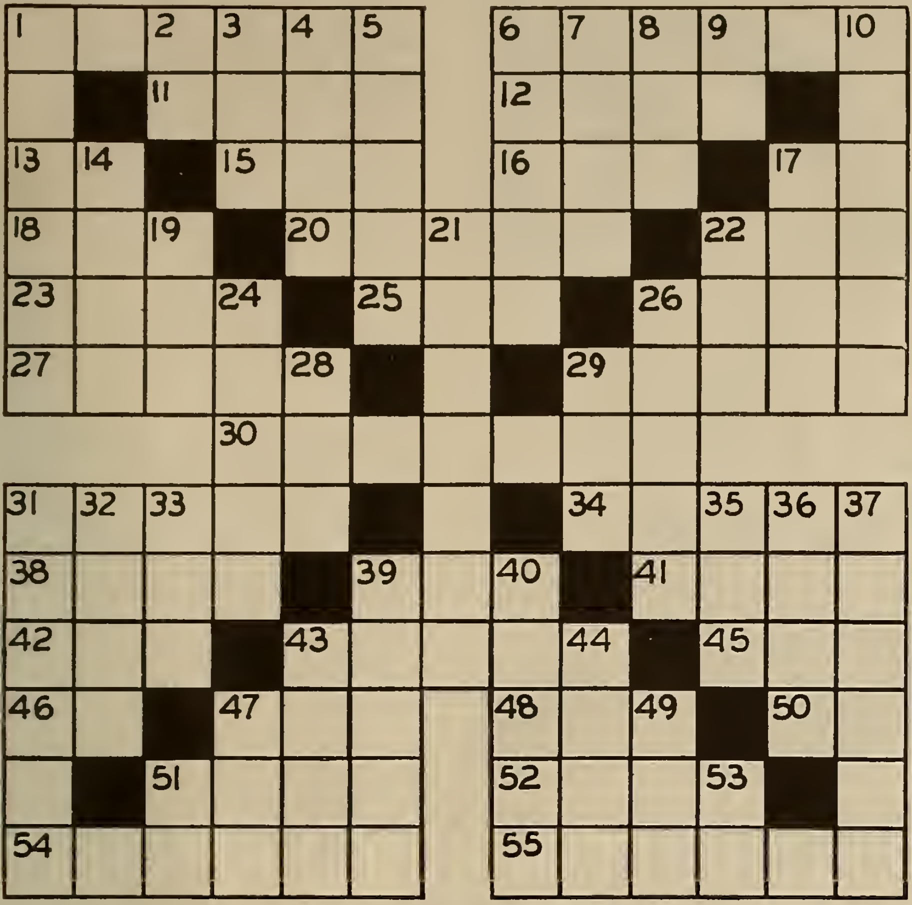

ACROSS

1. Whose role is that of *Scarlett O'Hara* in *Gone With the Wind?*
6. Players pose for these for publicity
11. Girl seen in animated cartoons
12. *Daughter of the* ——
13. *For Love* —— *Money*
15. Remember Bing Crosby in —— *Much Harmony?*
16. Feminine lead in *The Angels Wash Their Faces*
17. *They Made* —— *a Criminal*
18. She was teamed with Robert Cummings in *The Underpup*
20. —— *City*
22. What the comedy provides
23. Greer Garson has green-gray ones
25. The adopted son in *Night Work*
26. Jimmy Durante's is prominent
27. Sarah Crispin in *Hell's Kitchen*
29. He and Lana Turner played opposite in *These Glamour Girls*
30. Gable's bride
31. *Good* —— *Go to Paris*
34. What the chorus girl does for exercise
38. Her last name is Claire (poss.)
39. Toby in *Rose of Washington Square*
41. Freddie Bartholomew lives with this relative
42. *Hard to* ——
43. The bad man in *Lure of the Wasteland*
45. *The Girl from* ——
46. Initials of George Zucco
47. *The* —— *and the Canary*
48. Martin Spellman is one
50. Tom London's initials
51. She was a star in the silent days
52. He had lead in *Panama Patrol*
54. Lenore in *Panama Lady*
55. First name of an M-G-M male singing star

DOWN

1. Gramps in *On Borrowed Time*
2. Irving Bacon's initials
3. *She's* —— *Everything*
4. Her first name is Darla and she plays in Our Gang Comedies
5. What the film is wound on
6. Many motion picture stars first appeared on this
7. Joan Crawford's ex
8. *Jamaica* ——
9. Initials of Leo Gorcey
10. Divisions of a screenplay
14. Comedienne in *$1,000 a Touchdown*
17. Uncle Caton in *Way Down South*
19. The Three Mesquiteers appear in —— *Frontier*
21. Head coverings of Laurel and Hardy
22. *Hotel* —— *Women*
24. What actor, now deceased, was married to Doris Kenyon?
26. Comedienne in *When Tomorrow Comes*
28. —— *Tidal Wave*
29. Bob Burns was born here (abbr.)
31. Frank Morgan's laugh
32. Mrs. Buzzi in *The Chicken Wagon Family*
33. *Brother* ——
35. Any movie mongrel
36. What actresses often do between scenes
37. You saw Elisabeth Bergner in —— *Life*
39. What Rudy Vallee uses to direct his orchestra
40. The G-man in *Undercover Doctor*
43. Blonde in *Hawaiian Nights*
44. *In* —— *Only*
47. This studio gave us *Golden Boy* (abbr.)
49. Roy —— Ruth directed *The Star Maker*
51. Katherine —— Mille
53. Miss Sidney's initials

November Solution

C	R	A	W	F	O	R	D		T	O	T	O
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I	S	■	F	A	I	R	■	G	A	N	G	S
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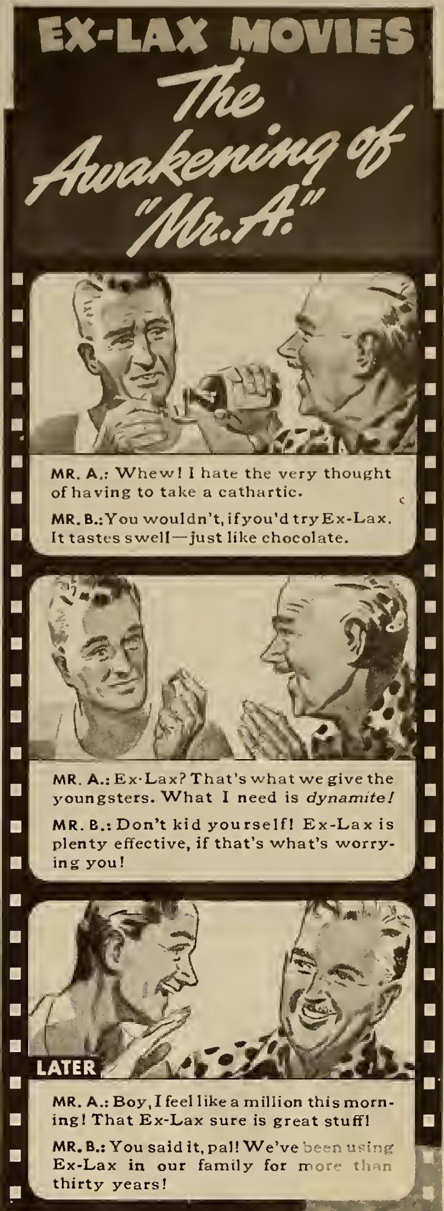
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 86]

Like a couple of love-sick kids trying to impress each other are the Dick Powells in from the farm for snack at Brown Derby

Another anniversary gift-giver was Andy Devine, who stopped being a clown long enough to buy a brand-new sports roadster for his wifie on their sixth happy anniversary. And a new car was also the gift of Otto Kruger to his missus—but it was their TWENTIETH annual celebration! ! !

Cutest anniversary trick of the month was the stunt Harry Joe Brown and Wifie Sally Eilers pulled for their sixth celebration. They gave a dinner party—to which they invited the same little group who went with them to Yuma, the day they were married.

■

PARTING must be such sweet sorrow indeed when it can be done with the accompaniment that goes with the Arline Judge-Dan Topping bust-up. That is the report that Dan will settle $250,000 on Arline.

■

AND still hand-holding and cheek-to-cheeking are that other pair of baby lovebirds, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, about whom there was so much marriage-talk only a month or two ago. End of the rumors of matrimony hasn't brought an end to their twosoming—so keep an eye open!

■

WONDER how long Andrea Leeds is going to stick to her sudden resolution to concentrate on being Mrs. Bob Howard, instead of a movie star?

That's Andrea's latest idea, you know. Originally, she insisted she was going to combine both careers—screen and marriage. But suddenly, just after she and Bob got their wedding license, she changed her tune, and went to Boss Sam Goldwyn and asked a long leave of absence—anyway, three months, which *is* a long time as Hollywood careers go.

Andrea tells pals that in those three months she'll try to decide whether to turn her back on the screen forever, and devote herself entirely to being Bob Howard's wife, or whether she'll try the job which has split up so many Hollywood marriages—that of being both wife and movie star.

Meantime, the romance between Bob's brother, Lin Howard, and Rita Johnson seems to have gone pfft.

■

CRADLE-SHOPPING:
—The Jimmy Ellisons.
—The Bill Henrys.
—The Robert Wilcoxes.

■

REASON for the extraordinary calmness of fiery Lupe Velez seems to be romance again. NOT with Clayton Moore, the ex-circus star, who was rumored tops in her life only a few weeks ago, but with Art Lashelle, who's not in movies at all but a Catalina bigshot. Both Lupe and Art admit it's looooooove. And so far, Lupe's being sooo quiet that everybody in Hollywood wonders whether she's just getting old or whether love affects her that way.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Virginia Fields and Richard Greene—
Still warming up this Hollywood scene.

■

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—
—if the Anthony Quinn-Katherine DeMille marriage is on the skids.

Candid cameramen have a busy time keeping up with Sonja Henie and her escorts. The night our cameraman caught up with her she was with Alan Curtis at "Troc"

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Q. Do other tobacco experts prefer Luckies, too?

A. Among these skilled auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

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